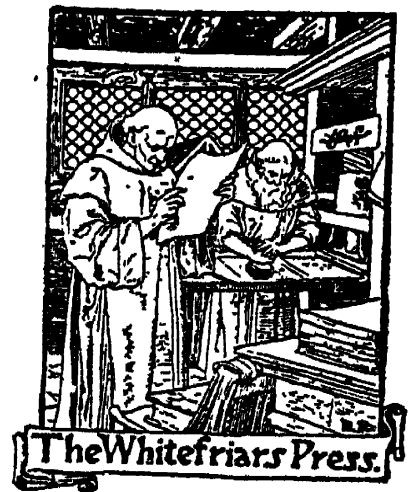


PUNCH

Vol. CXXXVIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1910.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, JUNE 29, 1910



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK



CALENDAR FOR 1910.

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Lady Spectator. "JUST LISTEN TO HIM! I DO WISH YOU KNEW FRENCH, GEORGE; IT'S MUCH MORE EXPRESSIVE, AND NOT NEARLY SO VULGAR!"



"WELL, THE ONLY THING AS I LIKES ABOUT YOU IS YER CHAIN!"

Punch's Almanack for 1910.



Scout Leader. "HERE, EYES—RIGHT! NEVER MIND THOSE CIVILIANS!"



Officer of the Day. "REPEAT YOUR ORDERS."

Sentry. "ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAKE THE SERGEANT, SIR!"



Colonial Barber. "TOWN OUT OR COUNTRY OUT, SIR?"
Customer. "GIVE US ABOUT FIVE MILE OUT."



He. "DO YOU EVER HUNT, MISS O'MALAN?"

She. "PAPA DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO HUNT, BUT I GO TO THE COVERT-SIDE SOMETIMES, AND MY HORSE RUNS AWAY WITH ME."

Punch's Almanack for 1910.



Gladys. "AND ARE DUCKS HARD TO SHOOT?"

Sportsman. "YES, RATHER."

Gladys. "WHY? DO THEY BOB UNDERNEATH THE WATER?"

Sportsman. "OH, WE DON'T SHOOT THEM ON THE WATER."

Gladys. "OH, BUT IS IT QUITE FAIR TO SHOOT THEM ON LAND?"



"I WANT A BOX OF CIGARS FOR A FAIR, SLIM GENTLEMAN, PLEASE."



The Major (who, owing to an attack of gout, has to shoot from a motor-car). "WATCH THAT BIRD; HE'S HIT HARD." Chauffeur. "YES, SIR, 'E'S STEERIN' A BIT WILD. GOT IT IN 'IS DIFFERENTIAL GEAR, SIR, I THINK."

TIME'S REVENGES.

[A straight talk addressed by a middle-aged bachelor to the love of his youth.]

No, Honoria, I am greatly flattered
When you cast a soft, seductive eye
On a figure permanently battered
Out of shape by Anno Domini;
Yet, you'll take it please, from me,
It can never, never be.

Vainly—and you mustn't be offended—
Should a certain candour mark my words—
Vainly is the obvious net extended
Underneath the eyes of us old birds;
Nor are we—it sounds unkind—
Taking any salt behind.

You have passed, you say, the salad season,
Growing sick of boyhood's callow fluff;
You prefer the age of settled reason—
Men with minds composed of sterner stuff;
All your nature, now so ripe,
Yearns towards the finished type.

Yes, but what about your full-fledged fogeys?
Youth is good enough for us, I guess;
Still we like it fluffy; still the vogue is
Sweet-and-Twenty—ay, or even less;
Only lately I have been
Badly hit by Seventeen.

I have known my heart to melt like tallow
In the company of simple youth,
Careless though its brain was clearly shallow,
Beauty being tantamount to Truth;
Give us freshness, free of art,
We'll supply the brainy part.

Thus in *your* hands I was soft as putty
Ere your intellect began to grow,
When we went a-Maying in the nutty
Time—it seems a thousand years ago;
Then I wished to make you mine;
Why on earth did you decline?

You declined because you had a notion
You could choose a husband when you would;
There were better fish inside the ocean
Than had come to hand—or quite as good;
So, until you reached the thirties,
We were treated much as dirt is.

Then you grew a little less fastidious,
Wondering if your whale would soon arrive,
Till your summers (age is so insidious)
Touched their present total—45;
Well, then, call it 38;
Anyhow, it's *far* too late.

You may say there's something most unknightly,
Something almost rude about my tone?
No, Honoria, when regarded rightly,
These are Time's revenges, not my own;
You may deem it want of tact,
Still, I only state the fact.

Yet, to end upon a note less bitter,
You shall hear what chokes me off to-day:
'Tis the thought (it makes my heart-strings twitter)
Of a Young Thing chasing nuts in May:
'Tis my loyalty to Her,
To the Girl that once you were.

O. S.

QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

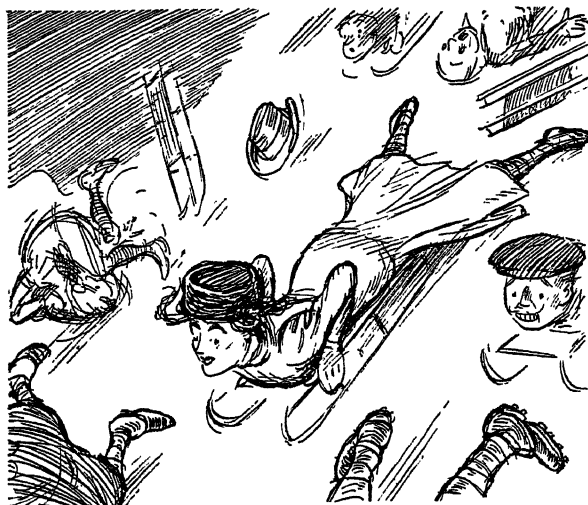


WHAT SHOULD A VERY SHY GENTLEMAN DO WHEN, HAVING CAUGHT THE HORSE OF A VERY SHY LADY, HE FINDS THAT, OWING TO THE LOSS OF HER SAFETY SKIRT, SHE HAS TAKEN COVER IN A GORSE BUSH AND WILL NOT COME OUT?



WHEN, AFTER HAVING HEADED THE FOX AND OVERRIDDEN YOUR HOUNDS, THE ELDEST SON OF THE LARGEST LANDOWNER IN THE HUNT RIDES THROUGH THE PACK ON A KICKING HORSE JUST AS THEY ARE BREAKING UP THEIR FOX, AND ASKS FOR THE BRUSH, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY?

THE STRENUOUS YEAR OF A LADY OF FASHION.



JANUARY.—SHE TOBOGGANS IN SWITZERLAND.



FEBRUARY.—SHE ATTENDS THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.



MARCH.—SHE BREAKS THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.



APRIL.—SHE SHOPS IN PARIS.



MAY.—SHE PATRONISES ART.



JUNE.—SHE ENJOYS THE WHIRL OF THE LONDON SEASON.

THE STRENUOUS YEAR OF A LADY OF FASHION.



JULY.—SHE ATTENDS RACE MEETINGS.



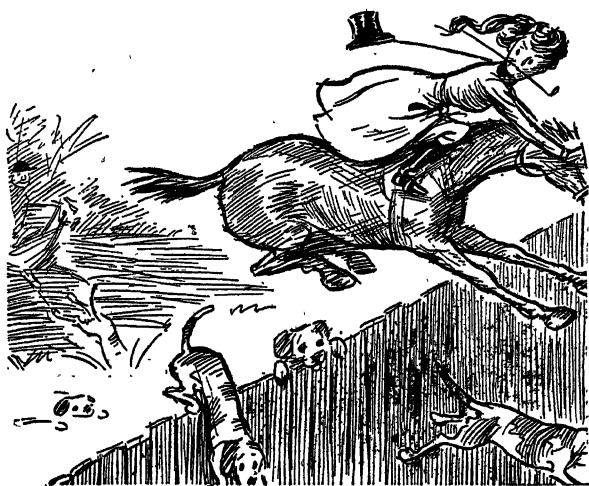
AUGUST.—SHE GOES YACHTING.



SEPTEMBER.—SHE STALKS THE DEER.



OCTOBER.—SHE ASSISTS AT A SHOOT DE LUXE.



NOVEMBER.—SHE LEADS THE FIELD WITH THE QUORN.



DECEMBER.—SHE MERRYMAKES AT A SMART COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Punch's Almanack for 1910.

MINCE-MEAT.

By our Charivariety Artist.

"REMEMBER that Christmas was made for the children, and the children for Christmas," says a contemporary. A small boy, however, writes to us challenging the correctness of the latter part of the statement. No child, he declares, is so constructed that he can eat too much with any degree of comfort.

* *

As the 1st of January will be here shortly, may we beg persons who are wished "A Happy New Year" not to retort, "The same to you, and many of them"? This subtle insinuation that the original greeting had an air of meanness is in bad taste.

* *

"If you are thinking of Switzerland for Winter Sport," says an advertisement, "why not give Engelberg a trial? It has a Bob run of nearly seven miles with train for return." This certainly sounds a bargain.

* *

As a compliment to the increasing number of automobilists who visit Switzerland with their cars, a well-known mountain is to be re-named The Motor-horn.

* *

A burglar who was accused of breaking into a large drapery establishment the other day put in the ingenious defence that he was merely accepting an invitation from the proprietor, who had exhibited a large notice on the window:—"STOCK MUST BE CLEARED BY END OF MONTH."

* *

An Irish connoisseur was expatiating on the glories of his Old Master. "Is it not marvellous," he said, "how those colours have kept their freshness for

over three hundred years? Show me the modern artist whose work has lasted as long!"

* *

"When does the next train start?" asked the American millionaire, rushing on to the platform of one of our tube stations. "Sorry, Sir, but there's not another for two minutes," an-

News of a most deplorable misprint has just come to hand from a certain provincial town. According to our information, placards announcing a forthcoming amateur concert were recently issued bearing the heading:—

"A GREAT MUSICAL THEAT."

* *

The Austrian Finance Minister, to meet his deficit, is imposing a tax on bachelors. We should have thought that in Austria a tax on Merry Widows would have brought in a bigger return.

* *

The fledgling made its first attempt at flying, and fell helpless to the ground. "Well, well!" said the mother-bird, as she peered out of the nest, "every aviator must make a beginning."

* *

"You sent me an old fowl yesterday," complained the newly married wife to her poulterer. "Well, I didn't like to let you have a young inexperienced bird, Madam," explained the tradesman.

* *

The fact that some fifty valuable animals, including an orang-outang and some elks, were recently stolen from the St. Petersburg Zoological Gardens has seriously alarmed those in authority at our own Zoo. Several stout gentlemen, in spite of frantic struggles, have, we hear, been searched at the exits on suspicion of concealing rare mammals under their waistcoats, and

the lions, tigers, giraffes, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses are to be provided at once with neat spiked collars bearing the inscription, "Not to be taken."

* *

The statement that the island site between Aldwych and the Strand is to be utilised for a temporary Trades' Exhibition effectually disposes of the rumour that the Zoological Society were acquiring it as a Haven of Rest for Home-Sick Camels.



THE GREATER OF TWO EVILS.

"ERE, ALF, TAKE 'ERB AND LET ME 'OLD THE BEER—OR YOU'LL BE SPILLING IT DIRECTLY."

swered the official. "What a line! I must have a special, then," said the millionaire, pulling out his cheque-book.

* *

More commercial candour? To advertise a certain make of underwear, a hosier in one of our leading thoroughfares is exhibiting the following notice:—

"RHEUMATICS MADE EASY."

Punch's Almanack for 1910.



"GOOD MORNIN', YER RIV'RENCE; IT'S GLAD I AM YE ARE LOOKIN' SO FAT AN' ROSY. IV'RY BUTTON DOIN' ITS DUTY!"



Mrs. Dibs-Smythe. "WE ARE JUST BACK FROM THE CONTINENT, WHERE MY DAUGHTER HAS BEEN FINISHING HER EDUCATION. SHE SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES."

The Professor. "AH! DOES SHE SPEAK ESPERANTO?"

Mrs. Dibs-Smythe. "LIKE A NATIVE!"

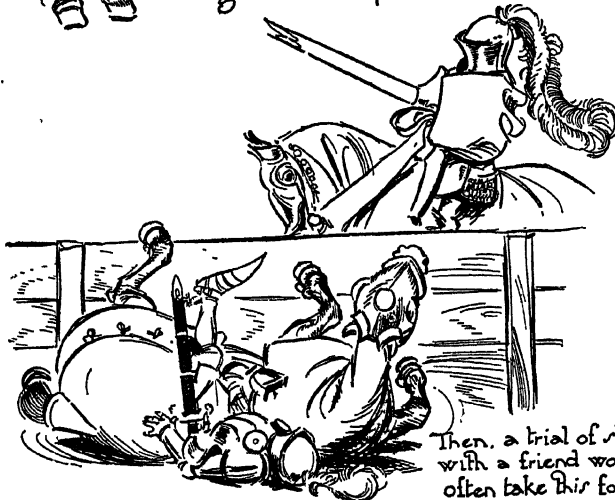
THE SPORTSMAN: OLD AND NEW STYLES.



In the good old days
a man would really
get a little sport.



Now he puts up with this.



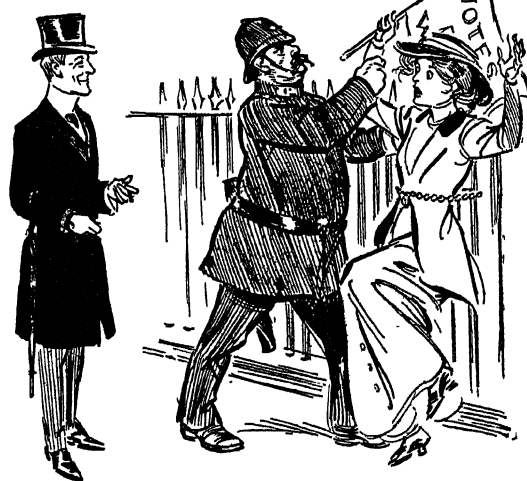
Then, a trial of skill
with a friend would
often take this form



Now he makes this do



And the chained and distressed damsel
he used to be so fond of rescuing —



Only raises a smile when he
comes across her nowadays.

Punch's Almanack for 1910.

OVER-CROWDED LONDON.

A FEW PROFITABLE SUGGESTIONS TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR NEXT SEASON.



THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM TEMPORARY HOTEL.

HORSE-GUARDS—VISITORS TAKEN EN PENSION.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY HOTEL.
DINNER SERVED IN THE TURNER ROOM.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.
VISITORS RECEIVED ON BOARDING TERMS.



1.



2.



3.



4

MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF POPULAR ART.

1. THE KAISER'S NAVAL DESIGNS (after THUMANN'S "Art wins the Heart").

2. MR. BALFOUR (after Cot's "Spring").

3. SIR EDWARD GREY AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE (after LANDSEEN'S "Dignity and —").

4 "DARE I?" MR. ASQUITH AND MASTER WINSTON CHURCHILL (after REYNOLDS).



MR. PUNCH'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

1. Mr. Taft (after Velasquez).
2. Sir Arthur Pinero (after Gainsborough).
3. The Glaring Cavalier—Mr. Lewis Waller (after Franz Hals).
4. Mr. Sargent (after Velasquez).
5. Lord Morley (after Bellini).
6. Mr. Chaplin (after Giotto).
7. Andrea del Skibo—Mr. Carnegie (after Andrea del Sarto).
8. Sir Herbert Tree (after Sant).
9. Mr. Haldane (after Rembrandt).
10. Mr. John Redmond (after Dürer).



5.



6.



7.



8.

MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF POPULAR ART.

5. ST. THEODORE ROOSEVELT RELATES HOW HE DID IT (after DÜRER'S "St. Jerome").

6. LORD HUGH CECIL AS THE BLACK FREE TRADER (after MILLAIS' "The Black Brunswick").

7. MR. KEIR HARDIE AND THE SUFFRAGETTE (after MACLISE'S "Malvolio").

8. LORD ROSEBERY (after RODIN'S "Le Grand Penseur").

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

(Don't thank me for this article. I get the money back from the shops whose goods I advertise.)

INTRODUCTORY.

THERE are two ways of toy-shopping: the Old (before this article was written), and the New; or, as one might say, the Haphazard and the Scientific. The old haphazard way was this:—

You (very red and uncomfortable). H'm—er—I—er—good morning. Er—yes, I—er—want a thingummy thing for a youngster of mine, don't you know.

She (very cool and superior). We have an amusing toy here which is very popular.

[Retires to show-case.

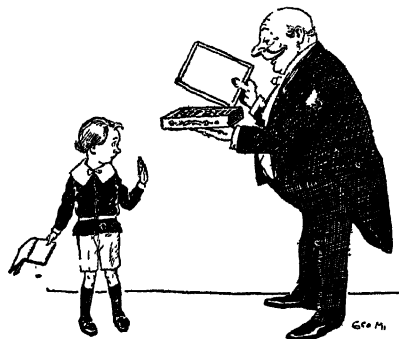
You (nervously following her). H'm, I thought—some little don't-you-know—amuse the little chap. Christmas, what? . . . By Jove that's deuced funny, that's deuced funny. Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee. What? I mean, how they get things up now. Not like when you and I—I beg pardon, really! I meant not like when I . . . Yes, I'll take that. Deuced good. Make the little chap laugh, by Jove. . . . Thanks. Ah—good morning . . . The other way out? Ah, thanks. Good morning.

That was the old method, governed by one consideration only: to get out of the shop as soon as possible. The scientific toy-shopper will take many other things into account.

CHAPTER I.

The Boy.

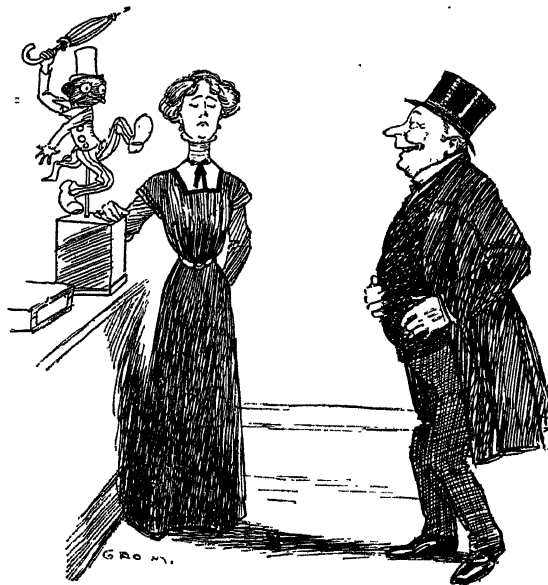
In toy-shopping for a boy the first consideration is this: What is the nature, temperament, habits (if any), and



REGRETTABLE WANT OF TACT ON THE PART OF AN UNCLE WHO PRESENTED HIS ANTI-MILITARIST NEPHEW WITH A BOX OF SOLDIERS.

outlook upon life of the child to whom you are presenting your Yuletide gift? My artist has depicted upon this page—(don't limit yourself to the text; look at the illustrations, too, even if they are poor)—the sad case of an uncle who

grievously mistook the tendencies of a small nephew of his. I must say for this uncle that he did his best to repair the error, for on the next morning he



A STUDY IN DETACHMENT.

changed the toy soldiers for a box of rural deans; but owing (it may be) to the fact that a minor canon had slipped in amongst them . . . However, we need not go into that now. It is sufficient that you should realise how important it is to be in sympathy with a child's feelings.

The question of what the child is going to be is of equal importance. In these days of Get On or Get Out the boy cannot begin too early the struggle for existence. His toys should help him, therefore, to prepare for his profession. Luckily this is now possible, thanks to the enterprise of the firms for whom I am writing. I may mention—(between ourselves I must mention)—the following specialities:—

The Little Sculptor's Outfit.—This comprises 1 Chisel, 1 Hammer, 1 Apron, and 1 Block of Marble.

The Compleat (or, as it is sometimes spelt, *Complete*) *Child Caxton.*—The type for the little model printing press numbers five each of every letter, figure, and punctuation mark, together with one each of the following: %, \$, £, *, &. Invaluable for a budding editor.

The Young Painter's Paint-technicon, including two pamphlets entitled "Half Hours with the Green Bice" and "Alone in the Burnt Sienna."

In addition to these there are special toys for the Boy Barrister, the Embryo Chartered Accountant and the Juvenile Exporter of Hardware (none of which

my artist has had the courage to depict). The model skull and forceps in the Little Dentist's Outfit is another feature in Christmas Gifts, while for the rising young engineer there is no limit to the number of suitable toys. One of these mechanical models for the little George Stephenson I shall now endeavour to explain.

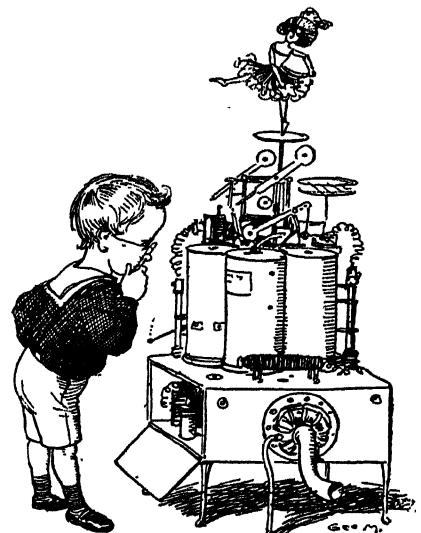
THE TOY AEROPLANE.

For a thoroughly successful flight in the garden the lucky lad to whom this is presented will find two things necessary:—

(1) Suitable climatic conditions.

(2) The permission of the Aero Club. An ascent in the drawing-room, however, is in no way dependent upon the weather, though the second condition is still imperative.

Having taken the aeroplane out of its shed, the young operator releases a spring, which empties the petrol tank over the radiator, and so renders a flight for that day impossible. The aeroplane then returns automatically to its shed. A short time having elapsed, the doors of the shed open again and the aeroplane pitches forward on to its propellor and breaks the mainstay, thus rendering all chances of a flight for that day absolutely impossible. Once more the aeroplane retires backwards into its home. There is another interval, during which a hammering noise issues



THE SCIENTIFIC TOY.

from the shed, and then suddenly the biplane whizzes out and circles round the ceiling at an incredible speed—until at last it is captured and brought to earth with a butterfly net.

Price (with butterfly net) £5 9s. 6d.

Punch's Almanack for 1910.

Although books cannot, strictly speaking, be called toys, yet it is undeniable that suitable ones can be bought at all toy shops. An overpoweringly useful adventure book has been issued this year, entitled *The Pirate Chief*. I have only time to give the briefest synopsis of the story.

"Mackerel Fiend is the leader of a desperate band of pirates. After a short but fierce engagement, he captures the good ship *Ruritania*, which is carrying bullion from the Cape. There are 2,198,360 bars of gold altogether, each of which weighs 1 lb. 13 oz. Gold is now, according to the computation of Mackerel's dare-devil lieutenant, Halibut Hopps, at 21s. an ounce. Having made everybody walk the plank Mackerel and his band returned to London and invested the proceeds of their villainy in Rio Tinto Six per Cents. at 187, brokerage being $\frac{1}{2}$. Chapter XX. (which is sealed, and deposited safely in the strong-room of the shop which collaborates with me) discloses the subsequent life of ease and independence led by Mackerel Fiend, who took twice as much as everybody else. £100 is offered to the first solver of the questions:

"(1) What was M. Fiend's income?"

"(2) Will Rio Tintos go up?"

You will agree with me that this is just the Christmas present for the thoughtful lad who is destined for the commercial life.

CHAPTER II.

The Girl.

Having dealt with toys for boys (which is poetry), let us now turn to toys for girls (which isn't). In presenting the boy with our Yuletide gift, our one object was to be of use to him in his future career. No nice girl has a future career. Let us see, therefore, that our toys for her are useless.

The most obvious present for a girl is a Teddy Beast. I had a long and acrimonious (as they say in the dictionary) discussion with my artist as to what constituted "teddiness" in an animal. He thought it was the head; I said it was the fur. We talked a long time

about it, and then I had him. I said:

"If it's the head, then you couldn't have a Teddy Sardine. So there!"

He said: "That's just what I was

which has the honour to pay me is now turning out one of these delightful puzzles in two pieces only. The object is to place the blocks of wood together so as to form a complete picture, and, though this sounds easy, yet many a child has failed to effect the correct solution at the first attempt. I may add that when the puzzle has been solved to repletion, the two blocks may be scooped out and used for holding pins or other trifles.

Yet another very popular and useless toy has just been invented by the same firm. This is called "Americans in Clover," and is a variation of the old puzzle, "Pigs in Clover." The ideal in view is to roll one of two peas into a receptacle called "The North Pole," without letting the other in. The two peas, though exactly alike in appearance, are in reality different—one being Peary and the other Cook. Part of the game is to remember which is which.

Snip.—(The Great Novelty.)*

This is a thoroughly futile card game, something on the lines of "Snap." Each card bears upon it the likeness of some world-famous person, there being four artists (Rubens, Hassall, Titian, and Murillo—N.B. Do not confuse the last name with anybody whose pictures you see on this page), four soldiers, four musicians, and so on. Each little girl plays a card in turn, and as soon as two of a kind appear on the table, instead of saying "Snap!" they say "Snip!"

"Cuckoo!"

This is really a mechanical toy, but of so simple and unpractical a nature that it may safely be given to the most innocent little girl. When it has been wound up, it is placed upon a table, from which post of vantage it says

"Cuckoo!"—twice—in a clear and musical voice.

(Cordially recommended as useless.)

Of course, I could go on for pages and pages, telling you all about the new toys in the warehouse of my patrons.

*[Copyright in all countries represented at the Hague Conference. All rights reserved. Patented in Hobomoko.]



LITTLE BRITONS AT WORK.

going to say. Who ever heard of a Teddy Sardine?"

"You did," I said, "and you jolly well know it. I told you to draw one only yesterday."

He said: "Yes; but how could I when it hasn't got a head?"



THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY.

I said: "You fool! that proves it's the fur."

And then he went and drew that rotten picture you see above; he did it in about five minutes, before I could stop him. I should say it was a soft job being an artist.

Another thoroughly useless present is the "Little Girls' Jigsaw." The firm

Instead of doing that, I will now narrate a very amusing story.

"Once upon a time there was a sweet child called Little Red Betsy—oh, so good and gentle! And her mother said, 'Betsy, don't get up to breakfast this morning because Grandmamma is coming through the wood to see you.' So Betsy stayed in bed.

"It was a fine frosty morning when Grandmamma began to walk through the wood. She had a little hamper on her arm for Betsy, and she was tripping along when suddenly she met a Wolf, who gobbled her all up.

"And the Big Bear said, 'WHO HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE?'

"And the Medium Bear said, 'Who has been eating my porridge?'

"And the Little Bear said, 'Who has been eating my porridge?'

"And they all lived happily ever afterwards—except, of course, Grandmamma."

For the middle of this delightful and original tale for little girls you must buy the new story-book, *Little Brown Bear*, by Ernest Tupham. An entirely new thing in whimsical romances.

CHAPTER III.

The Babe.

In giving presents to a boy or girl, it is (as we have seen) necessary to consider the recipients; in giving presents to a babe, it is our duty (fortunately) to consider nobody but ourselves. Lucky, indeed, is the man or woman who has a relation of less than one.

For a baby of six months, the best present is a ball. Generally speaking, this is of soft india-rubber, big and round and highly coloured. The disadvantages of such a ball are obvious; you cannot drop-kick properly with it, and if you are trying to punt over the chimneys in a high wind, the gale generally takes it right away on to the greenhouse roof. The enterprising firm which I have mentioned once before in these pages realised this, and is now stocking something much more sensible. It is oval in shape, and has a stiff leather case; you will see it in the windows of all their shops, marked, "*For Baby—21/-*." I cannot recommend them too strongly.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S JIGSAW.

(Emily's first attempt at negotiating this tricky puzzle.)

(Final and correct solution by Emily and Aunt Maud.)



AN INTERRUPTED RACE.



A PRESENT FOR BABY.

I may be wrong, but personally I have always felt that those toy dogs which jump make a delightful gift to an infant. By squeezing a rubber bulb you can make their back legs move, and in this way it is quite possible to race them along the billiard table. The baby will prefer that you should give him two of them, so that his father may work one and his uncle the other. I have taken part in many an exciting contest of this nature, and I may say that my dachshund—my nephew's albino dachshund Fritz is the longest white loser that I have ever seen upon the green baize.

There can be no doubt, though, that the gift of a box of bricks is the one most eagerly welcomed by any well-brought-up babe.

I should like to tell you about a little house called "The Rabbit Hutch," which

I built the other day. It was in the Early Norman style, save the east window, which was Gothic. For various reasons there were only two stories; the bottom floor was the tiled bathroom, which was used for goldfish, and the top was where the people lived.

In the suite of apartments on this upstairs floor one noticed immediately the numerous facilities for shooting arrows at the enemy outside without getting any of them back; these loopholes were to be found on every wall, being indispensable to the very early Norman style. There was also a trap-door in the floor through which you could suspend a line into the fish-pond, thus combining old English sport with *fin de siècle* luxury.

There was a castellated roof, supporting two white chimneys which from a distance looked rather like two cigarettes. A nearer view convinced you that this, in fact, is what they were. Furthermore there was a doorstep, a scraper, and a mat with *Salve* written on it. Two sparrows and a cat perched upon the roof, a red-coated rabbit was at the door to welcome you in. . . .

And then, just as I had put the finishing touches to it . . . that wretched baby . . . to whom I was giving it . . . kicked out suddenly . . .

What a nuisance children are. A. A. M.

"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE."



8 A.M. "Péage, Uncle James, Mummy says I can come and help 'ee get up."



8.25



8.40 to 8.59



9.5

Ernest H. Shepherd



9.10

A CABINET MINISTER'S DAY.



8 a.m. Bath.



9 a.m. Breakfast.



11 a.m.
In the Park.



Noon. Correspondence.



3 p.m. Flight to Golf Links.

3.30 p.m. Golf.



5 p.m. The House. Safe at last.



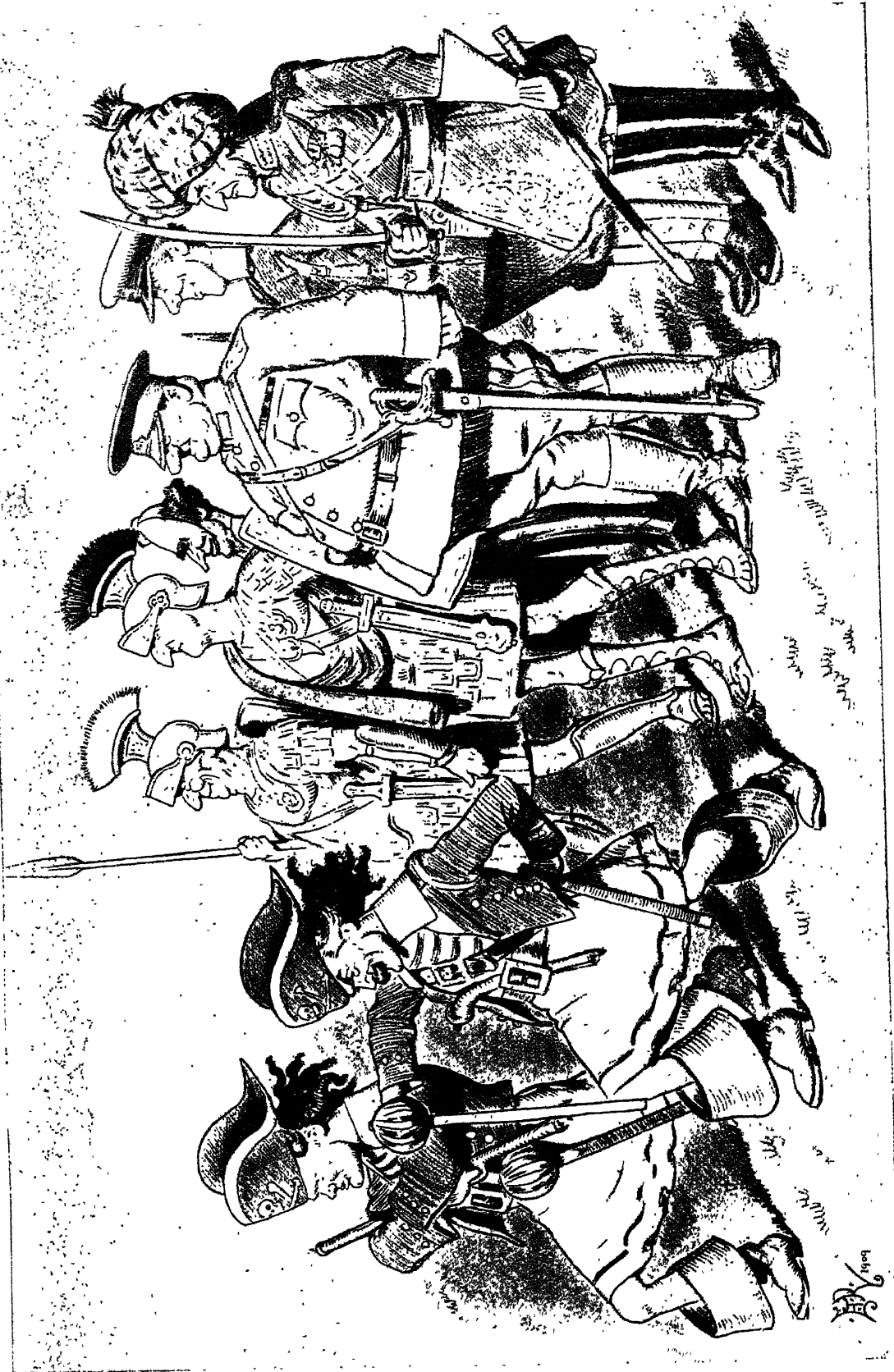
A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE "BALL-ROOM REMINDER," FOR SITTING-OUT PLACES.



Ostler. "WANT A HORSE? WHAT KIND O' HORSE?"

Man from "Liberty" Boat's Crew. "OH, A GOOD LONG 'UN; THERE'S ELEVEN OF US!"

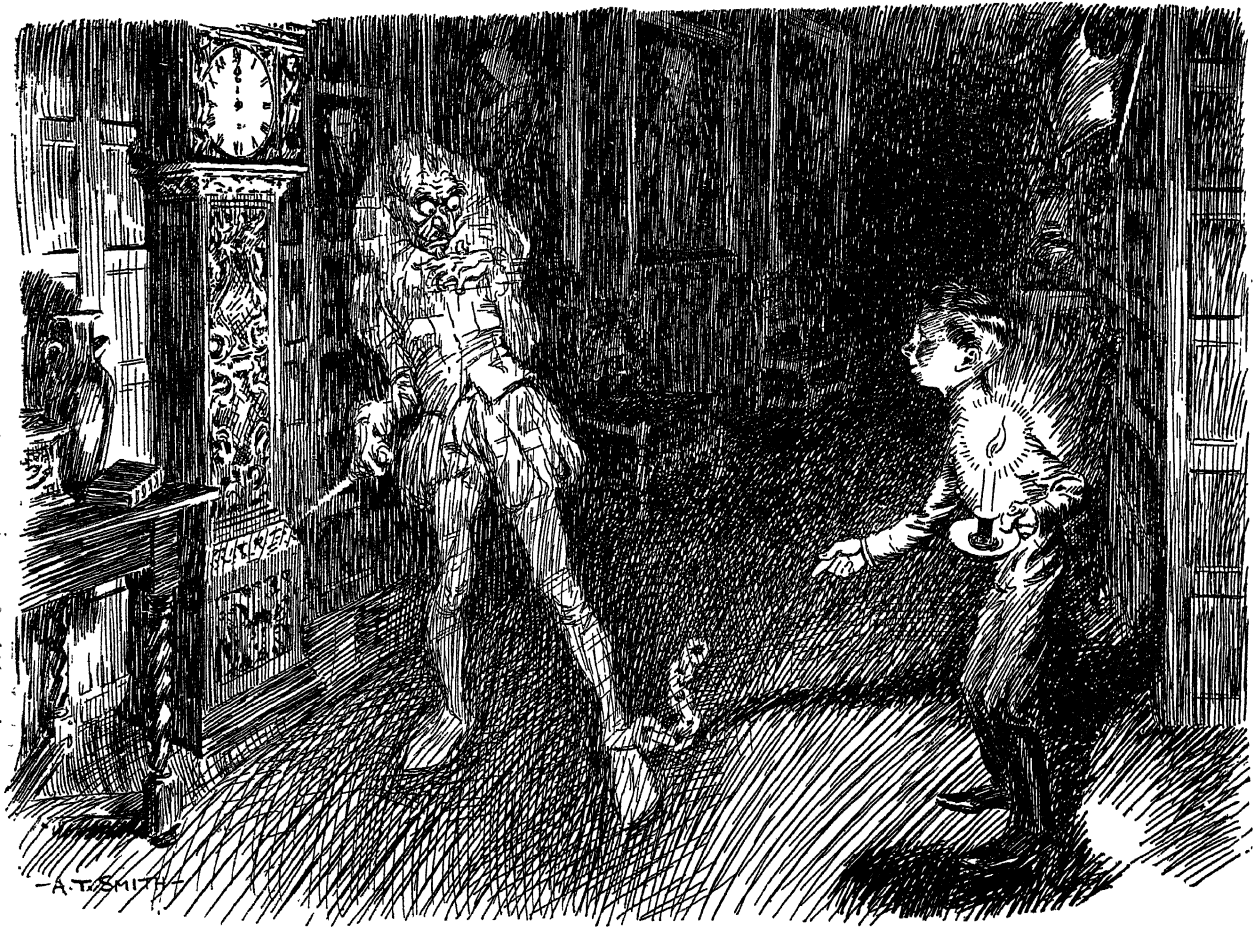


"THE GOVERNMENT ARE IN FIGHTING TRIM" (Ministerial Speech).

WITH THE ARTIST'S HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS TO THOSE OTHER GALLANT WARRIORS WHO, FROM EXIGENCIES OF SPACE, HAVE ESCAPED INCLUSION IN THE ABOVE BATTLE-PICTURE.



DEAR OLD ENGLAND IN THE LLOYD-GEORGIAN ERA: 'YDE PARK.



OUR MODERN SCEPTICS.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, YOUR BOOTLACE IS UNDONE."

TO THE FOURTH ESTATE.

O FOURTH Estate, whose soaring pens have mounted
To a pure height where none may dare to climb,
In whose comparison are kings accounted
Nothing, the lords of Spirit and of Time
Puppets that cower at thy deific nod;
The majesty of whose imperious prime
Shadows the cringing commons like a god:
Thou that alone art strong, alone art free
Almost to licence, hear, oh, hear my plea.

Thou that with tireless ardour penetratest
Through the obscure in such audacious wise
That whispering walls divulge the very latest
And keyholes ope like caverns to thine eyes,
Whose myrmidons, for ever on the track
Of a new thing, with jealous enterprise
Creep up the front stairs or infest the back;
O Thou that knowest all, that layest bare
Skeletons in grim cupboards, hear my prayer.

Thou at whose newsy fount the thirsting many
Absorb their mental viand and consume
Draughts of intelligence at two a penny;
Thou Trumpeter of the Unknown, to whom
Art, Science, Letters, Dogma, and the Stage
(Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boom)
Kneel for due favour; Thou whose patronage
Quickens a pyrotechnic flash, and fame
Bursts with a sharp report on even the humblest name,

Hear me, oh, hear! I wince, I shrink, I tremble,
That seek a boon, but not as others seek.
Lo, I am mean! yet how may I dissemble
In thy dread sight? Or what that I am meek?
For, as the elephant's continued nose
Plucks up the pin or piles the squidgy teak,
So to the scheme of thine embracing prose
The least thing does. Yet, O promiscuous One,
Thou in whose ear the faintest rumour blows
Loud as a clarion, thou that, like the sun,
Beholdest all, oh, hear me, lest I be undone!

For lo! by machination of mine enemies
I am entangled in the Law's dread reach;
They have appointed me—so great their venom is—
Defendant of an imminent deadly "Breach,"
Sued by one that vowed to hold me dear,
And now cries Damage! And I do beseech,
Thou wilt restrain thyself when I appear.
There are some letters which the lady filed
(Prudent!) whereat the ribald mob would jeer;
And some poor foolish numbers, far too wild,
Too sacred, for perusal, woe is me!
Then, O great Press, I prythee draw it mild!
Ignore my frailty, that my song may be
That Thou, tho' Fourth, art First! And blow the other
three!

DUM-DUM.



ZYNNING-KING

Visitor "YOUR OLD-AGE PENSION OUGHT TO COME IN USEFUL AT CHRISTMAS." Squire. "WELL, SIR, 'TAIN'T WHAT WE'VE GOT, 'TIS WHAT WE'VE LOST. HERE'S SQUIRE'S CHRISTMASSING, AS USED ALWAYS TO BE A CROWN AND A GOOSE, DROPT DOWN TO A TWO-SHILLING PIECE AND A RABBIT!"



ZYNNING-KING

Vicar. "WHY, MILLY, HERE'S A MESS! WHATEVER WILL YOUR MOTHER SAY?" Milly. "SHE'LL SAY IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A PA'SON SWEAR."

HOW BILL BOWSPRIT KEPT HIS OATH.

A CHRISTMAS YARN.

It fell about the blithe Yuletide,
When the purse-strings all hang loose,
Bill Bowsprit swore by his binnacle
His crew should dine off goose.

As tough a salt Bill Bowsprit was
As ever in brine did soak;
One leg he had of bone and brawn
And one of the British oak.

Red was his nose as the rising sun,
His speech like the sunset-sky,
His hair of the golden tow, his face
Of the brown mahogany.

His roll was the roll of the rolling sea;
Like a sea-cave was his mouth;
When his right eye looked to the north,
his left
Looked east-south-east by south.

A good hard-swearin' man was he,
A fault all landsmen loathe,
But glare or gloom, come death, come
doom,
He always kept his oath.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When a hurricane took 'em abaft the
beam
And they shipped a howling sea.

The good ship righted her apace
With creaks and shrieks and groans,
But the bos'n, the cook and the carpenter
Was gone to Davy Jones.



"The bos'n, the cook and the carpenter
Was gone to Davy Jones."

"The bos'n and the carpenter,"
Quoth Bill, "I well could spare;
There's many a man aboard this bark
Would blithely eat their share.

"There's many a hungry mariner
He was welcome to have took,
But what's the use of a Christmas goose
When you hasn't got no cook?

"But I'm not a-going for to break my
oath,
Though it cost me body and bones;
So by hook and crook I must rummage
for cook
In the locker of Davy Jones."

He's jumped into the heaving main,
He's sunk like the sounding-lead,

With the salt brine gurgling in his ears
And bubbling o'er his head.

He's waded through weeds and slimy
things,

Through wrecks and dead men's bones,
For all the gear that's lost at sea
Goes down to Davy Jones.

* * * * *

"And if I lets that cook come back
Your vittles for to dress,
First tell to me what now shall be
The order of your mess."

"Oh, first we polishes off the goose,
But and the stuffing rare,
Then we polishes off the plum-pudding
And the rest of the Christmas fare.



"He's jumped into the heaving main."

"And then we drinks his Majesty,
Like every good sea-dog,
And we sits a-smoking of us pipes
And a-mixing of us grog."

"Now swear to me, Bill Bowsprit,
By all you holds most dear,
When you've polished off the Christmas
goose
And the rest of the Christmas cheer,

"May Bet and Prue and Sal and Sue
Have never a kiss for your cheek,
May your baccy all pay the King's penny
And your rum-keg spring a leak,

"If you doesn't come back to me, the
cook
And yourself, you old sea-dog,
When you sits a-smoking of yous pipes
And a-mixing of yous grog."

He has ta'en the oath and they've waded
both
Through weed and slime and wreck,
And they've swarmed aloft up the anchor-
rope
And scared the watch on deck.

And first they polishes off the goose,
And the cook he heaves a sigh,
Then they polishes off the plum-pudding,
And the cook he pipes his eye.



"They've swarmed aloft up the anchor-rope."

And Bill he fills his long long clay
And lights it with a match,
And his eyes they has a solemn look
As he bids 'em pipe the watch.

And he ups and says: "We've eat
that goose,
And the boy is a-picking of the bones;
We've had our spree, now cook and me,
We settles up with Davy Jones.

"I'm a good hard-swearin' man," says
he,

"A fault all landsmen loathes,
But glare or gloom, come death, come
doom,
I always keeps my oaths.

"And we've swore," says he, "has cook
and me,

To go back to the musty dog,
When we sits a-smoking of us pipes
And a-mixing of us grog.

"So hark ye, my lads—and I grieves to
cast
A damper on your treat—
We doesn't mix no grog to-night,
But we drinks our rumbo neat!"



"We. drinks our rumbo neat!"



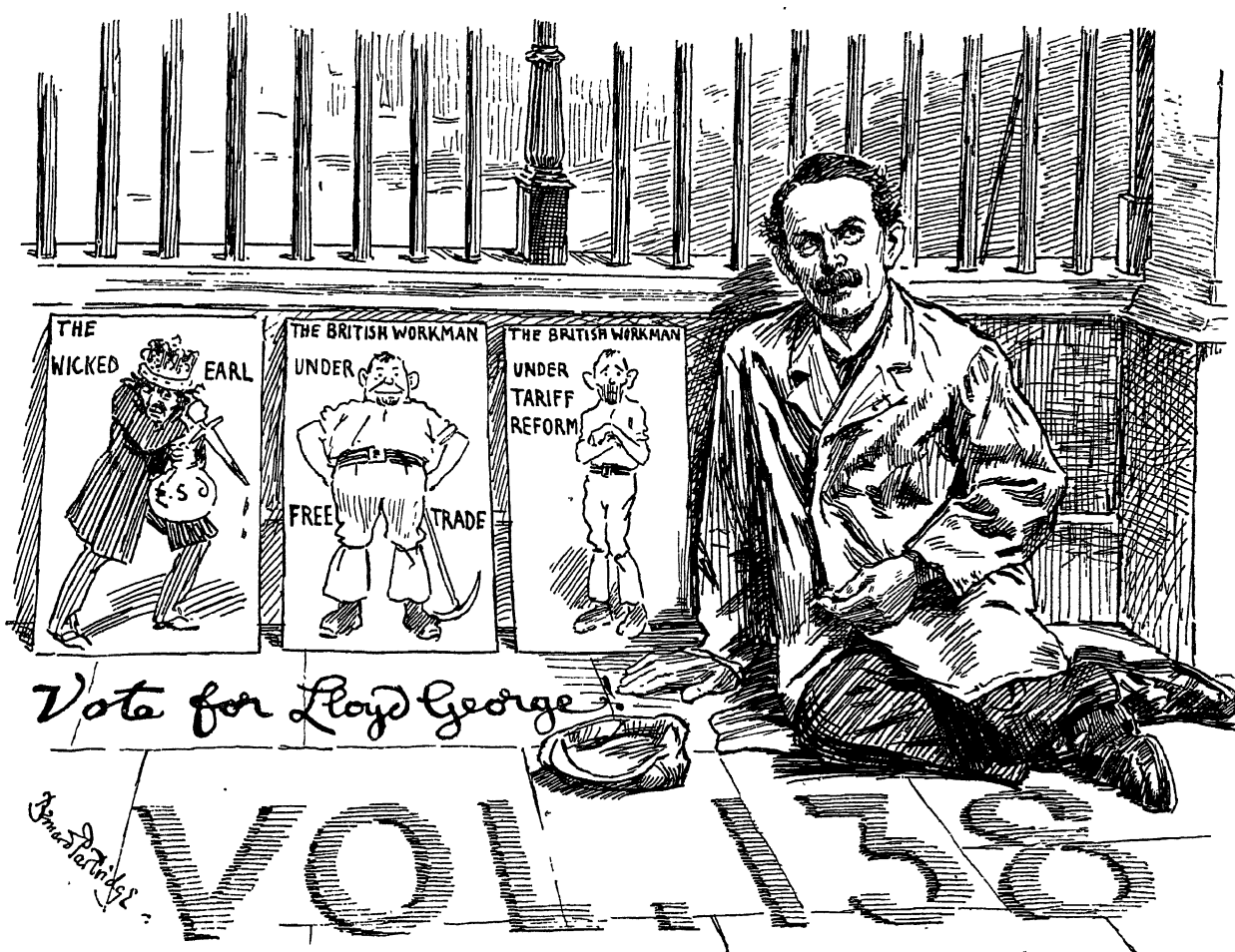
HOW TOMMY PICTURED CHRISTMAS AT HIS UNCLE'S IN THE COUNTRY.



HOW IT TURNED OUT.



THE NEW BOY-SCOUT.



"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US," &c.

Now that nations live as sweethearts in a long, unselfish peace,
And the harmony of statesmen's lives is making them obese,
Readers, pull yourselves together; let *your* private quarrels
cease.

Since the Teuton and the Saxon are so happily at one
And the *Dreadnought* competition's only carried on for fun,
Let there be no further sparring 'twixt the father and the
son.

Let the mother and the daughter live in unison together,
Since our Sea Lords and our Admirals are linked in friendly
tether
And agree on every point that might be moot, except the
weather.

As our Ministers and Suffragettes are walking paw-in-paw,
And the least reproach of either gets the other on the raw,
So let each of us embrace with zeal his least beloved in-law.

Let the snowballs of our combatants be innocent of stones,
Since the Lords address the Commons in such amiable tones
And all possible contention is deceased for lack of bones.

Now that URE and BALFOUR love to take each other's word on
trust,
And the Stock Exchange and LLOYD-AP-GEORGE would share
their final crust,
And the Vinci-men and Lucas-ites have gone upon the bust,—

Let us likewise keep our private disagreements in subjection
And so re-arrange our feelings that the General Election
Be a universal pageant of our general affection.

Ungallant Journalism.

"In the next compartment was the wife of a prominent politician,
off to the Riviera. Her husband, seeing her off, looked wistfully after
the train as it pulled slowly out of the station with its heavy load."—
Daily Mail.

Well, as long as no names are mentioned it's all right.

A young Greek woman of the dangerous name of **MARIKILLI**,
having stabbed a man severely at Bacos (where the local races
are presumably held), was sentenced, according to *The*
Egyptian Gazette, to

"three months' imprisonment only to take effect if she commits
another crime."

"One woman, one free stab." Nevertheless, we warn
Clement's Inn against trusting to the motto, "One woman,
one free punch."

Metamorphosis.

The pretty picture of a lady's face in *The Daily Dispatch*
bears above it the legend:—

"BRIDE OF RUGBY'S NEW HEAD."

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the Bride of Rugby
and records his opinion that, if a new head was really
necessary, she could not have chosen a better one.

THE LIB-LAB LEAGUE.

[A moderate Liberal addresses a member of the Labour Party.]

GIVE me your so-called horny hand
Here in the enemy's sight;
'Tis well to wear a genial air,
But do not squeeze too tight;
Press me a little, palm to palm,
And not with all your might.

Give me your horny hand, I say,
And you may guess what for;
It is to oppose the common foe's
Designs upon our gore;
I should not love you, mate, so much,
Only I loathe him more.

Strange fellowships, in fact, are those
Our passing needs devise;
But, should we come back from the scrum
Big with the victors' prize,
We can arrange to readjust
Our temporary ties.

Frankly, I do not hold with your
Iconoclastic views;
At times I trace a certain grace
In things that you abuse;
You are too much upon the make,
And I've too much to lose.

You'd have all forms of property
Crippled without redress;
While I would not attack the lot
With equal heartiness;
I simply want to paralyse
The sort I don't possess.

You look upon the House of Lords
With murderous intent;
I'd raise its tone up to our own,
And might indeed consent
To serve that end by being made
A Peer of Parliament.

I'd have the Navy not too big;
You'd have it far too small;
For you the soil of men that toil
Requires no frontier-wall;
While I am really, in my bones,
A patriot, after all.

These confidences kindly keep
In petto (in your breast);
Meanwhile I'll sing that tasty thing,
"The Land-Song," by request;
I'll join your hooligan brigade
And bellow with the best.

But afterwards—well, that can wait;
Let rivalries be mute
As hand-in-hand, a brother-band,
We step to the martial toot.
Who knows? We may be spared the pain
Of fighting over the loot. O. S.

"His disappointment was keen, yet in after days he looked upon that evening as the date on which he burst from the chrysalis and became a caterpillar."—*Grand Magazine*.

And the date lower down in his calendar, with the *two* red lines round it, marks the occasion when he finally burst into an egg.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

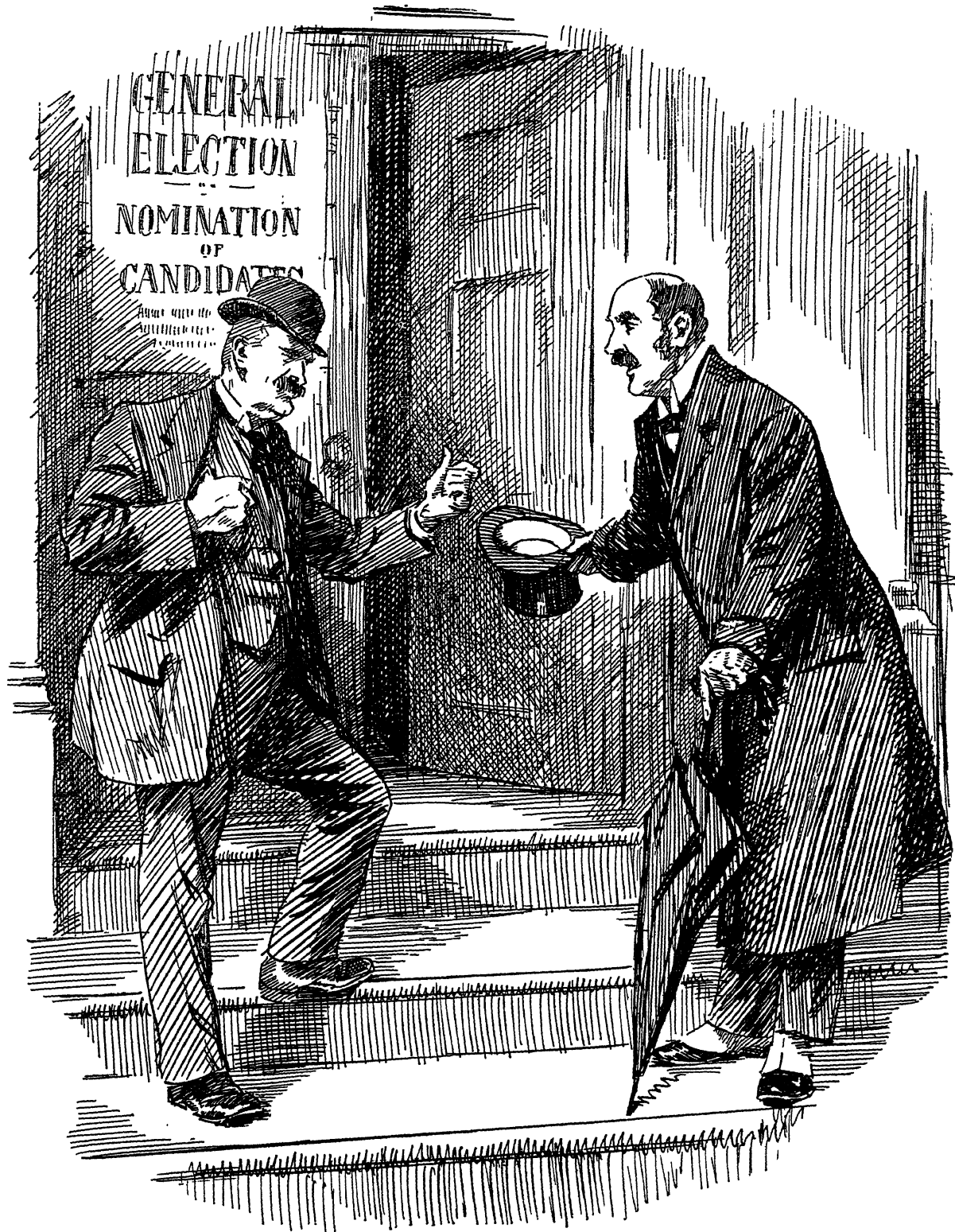
MY DEAR SIR,—Since all the world here is talking and writing about political affairs, and since, as I suspect, you are not interested in the iniquities of the House of Lords or the multifarious and ever-changing virtues of Tariff Reform, I shall not afflict you with my views on these sublime matters. I propose instead to tell you something about a dog who has recently joined my family circle and now rules it as a dictator.

When I speak thus about a dog your imagination will conjure up I know not what gigantic canine specimen—a St. Bernard tramping majestically over the lawns, a Deer Hound with a delicate step and muscles of steel set to a gear of almost incredible speed, a noble and massive Newfoundland, or a Great Dane, statuesque, deep-voiced and magnificent. Banish these sedate and glorious pictures of size and power from your mind's eye. My latest dog is not of that sort. He is, in fact, one of the smallest of the canine kind, a Pekinese spaniel of high quality and lengthy pedigree. It is true that Mandarin—for by that name he is summoned through the house and across the wintry wastes of the garden in which he takes his lordly pleasure and his exercise—it is true that he is only eight months old, and he will grow, but his increase cannot be great. His mane will doubtless develop and his tail will become more thickly feathered, but in most other respects he appears to be already a fully-formed dog with his coat of red-brown fur, his long body shaped in miniature on a leonine model, his curved inch or two of front legs, which he lifts, in walking, with an unconscious sort of arrogance, and his absurd face with the domed forehead, the black and bulging eyes and the ridiculous fierceness of his eminently turned-up snout, through which he snores on occasion an obbligate of disjointed tenor notes.

A more grotesque and fascinating object never moved about on four legs or imagined himself to be a terror to domestic cats. Indeed, the curiosity of the cats in regard to Mandarin is insatiable. Evidently they cannot believe—why should they?—that he is a genuine dog. I have seen two of them follow him closely along the garden paths, sometimes darting ahead, concealing themselves behind bushes, and then springing out upon him *à l'improviste* to test his dog-hood and his courage. Whenever this happens he is unappalled. He makes at the intruder with a perfectly dauntless gallantry. His eyes gleam with the joy of battle; he pricks his ears, curls his tail on high and hurls himself at the foe, and the humorous cat always plays into his paws by galloping away or clawing herself swiftly up a tree. His nose has been scratched only once.

With the larger dogs of the neighbourhood he is on terms of a somewhat haughty familiarity, never abasing himself by lying on his back and waving his paws in the air, or by grovelling and cringing, but always bearing himself serenely and even defiantly in their presence. To see him, when engaged upon a cutlet-bone, furiously growling off a St. Bernard of some eleven stone to a respectful distance, is a tremendous lesson in animosity and pluck. We have a Great Danish lady who is devoted to him and lets him gnaw her ears or tug her tail without a murmur. Withal he is the most submissive and affectionate friend to the little girls whom he acknowledges as his mistresses, reserving for them the treasure of an immeasurable and almost pathetic adoration.

How profoundly changed is his lot from that of his ancestors. They spent their little span of life in the halls and corridors of a Chinese palace. Lying at ease on silken embroideries or pit-patting over floors of curious wood, they accepted the endearments of almond-eyed beauties or listened to the strange intrigues of supple courtiers, in whose ample sleeves a little dog might sometimes sleep. What



L. RAVENHILL

LEST WE GET LEFT.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE. "ON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT THIS IS NOT TO BE REGARDED AS A SIGN OF LASTING AFFECTION, I AM PREPARED, IN THE FACE OF THE COMMON FOE, TO GIVE WAY TO YOU."

LABOUR CANDIDATE. "SAME HERE."



POLITICS FOR THE MASSES.

Orator. "TAKE THE FIGURES, FORTY-THREE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO IN 1906, AND SUBTRACT THIRTY-NINE MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN IN 1907, ALLOWING 1.27 PER CENT. FOR INCREASE OF POPULATION. GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS."

Enlightened Audience. "EAR, 'EAR!"

ambitions, what deceits, what queer and crooked policies aimed against ill-scented and overbearing foreign devils by impassive Mandarins might they not have revealed had nature granted them the hateful gift of speech? But, as it was, they ate their portion of rice and remained silent and discreet and beloved. And now this latest and not least honourable scion of their ancient race has become in the vicissitudes of time the darling of a little band of fair-haired, frank-eyed English girls, the pursuer of cats through an English garden, and the nocturnal inhabitant of a sort of Gothic cathedral in wickerwork in the bedroom of an English house. And, since no whisper of that imperial palace whence his great-great-grandparents came has ever reached him, he seems fairly well contented with his lowlier dwelling and his humbler friends in the land of the Barbarians. He never yaps and his manners are beautiful.

Yours,

A CHINOPIIL.

"This comes hopping."

"The 10th Infantry Brigade is a very different thing from a crowd of 3,000 young men in khaki. When it marches, all its 6,000 legs move as one."—*Daily Mail*.

Go it, ye cripples!

A LITTLE BANK-JOKE.

[The following advertisements are, no doubt, a counterblast to that of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., who offer to send a new game, "Farobank," gratis to all who make application for it on certain coupons.]

How to LIVE TO BE 200. We present illustrated Life of Old Parr to first thousand applicants. Send p.c. to Parr's Bank, Ltd.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!! Six lovely picture postcards, suitable for our young folk, will be forwarded to all who send name and address to Desk Q, Child's Bank.

Do You find the evenings long? Then send two penny stamps and we will post you our latest novelty, "The Old Lady and the Needle." Roars of laughter! Endless amusement! Address, The Governor, Dept. Z, Bank of England.

SEND To-day; to-morrow may be too late! We are giving away signed photos of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to all who apply to Lloyd's Bank.

Complete works of ELINOR GLYN may be had by fulfilling a few simple conditions. Just the reading for the family hearth during the holidays. Apply GLYN, MILLS & Co.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER I.—ONE OF THE PLAYERS.

"Do I know everybody?" I asked Myra towards the end of dinner, looking round the table.

"I think so," said Myra. "If there's anybody you don't see in the window, ask for him."

"I can see most of them. Who's that tall handsome fellow grinning at me now?"

"Me," said Archie, smiling across at us.

"Go away," said Myra. "Gentlemen shouldn't eavesdrop. This is a perfectly private conversation."

"You've got a lady on each side of you," I said heatedly; "why don't you talk to *them*? It's simply scandalous that Myra and I can't get a moment to ourselves."

"They're both busy; they won't have anything to say to me."

"Then pull a cracker with yourself. Surely you can think of something, my lad."

"He has a very jealous disposition," said Myra, "and whenever Dahlia—Bother, he's not listening."

I looked round the table again to see if I could spy a stranger.

"There's a man over there—who's he? Where this orange is pointing."

"Oranges don't point. Waggle your knife round. Oh, him? Yes, he's a friend of Archie's—Mr. Derry."

"Who is he? Does he do anything exciting?"

"He does, rather. You know those little riddles in the Christmas crackers?"

"Yes?"

"Yes. Well, he doesn't do those, because he's an electrical engineer."

"But why—?"

"No, I didn't. I simply asked you if you knew them. And he plays the piano beautifully, and he's rather a good actor, and he never gets up till about ten. Because his room is next to mine, and you can hear everything, and I can hear him not getting up."

"That doesn't sound much like an electrical engineer. You ask him suddenly what ampères are a penny, and see if he turns pale. I expect he makes up the riddles, after all. Simpson only does the mottoes, I know. . . . Now talk to Thomas for a bit while I drink my orange."

Five minutes elapsed, or transpired (whichever it is), before I was ready to talk again. Generally, after an orange, I want to have a bath and go straight off to bed, but this particular one had not been so all-overish as usual.

"Now then," I said, as I examined the crystallized fruit, "I'm with you in one minute."

Myra turned round and looked absently at me.

"I don't like it," she said to herself.

"That's all right, you aren't going to have it. The green ones are for me."

"Can you eat that and listen to something serious?"

"I'll try. . . . Yes, I can eat it all right. Now let's see if I can listen. . . . Yes, I can listen all right."

"Then it's this. I've been putting it off as long as I can, but you've got to be told to-night. It's—well—do you know why you're here?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I just been showing you?"

"Well, why are you here?"

"Well, frankly, because I'm hungry, I suppose. Of course I know that if I hadn't been I should have come in to dinner just the same, but— Hang it, I mean that's the root idea of a dining-room, isn't it? And I *am* hungry. At least I was."

"Stave it off again with an almond," said Myra, pushing them along to me. "What I really meant was why you're here in the house."

This was much more difficult. I began to consider possible reasons.

"Because you all love me," I started; "because you put the wrong address on the envelope; because the regular boot-boy's ill; because you've never heard me sing in church; because—stop me when I'm getting warm—because Miss Fortescue refused to come unless I was invited; because—"

"Stop," said Myra. "That was it. And of course you know I didn't mean that at all."

"What an awful lot of things you don't mean to-night. Be brave and have it right out this time."

"All right, then, I will. One, two, three—we're going to act a play on Saturday."

She leant forward and regarded me with apprehension.

"But why not? I'll promise to clap."

"You can't, because you see you're going to act too. Isn't it jolly?" said Myra breathlessly.

I gave what, if I hadn't just begun the last crystallized greengage, would have been a scornful laugh.

"Me act? Why, I've never—I don't do it—it isn't done—I don't act—not on Saturdays. How absurd!"

"Have you told him, Myra?" Dahlia called out suddenly.

"I'm telling him now. I think he's taking it all right."

"Don't talk about me as 'him,'" I said angrily. "And I'm *not* taking it all right. I'm not taking it at all."

"It's only such a very small part—we're all doing something, you know. And your costume's ordered and everything. But how awfully sporting of you."

After that what could I say?

"Er—what am I?" I asked modestly.

"You're a—small rat-catcher," said Myra cheerfully.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A rat-catcher."

"You said a small one. Does that mean that I'm of diminutive size, or that I'm in a small way of business, or that my special line is young ones?"

"It means that you haven't much to say."

"I see. And would you call it a tragic or a pathetic part?"

"It's a comic part, rather. You're Hereditary Grand Rat-Catcher to the Emperor Bong. Bong the Second. Not the first Bong, the Dinner Bong."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I've never acted in my life, and never been or seen a rat-catcher in my life. It is therefore useless for you to tell me to be perfectly natural."

"You have so little to do; it will be quite easy. You have to approach the Emperor very nervously—"

"I shall do the nervous part all right."

"And beg him to spare the life of his mother-in-law."

"Why? I mean, who is she?"

"Miss Fortescue."

"Yes, I doubt if I do that part so well. Still I'll try."

"Hooray. How splendid!"

"A rat-catcher," I murmured to myself.

"Where is the rat? The rat is on the mat. The cat is on the rat. The bat is on the cat. The—"

"Mr. Derry will go through your part with you to-morrow. Some of it is funnier than that."

"The electrical engineer? What do they know about rat-catching?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Aha! Now I see who your mysterious Mr. Derry is. He's going to coach us."

"He is. You've found it out at last. How bright green sweets make you."

"They have to be really bright green sweets. Poor man! What a job he'll have with us all."

"Yes," said Myra, as she prepared to leave me. "Now you know why he doesn't get up till ten."

"In the rat-catching business," I said thoughtfully as I opened the door, "the real rush comes in the afternoon. Rat-catchers in consequence never get up until ten-thirty. Do you know," I decided, "I am quite beginning to like my little part."

A. A. M.

Muscular Christianity.

"He served as a curate at Lower Brixham, and held the headmaster of Lower Brixham school, from 1880 to 1884"—*Torquay Directory*.
Break away!



TRAGEDIES OF A SIMPLE LIFE.

THE HARD-WON BATH.

LITERARY SELF-VIVISECTORS.

IN preparing a new and complete edition of her novels, with introductions describing the circumstances in which they were written, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has set a precedent which will shortly be followed in more thorough-going fashion by her famous *confrère*, Mr. Halley Coraine. To each of his epoch-making and soul-devastating romances Mr. Coraine will contribute an introduction of 250 pages, giving full details of his mentality both before, during, and after, the throes of composition. Special features will be (a) an exact reproduction of the temperature chart of the author when he was approaching the climax of each work, (b) a faithful record of the diet on which he subsisted, and (c) a complete list of the number of tears shed by him during the elaboration of the more tragic passages.

Thus it will be found that when dictating the terrific *dénouement* of *Tin Gods* Mr. Coraine's temperature went up to 107, while his pulse could not be counted. *Tin Gods*, it will be remembered, is a tale of Cornwall, and was mainly composed on St. Michael's Mount, which Mr. Coraine rented for the summer at the fabulous price of 500 guineas a week. It was written on a diet of plover's eggs and Jerusalem artichokes, washed down by draughts of ketchup and ammoniated quinine, and in a special costume designed for the author by Sir LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA. An antique peplon draped his opulent torso, his locks were confined with a classic fillet, and his nether man was garbed in a pair of accordion-pleated knickerbocks.

Peculiar interest attaches to the new and biographical edition of *The Purple Emperor*, which will contain no fewer than thirteen photographs of Mr. Coraine as he appeared at different stages of the work, in which the strain on his physique is painfully illustrated. Thus while engaged on the famous poisoning scene, in which Cardinal Spaghetti pours prussic acid into the Emperor's *fine champagne*, Mr. Coraine's weight went down to 8 st. 11 lbs., and he was only enabled to complete his task by constant resort to oxygen and a special brew of shandy-gaff compounded of sparkling Moselle and the strongest audit ale. *The Purple Emperor* was partly written in a portable Swiss chalet (which Mr. Coraine obtained permission from the King of ITALY to erect on the summit of the Mole of Hadrian), partly in the catacombs, but mainly in the beautiful Byzantine pagoda in the grounds of the novelist's castle in the Scilly Islands. Before its publication he was interviewed eleven days running for eleven different papers by the famous

publicist, Mr. Roland Begthwayt, and all the eleven interviews are now reproduced in the Introduction, together with photographs of Mr. Begthwayt playing temperance bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Coraine and Lord "Billy" Scilly, the youngest son of the Marquis of Mullion.

The Introduction to *The True History of Sarah Lunn* tells at great length the arduous exertions undergone by the author in the quest of the fitting local colour for this poignant recital. Mr. Coraine not only spent six months at Bath making historical investigations, but worked for eight weeks in a biscuit factory at Reading to master the technique of confectionery. He then took several trips to Grindelwald, Norway, and the Greek Archipelago with Dr. LUNN, to glean authentic information from the most distinguished descendant of his heroine before writing a single word of the narrative.

The illustrations include a charming three-colour print of Mrs. Coraine at her tea-table; a snapshot of Mr. Sheenymann, Mr. Coraine's publisher, diving into the sea at Blackpool; a view of the Pump Room, Bath; a sketch of Dr. LUNN steering a bobsleigh at Montana; and a pastel of Mr. Coraine singing *Sally in our Alley* to the pianola accompaniment of Mr. Begthwayt.

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE.

["The English cow has lost the pleasing atmosphere of interest and charm which rightly belongs to her—an atmosphere made up of buttercups and three-legged stools and milkmaids."—*Country Life*.]

Time was, if intra-mural

Delights began to flag,

I rhapsodized the rural,

And packed a carpet bag.

I left the lures of London,

And, pining for the plough,

Made many a brief but happy jaunt

To study in her native haunt

The captivating cow.

I took (three bob the fare is)

A ticket to a scene

Where damsels decked the dairies,

The daisies graced the green.

Mid buttercups and beauty

I seldom failed to feel

The "lowing herd" proceed to wind

A spell around my simple mind,

Like packthread round a reel.

But gone are all the features

That used to charm me then;

The cows are common creatures,

The milkmaids mostly men.

The bovine brings no longer

A joy, however brief,

But, mooing in her native mire,

She merely moves me to inquire,

"How stands the price of beef?"

HOW TO COPE WITH CHRISTMAS INVALIDS.

(By a Specialist.)

THE difficulty of amusing the modern invalid is greatly enhanced by the complexity of the modern temperament, and can only be surmounted by great patience and ingenuity. Much, however, can be done by judiciously harmonising the treatment with the peculiar exigencies of the sufferer.

Take, for example, the case of the luckless individual debarred by illness from lunching, dining or supping at his favourite restaurant. For such as these an excellent thing to tempt the appetite is to clothe the patient in fancy dress. For breakfast in bed a Japanese kimono and motor goggles make a most exhilarating combination. Beef-tea, again, never tastes half so sweet as when it is sucked through a narghilé. Here appropriate local colour can be secured by placing a tarboosh on the invalid's head and disguising the nurse in a yashmak.

Again, if the sufferer is an Alpinist, nothing promotes recovery so much as to lay his climbing kit—boots, rope, alpenstock, etc.—on the bed by his side, and decorate the room with edelweiss and other Alpine flora.

Music, as the faculty are beginning to admit, exercises a most beneficial therapeutic influence on most invalids. If, for example, the patient is inclined to be drowsy, a few high notes on the piccolo have a wonderful effect in dispelling somnolence. On the other hand, if insomnia has to be combated, there is no more effectual remedy than a quartet of muted strings or a Chlorale of BACII.

Certain Composers have a peculiarly salubrious effect on certain maladies, while others are to be carefully avoided.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF is invaluable in bronchial affections.

On the other hand HUMPERDINCK is positively dangerous to persons suffering from German measles and mumps.

SCARLATTI—[No, I cannot bear any more of it. *Ed. Punch*.]

(Not to be continued.)

"Attempts have been made to write literary drama with the characteristics of pantomime. M. Maeterlinck's 'Blue Beard' is one."

Liverpool Courier.

You mustn't miss *Brandy* and *Soda*, the great cross-talk comedians, in the Haymarket version of *Blue Beard*.

"The society thereupon took the appeal to the House of Lords which has just been dismissed."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Which is about to be reformed" would be more accurate.

A CASE FOR PROTECTION.

BY A PERFURVID SCOT.

[A Tariff Reform orator, in the course of a recent address in Stirlingshire, said that he would rather listen to the music of the bagpipes than to Paderewski on the piano.]

UPON ma soul, it's ill tae thole
Thae foreign chieils that fare
Frae a' the airts o' ootlan' pairts
Wi' awesome heids o' hair,
Wi' violins aneath their chins
Tae dae uncanny things,
Or skreigh a sang, or skelp an' bang
The box o' jinglin' strings.

Sae lang's we hae the pipes tae play
On Scotia's favoured sod,
What need hae we o' minstrelsie
Imported frae abroad?
I'm beat tae think hoo Scots can clink
Their siller down tae hear
Some chap whase fee wad keep—losh me!
A piper for a year!

In ma belief, it should be chief
An' foremaist o' oor laws
Tae fill the wame that's nearest hame,
Tae min' oor ain sea-maws,
Tae bar oor coasts tae foreign hosts
An' bid them gang tae—France;
A thunpin' tax upon their backs
Will gie oor ain a chance.

Wi' glee will then oor Hielandmen
Blaw up a mighty skirl,
A pibroch guid tae fire the bluid
An' gie the lugs a dirl;
Oor lasses stoot will a' turn oot
Their maist kenspeckle stripes,
Tae grace the day when aince we hae
Protection for the pipes!

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—I have now waited for two weeks to see my letter in your columns; but as it is still absent even in the current number—which is, of course, owing to Christmas, difficult to fill—I am constrained to believe that you can never have received it, and therefore I have copied it out again and shall register the envelope.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

Enclosure.

To the Editor of "The Easterham Gazette."

SIR,—Having occasion not long ago to visit Easterham on a wet day, I was distressed to find that the two cabs which wait outside the station on the chance of getting a job were standing in the wet with no shelter from a pitiless rain. It is true that the drivers might either sit inside or stand in the booking "hall" (as it is now snobbishly called, "office" being a good enough term for



M.F.H. (at a check, riding up to Young Stranger who has been right among hounds, if not in front of them, during the run). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU THE FOX?"

the same place in my youth), but the horses had no protection whatever. Now, Sir, I ask you as a humanitarian to do what you can to remedy this gross abuse. The horse is the friend of man, and should be treated accordingly. If a fund can be started for the erection of a covered shelter for these patient creatures my mite is at your service.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
OLD EASTERHAMIAN.

V.

The Editor of *The Easterham Gazette* begs to return Mr. Scrimgeour's letter, which he does not consider of such general importance as to merit publication.

VI.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter annoys both myself and Mrs. Scrimgeour. My proposal was humane and necessary and peculiarly fitted for publication at this season of the year. Your decision seems to me more callously incompetent than anything I ever remember, and I shall not forget it. Yours faithfully,

THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

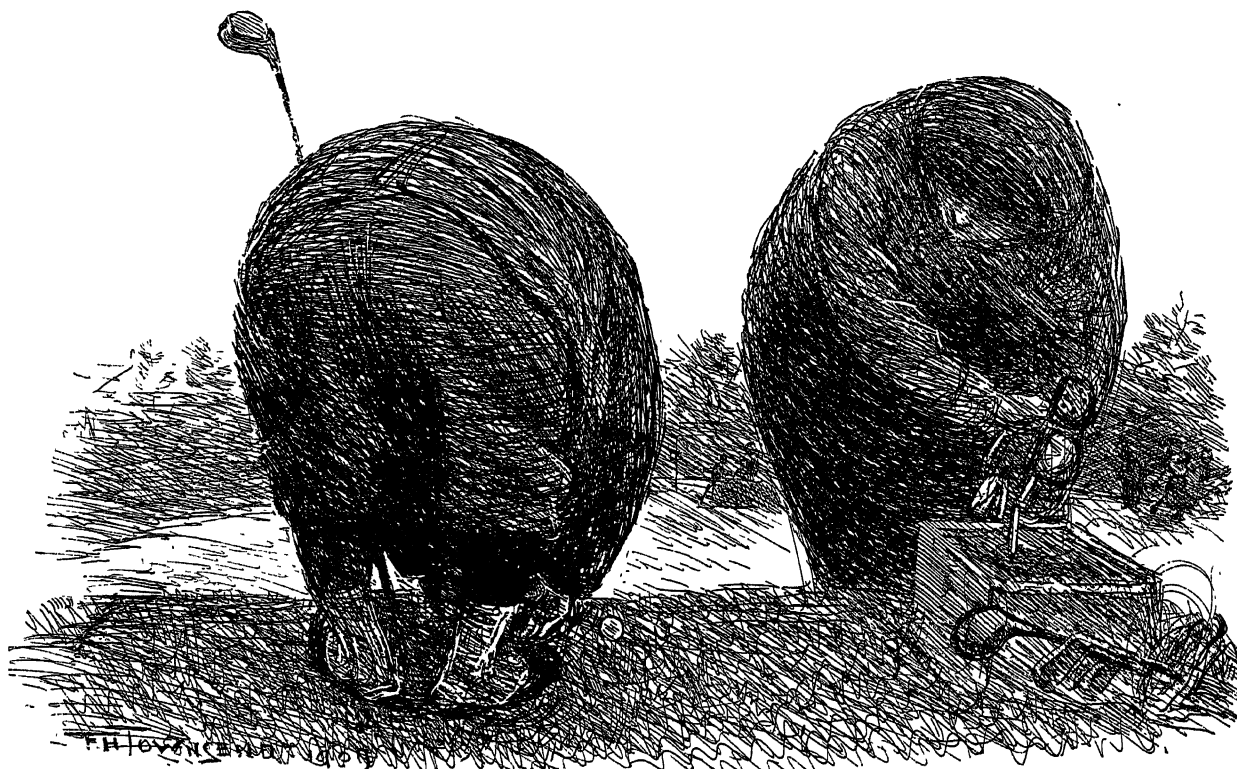
"Throughout the West all cider-makers are agreed that this year is likely to provide one of the poorest vintages known for many years. Analysis of the fruit shows a great deficiency of sugar, and the farm labourer at the press misses that stickiness so intimately associated with good cider."

You or I might head that paragraph "Sticky and Good," or "The Budget Again"—something quite ordinary. But *The Birmingham Weekly Post* is more subtle, and calls it "How a Horse Gallops."

Address on
'WAR IN THE AIR,'
by
JOHN BROWN, B.Sc.

"B.Sc.?" said the old gentleman, as he stopped to read the notice; "well, well, it's wonderful what these Boy Scouts are coming to."

Final Motto for the "Flora" bust:
Lucas et non Leonardo.



MORE GOLF JOTTINGS.

Mr. Robinson. "WHAT ARE WE?"

Mrs. Robinson. "WE'RE SQUARE."

THE COMPLEAT SPORTSMAN.

["I am not a sporting man," Lord Curzon is reported to have said at Burnley. "I have never worn what is called the pigskin."] You should see me clad in pigskin when the starter shouts, "Offside!"

And my filly takes the crupper in his teeth;
You should see me when, at Wimbledon, I chance to serve a wide,

You should see me wield the willow at Blackheath!
When I represent my County, in a foursome up at Lord's,
How the people cheer my famous anchor-stroke,
How the umpire blows his whistle when the scoring-board records

A revoke

You should hear the cries of "Blimey!"

When the mob its joy evinces,

Ev'ry time I score a stymie

In the tennis-court at Prince's!

You should see me covert-shooting; with my rifle in my hand,
And my faithful-pointer, Fido, at my heel;
You should see me stalking rabbits in the marshy meadow-land,

Or exploring misty mountain-tops for teal.
How I love to track the coot or capercaillie to his hole,
Or to listen to the pheasant's plaintive pipe,
As I sit beside the river with my fishing-rod, and troll

For a snipe,

Or with catapult (discreetly

On my knees and elbows crawling)

Slay the snaffle that so sweetly

To the martingale is calling!

On the polo-field at Hurlingham I've made some record breaks,
At St. Andrews, too, I've carried out my bat;

I was *proxime accessit* in the Prince of Wales's Stakes,
And I've won a dozen rubbers on the flat.
I would often do the hat-trick, in the days when I was young,
At regattas where they put me on to bowl,
And at pyramids or curling I could always pitch the bung
Through the goal.

In the nation's sporting annals
I have held my own unbeaten,
Since I won my croquet flannels
On the playing-fields at Eton!

COLDSTREAM.

AN ELECTION ALLEGORY.

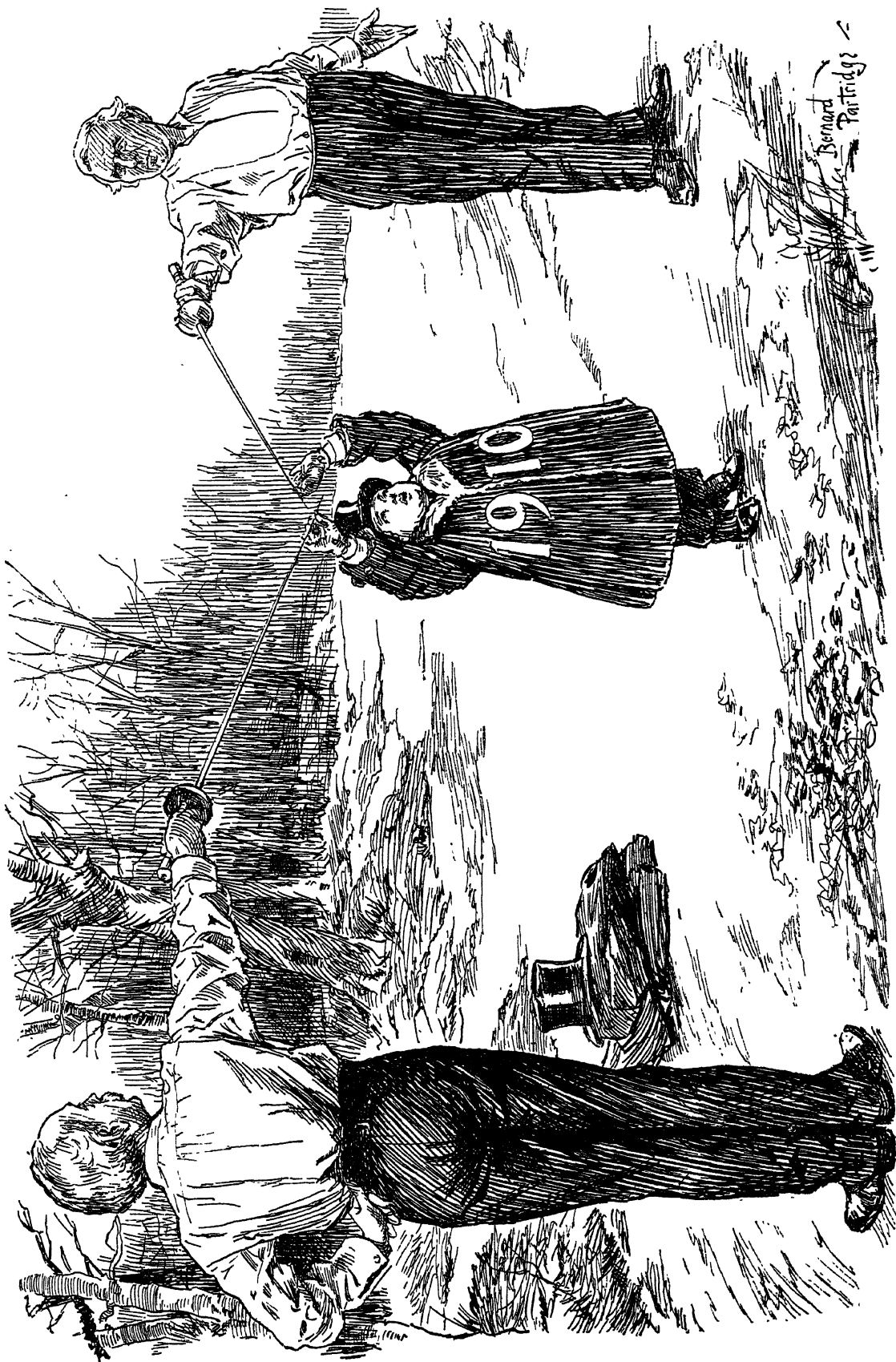
I WAS shown into the kitchen, where I found him seated in the warmest corner. "I have called," I said, "to question you about the rumour that you have been deliberately calling the——"

He held up his handle for silence. "You need not proceed," he said. "I admit it; and he *is*. If you will step through to the scullery you can see for yourself. You will find him on the gas stove. Perfectly dreadful! Soot isn't in it!"

"But was it quite just, considering that you are supposed to be equally——" He waved his handle again. "It was he who began it," he said, pointing towards the scullery door. "I need hardly tell you that he is quite mistaken about my colour."

"Then if your colour is not black what is it?" I asked in wonder.

"Do you suggest that I am not speaking the truth?" he asked indignantly. "Please remember I am not a ewer. I am a pot. My colour is pure white, Sir; and I have just sent a letter to the Press which my friends will declare to be an unanswerable proof of that statement."



“EN GARDE, MESSIEURS!”



THE LLOYD-GEORGIAN ERA.—THE LAST FLICKER OF GRAND OPERA.

Mrs. Sniggs (caretaker of Grosvenor House). "OH, DO JEST LOOK, PA! THERE'S THE 'BOWOOD' LOT OVER THERE, AN' WOULD YER BELIEVE IT, MRS. BINNS 'AS GOT ON THE SAME OLD BLACK ALPACA WITH THE 'ORN BUTTONS WOT SHE WORE FOR THE PAGLIARCHY! AND THE GARNET BROOCH! WELL, I DECLARE!"

MR. PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS PREMIER.—Respectable man seeks re-engagement. Excellent refs.; four years last sit. Parties (Irish, Labour, etc.) catered for.—H. H. A., 10, Downing Street.

ENERGETIC Welshman (used to handling large sums of money) wants position as CHANCELLOR. Previous exp. Applicant only giving up present sit. through employers going to country. —"The Hen Roost," Limehouse, E.

HOTEL URA.—Liberal table. Aged couples taken in *en pension*.

HANDY MAN.—Parks and gardens laid out. Estimates free. Or would not mind at a pinch taking on Prime Minister's job. —"LULU," Story's Gate, S.W.

ALL Suffragette Accessories at lowest prices. Have you seen our "Premier Persuaders?" (solid leather, gun-metal mounts).

"**SLEEP** comfortably in your beds" by taking McKENNA'S LITTLE NAVY

PILLS FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE. Highly recommended by Mr. ASQUITH, Lord FISHER, etc. The KAISER says, "Your Pills have been invaluable to me. I am gaining strength every day."

FOR DISPOSAL.—January 15th and following days. About 670 second-hand Seats (all British). What offers? —J. BULL AND SONS.

LOST from Party Politics two valuable qualities, answering to the names of "Truth" and "Dignity." Anyone who finds and adopts the same will (we feel sure) be handsomely rewarded.

... NIL NISI MALUM.

"WELL," I said, as the bells rang out, "I'm glad to see the end of him. He was a beast."

"*De mortuis* . . ." said someone. "Oh, rubbish!" I replied. "This is an exceptional case. He was so bad that abuse is almost praise. One of the really great malefactors."

"Yes," they agreed, "he was."

"He was every one's foe—or nearly every one's. He had a special down on farmers and agriculturists. He hated to see them prospering. He put every obstacle possible in their way. Surely you would not have me keep silence as to that?"

"No. Oh, no."

"And games. He loathed games. I don't say that people can't be too fond of them; but he was the limit. Whenever he saw a cricket match going on he tried to stop it, and often enough succeeded."

"True enough."

"Travellers too he had a grudge against. He was never so happy as when there was a gale; and latterly he must have been happy indeed. Bad Channel crossings delighted him. He adored the sight of people drenched and ill. But there, he's dead now. Let's try and forget him."

"Yes," they all cried, rising to their feet and raising their glasses.

"And let us hope," I said, "that 1910 will be better."

And we drank the toast.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALADDIN" (DRURY LANE).

THE morning after Boxing Day, painful as it is for the reaction which it brings, might easily be worse. We might wake up and fail to find in our morning papers the annual statement, gaudily embroidered, that the Management of Drury Lane had once more surpassed itself. Happily this tragedy has never yet occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but if ever such a day should dawn for England it would be the beginning of the end, and the Germans might come as soon as they care to. There seems, however, no immediate risk; for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has left himself a very bright chance of improving on this year's pantomime, at any rate in the matter of novelty. It is really an extraordinary thing that Mr. WILKIE BARD should have been given no better *clou* than the old one of last year; that he should again, and *twice over* at each performance, be found trying to teach his audience to sing after him; and that, too, after this faded novelty has been further staled, as I understand, at a Music-hall.

Truly, a British pantomime audience is not hard to please. And to sit and watch its fat and stolid satisfaction is to understand something of that immunity from ideas, and from the very desire for ideas, which has made us, as a nation, what we are. For the stalls of Drury Lane are surely an epitome of those middle classes of which the backbone of the country is constructed. I would hazard that that quiet and observant humourist, Mr. BARD, gets almost as much fun from the study of his audience as they get from him—which means a very great deal.



A TEACHER OF SONG.

Widow Twankay . . MR. WILKIE BARD.

Aladdin . . . MISS MARIE GEORGE.
Abanazar . . . MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

Changes seem to have come over the spirit of pantomime. One misses the burlesque of manners and vogues; one misses the Aristophanic flavour so proper to a democracy. I could only catch one political allusion (Mr. CHURCHILL was chosen for that honour), and its unique intrusion saved a very dull song about a barometer, by pretty Miss RENÉ, from being a frost. No doubt the omission is made out of deference to the impending crisis. Of bad puns there was a pleasant lack; and I was content to be spared the rough-and-tumble phase of humour. But I should have liked a little more piquancy in the lyrics. Legs, though admittedly tantamount to human nature, seem to have gone out of fashion, and the *pas seul* with them. As for the concerted dances, they tend to sacrifice rhythm to intricacy. The dresses and the scenery show a closer study of harmony in line and colour, but the note of barbaric splendour is still too insistent and the eye is seldom allowed to rest.

I think perhaps the total sum of change is not for the worse. If the fun is less boisterous, and the house hardly ever rocks to its foundations, the level of humour is more equably sustained and there are very few intervals of absolute dullness. Now and then an inveterate wheeze occurred, such as that of the "whereabouts" that went to the wash, or the rather long story of the boots that disturbed the invalid in the flat below. On the other hand there was freshness in the duologues between Mr. GEORGE GRAVES and his fluttering heart. Of the two leading comedians he had much the harder task; but he went through it nobly. I judged,

however, of the strain that was put upon his invention by the number of times he removed and replaced his hats. I think it must have run to four figures.

Miss MARIE GEORGE had no particular chance, but she took what there was with her customary lightness of heart. I could have done with much more dog, for Mr. GEORGE ALI is very perfect in this character, and the way in which he went for a live cat that strolled on by the footlights proved how thoroughly he had divested himself of his last year's rôle in the service of *Dick Whittington*. But, as some critic has very properly pointed out, the dog has no *locus standi* in the story of *Aladdin*.

Finally, I know that if I had a spark of the right critical spirit in me, I should say that Miss 'TRULY SHATTUCK' "made a superb *Prince Pekoe*," but I shan't. I have met many men—less superb, I grant—who could have looked much more like a Prince than she did. What remaining compliments I have at my disposal I shall assign to the joint authors of an entertaining book that was creditably free of vulgarity; to the painters of the Pekin scenes; to Mr. GLOVER for some bright music which never failed to get itself heard; and to whoever it was who thought of making real people bathe in a cinematographic seascape. O. S.

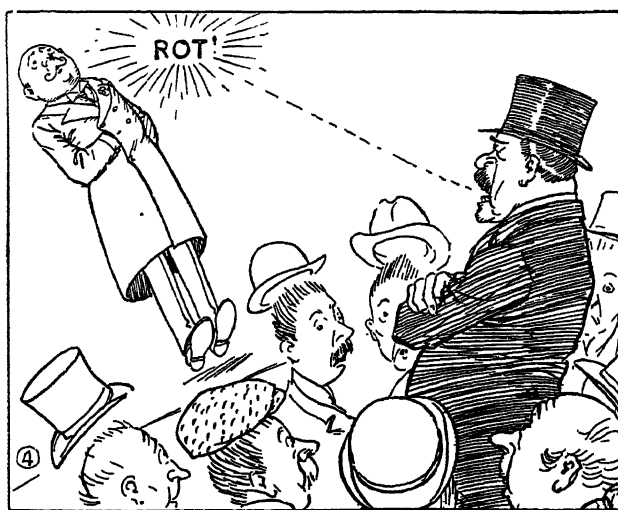
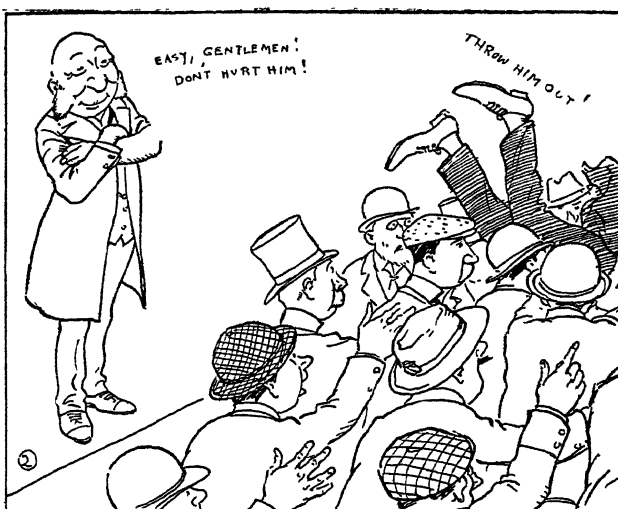
II.—"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S Adelphi "melodrama of the Ring," in four rounds, must, I feel, be described in appropriate language. It deals with the great moral fight between *Sir Charles Temperley* and *Sir John Hawker*. The physical punching was done by others.

Round I.—Some preliminary sparring



"Devil" Hawker, after having had the devil's own time before the Club Committee. Sir John Hawker . . MR. CHARLES ROCK.



HOW TO BE A HECKLER.

1 AND 2.—THE WRONG WAY.

3 AND 4.—THE RIGHT WAY.

makes it clear that the house of Temperley is in danger of falling, owing to the extravagance of its master, who has lost thousands at cards to *Devil Hawker*. Seconded by his mother, the *Temperley Pet* (Mr. BEN WEBSTER) makes up to his rich cousin, *Ethel*. His young brother, *Captain Jack*, is also staying at Temperley Manor, but on this occasion he draws a bye, for *Ethel* accepts *Sir Charles* in order to save the house. Immediately afterwards she discovers that her secret love for *Jack* is indeed returned. It is too late, however—she is affianced to another. They clinch and break away, *Ethel* fainting. *Jack* returns to his corner, having first extracted a promise from *Charles* that for the girl's sake he will give up cards and dice.

Round II.—*Devil Hawker* jumps into the ring. Will *Sir Charles* cut him at cards for a thousand guineas a cut? *Sir Charles* will. They begin, and *Sir John* is just getting in a very nasty upper cut

when *Jack* reminds his brother of his promise. The *Temperley Pet* apologises and side-steps. But it appears that *Sir John* has not been using a straight left by any means—in fact he has been marking the edges of the Kings when pretending to shuffle. One *Jakes*, a bookmaker, lands upon the mark, but agrees to be silent if paid sufficiently well. *Charles* takes the ring again and fixes up a sporting wager with his opponent—a fight between *Sir John's* nominee and his own. The claret is tapped and healths are drunk.

Round III.—*Sir John* again hits below the belt. He kidnaps *Charles's* man at the last moment. The fight will be off and *Charles* will have to pay forfeit. But no, brother *Jack* will take the absent one's place, and fight for glory and the House of Temperley. He does so with great success.

Round IV.—*Jakes* exposes *Devil Hawker*, who is counted out of the Club,

and throws up the sponge. *Sir Charles* then saves his brother's life at the expense of his own, in order that *Jack* should marry *Ethel*. Time!

That is the story of the play, but of course the great attractions are the two incidental fights—one with gloves, in the Second Act, and one without, in the Third. These are splendidly stage-managed, and should be seen by everybody. To the fighters, Messrs. CHARLES MAUDE, EDMUND GWENN, A. S. HOMEWOOD, and REGINALD DAVIS, I offer my congratulations—they were delightfully in earnest. Much of the acting by the men was very good, the principals being all that could be desired; while of the minor characters Mr. HOMEWOOD, in the last Act, as *The Duke of Broadwater* (he had previously been *Joe Berks*—what a life!), Mr. SPENCER TREVOR as *Jakes* and Mr. BASSETT ROE as *Tom Cribb*, were especially excellent. The women had not much show. M.

CHARIVARIA.

So many persons have found the giving of Christmas presents an almost unbearable strain this year, owing to the badness of times, that a serious proposal has now been made that Christmas shall in future be kept only every other year.

Another Budget tragedy! Left for the night in a room at the Ritz Hotel, a Chow puppy worth £80 jumped through an open window and was found dead on the pavement in Piccadilly. It is supposed that the unfortunate creature had been worrying over the recent attacks on wealth and lived in constant fear of the dog licence being raised.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, it is rumoured, is about to issue an earnest appeal to his political opponents to sleep quietly in their beds on polling-day.

The *Daily Mail*, which is nothing if not up-to-date, published a letter in its first issue after Christmas entitled "British Interests in Turkey."

It has been suggested that a Mass Meeting of Humourists shall be held at an early date with a view to passing a Vote of Thanks to that distinguished mis-statesman, Mr. URE, for his invaluable assistance in enabling them to eke out a precarious livelihood.

In sending 25,000 pennies to the Mayor of Stafford's fund for the local infirmary, Mr. W. MORTON PHILLIPS stated that he was unable to support either political party, and that his contribution represented what might have gone to election expenses. It is thought that this common sorrow may do something to draw Liberal and Unionist together and soften somewhat the asperities of the contest.

Dr. CLOK is in a quandary in regard to Mount McKinley. If he did not climb up, how can he climb down?

It is, of course, all right—only unfortunate. Commander PEARY has sold the British rights of his account of how he reached the North Pole to *Nash's Magazine*, the well-known all-fiction monthly.

The jig-saw or puzzle picture craze continues to spread. The latest development, as reported from America, strikes us as being a somewhat vulgar one. In certain circles the game is being played, according to our information, with real paintings, priceless canvases by VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, and

who ever sailed the seas. "St. Francis of Assisi a pirate?" protested the chairman. "I mean St. Francis Drake," said the objector. Yet to canonize DRAKE would have been a noble revenge, in kind.

The Guildford police arrested a man last week for being drunk while in charge of a hearse. Quite right. It doesn't look well.

"Thieves," says *The Express*, "succeeded in stealing £70 from a waiter who had received a legacy on the steps of a motor omnibus." Personally we have long realised this kind of danger, and for many years have arranged to receive our legacies elsewhere.

The heroic conduct of the clock in the tower on the Britannia Pier, Yarmouth, during the recent fire, is the talk of the neighbourhood. Although the flames were licking its face it continued coolly to tell the correct time until at last it fell, fainting, into the sea.

Burglars broke into the Eustace Miles Restaurant the other day, and took three bottles of temperance beer and £50. The proprietor of the restaurant and the police have, we hear, different theories as to the crime. The proprietor holds that the men broke in to obtain the temperance drink, and that the theft of the £50 was an afterthought.

Extract from *The Times* :—

"JULIAN.—On the 20th inst., at 'Cazenove,' Finsen-road, Ilernehill, S.E., to Mr. and Mrs. J. JULIAN—son and daughter (twins)." What, both of them!

The discovery of the British Astronomical Association that there are no canals in Mars will, it is thought, cause a

sensational rise in British canal shares, as it may be possible to do a deal with the planet.

From an account in *The Daily News* of one of Mr. F. E. SMITH's speeches :—

"Mr. Smith said that . . . conshrldu cmfwyp shrdla cmfwyp cmfwypce."

A bold bid, this, for the Welsh vote.



THE PERPLEXED PATRIOT.

A sketch of an unhappy Elector who is most anxious to follow the advice of Lord Rosebery, to consider well his vote, and save his country, but is somewhat hampered by the following considerations.

He dislikes much of the Budget, yet hates Tariff Reform; is strongly in favour of a Second Chamber, yet is infuriated by the partisan action of the House of Lords in recent years; has great faith in Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, John Burns, and others of the Ministry, yet non-contributory Old Age Pensions and all pandering to the Extreme Labour Party make him dreadfully unwell; mistrusts Home Rule (when conceded to people with a record like that of the present Irish Party), yet realises the astounding success of Liberal Policy in South Africa.

Will some charitably disposed person kindly tell him how to save his country by his vote this month?

other old masters being cut up for the purpose. This gives one an idea of the astonishing wave of prosperity which is passing over the States just now.

San Francisco has been naming its new streets, and, according to a local paper which reaches us, a member of the Streets Commission objected to "St. Francis Boulevard" on the ground that it suggested one of the worst pirates



Maud (hiding from Visitor). "I SAY, NURSE, DO I LOOK AS IF I WASN'T HERE?"

MORE SECRET HISTORY.

(IN THE DARK AND KNOWING MANNER OF A REPUBLICAN CONTEMPORARY.)

CONSIDERABLE surprise was manifested in Bond Street one afternoon last week at the sight of two well-known leaders of Society arm-in-arm. The stages by which this degree of intimacy has been reached, after so long and fierce a feud, would make not the least piquant chapter in the History of the Upper Ten of our time.

* * * * *

Speculation is rife as to the name of the fortunate young lady to whom a famous American millionaire, not long since deceased, is said to have left property which, capitalised, should bring in not less than £10,000 a year. Whoever she may be—and we have our suspicions—she is to be congratulated; and from the sounds of happiness recently proceeding from a house not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner we should say that she too is conscious of her good fortune.

* * * * *

A question which has often been asked but never answered—and the

repetition of which would seem to be very distasteful to the official ear—is what has become of the statue of Lord Wigram which used to stand at the corner of Pulteney Place. One day it was there, and the next it had disappeared. It is significant that the removal occurred not very long after the publication of a notorious book of reminiscences of a scandalous type, in which Lord Wigram played no small part, and that the house in Pulteney Place nearest to the statue is inhabited by one of the straightest-laced of the leaders of Society.

* * * * *

The profusion of diamonds worn by a certain queen of musical comedy is a continual source of curiosity to many of her admirers who are unaware of the secret marriage that she recently contracted with an exalted personage of foreign extraction. Those who know, however, have nothing but felicitations to offer.

* * * * *

A recent advertisement in *The Times* emanating from an address in the West End, and announcing the loss of a black poodle, a reward being offered for his

return, may have worn to the casual eye an innocent enough air; but those who are in the know are smiling at the success of the ruse, especially when they read of the enormous haul which those responsible for the recent burglary at Foston Magna succeeded in making.

A PIOUS WISH.

[It is said that, though germs abound in books, only the person who moistens his fingers can take any harm therefrom.]

DEAR Jack, the book of verses

You borrowed yesteryear
Came back to-night by Parcel Post,
And I was grieved to find it most
Distinctly worse for wear.

On each white page there lingers
A blob of something dark
From your much-moistened fingers—
John Jones, his mess and mark.

And so it gives me pleasure
To think how folk affirm
That, when the turning finger-tips
Have previously sought the lips,
They gather up the germ.
No deadly germ I wish you;
May one of milder mould
Torment you with "a-tishoo."
I hope you have a cold.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the *Grip of the Nyika* (MACMILLAN) is the name of Colonel PATTERSON's new diary of sporting adventures in East Africa, but it was really the Nyika that was in the grip of Colonel PATTERSON, so firmly does the gallant author seem to have grappled with the wilderness and its astounding fauna, to say nothing of the unruly members of his caravan. Life "on safari" in the Northern Game Reserve, for which Colonel PATTERSON set out to fix an official boundary on the East, may not differ very greatly from itself one day with another, but it does not make for monotony. With lions occurring at almost any moment, and with a constant stream of charging rhinos, nobody need be really dull in these parts; and should the more offensive beasts be engaged elsewhere there are always kongoni, or impala, or wildebeeste or eland or oryx or antelope to play with; or you may stalk JACKSON's hartebeeste, or COKE's; or GRANT's gazelle, or THOMPSON's; and without permission from the gentlemen responsible for their names. It is a thrilling tale, with modesty and a great simplicity for its only adornments. Coolness and courage were needed at every turn of the march, but Colonel PATTERSON is never conscious of his own possession of these qualities. And that is as it should be, for many of his readers are brave men too, who daily go on foot and unarmed amid the motor traffic of a London that has become a mere labyrinth of unprotected level crossings. Lions and other wild beasts offer a change, but not a great

access, of peril. Indeed, Colonel PATTERSON tells how one of his travelling companions diverted the charge of a furious rhino by "shooing" her umbrella—her only weapon at the moment—right in the brute's face; a simple expedient often adopted, with less happy results, in the attempt to arrest the progress of a motor-bus.

If there is anyone whom the lavish display of agricultural produce in emigration office windows has failed to convince that Canada is a land flowing with milk and honey, he should read *Anne of Avonlea* (PITMAN), and learn that there is at least one settled portion of the Dominion where life runs as sweetly as maple sugar. *Anne*, of course, lives at Green Gables with *Marilla*, and if L. T. MONTGOMERY has not been able to make her quite so charming at "half past sixteen" as she was at eleven, her experiences as a school marm and as the mentor (if a girl can be a mentor) of *Davy* and *Dora* (*Marilla's* newly-adopted twins) are quite worthy to be compared with the days when she so unfortunately dyed her red tresses green. For *Davy* is a lineal descendant of that Western child-race that began with *Toddy* and *Budge*, and there are many other children at

Avonlea School whose quaintnesses, whether they behave as "limbs" or as budding laureates, are a mixture of distraction and joy to their elders. *Anne* herself retains, along with her old quality of romantic imagination, her no less charming liability to awkward and amusing scrapes, as, for instance, when she falls through the roof of an outhouse up to her arms, and (whilst waiting to be rescued) composes a "garden idyll." It will be seen also from the portrait on the cover that her hair has somehow gained that earnestly desired shade of auburn, and is no longer the "life-long sorrow" she announced it to be in her childhood, so that, all things considered, *Gilbert Blythe* will be congratulated as a very fortunate young man by anyone who is not too jealous.

In *The Humour of the Post Office* (ROUTLEDGE) ALBERT HYAMSON has collected some admirable tales of the vagaries of correspondents, the ingenuity required for their correction, and the accidents that sometimes happen in the best-

regulated of all our State services. The happiest instance of error occurred in a telegram sent by a doctor to the husband of a patient who had sustained a chill. It reached him in this form: "No danger, your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another to-night she will do well." One very humorous incident within my knowledge has escaped the chronicler—or perhaps he was too loyal to the service to report it: A letter was posted in a suburb of London at 8:10 P.M. on a Saturday. It lay, as usual, twenty-seven hours in the pillar-box without being touched. The ordinary night mails having been safely dispatched some three hours ago, it was



A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

The Cheque Forger. "WELL, I'LL REGISTER A VOW THAT I'LL NOT FORGE ANOTHER CHEQUE FOR FIVE YEARS AT LEAST!"

then taken out and eventually travelled to its destination (sixty miles away) by an early morning train on the Monday—a Bank Holiday. As there is only one delivery on these festivals, and it arrived too late for that, it took a further rest of some twenty-three hours in the local Post Office, and was ultimately delivered on the Tuesday morning sixty hours after it had been posted, its transit having been conducted at the precise rate of one mile per hour. This incident repeats itself every Bank Holiday-time, and the humour of it is by now not so good as it was at first. (MR. SYDNEY BUXTON—or his successor—please note.)

Paul among the Poets.

From a theatrical poster exhibited at Montreal:

"'RICHARD III.,' p r Paul Cazeneuve, auteur et adaptateur de 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' etc."

"Dont's" for Snakes.

Afterthought of a correspondent to *The Barrhead News* :—

"P.S.—The insidious snake of Fair Trade should not wag the cloven hoof of Protection in the air."



"WANTED, A MAN."

Canvasser. "How WOULD YOU LIKE THE VILLAGE OVERRUN WITH GERMANS? AND A GERMAN LIVING AT THE HALL?"

Villager. "WOT! THEM GERMANS TURN SQUIRE OUT? YOUNG MAN, YEW DON'T KNOW SQUIRE!"

A LAMENT FOR KING PANTOMIME.

["So far as we can observe the tendency of the time, the old-fashioned pantomime is on its last legs; and, naturally, we mean by the old-fashioned pantomime the Harlequinade, with its attendant spirits of Clown and Columbine, Harlequin and Pantaloon . . . All praise to Mr. Barrie, who began the beneficent revolution by devising his immortal hero, *Peter Pan*."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

ONCE more, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown (see MILTON'S *Lycidas*),
Your mournful help I must implore.
Let all enjoyment be dismissed as
I drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs
For one who's on his last expiring legs.

Anticipating that sad day
When nought is left us but his phantom, I'm
Constrained to pen a funeral lay
In honour of our lord, King Pantomime.
To think that, one fine Christmas, all in vain
We'll listen for his "Here we are again!"

From boyhood I've been wont to make
Unto his court an annual pilgrimage;
And little did I think to break
This venerable custom till grim age,
Laying his chilly finger on my chest,
Disabled me from chuckling at a jest.

For years, past all remembering,
I've joined with fervour in his revelry,

Allowed my sentiments full fling,
Roared at the Clown's amazing devilry,
And nearly died with laughter when he met
The abandoned baby in the bassinette.

Then, when the Harlequin appeared,
How eagerly we'd crane our necks to see
The Pantaloon's devices queered,
And with what undiluted ecstasy
We'd lay our fulsome tributes at the shrine
Of that entrancing fay, the Columbine!

But what avails it to recall
Joys that were destined for eternity
Had not our youth been seized in thrall
By that strange spirit of modernity
Which frowns upon the sausage-stealing joker
And sees no humour in the red-hot poker?

So let us tearfully prepare
A royal wake, and, *inter alia*,
Summon the mirthful monarch's heir
To don His Majesty's regalia;
And, when our King has fully served his time,
Proclaim, "Long live King Peter Pantomime!"

"Committee Rooms have been taken by the Women's Social and Political Union within a stone's throw of both candidates' Central Committee Rooms."—*Votes for Women*.

"Stone's throw" is good.

THE PATRIOT AT THE POLLS.

My Countrymen! Upon the eve
Of such a fight as I believe
Will most severely test your moral sinew,
Each man of you (if I am right)
Will hold aloof from party spite,
And act according to the light
Latent within you.

Yes, if I know your ways of old,
You will distinguish dross from gold
By just the gleam of those internal tapers;
No private aims, no egoist views
Will blur your conscience or confuse
That blessed spark when you peruse
Your ballot-papers.

Though selfishly you may incline
To have Britannia rule the brine
And never, never be a Kaiser's slavey,
Yet if you feel, deep in your breast,
This latter state would suit her best,
You'll vote at conscience's request
Against a Navy.

So, if you find the Budget good,
If to your sense of brotherhood
It seems a lovely thing, a dream of beauty,
The fact that you are fond of beer
And think the stuff is far too dear—
You'll never let that interfere,
But do your duty.

And if, upon the other hand,
Your soul abhors the tax on land
As tending to facilitate our ruin,
Then, though your neighbour (whom you hate)
Happens to own a large estate,
You'll tell the Liberal candidate,
"We can't have you in!"

If in your inmost heart you know
The Second Chamber ought to go,
Vote like a man for calling in the wrecker;
Don't let the thought that, if you scored
Your many virtues' just reward,
You would, in time, be made a lord,
Weaken your pecker.

You'll vote as Right and Reason bid,
Not just the way your father did,
Nor go by what your leader (B. or A.) says;
You'll track the Truth—the trail is stiff—
And never turn your nose to sniff
The red, red herring's devious whiff
Crossing her traces.

Take for your guide the good Sir PERKS;
Brought up *ad Lib.*, yet in the circe
He left his side—his conscience couldn't stick it;
Follow in noble WINSTON's train;
Bred Tory, yet for England's gain,
However sore the private pain,
He swapped his ticket.

O. S.

THE DUTY OF WORKING MEN.

Stirring Appeal by Famous Novelist.

MR. HEWLETT TAKES TO THE OPEN COUNTRY.

WE publish below in its original form the rough draft of the appeal to the working men of England from Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, the famous novelist. Mr. HEWLETT is only one of several distinguished writers who have boldly leaped into the arena at this great crisis in the affairs of the nation. The notorious charm of his literary style, it will be observed, is not at all submerged in the force and directness of this clarion call to action:—

"Let me say that I belong to no recognised political party, unless it be the party *per pale*. I am neither Socialist, Liberal, nor Conservative, Fabian nor Fontarabian, but a straight-cut, bouncing, belligerent working man; no chopper of chirpy paradoxes, but a swart-haired, sanguine, square-built, sloe-eyed, and square-chinned Salamander! Ay, and a working-man who reasonably desires to see his class get its rights.

I intend, then, to vote for anyone who will help me in those things which I want to see settled by law.

What, then, gentlemen, do we want, as workmen, husbands, and fathers of families, out of the Parliament which we are going to choose?

(1) That every Hodge-King should have at least one white-and-green surcoat, one gold baldrick, one suit of plain black mail, three white palfreys and a milch cow.

(2) That no labourers' cottages shall henceforth be built without having each a buttery hatch, an outer bailey, and a phalanstery hung with black arras.

(3) That all and sundry, irrespective of social status, shall be christened by names likely to voice their inherent claims to natural respect. I believe that access to a romantic nomenclature is absolutely necessary to every honest and able member of the state. Names like Mellifont, Pictosa, Malise, Spiridion, Osrice, and Fulk should no longer be the monopoly of orgulous lordlings, but be available for every working-man, Heaven help us, like you and me.

(4) That heraldry should be a compulsory subject in all provided schools.

... All this vapouring and stressful blustering about Empire and All Red maps is the most ineffable Panjandrum-blather that was ever exuded from the limbo of a pseudo-Goliardic gallimaufry. The only All-Red colour that counts is the bloom of healthy blood in the ruddy cheeks of some dark woodland elf.

The so-called Colonies are of no commercial value whatever to us, and only a source of interminable chaffering. There is no more danger from the GERMAN EMPEROR than from the Soldan of Babylon.

There, gentlemen, that's all I have to say. But I hope you will not ask me what it means, or what the moral of it should be. My sole affair is to put the argument dispassionately. Every man must seek his salvation in his own way; and what I mean precisely by salvation is of little account save to inarticulate theologians. I have achieved my own personal, particular thrill. I have clouted the Tory dogs in the big bowwow style with my own big stick. *Explicit liber ineptiarum mearum. O tempora, O Maurice! Πουπ-λδ."*

"The religious convictions of one prisoner could not be ascertained as he was unfortunately suffering from *de'irium tremens*."

This hardy annual from *Whitaker's Almanack* distresses us afresh every year we read it. Surely in all this time the sufferer must have had one lucid moment in which he might have been tempted to reveal the great secret. Incidentally we may say that the "previous convictions" of the prisoner would make a more useful document.

"Lost between Foregate Street and Tything, to-day, a Fish Frail containing photo of lady."

The "Found" advertisement of our "Photograph Album" containing a young cod-fish (male) is held over for want of space.



THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Time—JANUARY 10, EVENING, AFTER THE ISSUE OF WRITS.

CHATELAINE. "WILL MY LORD AGAIN RIDE FORTH TO BREAK THE HEATHEN ON THE MORROW?"

NOBLE EARL. "NAY, HENCEFORTH I MUST E'EN WATCH THE BLOODY FRAY FROM THE HOME TURRET."



First Loafer. "CHEERO, CHARLIE. I 'OPES THE NEXT GUV'MENT 'LL MAKE THINGS LOOK UP A BIT."

Second Loafer. "THEY WOULD IF I WAS AMONG 'EM. BUT IT'S YUMAN NATUR, YOU MAY DEPEND—AS SOON AS THEY GITS INTER PARL'MENT THEY FORGETS THEY WAS ONCE MEN, LIKE ME AND YOU—AND THEY DOES NUFFINK!"

THE POSTER.

"DADDY," said Isobel, "do take me to the pantomime."

"What pantomime?" I asked kindly.

She pointed one of her tiny fingers in the direction of a large hoarding opposite, upon which were displayed some of the pictorial posters with which political agents have so lavishly regaled us of late.

"My dear," I expostulated, "that's not a pantomime; that's the General Election!"

"Is it a circus?" asked Isobel.

"No, my dear," I replied, "it is not a circus. The General Election is the great contest that is at this moment rending the country in twain. Our finest statesmen are busily engaged upon the campaign. The House of Peers hangs in the balance. The country is asked to decide whether it is to be ruled by—"

"Then why do they have those pictures if it's not a pantomime or a circus?" inquired Isobel sulkily.

"Because pictures can be more readily understood by the voters," I explained.

"What is that man doing with those sheep?"

"That man, my dear, is our great Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The picture is symbolical; it represents—"

"Are the sheep voters?"

"No, my child, the sheep—"

"Daddy," she interrupted, "do take me to the General Election, it *must* be fun."

That is the worst of children, they cannot distinguish.

"Sinclair, b Simpson-Hayward	3
Connaille, stStrudw'k, b S-Hayward	8
Schwarz, b Simpson-Aayward	0"

The Citizen.

It seems quite like summer to read all about the great SIMPSON family again.

"Chili's Change of Time."—*Daily Mail.*

Quite true; we always get it in the summer now.

IN PHYLLISTIA.

PHYLLIS, as you love me, pray

Do not talk of taximèter.

Thermomèter, would you say?

Phyllis, as you love me, pray

Try the word the other way:

It is more correct and neater.

Phyllis, as you love me, pray

Do not talk of taximèter.

Did you say those sort of things

Never seemed to you to matter?

Gloomily your poet sings,

Did you say "those sort of things"?

Frightened love would soon take wings,

All his fondest hopes you'd shatter,

Did you say those sort of things

Never seemed to you to matter.

"On the sofa rafter tea?"

No, that really is decisive.

Thus you spoke? It cannot be:

"On the sofa rafter tea!"

Phyllis, you are not for me . . .

Yet you would be rather nice if—

"On the sofa rafter tea!"

No. That really is decisive.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER II.—ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

I WAS, I confess, very late the next morning even for a rat-catcher. Mr. Derry was in the middle of his breakfast; all the others had finished. We saluted, and I settled down to work.

"There is going to be a rehearsal at eleven o'clock, I believe," said Derry. "It must be nearly that now."

"I shall be there," I said, "if I have to bring the marmalade with me. You're going to coach us?"

"Well, I believe I said I would."

"Though I have never assumed the buskin myself," I went on, "I have of course heard of you as an amateur actor." (*Liar.*) "And if you could tell me how to act while I am finishing my bacon I should be most awfully obliged."

"Haven't you really done any?"

"Only once, when I was very small. I was the heroine. I had an offer, but I had to refuse it. I said, 'Alath, dear heart, I may not, I am married already.'"

"Very right and proper," murmured Derry.

"Well, as it turned out, I had made a mistake. It was my first who had been married already. The little play was full of surprises, like."

Derry coughed and began to fill his pipe. "Let me see," he began; "what's your part?"

"I am a—er—a rodent-collector."

"Oh, yes—the Emperor's rat-catcher."

"Grand hereditary," I said, stiffly.

"It has been in the family for years."

"Quite so."

I was about to enlarge upon the advantages of the hereditary principle when the door opened suddenly to admit Myra and Archie.

"You *don't* say you're down at last!" said Myra, in surprise.

"I hardly say anything at breakfast as a rule," I pointed out.

"What an enormous one you're having. And only last night—"

"On the contrary, I'm eating practically nothing. A nut and one piece of parsley off the butter—the fact is, I glanced at my part before I went to bed, and there seemed such a lot of it, I hardly slept at all."

"Why, you don't come on very much," said Archie. "Neither do I. I'm a conjurer. Can any gentleman here oblige me with a rabbit? . . . No, Sir, I said a *rabbit*. Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were coming up on to the stage . . . Any gentleman—"

"Have some jam instead. What do you mean by saying I don't come on very much?" I took the book out of my pocket and began to turn the leaves. "Here you are, nearly every page—

'Enter R.,'—'Exit R.,'—'Enter L.,'—I don't know who *he* is—'Exeunt R.,'—why, the rat-catcher's always doing *something*. Ah, here they're more explicit—'Enter R.C.' Hallo, that's funny, because I'd just— Oh, I see."

"One of our oldest and most experienced mimes," said Archie to Derry. "You must get him to talk to you."

"No secret of the boards is hid from him," added Myra.

"Tell us again, Sir, about your early struggles," begged Archie.

"He means your early performances on the stage," explained Myra.

"There's one very jolly story about ELLEN TERRY and the fire-proof curtain. Let me see, were you *Macbeth* then, or a *Noise of Trumpets*? I always forget."

I drank my last cup of tea and rose with dignity.

"It is a humorous family," I apologised to Derry. "Their grandfather was just the same. He *would* have his little joke about the first steam-engine."

Outside in the hall there was a large crowd of unemployed all talking at once. I caught the words "ridiculous" and "rehearsal," and the connection between the two seemed obvious and frequent. I singled out Thomas, abstracted his pouch, and began to fill up.

"What is all this acting business?" I asked. "Some idea about a little play, what? Let's toddle off and have a game of billiards."

"They've let me in for a bally part," said Thomas, "and you needn't think you're going to get out of it. They've got you down all right."

"Thomas, I will be frank with you. I am no less a person than the Emperor Bong's Hereditary (it had been in the family for years) Grand Rat-catcher. The real rush, however, comes in the afternoon. My speciality is young ones."

"I'm his executioner."

"And he has a conjurer too. What a staff! Hallo, good morning, Simpson. Are you anything lofty?"

"Oh, I am the Emperor Bong," said Simpson gaily; "I am beautiful, clever and strong—"

"Question," said Thomas.

"Tis my daily delight to carouse and to fight, and at moments I burst into song."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Well, just at present," I said, "all I want is a match . . . A lucifer, Emp. Thanks . . . Now tell me—does anybody besides yourself burst into song during the play? Any bursting by Thomas or myself, for instance?"

"Nobody sings at all. My little poem is recitative."

"If you mean it's very bad, I agree with you," said Thomas.

"I made it up myself. It was thought that my part should be livened up a little."

"Well, why hasn't it been?"

"If you will give me two minutes, Simpson," I said, "I will liven up my own part better than that. What rhymes with rat-catcher?"

"Cat-catcher."

"Wait a bit . . . Yes, that's got it."

"Oh, I'm on the Emperor's staff! I'm a rodent-collector (don't laugh)—My record (in braces) Of rats and their races Is a thousand and eight and a half."

"May we have that again?" said Myra, appearing suddenly.

"Oh, I'm on—"

"No," said Thomas.

"Oh, I'm on—"

"No," said Simpson.

"There is no real demand, I'm afraid."

"Well, I did just hear it before," said Myra. "I wish you'd make up one for me. I think we might all announce ourselves like that, and then the audience will have no difficulty in recognising us."

"They'll recognise Thomas if he comes on with an axe. They won't think he's just trotted round with the milk. But what are you, Myra?"

"The Emperor's wife's maid."

"Another member of the highly-trained staff. Well, go on, Simpson."

"Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid," declared Simpson. "We all begin with 'Oh,' to express surprise at finding ourselves on the stage at all. 'Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid, I'm a sad little flirt, I'm afraid.'"

"I'm respectable, steady, and staid," corrected Myra.

"No," I said; "I have it—"

"Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid!

And her charms are beginning to fade—

I can sit in the sun

And look just twenty-one

While *she's* thirty-six in the shade."

Myra made a graceful curtsy.

"Thank you, Sir. You'll have to pay me a lot more of those before the play is over."

"Will I really?"

"Well, seeing as the Grand Hereditary One is supposed to be making up to Her Majesty's confidential attendant—"

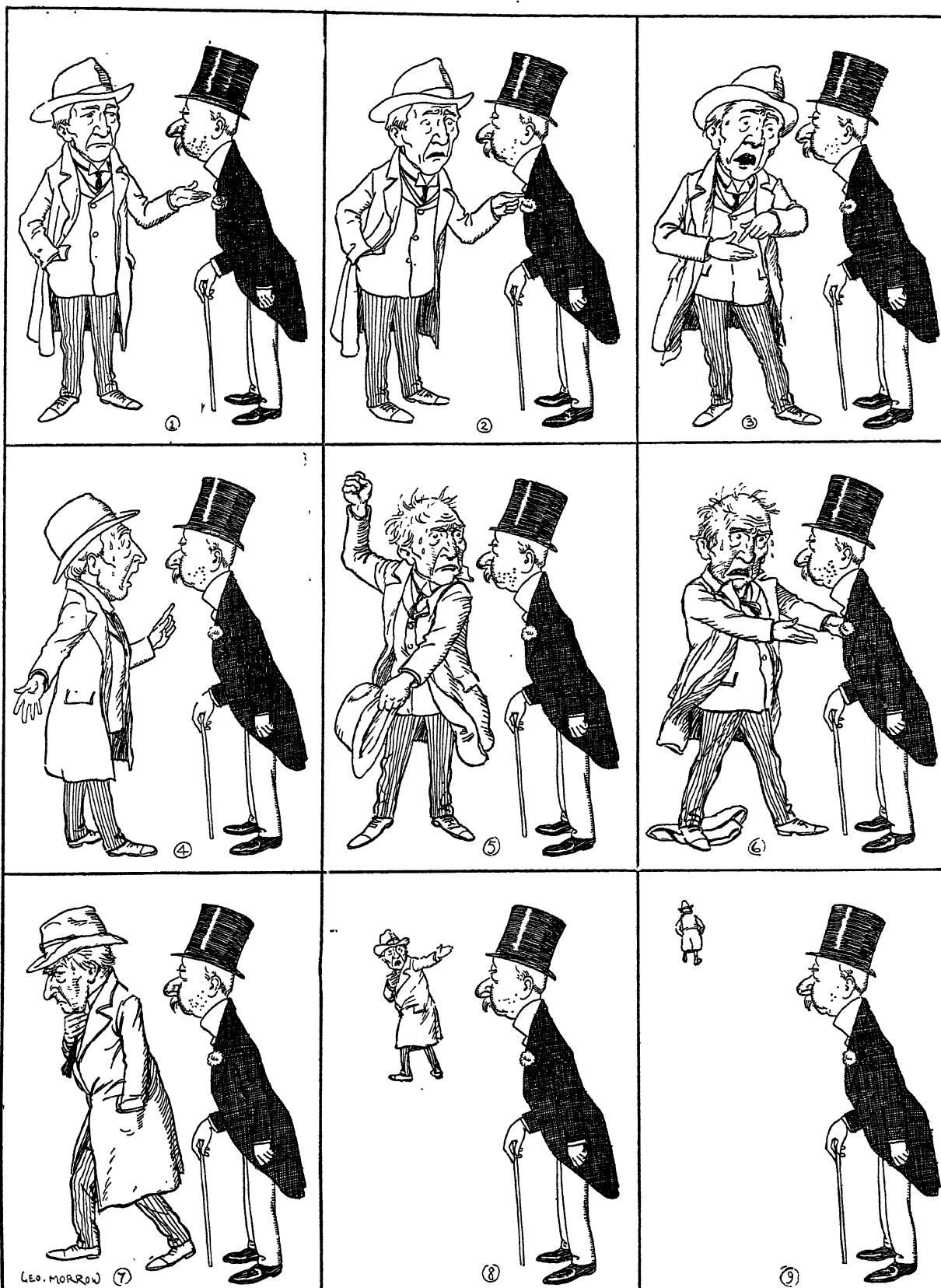
Miss Fortescue came pushing up to us. "It is too ridiculous," she complained; "none of us know our parts yet, and if we have a rehearsal now—what do *you* think about it?"

I looked at Myra and smiled to myself. "I'm all for a rehearsal at once," I said.

A. A. M.

Good News from the Animal World.

"Holidays of a judge and some otters."—*Daily Graphic.*



THE CANVASSER AND THE UNIMPRESSIONABLE VOTER.

BLUE DERIVATIVES.

THERE is no doubt that M. MAETER-LINCK'S innovating genius, as displayed in *The Blue Bird*, will leave a lasting mark on the stage, for already (such is the inherent mimicry of the normal dramatist) we hear of several new plays in which ordinarily inanimate objects play lively parts.

The casts of one or two such works reveal how strong the Belgian influence is. Thus:—

THE BROWN DOG.

An Anti-Vivisectionist Morality.

Rover, the hero, a brown dog, the friend of man.

Poos, a cat with nine lives, and therefore the despair of the vivisectionists.

Several Surgeons, all named and all villains.

Blood, continually running from dog.

Battersea Park, who ultimately offers the dog a home.

Law Order } Twin sisters.

Public Opinion, an agitated female.

Stevecole, an eloquent opponent of vivisection.

Scorn, his friend.

Pen Ink } His constant companions.

Policemen, Town Councillors, Paperboys, Outside Shouts, etc., etc.

And here is *The Blue Bird* method as applied to melodrama pure and simple:—

THE BLACK HAND.

A Sensational Drama of Modern Life.

Jasper Maltravers, the hero, an author.

Grace Lovelace, the heroine.

Sir Dyrke Devious, the villain, played by a bulldog in evening dress.

Lady Devious, his unhappy wife, played by a white cat with black paws.

Ursula Davenport, an adventuress, played by a dress-stand on castors.

Guy Badminton, a spendthrift.

Lime-light, who accompanies hero and heroine.

Applause, who enters after every heroic speech.

Waste-paper Basket, who devours Jasper's MSS.

A Dishonoured Cheque, friend of Guy Badminton.

A Deaf Waiter.

Postage Stamp, who assists hero and heroine in clandestine correspondence.

The Marble Arch, a friend of the family.

Sleuth, a detective, in the following disguises:—a tramp, a boy scout, a gentleman, a curate, a doormat, a postman, a sack of potatoes, a 'bus conductor, an Egyptologist, a pup, a caddie, a keyhole, an organ-grinder, a draught.

Jim Pincher, an obsolete burglar.

Jack Snaffles, thief and gentleman, the super-hero.

Kleptomania, Soap, Genius of Poetry, Crowd of Good and Bad Motives, Greed, Hate, Joy, Virtue, Vice.

Also in rapid preparation, *The Black Draught, The Blue Pill, The Yellow Press, and The White Lie.*

OUR IMPARTIAL HISTORIANS.

A STUDY IN CONTEMPORARY JOURNALISM.

EXTRACT from newspaper report of a meeting addressed by the Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poopton-on-the-Push, on Thursday last:—

"At this point Mr. Glibley urged upon his hearers the vital necessity of finding work for all.

A Voice. When was your last job? (*Laughter.*)

Continuing, Mr. Glibley said that in the spring of last year no fewer than one able-bodied male in forty was on the rates.

A Voice. We don't want your personal reminiscences. (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. Glibley made one more strenuous attempt to hold the audience; Irish affairs, he said, could not be permanently projected into the obscure perspective of an elusory futurity, but at the same time—

The Voice. Has anybody here seen Kelly? (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Chairman (interposing). Will you give Mr. Glibley a fair hearing?

The Voice. No. (*Loud and prolonged laughter.*)

Several members of the audience then mounted the platform in a spirited and determined manner that would be denied nothing, and a resolution proposing a vote of confidence in the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate was carried with the most wonderful enthusiasm. Meanwhile Mr. Glibley and his friends, evidently thinking discretion the better part of valour, made a hurried escape by way of a back door, which, when it became known, provoked unbounded merriment amongst the audience. The magnificent *Bread Song*—"Bread, bread, it's bread we want, not work"—was then sung, to the tune of *Oh! Oh! Antonio*, after which the proceedings terminated 'in the most admired disorder.'

Extract from the same paper's report of a meeting addressed by the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poopton-on-the-Push, on Friday last:—

"Continuing, Mr. Glumley pointed out that a levy of only nineteen shillings in the pound on all treasure trove would, at the end of twenty years, provide all bona-fide trade-unionists over the age

of forty-three with red bandana handkerchiefs free of cost. But at this point it became only too evident that there was a plot on foot to break up the meeting by an organised gang of hooligans, and worse. The Chairman's appeal for order was greeted with un-English catcalls and ribald snatches of song. Ultimately the platform was rushed by hired bravoos, who had gained admittance by means of forged tickets. Providentially, no lives were lost, but several legs (Windsor chair) were broken, and, amid scenes of brutal violence, cheers were given for Mr. Glibley and his policy of universal fratricide. It now rests with Poopton to clear up this scandalous affair, and to remove the stigma that at present rests upon its name. A foul blow has been struck at the Englishman's inalienable right of free speech; terrorism and rowdiness stalk openly and unashamed in our midst, and we cannot leave the matter there. What were the police doing?" Etc., etc., etc.

BALLADE OF THE OPEN MIND.

FROM every hustings 'neath the sky
The stream of talk begins to run;
To fierce and windy warfare fly
The Tory Goth and Labour Hun;
And as I hear each mother's son
I wonder which is worse than t'other —
It seems to me it's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

Each morning is the pensions lie
Exposed by some great Tory gun;
Each night the Food Tax fallacy
Is settled and for ever done.
And as I watch the sorry fun,
Where each must vilify his brother,
It seems to me it's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

"Tariff Reform," the Liberals cry,
"Would surely end in work for none."
"No, no," good Unionists reply,
"It's bread for all—perhaps a bun.
The only way our fate to shun—"
"The only way our trade to smother—"
It seems to me it's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

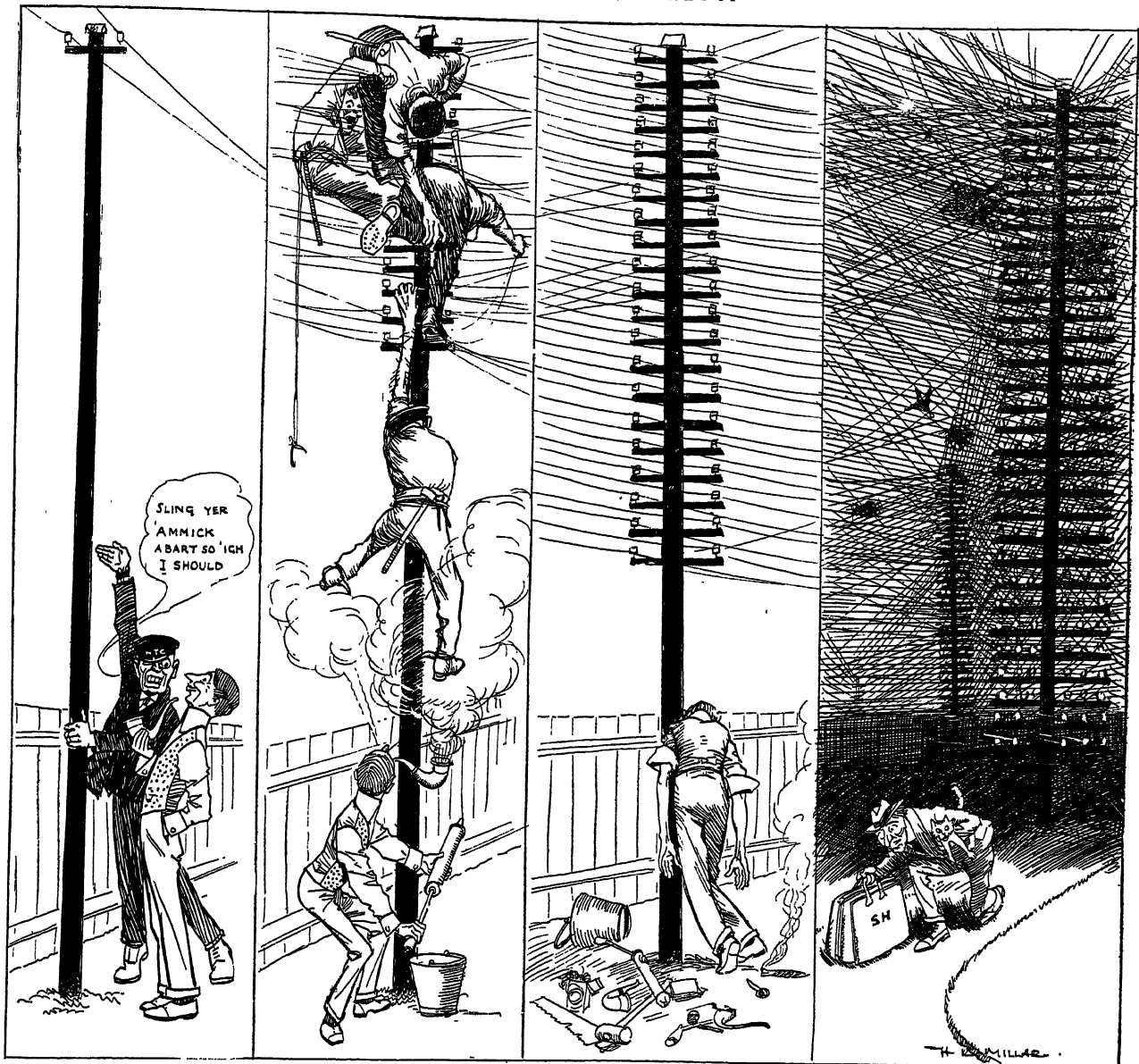
ENVOY.

Votes, could I have you by the ton,
I'd give you all to wife or mother,
Till they, too, learn it's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

"Leigham Court II. beat Wallington II. by 13 goals to nil. Wallington were unfortunate in being too short, but two spectators filled the gap; one got hurt and retired and the other put her knee out, and so could only stand in goal the second half."—*The Hockey Field.*

After all, Wallington II. were not so very unlucky. These accidents might have happened to the actual team.

A SUBURBAN TRAGEDY.



IN AN UNGUARD MOMENT THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ALLOWS THE YOUNG SAPLING TO TAKE ROOT IN HIS GARDEN.

IT BECOMES INFESTED WITH LARGE APE-LIKE PARASITES, UPON WHOM TOBACCO SMOKE, BEER AND SUCH-LIKE IN-ECTICIDES HAVE NO EFFECT.

IT FLOURISHES EXCEEDINGLY, THROWING OUT ITS FAIRY-LIKE FILAMENTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

FINALLY THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ABANDONS HIS PROPERTY AND SEEKS SAFETY IN FLIGHT!

BALFOURIFORM.

[Mr. BALFOUR has declared in favour of "a rational system" of Tariff Reform]

THEY have nobbled their BALFOUR and clapped him in quod.

Sing hey for the blessings of Tariff Reform!

He is taking it kindly; he's kissing the rod.

Oh, it's taxes on food that'll keep a man warm!

He is all for "a rational system," says he,

But he fails to explain what his method will be.

He has slipped them before. Will he slip them again?

Oh, it's Blatchford and bogeys and up with the scare!

And his half-sheet of paper was not very plain.

Sing ho and sing hey for the cupboard that's bare!

ARTHUR B. is a man who with sense is imbued.

Are you certain he said he's a taxer of food?

"Yes, yes," came the answer, "we've got him pinned down."

Oh, talk unemployment and keep it to that!

"ARTHUR B. is our own from his sole to his crown."

Sing hey and sing tit for the foreigner's tat!

"For his 'rational system'—you heard what he said—Means a tax upon rations, i.e., upon bread."

"The reredos of the altar is composed of seven gilt panels of Fra and Jellicos angels."—*Ludlow Advertiser*.

This well-known firm makes a speciality of angels. Fra's is supposed to be the inspiring brain and Jellico does the rest.



COSTUMES FOR CANVASSING.

SHOULD THEY BE VELVET OR TAILOR-MADE? MR. PUNCH'S VERDICT ON THE GREAT CONTROVERSY.

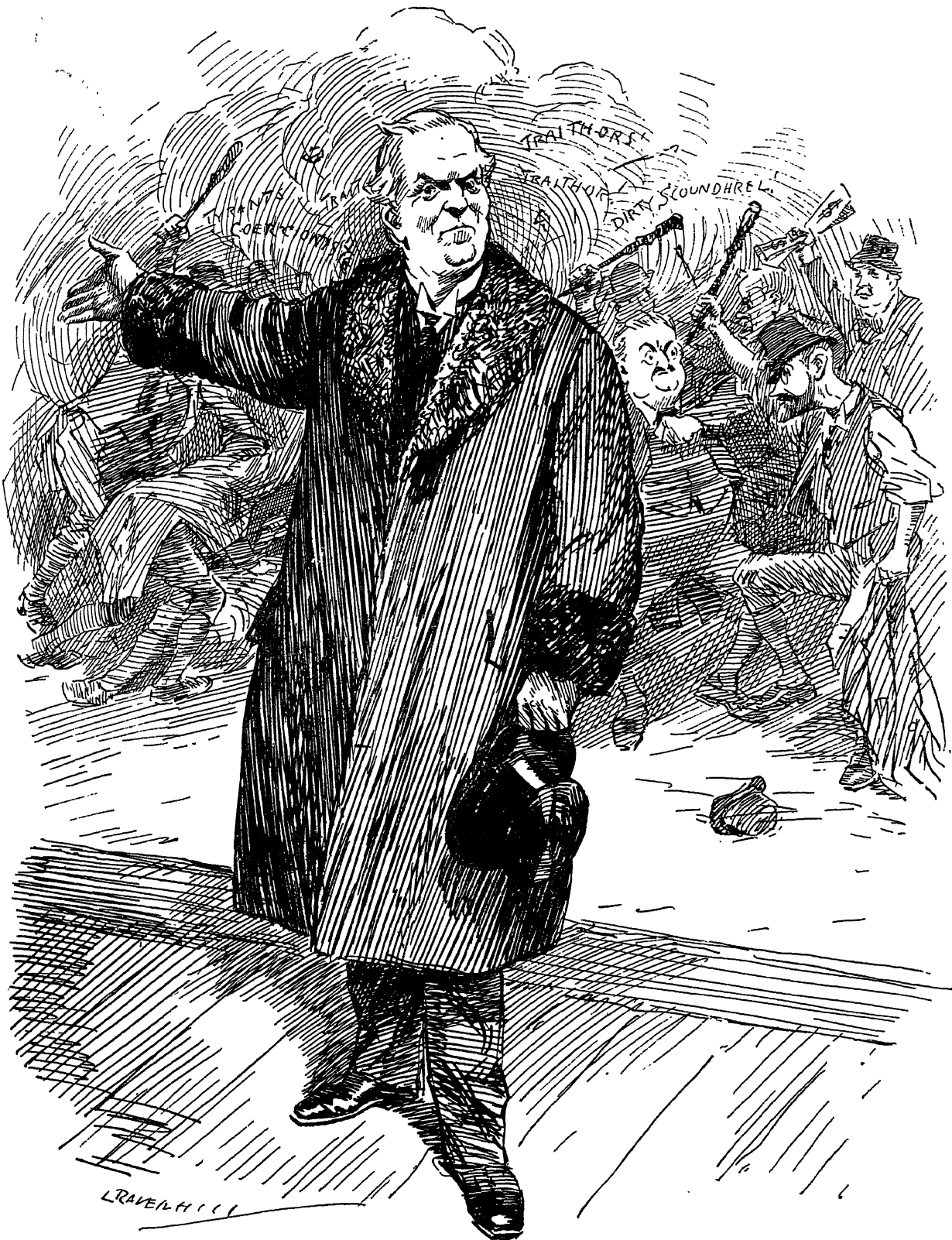
VELVET, WITHOUT A DOUBT—

OR PERHAPS, ON SECOND THOUGHTS, TAILOR-MADE.

RICHMOND PARK.

Oh, have you been to Richmond of a windy April morning,
 When the loose white clouds are flying and the blue is
 washed and clean,
 When the beeches on the hill-top don a diffident adorning
 And the river twines its silver through the shimmer of
 the green,
 When the cuckoo flings his notes
 And the thrushes crack their throats
 And the boatmen at the eyot start a-varnishing their boats?
 Have you seen its gallant vistas in the splendour of a June
 day,
 Oh, the rhododendron thickets and the water and the wood!
 When the stags are still in velvet and across the hush of
 noon-day
 Comes the throbbing of the motors past the Gate of Robin
 Hood,
 When the bracken by the ponds
 First unfolds its crinkled fronds
 And the dragon-flies are dancing round the slender willow
 wands?
 Have you been to royal Richmond when the year is growing
 mellow,
 And October, mild and fruitful, on its woodland sets her
 mark,

When the footpath—of her bounty—has a carpet red and
 yellow,
 And the great harts roar a challenge as the twilight meets
 the dark,
 And at half-past five or so
 There are lights that flash and glow,
 Thrilling upward in the quiet out of Kingston down below?
 Have you ever been to Richmond when the days are short
 and chilly,
 When a red December sunset has been swallowed in the fog,
 When the wanderer, belated in the frosty air and stilly,
 Sees the tree-trunks full of goblins, and he whistles up
 his dog,
 And turns to look again
 At the firelight on the pane,
 In the keeper's cottage window, going home by Clarence Lane?
 If you've not, then, and would know it, with its pools and
 forest spaces,
 Take this gratis introduction, very willingly bestowed,
 And a trifling thing in train-fares will acquaint you with its
 graces,
 Or you'll hear its Pan-pipe music by a 'bus from Brompton
 Road.
 If a Dryad you should see
 And you care to mention me,
 I shouldn't be astonished if she asked you in to tea!



HOME CHAT: A STUDY IN DOMESTICITY.

MR. ASQUITH. "PRESENTING, AS THEY DO, A SOLID AND UNITED FRONT, WE PROPOSE TO HAND OVER TO THE IRISH THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THEIR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS."

CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY has acknowledged that a Navy is essential for our safety.

Mr. ARNOLD LUPTON, the Radical Member for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, in reply to an inquiry from *The Express*, has wired, "Yes, heckler insisted on categorical reply to question, Would Tariff party pay old age pensions? My reply was 'No.'" Can we have been doing an injustice to Mr. URE all this while?

"You say to a tradesman," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "You seem to be doing very well. Why don't you open out?" "Open out?" he says; "where am I going to open out? I cannot build in the clouds, and if I did they would charge a ground rent." Well, we are fond of sunshine ourselves, and should be very glad to see a rent in the sky.

It is rumoured that if the Unionists are successful they will be prepared to act generously to their opponents who have the People's Budget so much at heart. No Liberal who wishes to pay the increased Death Duties will have any obstacle put in his way.

A grave injustice was done to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by the person who quoted him as having said in his Queen's Hall speech that "The time has come for us to say that the land of England was not made for partridges, but for pheasants."

Notwithstanding the welcome report that Mr. HALDANE is progressing favourably, we are informed that he is still in favour of the Budget.

The heat last week was so abnormal that several tortoises awoke from their winter sleep under the impression that Spring had already begun, and one of these reptiles, an old gentleman informs us, upon learning how it had been tricked, poured forth such a torrent of revolting language that our correspondent had to send his wife indoors.

The doctors tell us that the mild weather is unhealthy at this time of year. It has undoubtedly played havoc with the nerves of those editors of topical papers who have to send their journals to press ten days in advance and decide to take the risk of a snow-balling picture.

The Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee of Aston was presented, the other day, with an ink-stand made out of the hoof of a fire-brigade horse known as "Old Tommy," who died some months ago. This horse, we are told, was the



MR. LLOYD GEORGE INTRODUCES QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a report in *The Times* of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech at Reading:—"He wondered what would have happened if Sir Francis Drake had said, 'I have only got two big ships for every one of the Spaniards', and only five small ones for every small one on their side. I really cannot face them.' There was a good old Welsh lady named Elizabeth Tudor on the throne of England at that time who had no fear of either German or Spaniard in her soul. She would have sent for Drake and have said to him, 'Come over here; your head is more useful on Tower Hill than on a British man-of-war.'—(Loud cheers)."

(Other things equally unpleasant might also have occurred.)

first animal that put on its own collar, a feat it always performed when the fire-alarm rang. What a lesson to us human beings, many of whom in similar circumstances would rush out just as we were without thinking of the proprieties!

A postman was stationed at the corner of Berners Street last week to replace temporarily a damaged pillar-box. Several ignorant persons, it is said, tried to post their letters in the mouth of the unfortunate functionary.

While the pastor of a Congregational

Church was delivering an address in the church parlour on Saturday his overcoat containing the manuscript of his sermon for the following day was stolen from the vestry. We understand that the pastor handsomely acknowledges that he himself is to blame for leaving valuables in such an exposed place.

The Board of Trade Report upon London traffic remarks that as an instrument of locomotion the motor omnibus is in its infancy. It is to be hoped that the noisy little fiend will as soon as possible reach the age of discretion.

MY CANVASS.

My conscience compelled me to come to the rescue of the Constitution, and when I demanded a canvassing book the agent beamed on me.

"You take Nelson Street," he said. "It'll need tactful management. Tell 'em all in confidence that Clump is certain to be in by two thousand. If we can get 'em bettin' on our man they'll back their bets with their votes."

"Is there any special constitutional point I should emphasise?" I asked.

"Don't talk too much about work for all," he said cynically. "Last thing they want down there is a job."

When I looked at the gloomy dwellings of Nelson Street I thrilled with enthusiasm. I resolved that if one man's eloquence could do anything every vote in that street should be cast for Clump, and not a solitary one for Higgins.

Very confidently I knocked at the door of No. 1.

"Mrs. Budge, I believe," I said in my sweetest tones to a stern-looking lady. "Could I see your husband for one moment about the election? I have called in the interests of England and Clump."

"I'd like to see 'im for a minute," said the lady shrilly. "Run away, 'e did, four months since, an' not a penny nor a word 'ave I 'ad from 'im. Jus' let me get 'old of 'im once. An' toffs like you 'oo encourages 'im is jus' as bad. Get away with you—comin' an' talkin' to respectable married wimmen as if they was Suffragettes."

As Mrs. Budge's attitude was distinctly threatening, I hurriedly marked her husband as "removed," and hastened to interview Mr. Progers at No. 5.

Mr. Progers was washing himself in a bucket, and looked up at me with a soapy face.

"Called for Clump, 'ave yer? Now 'ow many *Dreadnoughts* is 'e in favour of?"

"Sixteen," I said. "Mr. Clump is resolved at all costs that our naval supremacy must be maintained."

From behind his mask of suds Mr. Progers glowered on me.

"Get out, you an' yer sixteen. We wants fifty, an' the dooks ter pay for every one of 'em. I'll 'ave no Little Englanders in this 'ouse. Yer looks like a German spy—that's about your

mark. Wait till I've done washin' myself, an' I'll show yer what a true Englishman thinks o' the likes o' you."

With exceeding promptitude I marked Mr. Progers as "doubtful," and departed for No. 13.

There Mr. Kenworthy received me with open arms. He agreed with everything I said. He listened with delight to my exposition of the constitutional crisis. So when I rose to go I said, "Then I may put you down as pledged to Mr. Clump?" "Not me. I'm a-votin' for 'Iggins. Yer see it's this way. My missis's maiden name was 'Iggins, an' there'd be trouble if I voted agin a 'Iggins. Peace at 'ome—that's my motter. You come round for 'Iggins, an' you'll 'ave my vote certain. I likes yer way o' talkin'."



SOFAS FOR LOAFERS.

A "Social Reform," which for some unaccountable reason has not been Budgetted for as yet, but is, of course, a natural corollary of recent legislation; the cost will no doubt be cheerfully borne by the hapless middle-class taxpayer, though he can barely make both ends meet as it is. "*Shirts for the shiftless*," have also been only too long delayed.

After this bitter disappointment, it was a relief to find that Mr. Abbott of No. 19 was in gaol and could take no interest in the constitutional crisis for at least six months. But when I called at 25 and asked for Mr. Clewer I was surprised at the warmth of my reception.

"Come in," cried Mr. Clewer, "an' sit yer down. I'm fer Clump thick an' thin. Them as don't vote for 'im wants boilin'."

"I quite understand your very proper indignation at the grossly immoral tactics of the Higginsites," I replied.

"Ogs," said Mr. Clewer disgustedly. "Now, yer a gent. Knew it d'reckly I set eyes on yer. Now, speakin' as manter man, could yer oblige me with five bob? This 'ere Budget's made money awkward to get 'old of."

"At any other time I should be delighted, Mr. Clewer, but during an

election it might be interpreted as corruption."

"Wot! D'yer mean ter tell me as five bob'd corrupt me. Tellin' me that after sittin' down i' my arm-chair like a ole friend."

Mr. Clewer suddenly gripped the poker and stood between me and the door.

I looked at Mr. Clewer and the poker, an' placed five shillings on the table. As he jumped for it I jumped for the door.

When I was safely at the end of the street, I resolved to let the Constitution look after itself. I marked all the remaining voters at random "dead," "removed," or "doubtful," and was just going off in disgust when I saw another canvasser approach. He glanced

at my book and said sneeringly, "Not much good trying this neighbourhood. The democracy are solid for Higgins."

I was about to contradict him when a happy thought came to me.

"Some of them are very bigoted," I said sadly. "There's a man called Clewer at 25 who was quite offensive."

His face lit up. "Ah, you're finding out what the people really think. It'll be an eye-opener for you."

I saw him march eagerly down Nelson Street to No. 25 and knock cheerily at the door. I saw Mr. Clewer open the door and draw him in, and I went away happy. Some one else would have an eye-opener.

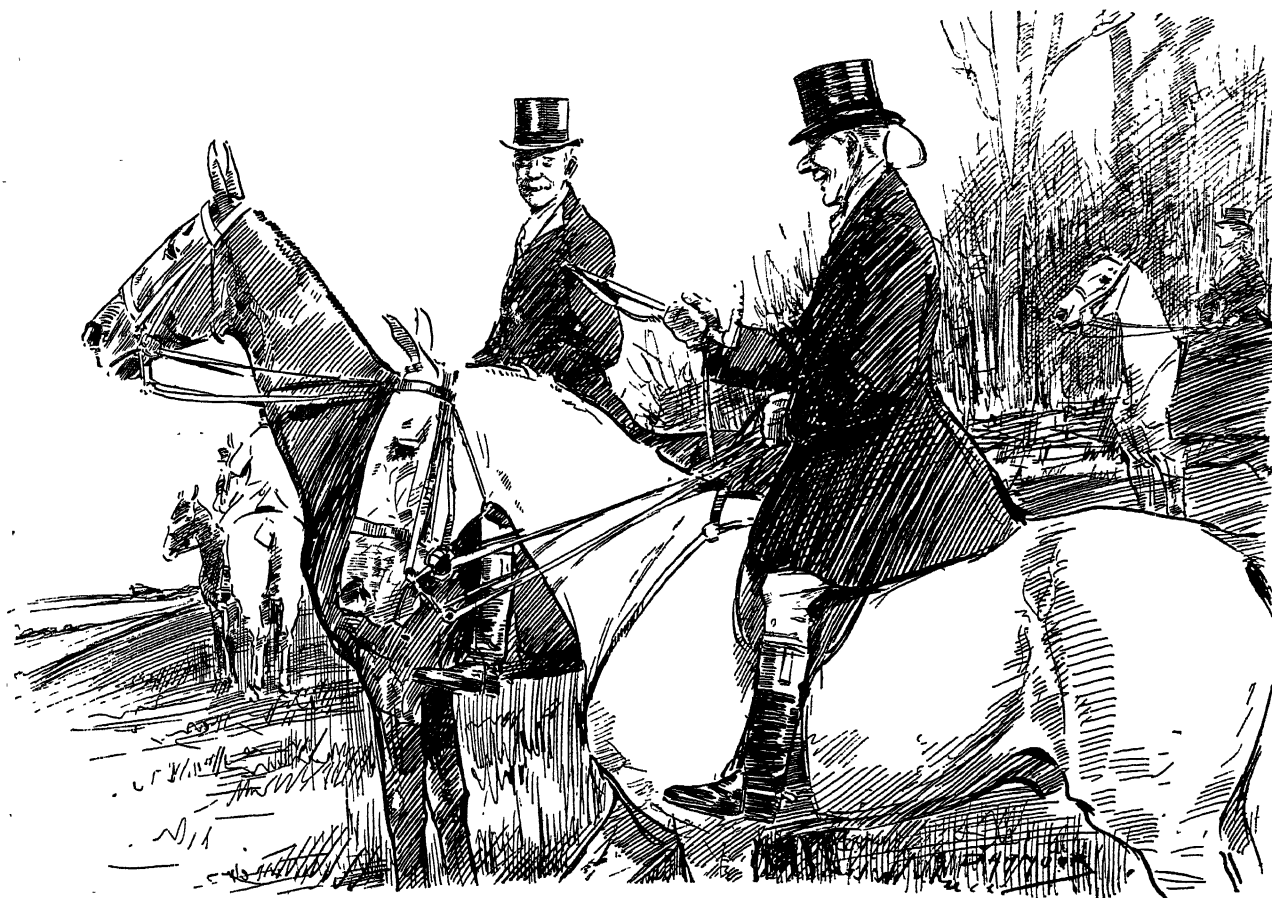
"Schadenfreude."

DARK DAYS
IN GERMANY
DEAR FOOD
UNEMPLOYMENT
AND SUICIDE.

"Daily News" Poster.

Notwithstanding its affection for this "friendly" Power—an affection so great that it views the rapid growth of a rival navy in that quarter with a complete immunity from suspicion—one can picture the grim satisfaction with which our contemporary must have composed the above terribly imaginative placard for the purpose of making the Tariff Reformer's flesh creep.

"Christmas Day will not again fall on a Saturday until 2190."—*Yorkshire Post*. Then we shan't wait.



Radical Candidate. "I HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR A SINGLE DAY'S HUNTING THIS SEASON."

Conservative Sportsman (anxious to convey cheery sympathy). "OH, THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER THE ELECTION; YOU'LL HAVE TIME FOR SIX DAYS A WEEK."

BETRAYED.

Lost is my faith in man! I have been robbed
By those for whom I sought the Crown of Fame;
Were times I could have flung me down and sobbed,
Though mine was but the sorrow, theirs the shame.

Ah! 'twas my inborn modesty forbade
That I myself should seek the fadeless bays;
Enough could I all gloriously be clad
In the shed lustre from another's rays.

I chose an author, one of claims distinct;
I clung to him like tendrils to the oak;
Our names, I vowed, for ever should be linked
In reminiscence, anecdote, or joke.

A closer friend than I he never found;
I wooed his favour with my every breath. . . .
Did he achieve distinction? Selfish hound!
He cultivated style, and starved to death.

I chose a painter, one whose lofty brow
Gave bounteous promise for the years to be;
Where Fortune's gilded apples weighed the bough,
I leaned a golden ladder 'gainst the tree.

Then, loving-handed, led him nigh to show
How, ready to his reach, the Fame-fruit hung. . . .
Did he ascend the ladder? Curse him, no!
He had ideals! and never rose a rung.

I chose a politician, one of parts;
His star, I felt, was rising ne'er to set;
His purple diction swayed the people's hearts,
His person early graced the Cabinet.

"This man," said I, "makes Hist'ry; its fair page
Shall laud a friend who nobly shared the cost." . . .
Did he retain the centre of the stage?
The ass developed scruples, and was lost.

* * * * *
Fooled and betrayed! Fate yet shall not bestrew
With my unhonoured dust Oblivion's shelf.
Down, Diffidence! What now I have to do
Is win the fadeless laurels for myself.

Election Items.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has addressed a letter to his fellow-countrymen, dealing with the political situation. Our Poet Laureate has begun the New Year well by writing prose.

"M.P. Fights for his Seat in a Sick Bed," said the placard of a halfpenny paper. We don't know who was disputing his right to a seat in his own sick bed, but while sympathising with his indisposition we feel it is a case where he should have taken the trouble lying down.

Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is reported to have punched a heckler for remarking, "I am not a solicitor who is paid to tell lies." There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Sir WILLIAM has offered to take on three dukes, seventeen other peers, and 240 Unionist Candidates because of their lack of respect to another solicitor—a Welsh one.

A VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

EVER since the Tyrant set his foot upon my neck I have had to give up jig-saws, aeroplaning, the dodging of split infinitives, and all the gentle tasks that go to fill the days of a simple and useful life.

At ten this morning, for instance, just as my fountain-pen had begun to work without blobbing, my chief retainer put her head in at the door and said explosively: "Please, master—you're—wanted!"

I had already entertained a mild suspicion that this might be so; for there had been five knocks and three rings during the preceding two minutes, and a proud champing of bits and the stertorous breathing of a Daimhard sounded at the outer postern. So I cast a lingering fond glance at a still wet chapter-heading—"How Henry Pressed his Suit"—and went dejectedly down-stairs.

"Which room?" I asked. My chief retainer made a circular sweep with a plump mottled arm.

"All of 'em," she said aggrievedly, and tumbled down the kitchen stairs to relieve the tension of over-stimulated nerves by breaking coals below.

I went first into the grand salon, where a young man with a gardenia and an air of loving me rather more than a brother gripped my hand cordially and spun about me a dark cloud of words, words, words, from which there presently emerged, although mistily, the central idea that, given certain eventualities and right conduct on my part, my food would cost me less.

I believe I told him that the matter couldn't affect me, that I had no time for meals at all during these days of oppression. Somehow, at any rate, I got rid of him; and then I went to the banquetting-hall.

Here, his gnarled fist resting on the table—my table, the board sacred to hospitality—stood an uninvited stranger, with basilisk eye and a Scotch Presbyterian beard. He flung forty fiscal facts and Heaven knows how many rows of figures at me, till—dim at first and nebulous—there grew slowly into shape the suggestion that, given unrighteous conduct on my part, my food would cost me more.

I know I told him that in that case I should have to work harder, and that it might be the making of me; for work alone is noble. (It is worthy of note that any argument which does not fit into a well-worn groove will put the mind of the partizany instantly out of gear.) We parted, more in anger than in sorrow, and I telephoned down the kitchen stairs to ask who was in the Blue Room.

As I am not a Cabinet Minister there

was nothing to fear, really. But I did my breathing exercises in the hall, went hurriedly through my physical drill, and then swung jauntily into the room, humming a merry stave.

But the music died on my lips as her eye fell upon me. For twenty minutes by the clock, and with only two semicolons, she told me that my sisters and my cousins and my aunts, as well as my fourteen daughters, were slaves and helots. "And now, Sir," she said, considering my plate-glass windows with an interest I did not at all care for,— "and now, Sir, have you made up your mind to do us justice at last?"

"Madam," I replied, seeing my opening here,— "Madam, it would be difficult indeed to do *you* justice." She looked by turns mollified, doubtful, and then dangerous; and I had to warn one of my varlets, who was sweeping imaginary leaves into heaps outside, to take particular heed that she did not indulge an all-too-likely propensity for roof-climbing. Then I went to the Red Room.

I have an idea that he once mis-spent a day putting my bath-taps out of order, under pretence of being a plumber. But he was quite ready to mend the constitution, and he talked of how our forefathers bled—Heavens! how they bled!

So they did—every spring. The practice, I reminded him, has been abandoned in modern medicine, though the principle remains; and if, as seemed evident, he needed a cooling mixture, my good friend, Dr. Bolus, three doors down the street—

He shed a stream of pamphlets entitled "The Dukes: Who the Deuce are they?" all the way to the front-door.

"Are there any in the box-room, the bath-room, or under the beds?" I telephoned downstairs.

"There's her in the Yaller Room," came the resentful answer. So I went to the Yellow Room and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"My dear lady," I said—for she was young and very, very beautiful,— "my dear lady, if I have a vote doesn't it strike you that I have made up my mind how to use it years and years ago? I am whole-heartedly for a Tariff-rendum, and these visits, though pleasant, seem to a busy man so unnecessary—"

Her eyes swam, and the mute reproach in them stabbed me. "I only came," she faltered, "at the cost of much violence to my not unnatural feelings of diffidence, to thank you a thousand times for giving to the world that beautiful, beautiful book, *The Heart that Overfloweth*."

And I had so often wondered who had bought it—the sole copy of a still-born masterpiece that did not figure in

the publisher's statement under the head of "free copies."

But she was gone—and for ever!

And so it has come to this: that a man cannot tell friend from foe in the privacy of his own castle.

They come and go, canvasser and candidate, big loafer, little loafer, word-spinner, crank. And "Lor! the sweeping up after 'em!" as my head servitor justly remarks. And it is all the fault of the ruthless oligarchs, who *will* have it that I must be consulted about the taxes I pay! (Tyrants! of course they'll have to go after this.)

My head servitor has given a month's notice.

Proud LANSLOWNE, see your work!

SINGLE CHAMBER POWERS.

[The following Form of Declaration for a good Radical, to be signed and handed to the Agent for the borough or division, has been generously drawn up by a Conservative.]

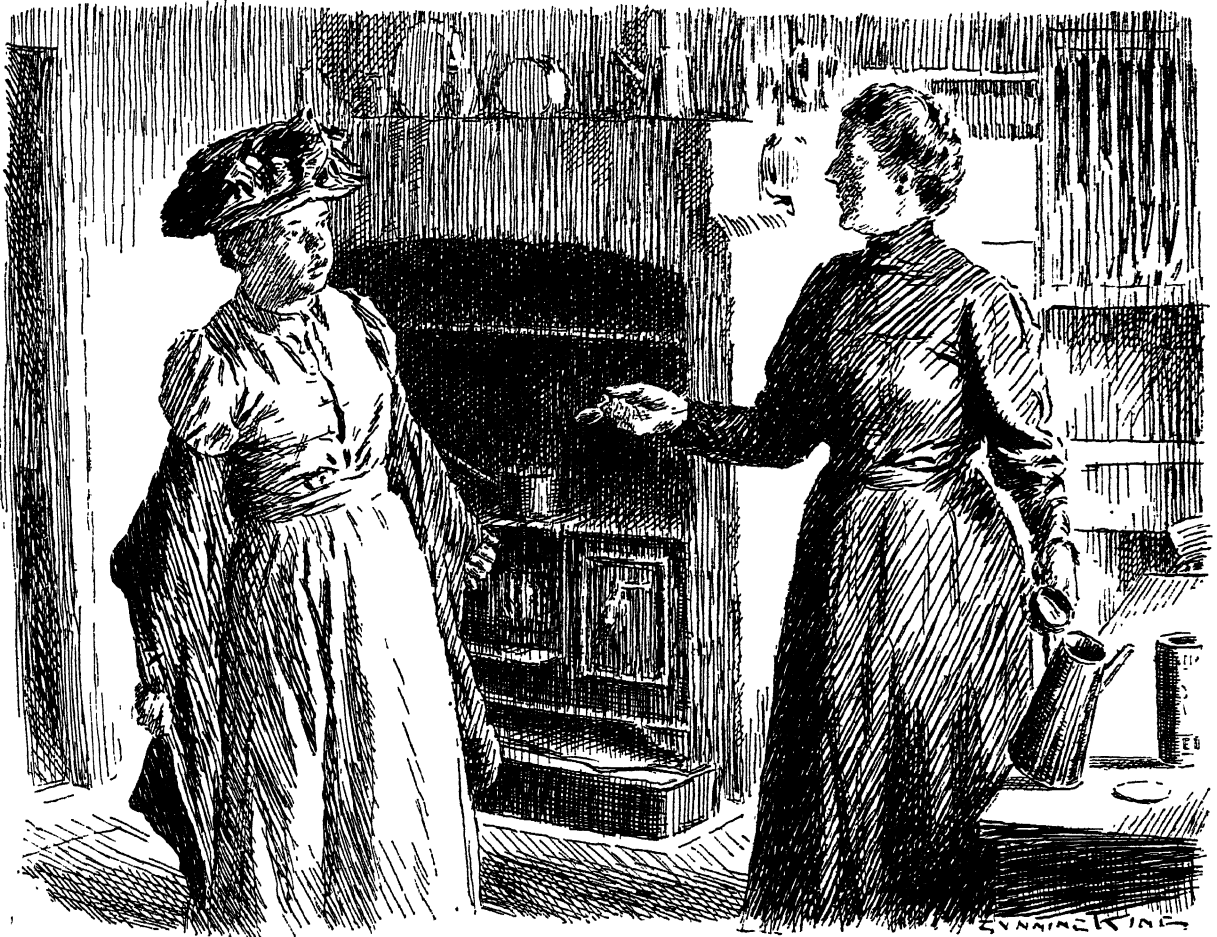
I, (give profession, if employed), recently of sound mind and discretion, do appoint as my proxies in the next Parliament DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, and failing him WINSTON CHURCHILL, and failing him any person they may substitute, to pass such measures as may occur to them during the next seven years, and do hereby bind myself to accept these without a murmur, remonstrance, expostulation or contemptuous observation.

I give and bequeath all my property, real and imaginary, and all increment and decrement thereof, earned or the reverse, to the absolute use of the above for experimental Party purposes, disinheriting any children or relatives or anything of that sort I may happen to have. This property to be operated upon in any way for Socialistic objects or covered with jerry-built dwellings, cut up into unworkable small holdings or otherwise used for the convenience of the greatest number of voters. The public to be admitted whenever it amuses them, for purposes of cricket-playing, love-making, curiosity or casual slumber, or for the picking of rare flowers or fruit, which, being grown on The Land, belong to no one.

I agree to accept what I am told by Cabinet Ministers without question, whether on the subject of pensions or dukes or anything else.

I further agree to the development of economy in our national defences, the reduction of the House of Lords to the status of a dormitory and sanatorium for played-out Peers, and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom in any manner which may be convenient for Party purposes.

I approve of the elevation of Wales to



Mistress (to day-maid, who has arrived late). "YOU'RE TWO HOURS LATE, THIS MORNING, MARY; WHAT IS THE REASON?"

Mary. "YES 'M. BUT PLEASE, 'M, MOTHER SAID I WAS TO TELL YOU WHEN SHE WOUND UP THE CLOCK LAST NIGHT SHE PUT THE BIG HANDLE RIGHT, BUT CLEAN FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE 'UN."

the position of predominant partner in Great Britain, and the removal of the Houses of Parliament to Bangor.

I hereby hand over my soul (or so much of it as is still left) to the keeping of the State. I acknowledge that I am an incapable muddler, and devoid of spirit or capacity of any kind. All the wisdom and character in the country is embodied in the Radical wing of the Liberal party. Its decisions are not to be revised by anybody whatsoever, or questioned by its electors. All this I steadfastly believe.

I agree that any resolution of the House of Commons is irrevocable, provided that the Government is Radical, even when passed in a snap division or during a spell of influenza.

I hand over my business for experimental purposes.

I agree in advance to the disestablishment of anything.

I am willing to subscribe, without being consulted, to any other opinions which may occur to the aforesaid LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Signature.....

Asylum.....

THE EXEMPLAR.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who had a fit of naughtiness. He refused to obey his nurse and was, as she said afterwards, that obstreperous that her life for about half-an-hour was a burden. At last, just as she was in despair, a robin fluttered to the window-sill of the nursery and perched on it, peeping in.

"There," said the nurse, "look at that dear little birdie come to see what all the trouble's about. He's never refused to have his face washed and made clean, I know. I'd be ashamed to cry and scream before a little pretty innocent like that, that I would."

Now this robin, as it happened, was a poisonously wicked little bird. He was greedy and jealous and spiteful. He continually fought other and weaker birds and took away their food; he pecked sparrows and tyrannised over tits. He habitually ate too much; and quite early in life he had assisted his brothers and sisters in putting both their parents to death.

None the less the spectacle of his

pretty red breast and bright eye shamed and soothed the little boy and very soon he became quite good again.

Motto for Hastings Conservatives.

"Nil desperandum Du Cros duce et auspice Du Cros."

"Then gravely, and with signs of the deepest respect, the vicar gave the good lady the prize. It was a moving spectacle."—*Western Daily Press*.

It sounds like a clock-work Teddy Bear.

"South Africa's eleven for Durban will remain unchanged."—*Reuter*.

And if the English team also refuses to shave as well as change their clothes until they have avenged their defeat, there will be a scrubby lot of players taking the field at Durban.

"Poundary hits are grave and perilous ventures when the last wicket has fallen."—*"Globe" leaderette on the Test Match*.

We agree that they would be bitterly resented by the crowd that swarms over the ground after the finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE sub-title of *Garryowen* (FISHER UNWIN) is "The Romance of a Racehorse." If you expect something on the lines of *Black Beauty* or *The Life-story of a Partridge* (vide popular magazines) you will be agreeably surprised. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S novel is an ordinary comedy of men and women. Of course there is a racehorse in it, *Garryowen* himself, no less, but his part is largely a thinking one. Mr. French, of Drumgool, owed more than he could pay, and his effects (including *Garryowen*) were to be seized if he did not meet a bill by a certain date. Now *Garryowen* was a dead cert for the City and Suburban, which was to be run a week after that date; and French expected to get fifty to one about him, for this was a very dark horse indeed. Was this chance to go begging for want of seven days' grace? Well, there was one way of saving the situation—*Garryowen* must be kept in hiding. The story tells how Mr. French and his horse, household, little daughter, pretty governess, and faithful friend transported themselves secretly from Ireland to Sussex; how they lived there on next to nothing; how they were traced by a wicked cousin who was going to reveal their whereabouts to the moneylender; and how the faithful friend kidnapped the wicked cousin—all, in fact, as it should be. Of course *Garryowen* runs and wins, and Violet marries either French (the widower) or *Dashwood* (the faithful friend); she is left making up her mind, but I

think she will take *Dashwood*. When I read this pleasant book I felt very grateful to Mr. STACPOOLE for it, because I really thought it was going to be the life story of a partridge; that gratitude made me overlook the fact that it might quite easily have had a larger share of fancy and sunny humour.

As myself something of an epicure in stories about buried treasure, I lay down this general axiom—that no author starting with a ruined mansion, an impoverished family, and a mysterious cryptogram, has any business thereafter to go wandering off into Germany and wasting time over foreign domestic comedy. If "JANE WARDLE" had only observed this simple rule he would have made a far better job of *The Pasque-Flower* (ARNOLD). Nothing indeed could have been more promising than the early chapters. Old Mr. Palverson, with his courtly poverty and the tradition of an ancestral hoard, is the very character to welcome of a winter's evening. But the Teutonic part, however well drawn, and however true to life the hospitality, kindness, and general amiability of the inhabitants, only irritates a reader who, like myself, is anxious to get on and discover what really was hidden at *The Queen's House*. Especially as I was a little worried all the time by a suspicion that "JANE WARDLE" wanted me to stop building more *Dreadnoughts*. The result is an unfortunate break in the interest of the tale. How good it

might have been is shown by the delightful thrills of the end, which is worthy of the best traditions of the craft. The secret of the cryptogram, when revealed, indicates a sliding panel in the wainscot, behind which are narrow stone steps leading downwards, and only to be descended with caution because "the air may be foul down there." (Don't you always love that bit?) And at the bottom they found—Ah, that, I think, you must find for yourself; but I advise you to pay the author the compliment of skipping his middle chapters in the process.

If this were an appropriate moment to suggest a holiday-task for politicians I should recommend Mrs. EVERARD COTES'S *The Burnt Offering* (METHUEN) to their notice, because it shows very clearly the harm done by men who would rather talk about subjects of which they know nothing than not talk at all. *Vulcan Mills* (I like his name), M.P. for Further Angus, goes to India, not so much in search of knowledge as of evidence that the British are a race of oppressors. Stuffed with prejudices and accompanied by his daughter he is soon surrounded by people who regard him—and her—with

reverence. Here, in fact, is a first-rate ass in the making, with a bray more harmful than his bite, a man who might easily have become as tiresome to those reading of him as he became to the officials who closed his Indian career by bundling him back to England. Such a blunder, however, has been avoided. *Vulcan* is mischievous enough; he swells with his own importance; but he retains an ingenuous simplicity which prevents him from being a bore.

He is "out for the cause of the people—any cause and any people," and no further explanation of him and of his kind is needed. Mrs. COTES is able to deal gravely with a serious problem and at the same time to write an amusing novel; we are bound to sympathise with men handicapped in their work by vain babblers, but we also smile at the egregious Mrs. *Livingstone Hooper*, "struggling for utterance behind a Carlsbad plum." I wish, by the way, that Mrs. COTES would not add to her *Burnt Offering* by the revolting sacrifice of an *l* in "all right."

The Perils of Dictation.

"The captain and his boat's screw were picked up by a passing vessel."—*Birmingham Post*.

One of the New Year resolves contributed by the Rev. F. B. MEYER to *Answers*:

"To make room for at least one hour of solid reading daily." But he mustn't neglect his *Answers*, all the same.

"Green and Roman children had none of the excruciatingly ingenious toys which are inflicted on our younglings."—*Manchester Evening News*. It is certainly safer to be born in the purple.

"He was deliberate, lucid, direct, concise, and he roused the audience to a great pitch of civilisation."—*Bel-fast Newsletter*. Unfortunately it is too late to commend these methods. to Tory Peers when addressing the usual Radical hooligans.



(It is proposed that architecture shall enjoy copyright.)

Architect of Pomona Villas—West side (to Architect of Laburnum Villas—East side).
"HERE, YOU SCOUNDREL, YOU'RE INFRINGING MY COPYRIGHT!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE flood of election oratory reached its height last week, and one was reminded irresistibly of the statement in the schoolboy's essay on Capital Punishment that "in some countries they put people to death by elocution."

The tendency of parliamentary candidates to publish their portraits on posters seems to be increasing. We cannot help thinking that some of them commit a serious tactical blunder in doing so.

Erected formerly for the defence of London, a fort in the Surrey hills near Dorking is now used for rearing chickens. "Hen-roosts," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would say, "are more useful than fortifications."

MR. LAURENCE IRVING has called one of his critics "a blot of scum." If Mr. IRVING is not very careful he will one day be standing for Parliament.

After all, the great new war harbour which the Austrian Government is to construct at Sebenico on the Adriatic is not a preparation for the conflict with Great Britain. The Berlin *Lokal-anzeiger* tactfully points out that it is to serve as a menace to Austria's dear friend and ally, Italy.

From Washington it is announced that Mr. ROOSEVELT has discovered a new animal resembling a fox in British East Africa. Let's hope it will not prove to be merely a North Pole-cat.

A distinguished preacher having expressed the belief that the end of all things is approaching, and that the world may be destroyed by a huge conflagration, the Wallsend Town Council are realising their responsibilities to the inhabitants, and have taken steps to improve the protections against fire in the town by installing an electric system and enlarging their fire-station.

A sensational incident occurred in the Paris Law Courts last week when a man suddenly appeared in the corridors in a state of absolute nudity. He was held to be a madman, but there is a malicious

rumour afloat to the effect that he was merely an unsuccessful litigant whom the lawyers had done with.

"A large number of women in Bethnal Green," said Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT, at the Coroner's Court, "do not know their husbands' names. They marry 'Bill,' and there it ends." It looks as if the estate of marriage was a simpler thing than we had supposed.

a Bristol lodging-house and been tackled and soundly thrashed by two representatives of the gentle sex.

Dr. SPEHLE, of Frankfort, urges housewives to see that their linen is thoroughly ironed, as that is the safest way of destroying microbes. Many tender-hearted women, however, cannot stand the shrieks of the little mites as they perish this way.

From the "Wanted" column of a provincial contemporary:—

YOUNG LADY (by birth) daily to help in house and with two little children.

This interests us, as we have always understood that we were young by birth, but never knew that there was any special demand for such persons.

Twenty pounds are to be distributed in prizes by the Underground Railway for the best show of flowers grown in small gardens along the line. It is not, we believe, generally known that many persons, unable to stand the noise of the motor traffic on the main roads, are now building little villas underground where they can enjoy comparative quiet.

From a letter in *The Clarion*:—

"Meetings everywhere are crowded out. . . . Not only that, but luke-warm sympathisers are burning red-hot enthusiasts."

This is carrying the thing to extremes. Still, it does prevent overcrowding.

"The society for the prevention of animals received \$5 000."—*Halifax (N.S.) Evening Mail*.

We should recommend the society to concentrate on preventing insects. Preventing, say, an angry rhinoceros is dangerous work.

"The whole of the 2,000 guests on arrival went straight to their own tables, for all had been rooked beforehand."—*Gentlewoman*.

In these circumstances the sooner one got going on the *hors d'œuvre* the better.

"Mr. Curtice advised that Mr. Soares should keep his hair on. (Loud dissent.)"—*North Devon Journal*.

The audience must have been hoping that Mr. SOARES would go for Mr. CURTICE bald-headed.



JACK ASHORE.

Fond Mother. "YOU'RE NEVER SATISFIED, JACK. WHEN YOU GO TO SEA YOU'RE HOME-SICK, AND WHEN YOU COME HOME YOU'RE SEA-SICK."

Once it was said that we were slow to catch on to new ideas. The reproach is no longer deserved. Every day we have proof of this. Last week *The Athenæum* appeared with cut edges.

At a meeting held last week in Notting Dale, from which scarcely a housebreaker of distinction was absent, it was unanimously resolved that it was high time that something was done to prevent the spread of Suffragette tactics among women. The meeting was called to consider the case of one of the fraternity, who had made his way recently into

"O TO BE IN ENGLAND."

[To a retired Member of Parliament, in his villa at Cap Martin.]

WHAT time, my friend, I picture you
(So distance yields to Fancy's wand)
Against a sky of sapphire blue,
With sea to correspond,

Envy of your Elysian lot,
A bitter envy, gnaws my breast,
Prisoned at home when home is not
Behaving at its best.

Here under wintry skies and gray,
Selling our little remnant souls,
We bite and scream and scratch our way
To victory at the polls.

But you, in your enchanted air,
You miss our mud-pies, rich and thick,
Discharged at random with a prayer
That some at least may stick.

You miss our nausea (*vide note**),
When BEGGIE, moist with unctuous pride,
Pledges his word that Heaven shall vote
On his (on HAROLD'S) side.

Ah, how I pine and even pant
After your dusk-green olive groves,
There to escape from sickly cant,
Black lies and ditto loaves;

To pace the shore by those "reserves"
Where residential oysters are,
Or up the woodland way that curves
To lovely Castellar.

Or Monte's Shrine of Chance for me,
Where a great peace and silence reign,
And any loud remark would be
Resented as profane.

I picture you in that fair scene
Putting your *mille-note* on the red;
See your resigned and gentle mien
When black comes up instead.

"'Tis Luck," you say, and bear the blow,
And put a brace of *mille-notes* on,
And still preserve a genial glow
When they likewise are gone.

O what a lesson there for us!
You turn no hair, your lips are dumb,
While *we* make all this beastly fuss
About a pendulum—

So much the sport of every breeze
That none who brags of rise or drop
Knows where (to forty-five degrees)
The thing intends to stop.

O. S.

* The following specimen lines are extracted from Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE'S electioneering "hymn" for Radicals in *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"For the hour of doom has sounded, lo, the mighty are put down,
He hath said, 'Thou fool' to Midas, and on Dives falls His frown,
But He calls His little children to the Kingdom and the crown,
And He shall lead them on."

THE HEDGERS.

A NUMBER of Parliamentary Candidates, anxious that the country should know the real reasons for the result of the poll, have sent us in advance alternative explanations, leaving us to select the right ones according to their success or failure. Unfortunately we have to go to press before the first results of the General Election come in, and the best we can do is to print both reasons in each case.

WHY I WON.

A.'s Reasons.

Because I said I should from the beginning.

WHY I LOST.

Because I knew at the outset that I had the honour of leading a forlorn hope.

B.'s Reasons.

Because I was careful to truth, as it ever must, prevailed.

Because the subtle calumny of my opponent was too strong for one who fought only with clean weapons.

C.'s Reasons.

Because right is might and must be victorious.

Because the gangs of bruisers employed by my opponent prevented me at my meetings from pointing the electors to their duty.

D.'s Reasons.

Because of the clear and ringing lead given by our honoured captains.

Because of the deplorable confusion of issues and the want of concerted action on the part of our so-called leaders.

E.'s Reasons.

Because I was too much for the pensions lie.

Because the pensions lie was too much for me.

ELECTION STATISTICS.

OR, FACTS AT LAST!

If the number of leaflets, etc., distributed up to last Saturday were placed across Westminster Bridge, it would take six men a considerable time to remove them, and would probably cause a temporary stoppage of the tramway service.

The 670 members who will comprise the new House of Commons would, if packed close together in the Serpentine, displace about 38 tons of water. [*Note.*—The SPEAKER is not included in this calculation.] It is doubtful, however, if the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS would allow the experiment to be made.

As the names of at least two women have somehow crept into the Register, we have the curious result that of the 7½ odd million voters only a fraction over 99 per cent. are men.

The following interesting table shows by means of percentages the words or phrases most commonly used (excluding Free Trade, Budget, Tariff Reform, Peers and People, Pensions, &c.) up to the time of going to press:—

Lie (common)	25	Demagogue	3
„ (frigid and calculated)	13	Backwoodsman	11
Aged Poor	9	Firstborn	3
Welsh Solicitor	2	Tyrants	5
Ananias	7	Scaremonger	9
Black bread	4	I apologise	1
Limehouse	8		



THE COLOUR QUESTION.

BRITISH WORKMAN (to GERMAN COMRADE). "MY POOR FRIEND, I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU ARE REDUCED TO EATING BLACK BREAD!"

GERMAN WORKMAN. "MY DEAR FELLOW, MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU. I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU HAVE TO PUT UP WITH WHITE!"



TOO BLUE.

Mother. "Oh, you filthy little wretches! What are you up to now?"

Reggie. "Well, Father said this morning that everybody ought to do something to help the cause, an' we're just gettin' ready to p'rade the village!"

THE VOICE AND THE QUESTIONS.

A Candidate to his Agent.

WHAT do I hear? Another meeting? No!
Oh, Sir, be merciful! Consider, Sir,
I have had sixty meetings; and two more
Are on the programme for to-night, and you
Would add a third one to the hideous list.
No, Sir, I can't, and that's the truth of it.
My reservoir of phrases has run dry;
The leaflets are exhausted: I have said
All that is printed there a hundred times.
You've heard me say it, you yourself have heard,
One hundred times, and now at last I strike.
Was it for this that I have left my home,
My humble but my comfortable home?
Was it that I might be, what now I am,
The dull retailer of machine-made words,
The cheered, the groaned, the questioned Candidate?
Pluck up, you say, your spirit; be a man;
Two days remain, two paltry little days,
And voters thronging from ten thousand homes
Shall make you victor in the dreadful fray.
But think, Sir, there's the Voice that interrupts,
The fearful, mocking, ever-present Voice.
Last night it came as usual. I had said,
"Your bread," and there I paused; and then the Voice:
"Will cost us more unless we keep you out,"
And then the meeting laughed and I was dumb.
On other nights when I have praised the Lords,

"We've had too much of them, too much of you,"
Broke in the Voice, and I was done again.
And, oh, the questions! When, my speech at end,
The Chairman rises blandly and declares,
"Now, gentlemen, you've heard the Candidate;
If any here are still dissatisfied,
Up with you; put your questions to him straight.
He'll gladly give you answers, never fear."
And so the torture-chamber is prepared,
And I, the victim, fixed upon the rack
Three times a night, and I must smile as though
My keenest pleasure lay in being there.
No, Sir, I've had enough. I'll do no more.
And when the two remaining days are past,
And even the shouting's over, I shall fly
To some deserted island of the South,
Where never men hold meetings, since there are
No men, thank heaven, to hold them; and no Voice
Nor any question comes from any throat
To break the sunlit silence of the shore.

"But we must look on this war with Germany as not a thing impossible, but a thing quite probable. I sincerely hope it will not take place, but I fear it is inevitable. If war with Germany took place, what would be the position of the Isle of Man? I think it would mean the ruin of the Island. It would kill all chances of a successful season, upon which the Island depends. But there is another view to look at."—*The Isle of Man Weekly Times.*

Yes, yes, so there is. . . . But of course it *would* spoil the season.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER III.—A REHEARSAL.

"Now this is a very simple trick," said Archie from the centre of the stage. "For this little trick all I want is a hippopotamus and a couple of rubies. I take the hippopotamus in one hand—so—and cover it with the handkerchief. Then, having carefully peeled the rubies—"

Thomas put the last strip of silver paper on to his axe and surveyed the result proudly.

"But how splendid!" said Myra as she hurried past. "Only you want some blood." And she jumped over the footlights and disappeared.

"Good idea. Archie, where do you keep the blood?"

"Hey presto, it's gone. And now, Sir, if you will feel in your waistcoat pockets you will find the hippopotamus in the right-hand side and the red ink in the left. No? Dear, dear, the hippopotamus must have been a bad one."

"Be an artist, Thomas," I said, "and open a vein or two. Do the thing properly, Beerbohm. But soft, a winsome maid, in sooth; I will approach her. I always forget that sooth bit. But soft, a win—"

"Why don't we begin?" asked Simpson; "I can't remember my part much longer. Oh, by the way, when you come up to me and say, 'Your Majesty e'en forgets the story of the bull's-eye and the revolving bookcase—'"

"Go away; I don't say anything so silly."

"Oh, of course, it's Blair. Blair, when you come up to me and say—"

They retired to the back of the stage to arrange a very effective piece of business.

"Any card you like, Madam, so long as it is in the pack. The Queen of Hearts? Certainly. Now I take the others and tear them up—so. The card remaining will be yours. Ah, as I thought—it is the Queen of Hearts."

"Archie, you're talking too much," said Dahlia, "and none of it comes into your part really."

"I'm getting the atmosphere. Have you an old top hat on you, dear, because if so we'll make a pudding. No top hat? Then pudding is horf."

"But stay, who is this approaching? Can it be— I say, mind the footlights. When are we going to begin?"

"There!" said Thomas proudly. "Anybody would know that was blood."

"How perfectly ripping," said Myra. "Only you want some notches."

"What for?"

"To show where you executed the other men, of course. You always get a bit off your axe when you execute anybody."

"Yes, I've heard that, too," I agreed. "Notches, Thomas, notches."

"Why don't you do something for a change? What about the trap or whatever it is you catch your bally rats with? Why don't you make that?"

"It isn't done with a trap, Thomas dear. It's partly the power of the human eye and partly kindness. Is it upon a sunny bank and sing to them."

"Which is that?"

"If we don't begin soon—" began Simpson.

"Hallo, Emperor, what's that you're saying? Quite so, I agree with you. I wonder if your High Fatness can lend me such a thing as a hard-boiled egg. Simpson, when this rehearsal is over, that is to say to-morrow, I'll take you on at juggling; I'm the best—"

Derry finished his conversation with Miss Fortescue and turned to the stage.

"Now then, please, please," he said.

"We'll just take the First Act. 'Scene, The Emperor's Palace. Enter Rat-catcher.' You come on from the left."

I coughed and came on.

My part was not a long one, but it was a very important one. I was the connecting link between the different episodes of the play, and they wanted some connecting. Whenever anybody came on to the stage, I said (supposing I was there, and I generally was—the ratcatcher of those days corresponding to the modern plumber)—I said, "But who is this?" or "Hush, here comes somebody." In this way the attention of the wakeful part of the audience was switched on to the new character, and continuity of action was preserved.

I coughed and came on.

"No," said Derry, "you must come on much more briskly."

"I can't; I've been bitten by a rat."

"It doesn't say so anywhere."

"Well, that's how I read the part. Hang it, I ought to know if I've been bitten or not. But I won't show it if you like; I'll come on briskly."

I went out and came on very briskly.

"That's better," said Derry.

"His Majesty ordered me to be here at the stroke of noon," I said. "Belike he has some secret commands to lay upon me, or perchance it is nought but a plague of rats. But who is this?"

"Oh," said Myra, coming in suddenly, "I had thought to be alone."

"Nay, do not flee from me, pretty one. It is thus that—I say, Myra, it's no good my saying do not flee if you don't flee."

"I was just going to. You didn't give me a chance. There, now I'm fleeing."

"Oh, all right. It is thus that the rats flee when they see me approaching. Am I so very fearsome?"

"Orrid," said Archie to himself from the wings.

"One moment," said Derry, and he turned round to speak to somebody.

"Puffickly orrid," said Archie again.

"Nay, do not frown," Myra went on, "'tis only my little brother who is like unto a codfish himself, and jealous withal."

"Ay, ay, and I thought it was a codfish. So that I had e'en brought the egg-sauce with me."

"Trouble not thyself for that," said Archie. "For verily the audience will supply thee with all the eggs thou wastest. I say, we are being funny."

"I'm not, I'm quite serious, I really did think it was a cod— But tell me, fair one," I said hurriedly, "for what dost the Emperor want me?"

"Yes, yes," said Derry, "I'm sorry I had to interrupt you. I think perhaps we had better begin again. Yes, from the beginning."

The rehearsal rolled on.

"I think it went splendidly," said Myra. "If only we had known our parts, and come in at the right moments and been more serious over it."

"If there's any laughing to be done it will have to be done by us. The audience won't laugh."

"Mr. Derry having explained that the author was not in the house, the audience collected their cauliflowerers and left quietly. I think it's a rotten play."

"Well, it isn't frightfully funny," said Myra, "but we can put that in ourselves."

"It's so jolly hard to say the lines properly—they're so unnatural," complained Thomas. "Truly thou hast created a favourable impression with the damsel—well, I mean, that's absurd. Any ordinary person would say, 'Truly thou art a mornings t'ween, old spot,' or something of that kind."

"Well, you say that, Thomas; you'll be all right."

"We might put a few songs in," said Dahlia, "and a dance or two."

"I think you've forgotten that we've only done Act I," remarked Archie.

"His Majesty's conjurer doesn't really let himself go till Act II. Still, I'm all for a song and a dance. Simpson, come and Apache with me."

They dashed at each other fiercely.

"Oh, we'll make it go all right," said Myra.

A. A. M.

Commereial Altruism.

"Do you wish that you were dead? Try Bushmill's."—A d. in "T.P.'s Weekly."

Use of Floor for Visitors bringing their own Skates, 2 d. each Session.

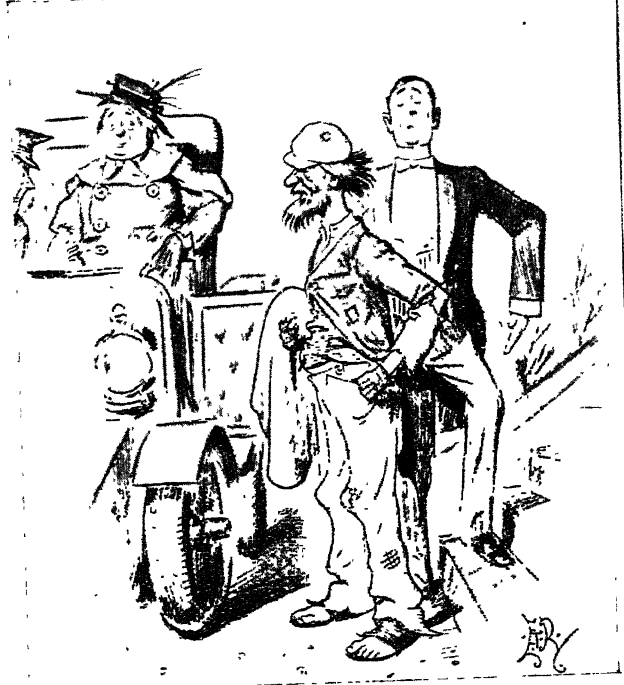
The great "Session" joke has never been put more neatly than this.

THE LEISURED CLASSES.

Dr. Wilson, in a recent lecture, had a good word to say for tramps: "They were not really a very bad class; they corresponded to the country gentleman."



"Don't know 'ow it is,—I seems dead haff my 'drive,' some'ow! ab-serlootly rotten!!"



"Nothink much in the way o' distance this mornin', Blériot—rot more 'n abaout two or three 'undred mile; 'cos we've got a Bridge porty liter hon."



"Top o' my form this mornin'! simply cawn't miss 'em! It's as heasy as kiss my 'and!'"



"Bein' a J.P. I allus likes to put in an appearance hevery naow and agen. Goo' mornin', Constable."

DUAL PERSONALITY.

WHEN a thing goes astray, as it frequently may,
And is not to be found where I put it away,
I seem to become, says my *dimidium*,
More blind than a bat in the light of the day.
She is seized with the blues at the places I choose
To search for a trace of my second-best trews,
And she frowns as I grope with a vanishing hope
Through her blouses and skirts and diminutive shoes.
I can see her nerves shrink when I venture to think
They may be in the box with her ermine and mink,
And she'll probably ask, as I give up the task,
If I've looked in the scuttle and under the sink.

But when I'm at the office I am quite another me;

I can declare
Precisely where

Each thing I want should be.

There all is ordered sweetly,

And tidied up completely,

And docketed as neatly

As one could wish to see.

At least, that is the tale I drum

Into my dear *dimidium*.

When I'm making a hole in my hot buttered roll
It will frequently chance that the half of my soul
Will say, "You will phone to the Stores, ownest own,
And order a ton of the best kitchen coal."

"Very good," I reply, and I carefully tie
A knot in my hankie, and Citywards hie—
In the evening—great Scott!—I discover that knot
And wonder whoever has tied it, and why.

I puzzle my brain in attempts to explain
The knot and its meaning, but all is in vain
Till my ownest comes in and I hear her begin,
"Oh, silly, you've never forgotten again?"

But when I'm at the office I am quite another man,
For there I find

I bear in mind

As much as mortal can.

There I've no need to coddle

With tricky knots my noddle;

My memory's a model

Of order and of plan.

At least, that is the kind of tone

I practise on my ownest own.

When troubles appear, and the cook becomes queer
Regarding such questions as outings and beer,
When the porridge is clumps of impossible lumps
And I'm told to complain by the lady I fear,
Though I'm vastly impressed that she dares to suggest

A course so heroic, I haste to protest
That the stuff is all right, that I fancy it quite,

Then when it's like that it agrees with me best.
Then with masculine guile I endeavour to smile

As I start to absorb the detestable pile,
While my queen's upturned nose all too pointedly shows
That *she* knows that *I* know the mixture is vile.

But when I'm at the office I am not like that at all:

The clerks obey

Whate'er I say,

The typists rush at call;

The office-boys deliver

Their errands with a shiver,

The porters quake and quiver

When I pass through the hall.

At least, that is the kind of scene

I try to picture to my queen.

THE REMONSTRATOR.

I.—"DESIRABLE."

"Good morning," I said to the house agent. "I have come about that house with your bills in the window in the Upton Road."

He became intensely polite and placed a chair for me. "Oh, yes," he said; "you could not have made a better choice."

"I don't say that I have chosen it," I replied.

"No, perhaps not exactly chosen—yet," he said heartily. "But—well, you want to ask some questions about it."

"That's just it," I said. "I do."

"There's not a more desirable house in London," he ran on. "It's——" But I interrupted him.

"You've come to the very point," I said. "'Desirable.' You call it a desirable residence, not only in speech, but in your bills. 'This desirable residence.'"

"Naturally," he answered. "How could we do otherwise?"

"Well," I said, "how long has it been empty?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said he. "Eighteen months, perhaps."

"Just over two years," I said.

He looked at me narrowly. "Is it so long?" he remarked.

"Well, what then?"

"What is your definition of 'desirable'?" I asked him.

"'Desirable'?" he said. "Why, to be desired, of course; something that people want."

"And yet," I said, "it has been empty for more than two years. But to proceed," I added. "I have been walking about this neighbourhood for some time, just out of curiosity, looking at the bills in the windows, and I have found no fewer than forty-five of your bills. They were on houses of every variety—big and little, neat and slovenly, detached and in rows, old and new—and every one is described as 'desirable.' Now surely you could do better than that? The English language is not so bankrupt as that?"

He edged nearer the door.

"How," I asked, "can one epithet describe accurately forty-five totally different houses?"

He began to groan, which encouraged me.

"And think," I said, "how foolish it looks. To go on year after year calling this empty and forlorn house 'desirable.' People will begin to think you are not sane. No wonder your business does not flourish. No wonder your paint is so dirty. It's a confession of failure."

He writhed. "What do you suggest?" he asked at last.

"Well," I said, "something nearer the truth. Such as 'This well-built if empty residence which sensible house-hunters would desire if they really examined it.' Something like that. You see I have kept 'desire' in. I know you couldn't get on without that."

He groaned again.

"Or," I continued, "'This small but comfortably arranged residence;' 'This warm and inexpensive residence;' 'This residence with six bedrooms and three reception rooms;' 'This conveniently-planned residence;' or even, as a last resource, 'This residence.' But, I implore you, not 'this desirable residence' when it isn't desired."

He rose at last and thanked me.

"Any way," he said, "you'll let me give you an order to view?"

"No, thank you," I said.

"But you should look over it," he said. "It's an excellent house, commodious, in every way des——" He stopped suddenly.

"But how did you know," he asked as an after-thought, "that it had been empty so long?"

"Because," I replied, "I live next-door."



Lady (to Committee-room Clerk, who hands her a small bill announcing a forthcoming political meeting). "BUT IS IT POSSIBLE FOR LADIES TO GO TO THESE MEETINGS?" Clerk. "WHY NOT?" Lady. "I THOUGHT THEY WERE MORE OR LESS OF A ROUGH NATURE." Clerk. "WELL, MADAM, WE'VE TAKEN EVERY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION TO KEEP OUT THE SUFFRAGETTES."

LOVE THE REDUCER.

WHEN first my love-sick form was thrown
For Dot's disdainful feet to flatten,
It turned the scale at fifteen stone,
And though I did my best to batten
On patent foods, like Anti-tum,
And exercises hard and rum,
They only used to fatten.

But, oh, the powers of passion spurned!
Where drugs and drills appeared to cosset
A breast increasingly concerned
To bring the buttons home across it,
Romantic grief began to melt
Like mountain snows beneath my belt
The adipose deposit.

Amanda's help was more than Dot's;
Her "No" (that nipped my prayers to win her)
Was worth its weight in gold, and lots
More use than eating toast for dinner;
And Laura, too, when she forsook
My life for ever, made me look
At least a belt-hole thinner.

I think the next were Blanche and Nell;
When they refused my hand (with jeering)
And all my shattered day-dreams fell,
Undoubtedly I found it cheering
When 'neath a bosom rent and raw,
Like long benighted friends I saw
My boot-tips re-appearing.

One disappointment more—should May
The sequence of her sisters follow
And melt a pound or so away,
Though all the world thenceforth were hollow,
'Twould comfort me, I feel, a bit
To know the suits I wore would fit
The Belvedere Apollo.

EVOE.

The Black Man's Burden.

The South Wales Echo, on the subject of the political crisis, states that "we are making history by sweeps." No names, however, are mentioned.

The Transformation.

"She has her mother's beautiful golden hair, which she still wears tied back with ribbons."—*The Onlooker*.



Guendolen (greatly shocked) "Oh, MOTHER! BABY'S SPEAKING TO ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE HE DOESN'T KNOW!"

THE VITAL ISSUES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The attitude of "Perplexed Patriot" in a recent issue of yours fills me with unmitigated compassion. But why worry about conflicting issues? His course should be as clear as mud. Take my case. Here am I, a resident in Kensington, where the Candidates were Lord CLAUD HAMILTON and Captain McILWAINE. I couldn't possibly vote for the Captain because he supports Woman Suffrage, and nothing will ever induce me to give the vote to a sex which prefers the music of CHOPIN to that of HANDEL. I suppose you will argue from this that I supported Lord CLAUD HAMILTON. Wrong again. He is Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company; the climate of Norfolk always affects my liver, and I never go to Liverpool Street station without losing my temper. In those circumstances the duty of a patriot to abstain from the polling-booth was absolutely imperative.

Yours complacently,
RESOLUTE MUGWUMP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a convinced humanitarian and member of the Feline Defence Society, I have made it my

business to extract, if possible, pledges from the Liberal Candidates in the five divisions in which I have a vote to support the grant of a Government subsidy to the Society in question. So far I have entirely failed to obtain even an acknowledgment of my letters. Perhaps you will suggest some more effectual means of inducing them to listen to the voice of reason.

Yours faithfully,

ANTI-DREADNOUGHT.

The Nest, Catford Bridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the father of a family which I am attempting to bring up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, will you permit me to lodge a protest against the unspeakable vulgarity of the Tory literature that is being daily foisted upon my household? To take only one example, a few days ago my little boy, Theobald Athanasius, aged seven, brought me a leaflet which had been insidiously thrust into my letter-box, bearing upon it the following couplet:—

"If you want to cheaply smoke
Then kick out the Liberal bloke."

Whatever my political opinions may be, is it not a gratuitous insult to imagine

that this revolting instance of the split infinitive would appeal either to me or to any other member of my family?

Indignantly yours,

DISGUSTED HOUSEHOLDER.

Worple Road, Wimbledon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I count upon your well-known love of fairplay to give prominence to the following. Though I detest Home Rule and the Land Taxes, I am so firmly convinced that the true solution of all national problems is to be found in the scientific study of Phrenology that I shall be reluctantly obliged to withhold my vote from the Unionist Candidate in this Division, as he has refused to support a Bill making that subject compulsory in all elementary schools. The Liberal Candidate, on the other hand, promises that if the PRIME MINISTER introduces such a measure into his programme he will give it his benevolent consideration.

Faithfully yours,

JONAH BURDEKIN.

Planchette Villa, Leatherhead.

"THE DAMPAIGN IN BRECONSHIRE."
Hereford Times.

That's what it comes to, really.



THE GREAT ELECTION STAKES.

MR. PUNCH. "HERE THEY COME. NOW THEN, MA'AM, WHAT'S YOUR FANCY?"

BRITANNIA. "THANKS, I'M NOT BETTING; I ONLY HOPE THE BEST HORSE WILL WIN."

CHRISTMAS DRAMA IN 1959.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

THE Yule-tide attraction at Tonge's Theatre this year, a play performed entirely by grown-ups, is certain to draw large audiences, if only by reason of its piquant novelty. Spectators at the opening performance were enthusiastic over the quaint spectacle, and when at its conclusion the manager appeared before the curtain, leading by the hand a lady who could not have been a day less than thirty-five, the applause was tremendous. Now that the parents have a play written and acted especially for them, they will assuredly clamour to see it, and Mr. Tonge has very wisely arranged to give two performances daily of *The Herodians* till further notice.

Peter Pan celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday at the Citizen York's Theatre last evening, and is apparently as fresh and popular as ever. We are relieved to notice that at least one line in Act III., inexcusably mutilated in (we believe) the edition of 1931, is now restored to its original form. Another victory for the most enlightened government of modern times!

At other London houses the usual theatrical fare of the season continues in brisk demand. Drury Lane, now more than ever the nursery of the British drama, has again followed the precedent of the last twenty years in producing a spectacular kindergarten play, announced as the work of the youngest *littérateur* yet living. The entire book of the piece has, we understand, been dictated to a staff of nurses, the talented author being at present unable to read or write. As usual, a noteworthy feature is made of the orchestra, this year augmented by a number of rattles and coral bells, an innovation for which the audience on Boxing Night testified their approval by their hearty reception of Master Glover, *minimus*, on that talented youngster being lifted into the conductor's seat.

Meanwhile a striking echo of bygone taste was afforded last Sunday evening at the Galsworthy Hall, where a distinguished gathering of serious playgoers assembled to witness the much-talked-of revival of *Cinderella*, a *Christmas Pantomime*, by members of the Defunct Drama Society. The performance, if a trifle esoteric for popular enjoyment, proved on the whole undeniably interesting, care having been taken to ensure absolute accuracy of mounting—even to such details as coloured fires and the introduction of a genuine contemporary moon [coon?] song. Much of the humour, indeed, was so archaic as to be unintelligible



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING TECHNICAL.

Northern Farmer (on his way to the Poll, after conversation with Candidate). "WELL, THAT SETTLES 'T. DANGED IF AH VOTES FOR A FELLER AS TALKS ABOUT A HOSS'S LEFT FRONT LEG."

to modern ears; and though certain superior members of the audience affected to laugh hugely over such passages as the *Baron's* reference to tired kippers, or the demand by his eccentric wife for female suffrage, ordinary individuals might well be excused for wondering what it was all about. The experiment, though of some historical value, is hardly likely to be repeated.

"The terms were tempting, even for Madame Sarah Bernhardt: £4,000 for twenty-four performances in a month, each performance in a sketch to last ten minutes. This works out at a good deal over a guinea and a half a minute."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

It does indeed. What a lesson in moderation might be drawn by Candidates from the restrained methods of this statistician.

Fashion Hints.

"It is becoming usual now for men when calling to leave their hat and stick in the hall, except when foreigners."—*Daily Mail*.

Even in the case of a native the hat and stick may be taken into the drawing-room if it is understood that the visitor has called with the express purpose of thrashing his host. The hat, replaced on the head, will serve as a protection against retaliation.

"One of the Committee-rooms of Sir W. Dunn, Unionist candidate for West Southwark, was broken into during Friday night. . . . The intruder had scattered about the room a large number of canvassing cards, and disarranged a quantity of correspondence."—*Manchester Guardian*.

It must have been a brisk affair while it lasted. Why should canvassers have it all their own way?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ELECTIONS AND THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's not much left of your Blanche, after a strenuous time working to save the country. But I don't complain. One's country doesn't have to be saved *very* often, and saving it makes quite a nice break in one's ordinary amusements. It behoves us all (*isn't* that a lovely phrase? I begin almost everything with it now!) to stand together, and join hands, and stem the tide, and all that sort of thing, don't you think?

We were having a rippin' time down at the Middle-shires' when Norty told us we'd all got to go to town and help to save the country. It was in this way. His old constituents in the North have turned out to be pigs of the first magnitude. They say they don't want him for their Member any longer, that he hasn't kept the promises he made them or introduced any of the measures he said he would, but has flourished away on his own, making speeches on subjects they don't care tuppence about. He says they're a rotten crowd, and that they may—but never mind about that. So he's standing for Grimy Green, a weird North-Eastern suburb of London that I'd never even heard of, and there I've been working myself half dead for a fortnight. Oh, the dingy little parlours I've penetrated to and the *immense* amount of information I've given in these two weeks! The big loaf, the little loaf, the tall loaf, the short loaf, the black loaf, the white loaf—I'd no idea I knew so much about loaves or anything else! (D'you want a wrinkle in canvassing, my ownest? Wear a fresh frock every day, and never leave off talking about The Loaf!)

Aunt Goldie has sprung a surprise on us. I don't defend Norty. The rôle of neglected wife is an impossible one to play well, and the worm will turn when neglected *too* much; but Aunt G. has proved quite the *turniest* of worms, and I *can't* forgive her for going over to the other side and helping a horrid Radical. The *idea* of letting private feelings influence one's politics! The only thing that could *possibly* excuse a woman for going over to the enemy

would be that their election colours might be more becoming to her complexion.

Talking of colours, my darling Pom-pom is a bit *affaissé* now that doggies have to match frocks, and I can only wear him when I'm dressed in brown. At the place I go to for match-dogs they're awfully clever at dyeing them. One of my canvassing days I was in blue, with a blue dog, and another day

together as they used to be. She's taken to writing impressionist stories and plays, and she does such queer things and goes to such queer places to get local colour and first-hand impressions that Bosh says he won't stand much more of it. One thing she did when she was writing *Lurid London* was to get herself up *en pauvre* and go and sit on a seat on the Embankment one evening. She got into chat with

a poor man, who told her he was out of a job and hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight. This was a simply rippin' bit of local colour for Wee-Wee. She didn't know people *could* go so long without food. She said she was a needlewoman who couldn't get any needling to do, that she'd been turned out of her lodgings that day—and she went on yarning till she gave herself away (just like her!), and the man who'd had nothing to eat for a fortnight turned on her and said, "You're a fraud! I know you now. You're Wee-Wee Tresyllyan, and I shall get no local colour from *you*!" And Wee-Wee said, "And I know *you*—and *you*'re a fraud—and I shall get no local colour from *you*. You're Ray Rymington." And so it was, and he was out to get first-hand impressions for his poem, *The City of Terrible Tears*.

Have you heard of Lala Middleshire's new departure? Skating is her obsession, you know. She lives on skates and thinks on skates. She can do all the club figures right off the reel, including those frightfully diffy ones, Mustard-and-Cress and Donkey's Ears, without making the teeniest mistake. Well, she's nothing if not philanthropic, and she's founded a School for Teaching Fancy Skating to the Orphan Children of the Deserving Poor.

Subscriptions didn't come in fast enough, so Lala has generously resolved to give *herself* to the Cause. She will do a skating turn at the Magnificent, the Never-Say-Die, and the Gorgeous. The terms they offer her are enormous. It's the first time they've had a duchess in the bills. We all think it simply most immensely brave and splendid of her to sacrifice her own feelings and come before the public in aid of her pet Cause. The stage dress she will wear for her skating act will be a good deal like that of a

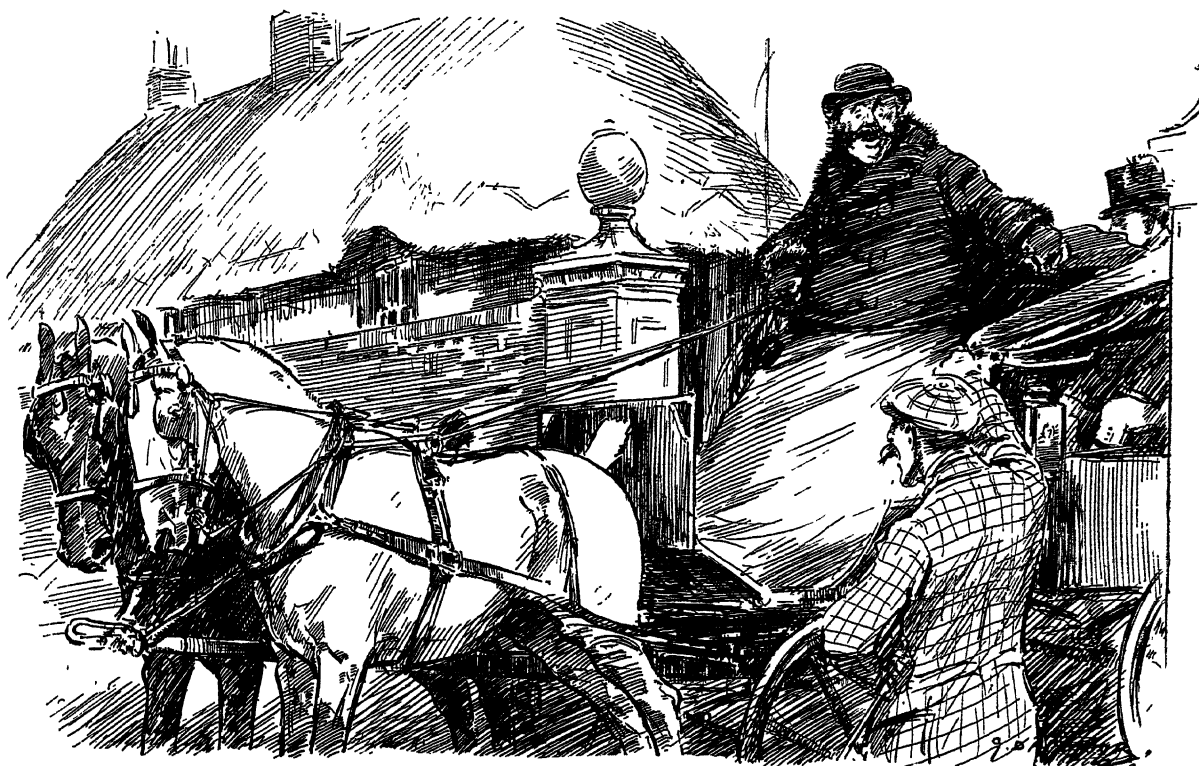


Friend. "Is it safe to send your stuff in a wrapper like that?"

Poet. "Well, I find it always comes back all right!"

I was in green, with a green one. Myself I carry the idea farther still, and hardly ever speak to anyone who doesn't match the toilette I happen to be wearing. Josiah was absurdly elated because I took him with me to tea at RUMPELMAYER'S the other afternoon. "This is as it should be," he said. "Husband and wife together." "My dear man," I screamed, "don't be so ricky! I'm only wearing you to-day because I'm in red, and you've a red complexion!"

Bosh and Wee-Wee aren't so comfy



ON THE EVE OF THE POLL.

Opulent Radical (largely interested in land and brewery shares). "I'M AFRAID WE SHALL GET IN AGAIN, I'M AFRAID WE SHALL."

Principal Boy, with high military boots and a fur cap.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people continue their efforts to be in the movement, in spite of the snub courteous, the snub with circumstance, and the snub direct, as MILTON says. They've bought the Oligores' place in Sussex, and on New Year's Eve gave one of those "Good Resolutions" parties that have been so popular. Towards midnight, you know, dancing stops, and everyone writes down a good resolution for the New Year. You needn't put your name, so you can say just what you like. Then, when midnight's past, someone reads the good resolutions aloud, and prizes may be given for the funniest. Well, the crowd at the B.-B.s' wrote down their good resolutions and they were all shaken together in a bag. Presently old Bullyon-Boundermere stood up and began to read them aloud (the poor wretches had a lot of swagger prizes ready), and oh, my dear, my dear! what do you think most of the people had written as their good resolution? "*Never to come here again!*"

Have you heard the rumour that spring coats are to be quite, quite short and hats small and saucy, also that gowns will be flouncier and frillier, and that with these more joyous and expansive frocks plenty of laughter will be correct? Ever thine, BLANCHE.

ONE CANDIDATE TO THE OTHER.

BILLY, old boy, we've had a merry fight, Arguing, ranting, raving, day and night, Much as a pair of monomaniacs might.

But let me whisper, ere the frantic din Which marks the close of battle shall begin, *I hope with all my heart that you'll get in!*

'Tis not that I have wavered in my creed; I'm ready, as before, to fight and bleed For Unionism. Yes, I am indeed.

I still regard your Budget as a curse, A Socialistic plot, a—something worse; I can't explain it very well in verse.

I still believe your policy would tend To cause our mighty Empire to descend To very small potatoes in the end.

I still esteem the House of Lords—but stay, Why need I tell you this? I'll merely say I grow more Tory-minded every day.

Nor is it, Billy, that I lack the grit To show my face at Westminster, and sit Among the Nation's Chosen. Not a bit.

But I am very fearful, I confess; And this is what occasions my distress—I never could live up to *The Express!*

Physical Development.

From the catalogue of the National Loan Exhibition:—

"He is seated, wearing a wig and gown; his right elbow is on the table by his side; his left forefinger to his forehead; his left arm is bent and he has a ring on the little finger; his left hand rests on his hip."

Compare the above with the following passage from a concert programme:—

"A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee.
Sing willow, willow, willow."

We have tried both positions and can recommend them to sufferers from any of the usual complaints.

"Colonel Seeley, addressing a meeting at Liverpool, protested against the sinister attempts to stir up strife with Germany."

AN EXPLANATION. LATER.

Colonel Seeley explains that what he really said at Liverpool was that the pauper disqualification would be removed, and the number of Old Age Pensions thus increased."—*Bangalore Daily Post*.

In a big building it is often hard to catch the exact words.

"Boy scouts are entirely non-political. So also, but to a still greater degree, is the Boy Scouts Assistance Association."—*Evening Standard*.

The B.S.A.A. can never even have heard of the Budget.

THE ERNEST SMILES SELF-HELP RESTAURANT.

(Extracts from Prospectus)

"EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE SMILI."

MR. ERNEST SMILES, before resorting to the *Self-Help* regimen, suffered from cramp, club feet, diplopia, elasmobranchitis, pongo-pongo, the gorbles, and many other incurable ailments. He has now eliminated them all from his system and has demonstrated that he has benefited mentally as well as physically from the new treatment, by writing: (1) *Spiritual Law in the Vegetable World*; (2) *Suction Gas Breathing* (the standard work on the subject); by composing his famous Honey Pudding Polka, dedicated to Mrs. Tita Bedale, and by winning back the Vegetarian Spillikins Championship in his forty-third year.

TRIAL TRIPS BY FAMOUS FEEDERS.

Before Mr. SMILES opened his Self-Help Restaurant to the public he had his recipes tested at sample meals by no fewer than six hundred private guests, with striking results. Among those guests were the Head Master of ETON, the Countess RATZ, Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, Mr. STEWART GRAY (the famous Hunger marcher), Mrs. Chickering Chipp, Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY (author of *The Needle in the Camel's Eye*), the Countess of WARWICK, Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Miss TRULY SHATTUCK, ALGERNON ASHTON, Esq., Mr. ALEXANDER URE (the Lord Advocate), Dr. BODIE, Mr. CODY, Mr. P. G. KONODY, and others.

AN ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR.

As you enter you see on both sides and in front of you various books by Mr. and Mrs. Smiles on theological as well as culinary topics; also their famous *batterie de cuisine* (including the notorious Collectivist Colander, the Esoteric Nutmeg Scraper, the Deep Sea Biplane Fryer with polyphonic gear) and various food specialities (such as Desiccated Infants' Soup Snuff, Proletariate Palatinoids, Salsify Galantine, Beet-root Chocolate, Mud Bath Buns, Iceland Moss Meringues, etc.). Beyond are the tables gay with bunting—Sir PERCY is himself an occasional visitor—and the waitresses with their deeply spiritual lineaments, magnificent *chevelures* and rich meatless fruity contralto voices.

STRANGE MEAL-FELLOWS.

As Mr. Harold Bulbo once happily remarked, the Self-Help Restaurant is the Cranks' Clearing House. Here you may see a notorious Mayfair *roué* mingling his tears with those of a retired bath-chair proprietor from Rotherhithe; a prize-fighter unaware that his next-door neighbour is in the running for the Laureateship; an archdeacon

hobnobbing with a fruitarian secularist; a famous actress terrified by the proximity of Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER; an international Rugby three-quarter fascinated by the adjacency of a militant Suffragette; or an athletic musician sharing a salmi of toad-stools with an anæmic musical critic.

SOCIETIES WHICH PATRONISE THE RESTAURANT.

Among the Societies that have held meetings at the Self-Help Restaurant are The Universal Interference League, The Vegetable Marrowtime League, The Scilly Islands Suffrage Association, The Banbury Cake Walkers, The Anti-Tannin Tea Tasters, The Cryptic Skipping-rope Guild, The Teetotal Ballet-dancers' League, The Incorporated Society of Vegetarian Sandwichmen, The Phrenological Temperance Wind Band, The Christian Science Sea-kale Club, The Anti-Bootlace Association, The Side-spring Hand-bell Ringers, The Vegetarian Lion-food Institute, The Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Criminals, The Infants' Anti-Sausage Society, The Compulsory Sunshine Society, The All-Veg. Universal Brotherhood, The Anti-Banana Side-slip Society, The Amalgamated Toe-post Boot Subscription Dance Society, The Inner Light Society, The Anti-Saponians, The Anti-Forcible Feeders, The All-wool Dew-bathers, The Barefoot Brigade, The Chestnut Salon, The National Feline Defence League (President, Baroness Puszkina), The Upper Tooting Almack's Club, The Farinaceous Free Fooders, The One Boy One Skate Association, and The Brixton Neo-Platonic Barley-water Federation.

THE SELF-HELP RESTAURANT PROGRAMME.

Monday, 17th.

11—1. School of Arctic Cookery.

2.30 P.M. Lecturette by Professor Bastable Chump: "Levitation," with musical illustration by the Lower Tooting Flute Quartet.

3.30 P.M. Sermonette: "The Duties of Demonology," by Madame Hesper Haddock, followed by Occult Dancing Class.

5 to 6.30 P.M. Lecturette: "How to tell Character by Tea Leaves," with Lime-light illustrations, by the Countess Tassila Banffy. ADMISSION FREE, including lime-juice.

7.0 P.M. Professor PETER LATHAM will lecture on the "Gnostic Propaganda of the Grille." Admission Free. A Silver Collection in aid of the Silver Grille.

8.0 P.M. Lecture by Miss Ediss Jaskit: "The Need of Hallucination," with Chirollogical illustrations by the Beckenham Tomato Omelette Coterie.

9.0—11.30 P.M. Annual Dance of the Occult Breathing League (President,

Blanco Mandible, Esq.). Admission, 1s. Lucky Tub Refreshment Tickets, 6d. each. Reincarnation Polkas, Gnostic Barn-dances, Psychometric Lancers, Sleep Cake-walking, by the President and Mrs. Delia Warlock, P.P.Q. To wind up with an astral supper on the roof garden, at which each guest will be given two simulation chestnut sausages, one magical mince-pie and a glass of psycho-sherbet.

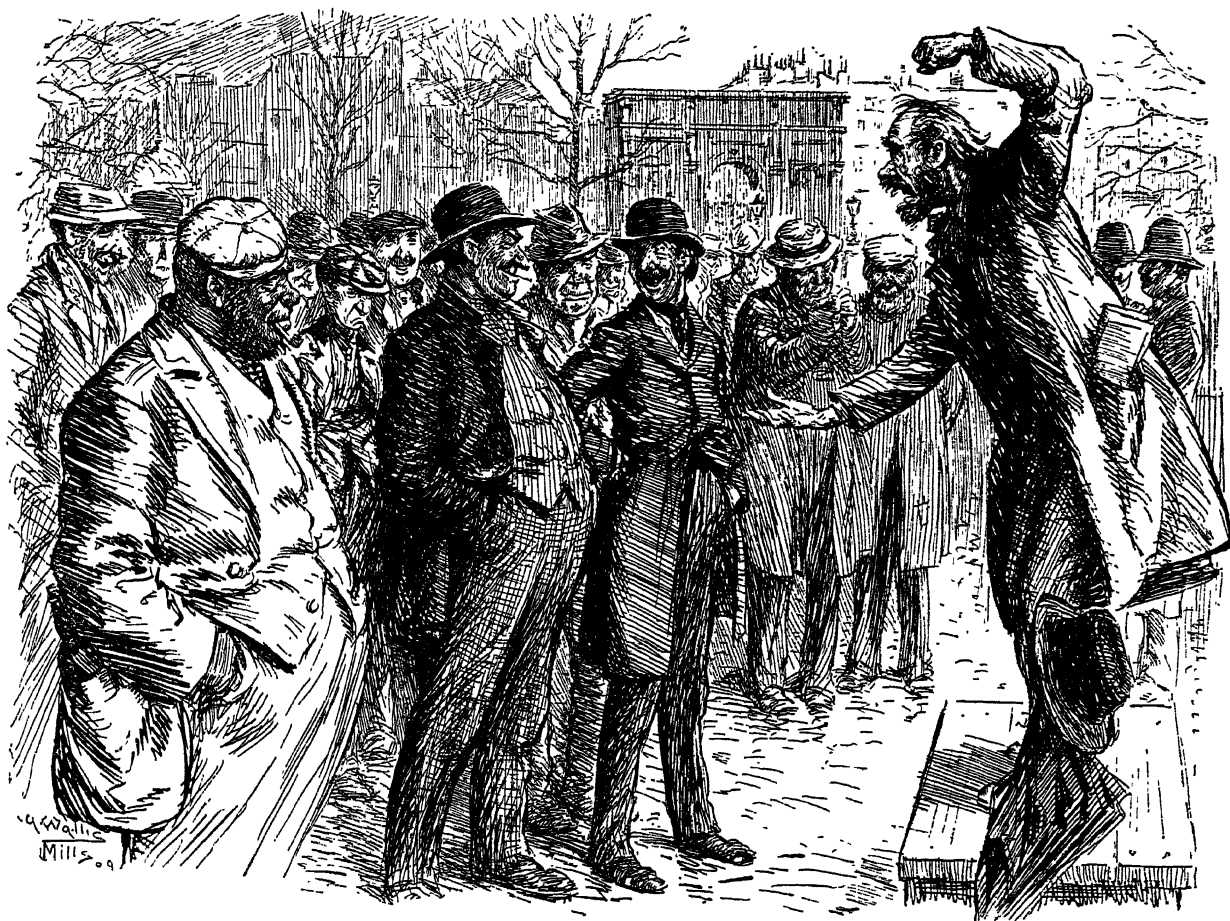
SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

GENTLEMEN, will you be good enough to range yourselves outside the door for a moment, while I explain, for the benefit of anybody who happens to be reading this, who you are, who I am, why you are on one side of the door and I on the other. At the end of that time I hope to be in a fit condition to admit you.

What happened, as counsel says, was this:—William and I agreed to share a flat in the Temple, and, having so agreed and told each other how nice that would be, we proceeded to take the flat and to occupy the same. Being mere men, we were a little surprised and pained to find no furniture in the rooms when we got there, for we had always imagined that rooms would at least furnish themselves. With the assistance of a West End firm, who had been established in the year 2 A.D. and on this occasion did most of the talking as befitted their age, we overcame that difficulty and settled down to live our happy life. But there were other surprises waiting for us. Rooms, it appears, are not only too lazy to furnish themselves but will not even take the trouble to clean themselves. Breakfast neither cooks nor lays itself, and things, speaking generally, do not happen unless they are made to.

Realising this with the utmost difficulty, we set about cooking and arranging a meal for ourselves, about which processes the less said the better. Suffice it that we managed to allay our immediate hunger and to nourish ourselves sufficiently to be able to smoke our pipes. Packing, lighting and combusting tobacco is the one process that men can satisfactorily manage for themselves.

They were ample pipes, but eventually even they gave out. We felt physically comfortable but morally anxious as to why the remnants of our food stayed on the table so long. At last we were forced to the reluctant conclusion that the clearing of breakfast tables is another of those things which do not happen but are done. Food, plates, knives and forks will apparently sit on as you left them for ever unless menial pressure is brought to bear on them.



Socialist Orator. "WHAT YOU WANT, MY FINE FELLERS, IS THE RIGHT TO WORK."

Chorus of Unemployables. "WHAT O!"

"William," I said, "this table ought to be cleared by now."

"It ought," he answered. "I will ring the bell for the servants."

"There is no bell," I reminded him, wearily, "and there are no servants."

"Then," he said, "you must get a servant," and forthwith went off to stay with his people in the country. That was a week ago.

At first I could not think how one gets a servant. Now that I have mentioned the matter to my lady friends, I cannot think how one does not get fifty servants. It almost appears that these ladies do do something sometimes. Can it be the fact that they do not spend all their days idling in armchairs and looking beautiful? Can it be the truth that, when we men regard ourselves as going off to work in the morning, we are in reality being turned out of our own homes to go and do nothing but look important somewhere—where it does not matter, while the women are busy managing that part of the world that does matter? Anyhow, I had only to mention my servant difficulty to a few of the leading members of the sex to be besieged by applicants. A word in

your ear, before you make any invidious remarks: the gentlemen outside the door are the said applicants. Let me tell you why they are outside.

It is now ten o'clock a.m., the appointed hour for the interviews of candidates. The first knock woke me up. Why I was still then in bed was because last night was the first occasion on which I had succeeded in making a bed possible to sleep in. If I was thus unpunctual, it was not likely that one of the fifty competitors for the post of honour would give himself away by being late on the first morning, so that before I had nearly completed my bath they had all arrived. There then they all are on the other side of the door clamouring for admittance. "But," you will say, "surely it is the servant's job and not yours to open the front door?" My dear friends, you show that you are no more intelligent than William by the way you harp on servants that do not exist. The whole of my potential staff is on the wrong side of the latch, and I . . . But that was in my ludicrous and almost indecent past. Now I am dressed and physically capable of opening a door.

Welcome, gentlemen, to my modest premises. One of you is to be my loyal if incompetent manservant. The question is, which? Come, you shall all set yourselves to work. Cook this morning's breakfast, wash yesterday's breakfast things, clean the seven pairs of boots that are waiting to be cleaned and remove the *débris* of a week from my sitting-room. The man who does his work best is the successful candidate. Set to, gentlemen, for I have the hunger of a week in me. Once that is satisfied, I shall be most genial and easy to get on with. Who knows that I may not be so happy and pleased with life as to engage the whole fifty of you on the spot?

Political Candour.

"ENTHUSIASM FOR SIR C. CAYZER.
DENSE AUDIENCE AT THE TREDEGAR-HALL."
Western Mail.

From an article in *The Westminster Gazette* entitled "Under Protection in Austria-Hungary":—

"Food amongst this class is very coarse, and in the county of Zips it is only enjoyed six or seven times a year."
It must be really enjoyed then.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH a good deal of the plot of *The Settler* (HODDER AND STROUT) is laid, as the name suggests, on virgin soil, I must confess that I prefer, as being more thrilling, that lesser part which is enacted in the outskirts of civilised Winnipeg. Some twenty-five years ago, I gather, Winnipeg had a colony of Slavs of all varieties—Polak, Croatian, Magyar, and the rest—and they enjoyed nothing so much as a two days' marriage feast in true native style, with unlimited beer and a fight and a fair sprinkling of knife-wounds to finish up. Some of the members of this colony were anarchists with a great yearning to liberate Russia from the yoke of the tyrant—men who had escaped from Siberia, or just missed going there. There are exciting times in such company, and Mr. RALPH CONNOR provides these liberally. We are introduced to a blood feud (I will kill him. I have sworn the oath! Aha!), and things are lively until *Kalmar*, the avenger, is whipped away by the strong arm of the law. But of course an ordinary prison cannot hold him, and one looks for a brisk renewal of hostilities. The author, however, has a lot of local colour about settlers to work off, and so there is a long interval of settling, of a peaceable nature, during which one waits patiently for the reappearance of *Kalmar* and the fulfilment of the oath. At the end of the book he comes, but with a disappointing explosion-scheme which backfires and does for him as well as his victim. I was rather sorry about that, because, though *Kalmar* was an unpleasant customer, he was better than the other man, and I had a sneaking regard for him. But I daresay that is my bad taste.

The characters revolving round the *Faces in the Mist* (CLARKE) are not wholly unfamiliar to the novel reader. There is the *nouveau riche* American who comes over to the still Free Trade market with a marriageable daughter. There is the heir-apparent to a peerage who in consultation with his father, impecunious equally with himself, comes to the conclusion that the million sterling understood to be the dowry pertaining to the imported article is worth annexing to an ancient barony. Lastly, there is the British lover, untitled and not too wealthy, who enters the lists against the embarrassed heir of the noble backwoodsman, in the end unhorses him and carries off the prize. These are the puppets of the play, of a class not specially attractive. That makes the more creditable the success achieved by Mr. STEUART. He tells a rattling good story, artfully set in succession in the effectively varied backgrounds of the Highlands and Egypt. He has a great gift of presenting in a few strokes a scenic picture. Through the centuries prose and verse have been lavished on the eternal hills; yet I do not remember anything more briefly or more finely phrased than Mr. STEUART's passing impression of a Scotch

mountain, the scene of a tragic episode in the story. Great grey crags, "massed in the grim indifference of everlasting strength." *Pamela*, the heiress, is a charming study of the American girl. More subtle is the portrayal of her father, patiently but unwillingly dragged by the chariot-wheels of a vulgarly ambitious wife who doesn't mean to go back "home" and face her friends until she has captured at least the eldest son of a peer. By a pleasant paradox *Faces in the Mist* is a breezy book, full of life and colour.

When I was a child I found many disadvantages in my condition. I looked forward with confidence to growing up and becoming important. Now authors and playwrights combine to make me ashamed of being no longer a child. To-day it is not the thing to be grown up. Indeed, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD suggests and warmly advocates a cure

for adulthood. *The Education of Uncle Paul* (MACMILLAN) is undertaken by Niece Nixie, and directed to this point: that you can be a child even up to the ripe age of eighty provided you take the right view of things. You must, as *Uncle Paul* soon learns, stop trying to look serious; you must realise that clouds and dreams are the things that matter, that politics and meals are the things that do not. Nixie herself is the sweetest child, full of imagination and affection, wisdom and inconsequence. As a teacher she is less satisfactory, even tiresome. She knows too much; she explains too logically. Children, I know, can find their way "through the crack which divides yesterday from to-day," but when they discuss that process metaphysically they cease to be children. Thus, charmed though I was with the phantasy and the poetry of the book, I came at the end of it to three prosaic and rather dismal conclusions. The first, that we tend nowadays to spoil the invaluable child by injudicious booming and excessive limelight; the second, that we deceive ourselves in supposing that we can be real children without being young; the third, that there is, after all, something to be said for growing up.



"GREAT PERCY! 'OW DID THEY KNOW I WAS SUCH A LOTHARIO?"

THE AWAY OF IT.

"WHITHER away?"—that was the light-heart tone,
Our careless greeting, on that summer's day;
Little I guessed life should grow dark and lone
With her away.

But that's the kind of prank Fate loves to play:
You roam from temperate to torrid zone,
And ransack life; "A fig for love!" you say,
"And all his fetters;" then some Jill or Joan
Trips round the corner, "just by chance," and—hey!
Without her all the joys your life has known
Wither away!

"The will has been proved of the late Mr. —, who died intestate."
Tariff Reform means more of this. *Daily Express.*

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, we are told, before giving orders for the forcible feeding of the Suffragettes, tried the process on himself. So little inconvenience did he feel that he could talk perfectly well during the whole of the operation. So much for those who stigmatised it as inhumanity on the ground that it prevented a woman from speaking for some few minutes.

The TSAR, receiving the Chinese imperial naval mission, said that Prince TSAI HSUN's visit would tend to consolidate the friendship which had existed for hundreds of years between Russia and China. His Majesty might have gone further and reminded the Prince how Russia had quite recently poured forth blood and money on behalf of Manchuria.

MR. DE MORGAN's next novel, we are told, will be sold to the public at a halfpenny per thousand words. We understand, however, that it will not be possible to purchase a smaller quantity than the entire book.

We make no apology for quoting the following paragraph from *The Liverpool Daily Post*, for it undoubtedly deserves a place in our columns:—"We are officially informed that at a general assembly of academicians and associates of the Royal Academy of Arts . . . Jean Baptiste Edouard de Taille was elected an honorary foreign academician; and William Orpen (painter), F. Derwent (wood sculptor), and Ernest George Derwent Wood (sculptor), and Ernest George Academy."

Dr. Cook's whereabouts are still only a matter of conjecture. There is some talk now of fitting out a Search Expedition. This is not unusual in the case of Arctic explorers.

A Bill to secure the future of the Crystal Palace has been deposited for introduction into the next Parliament, but the difficulty of preserving a glass building in an age of aviation would appear to be almost insuperable.

About three hundred disused horse-omnibuses, it is said, are now lying idle,

and it should soon be possible to pick up one for a song. Here surely is a chance for the young doctor who cannot afford to buy a brougham.

"Skating at St. Moritz" is the title of an article in a contemporary. It is wonderful how the craze is spreading.

"AVOID THE WEATHER
TRAVEL UNDERGROUND"
says an insulting placard issued by the

The Duke of CONNAUGHT has left England for a hunting expedition in East Africa. This confirms the rumour that Mr. ROOSEVELT one day missed a lion.

POINTS FOR PATRIOTS.

(Generously supplied to Tariff Reform Orators by a Free Trader.)

GERMAN measles come into this country absolutely free. Is this fair? A ten-per-cent. tax on every imported measles would give the home article a chance. Vote for Tariff Reform and British Measles!

Do you love the manners and customs of old England? You do? Tariff Reform means better manners and MORE CUSTOMS!

Why buy eggs laid by hens who cannot speak a word of English? Tariff Reform means a Busy Time for Buff Orpingtons!

Ask your Pawnbroker how business is. "Very bad," he will reply. Quite so. Tariff Reform means Prosperous Pawnbrokers and More of Them!

When you dine at a restaurant the waiter is probably a German. Is this fair? No! Vote for Tariff Reform and reverse the positions!

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"Let each elector ponder on this question before entering the ballot box."

We pondered, and squeezed in.



"I 'EAR THIS JENKINS IS GOIN' TO GET IN; BUT DON'T YOU SAY AS I TOLD YOU—OR THE OTHER SIDE MAY LOSE 'EART, AN' I'M A LIB'RAL MESELF."

Underground Railways; but we must confess that the weather has brought it on itself.

"Well, I call it a most bare-legged thing to do," said Mrs. Jones on hearing of Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON'S appearance at the Palace.

Lady CONSTANCE, we understand, is dancing for a philanthropic object, yet her performance will serve to show other members of the aristocracy how they may be able to earn a living when practically reduced to their last shift.

"The conference between the Northumberland owners and men on Saturday in respect of the Eight Hours Act resulted in no definite decision. After sitting for some hours the meeting broke up, and the following statement was issued to the press:—

BE PATRIOTIC and eat — OATS.

LARGE Packet, 5d."

Western Mail.

So the time was not wasted altogether.

"Speaking at an overflow meeting at the Corporation Baths . . ."—*Daily Telegraph.*

How easy some things are made for the modern humorist.

BIRRELL ON THE BOROUGHES.

[Under the heading "Mr. Birrell's Message to the West," *The Times* announces that after the second day's polling, when the results showed that about 30 per cent. of the contested Liberal boroughs had gone over to the Unionists, the Chief Secretary for Ireland gave to a Press representative the following message for the Western Counties: "The boroughs have with hardly an exception proved true. It now only remains for the counties to do the same, and the grandest victory of our time will have been won."]

I do not blame a little bluff;
I rather like a dash of colour
Thrown on electioneering stuff,
Which even so is dull enough,
But might be vastly duller.

Yet, when the facts to Heaven cry,
If you are still for throwing dust in
The well-informed elector's eye,
Then I can only say, "O Fi!"
Or else "Tut, tut! AUGUSTINE."

The West, to which your message flew,
Defying facts as well as distance,
Is not the Wild West; it can do
These little sums of two and two
Nicely, without assistance.

Not only clever clerks on stools
But fat-head ploughmen in the furrows,
Recalling certain simple rules
Imbued in elementary schools,
Had totted up the boroughs.

Your West, in fact, had got to know
(You can't deceive these Occidentals)
That three in every ten or so
Who held The Faith four years ago
Had changed their fundamentals.

"Scarce an exception?" Ah, the touch
That lends to Truth a gloss and glamour!
I only hope you did as much
With those "exceptions"—verbs and such—
In your Hellenic grammar.

Still, you are just the same to me,
Thanks to old ties I would not dissipate;
And, after all, these things must be
In every famous victory
Like that which you anticipate.

So in the West where this occurred
May Charity extend her bounties,
Saying, "The wish begot the word;"
But please don't make the same absurd
Mistake about the counties!

O. S.

Taking German Leave.

The North-German Gazette, anxious to conceal the eager desire of the Germans for the victory of the Liberal Party, says:—"To whichever side, whether Conservative or Liberal, the majority of the British people gives the preference, we have, for our part, always regarded it as a matter for the British people to decide."

Many thanks for this very gracious concession.

"A local gentleman calls attention to a somewhat curious circumstance connected with the election result. If the figures for each candidate namely, 12,334, 12,270, 11,529, and 11,058 are added, together with 741, the figure by which Mr. Knott beat Mr. Stuart, the total is 70 which is the age of Mr. Storey."—*Sunderland Daily Echo*.
Subtract 10 and you get the date of the new moon.

THE COW.

I.

From William Hobsleigh, Pear Tree Farm, Farwell, Bucks,
to Ronald Campion, J.P., Blisworth Hall, Calthorpe,
Berks.

Jan. 4, 19—.

SIR,—On Monday last I was driving cows along the road close by and your motor car come along at a great pace it run into one of my cows and throwed her over she can never be the same cow again now Sir I am only a farmer and will you please to pay compensation I leave it to you

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

P.S.—The cow is very bad

II.

From Ronald Campion, J.P., to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 5, 19—.

SIR,—I have received your letter and have made enquiries of the driver of my car. He tells me that on Monday last he was driving very slowly and carefully owing to a fog, and was sounding his horn at frequent intervals. According to his account he was hardly moving at all when he met your cows, and he was on his right side of the road. No accident appears to have happened, but one of the cows slightly grazed the motor when it was almost at a standstill. It is plain that you were not exercising sufficient control over your cows, and under the circumstances I cannot see that you are entitled to any compensation, more especially as my man assures me that the cow was in no way injured and immediately rejoined her companions.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

III.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 6, 19—.

DR. SIR,—Yours to hand and cannot believe you would wish to do me harm but Sir the cow has been very bad and remains on a bed of sickness Sir she is not an ordnery cow but one of the best milkers and a great pet of the children and my wife too she has a swelling in her side the size of a marrer which was corsed by your motor car This is no threat but why am I to suffer the cow is now groaning in torchers and we cannot bare it shall we say three pounds (3£) and no more heard about it Sir I am sure you are a gentleman

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

IV.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 8, 19—.

SIR,—I am convinced that my man gave me an accurate and trustworthy account of what happened on Monday last, and I cannot see, therefore, that I am in any way liable to you. I regret that your cow should be ill, but I am bound to believe that her sufferings are not due to collision with my motor-car but to some other cause.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

V.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 9, 19—.

DR. SIR,—We are expecting the cow to die any minnit and we do not know how to go on her side is now swelled terribly my wife is nursing her night and day but she cannot move her hindlegs Sir if you saw her you would say three pounds (3£) is not enough but as you are a gentleman I will take 2£ the house is all upset with it

Yours resply WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

VI.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 10, 19—.

SIR,—To avoid further trouble I propose to send a veterinary



SALT OF THE SEA.

MR. PUNCH. "WELCOME, SIR, AND MORE SEA-POWER TO YOUR ELBOW!"
[With warm congratulations to Admiral WILSON on entering upon his new duties as First Sea Lord]



SCENE—Housekeeper's room. Enter excited family with letter from schoolboy brother.

E. F. "HURRAH! MRS. RUGGLES, ARCHIE HAS GOT HIS 'FIRST FIFTEEN' COLOURS!"

Mrs. R. "WELL, WELL—BLESS HIS HEART, THAT'S GOOD NEWS. AND HOW MANY MORE WILL HE HAVE TO GET?"

surgeon to your farm the day after to-morrow at 11.30 in the morning. If he certifies that the cow was really injured by the collision and is suffering from that cause I shall be quite ready to pay reasonable compensation.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

VII.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 11.

DR. SIR,—Our cow died last night and we are now berrying her so it is no use sending over Sir I am a poor man and so is my wife but we want justice that is all we want we are willing to take ten shillings for we dont want to be hard on anybody.

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSEIGH.

VIII.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 12.

SIR,—I regret to hear of the death of your cow. In order to avoid further correspondence I enclose a P.O. for 10s., which please acknowledge.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

Rumoured Deafness of a Colonial Premier.

The Canadian House of Commons has overwhelmingly rejected a motion to abolish the Second Chamber. In opposing this motion Sir WILFRID LAURIER is reported to have said that he had "never heard it suggested, even by the most Radical of Radicals, that the House of Lords should be done away with." If Sir WILFRID has failed to catch the trumpet-notes of our Radical Press, we are afraid that he must be suffering from a serious defect of the tympanum.

THE BOY IN THE STREET.

THERE'S an undersized tyrant who governs our lives,
From whom the police have no power to protect us,
A cynic whose sarcasm always "arrives,"

Who, though we're his betters, declines to respect us;
The hurling of gibes is his principal joy,
And the "man in the street" is no match for "the boy."

With hands in his pockets and jaws on the munch

He comes, an unwashed but intelligent creature;
On his mouth the remains of his breakfast and lunch
Form a permanent crust round that flexible feature;
His manners are easy though hardly discreet;
He's the crudest of critics, the boy in the street.

In taste he's a Tory, impatient of change,

And the costume that marks an inflexion of fashion
Is greeted as soon as it comes into range

With a gesture of scorn or a start of compassion;
His comments are rude and his juvenile squeak
Brings a frown to the brow or a blush to the cheek.

Oh, child! you are hardly aware of the power

Of the sceptre you wield in sartorial matters;
Your influence governs our taste in the hour

When we're making a choice at the hosier's or hatter's;
And the "latest creation" or "ultra smart line,"
With you at the back of our heads, we decline.

Aphorism for the Week.

"It is far better to use a pin-curl than to cut one's own hair."
Sunday Times.

JEBBOMANIA.

A STUDY IN OBSESSION.

[Extracted from "The Morning Post" of April 1, 1911.]

NOTICE.

THE proprietors of this journal have decided to change its title from *The Morning Post*—the name assumed on the ever-memorable date of January 18, 1910—to *The Daily Jebb*.

[Extract from Leading Article.]

THE year opened ominously for England with the abolition of the Second Chamber, the disfranchisement of all persons with incomes of more than £5,000 a year, the disbanding of our regular army and the inauguration of the Irish Republic. But it is always desirable to retain a due sense of perspective in politics, and these disasters, serious as they undoubtedly are, have been altogether dwarfed and eclipsed by the imperial catastrophe which it is our painful duty to announce to our readers to-day. MR. RICHARD JEBB is suffering from an attack of influenza, and although the latest reports point to his speedy recovery from this depressing ailment, at least two, possibly three, days must elapse before he is restored to the full exercise of his unparalleled and superhuman powers. Meantime all that we can do is to assure our incomparable leader that the hearts of all his devoted followers go out to him in his affliction, and that they are more than ever resolved to spare no effort and stint no endeavour until the nefarious plague-spot of crypto-Cecilian Free Trade has been everlastingly eradicated from the body politic.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Polling in the South Salford division—where a vacancy was caused by the appointment of Mr. BELLOC to the Viceroyalty of India—took place yesterday, with the following result:—

J. PERKINS (Lab.)	6,120
F. EVANS (U.)	6,104
R. JEBB (Jebbite)	310

MR. RICHARD JEBB, in an interview with a representative of *The Daily Jebb*, said that he was entirely satisfied with the result. Not only had he purified his poll by fifty per cent. since his last candidature, but he had succeeded in rescuing the Unionist Party from the humiliation of being represented by a man who was tainted by the Free Trade heresy. It was true that Mr. EVANS declared his adhesion to the principles of Tariff Reform, but it was none the less true that Mr. EVANS's wife's step-sister had once been engaged to the brother of a doctor who had attended Lord ROBERT CECIL's under-gardener.

IMPERIAL VERSE COMPETITION.

THE adjudicators in this competition have awarded the prize of £100 to Sir HENRY MORRIS, who sent in the following set of verses:—

"Two heroes in the selfsame country born
The Channel and East Marylebone did adorn.
The first with ocean's wildest waves did wrestle
The second overthrew Lord ROBERT CECIL.
Nature, improving on great Captain WEBB,
When England's fame was at its lowest ebb,
Produced the ever-glorious RICHARD JEBB."

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

THE subscriptions for the National and Imperial Testimonial have now reached a total of £2,409 16s. 11d. Amongst the latest subscribers are the following:

	£	s.	d.
Anti-Cecilian	5	5	0
Jebusite	10	6	
Three Robertophobes ...	1	10	0
"J'accuse Boyton"	2	6	
Sursum Cauda	1	1	0
A (Lord) Bob-slayer	7	6	

THE Committee entrusted with the task of determining the form of the testimonial have now unanimously reported in favour of the erection in the courtyard of the Hotel Cecil of a colossal group of statuary representing the modern RICHARD CŒUR DE LION slaying the Dragon of Free Trade.

NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

WE have received the gratifying intelligence that the University of Woolloomooloo has conferred the honorary degree of D.I.T. (Doctor of Imperial Thought) on Mr. RICHARD JEBB for his noble services to the Empire.

Telegrams from New York state that the residents in the post-hamlet of Cecil, Washington Co., Pa., by an overwhelming majority have resolved to change its name to that of Jebbville, as a tribute of their undying respect to the greatest Imperialist of the Twentieth Century.

WE have received a message signed by three hundred prominent Tierra del Fuegians conveying their deep and loyal sympathy with the policy of this paper and stating that at a public meeting Lord ROBERT CECIL was burned in effigy.

A deputation of loyal tribesmen from Northern Nigeria waited on the Colonial Secretary yesterday with a view to the alteration of the name of the town of Jebba by the omission of the last letter. Mr. KEIR HARDIE promised his most sympathetic consideration, and the deputation retired singing the National Anthem in the Yoruba dialect.

THE REMONSTRATOR.

II.—ABANAZAR.

ALTHOUGH when I saw him on the previous night he had been covered with grease paint and was dressed outlandishly, I recognised him instantly by his voice, a mellow, fruity organ, in which he said everything four times—that being at once one of his humorous tricks and a device to conceal the fact that he had never allowed his part to distress him, if indeed a part had been written for him at all—a voice, too, in which he said without thinking again most of the things that ran through his nimble and exceedingly sophisticated mind.

"I am glad to meet you," I said, "because I saw your performance last night, and one or two things you said perplexed me a little."

He laughed. "That often happens," he replied. "You see, I say a few things at most performances purely for a few friends in the stalls, or even for the other actors."

"Oh, do you?" I remarked. "That's very interesting. How do the authors like it?"

"Authors!" He was really amused this time. "I never act in plays where the authors count."

"Well, then," I said, "how do the audience like it?"

"Oh, they like it, of course. Look at the crowded houses."

"Yes—but look at the crowded cast too. Is it all for you?"

He let that pass.

"Any way," I said, "granted the fascination of hearing a comedian say things that one cannot understand, surely there must be a certain residuum who rather like to see the point of every joke."

He admitted it.

"And isn't it a children's pantomime?" I added.

"Of course." He was very hearty about this.

"And if a grown-up person misses some of the inwardness, wouldn't a child miss even more?"

He had to agree.

"Well, is that quite playing the game?"

"Oh, come," he said, "one can't say everything for children."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a grown-up show too, you know."

"But don't such grown-ups as go willingly reduce themselves to children? Isn't that rather the idea? Especially nowadays with so much confessedly purely childish competition?"

He did not argue the point.

"Well, then, why not talk so that children will be made happy?"

"Don't I?" he asked.

"Last night," I replied, "you said to *Aladdin*, 'For heaven's sake stop calling for your mother, like a flapper in a fog on Clapham Common.' What did that mean?"

"It's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Well, that's just it. If it is really simple it's anything but humour for children. It either means something or nothing. If it means nothing it's no great shakes as a simile; if it means anything it means too much."

"Oh, I say, aren't you overdoing the charge?"

"Not a bit—at a children's pantomime. If you said it at one of your musical comedies, where one goes to hear such things and is disappointed if one does not get them, I should say nothing. But not at a pantomime."

"But *Abanazar* was a bad man. He would not choose his topics."

"Oh, no, that won't do at all," I said. "You can't have it both ways. If you made the faintest effort to play the part of *Abanazar* consistently—if you really explained your position and made the audience know your purposes and reasons, that plea might stand; but you don't. In a pantomime notable for the realistic faithfulness of the *Aladdin* and the *Widow Twankey* and the *Princess*, you are conspicuously a detached undefined figure—a humorous anarchist."

"But the audience laugh!"

"Oh, yes, I know. That, alas, always happens."

SOME SEASONABLE TABLE DELICACIES.

1. THE ST. KILDA HOLD-ALL.—It is not always wise to transplant a local dish, but the following instructions will afford, if carefully carried out, an excellent imitation of a favourite luxury of the Lonely Isle. Take two strips of seasoned old leather four inches wide and about nine in length. Cut up a bar of yellow soap into little cubes, mix these with tasty odds and ends from the pantry (scraps of cheese-rind, potato-peelings, or jam-labels), add three penny pieces of indiarubber, shredded finely, and spread the mixture thickly over one of the strips. Pepper it well, cover carefully with remaining strip, then let a saddler or a shoemaker machine the two edges thoroughly—the lockstitch will be best in case any of the contents try to escape. Bake in a stewpan for ten hours and serve hot. Get a good grip and bite well into it, and the result will be most satisfying.

2. PLUM PUDDING.—Put a quart of water into a saucepan (press it in tightly) and set on a quick fire. Pour in two currants, having first sorted them and wiped them well with a damp



Jern. "I SAY, TOM, WE WON FIFTEEN MORE SEATS YESTERDAY!"

Tom. "I LIKE YER CHEEK—'WE,' INDEED! GET YOUR VOTE AND THEN TALK ABOUT 'WE'!"

cloth; have a piece of wood handy to hit them if they should get nasty and try to hop out. Colour with one teaspoonful of red sandstone. Now make a thick paste of brickdust and flour and stir it in. Brood over it for twenty minutes or so, and when the whole thing begins to set, arrange the two currants in any pretty pattern on the top, and leave it to cool. Chop it out of the saucepan and serve as required, garnished with holly and onions. This pudding will keep for months.

3. TURNIPS À LA Russe.—Hollow out two large turnips as though you intended to construct a turnip-lantern, rub the insides with camphorated oil, and prepare the following ingredients: One carriage candle shaved down finely, wick removed; half-a-pint of sawdust (to give consistency); a pound

of suet, and the shells of six walnuts. Melt the wax and stir in the sawdust; melt the suet and stir in the walnut-shells (which must be smashed up well); melt the lot, and add whatever flavouring you prefer—a peppermint-drop gives piquancy, but many persons use a pinch of acetylene gas. Then, while the mixture is still semi-fluid, stuff it into the turnips, and glue a piece of wood over the apex. Boil for one hour, remove lids, cut in slices and serve at once. If any are left they make splendid fire-lighters.

"It has everything to gain and nothing to lose by Socialism, and everything to gain and nothing to lose by Tariff Reform."—*Evening Standard*.

"It" was Islington; which remained unmoved by the magnificent promise of both these creeds and voted Liberal.

A TALK WITH ONE OF OUR
DUMB PETS.

"How would you like it yourself?" said a peevish voice.

I looked carefully round the room but saw nothing. The voice continued, however.

"It's no use your trying to see me—I'm too small; but you can talk to me if you like."

"Very well," I replied; "to begin with, what are you?"

"I'm a microbe," was the disconcerting answer. "Oh, it's all right; I shan't hurt *you*, old chap; I'm not as bad as I'm magnified to be, and I've taken a fancy to you."

My first impulse was to shrink from the speaker, but in the absence of any idea as to his position, I kept my seat.

"You haven't answered my question yet," the microbe continued—"how would you like it yourself?"

"Like what?"

"Why, all this badgering and moving-on business! It's making life unbearable for us microbes."

I nodded sympathetically in the direction of the voice.

"In the old days one *could* have some fun! What with fevers and wars and a decent plague every few years, one could put in a pretty good time; but now it's all medical congresses and carbolic acid! It's simply sickening."

I acquiesced vaguely, as the speaker seemed to expect something from me.

"I tell you, I'm fed up with life in this country, and if I only get a decent chance I'll clear out of it. Why, what do you think happened last week? A snuffy old fool in a frock-coat and spring-side boots shut me up in a beastly little test-tube and lectured on me! If I had not been fairly spry I shouldn't be talking to you now, for if you'll believe me the brute gave orders to have me put in boiling water! Fortunately the servant dropped me instead, and I managed to escape. But it was a near thing, I can tell you! I'm shuddering now, but of course you can't see."

As a fact, I was myself feeling anything but comfortable, but refrained from making any observation.

"Perhaps I ought not to grumble too much, though," continued the voice; "I've had some good times, I must confess. I had the happy luck once to spend the best part of a year in a sardine tin. It was grand! There was a colony of us, and we were as sociable a lot of bacilli as you'd wish to meet. All friendly and jolly and as thick as—well, very matey, anyhow. But of course it wasn't to last. I think there must have been a Jonah among us. What do you think happened? An inspector fellow came along and condemned us! Yes, it's

a fact, I assure you; he simply opened the tin, glanced at us in a most casual way, and ordered us to be destroyed! That's the sort of thing that makes microbes wretched."

"You escaped, however," I observed, somewhat unnecessarily perhaps.

"Rather! I escaped, and retired to a slum that I know of. I should be there now, no doubt, but some interfering council or board came and pulled me down! The alley, I mean. I hung about the neighbourhood as long as I could, but it was no good, I had to shift again. Now I'm here."

There was an awkward pause.

"Oh, you needn't look so panicky," continued the visitor; "as I said before I rather like you, but I couldn't dream of staying here permanently. Why not? Well, if you *must* know, there's a confounded draught in this room, and a great deal too much sunshine to suit me. I hate to say rude things to a host, but it's the truth"

"I lost my best friend not long ago; and it's wretched for a microbe to be alone in the world, I can tell you. Dear old Rex, he and I were the best of pals and never had an angry word. We were spores together, and were brought up in the same glycerine. Ever lived in glycerine? No? Well, it isn't all it's cracked up to be, you can take it from me. Poor Rex is gone now—sterilised to death! He hung on as long as he could, but I could see the end was near, when he became an attenuated virus. Rex absolutely wasted to nothing, and couldn't even look at a guinea-pig! He was one of the best."

My visitor was silent for a few moments: when he resumed he spoke in a more hopeful tone.

"Now the winter is here," he said, "I intend to have a change. One can't go on for ever in laboratories stuck between sheets of glass. It's too narrow an existence for me. Where am I going? Ah, that's telling; for all I know you're an inspector person yourself! Still, I don't mind saying it's in the country, and it's a pond with any amount of weed and stuff on it. Perhaps I shall have a quiet time there, and not be chased about from pillar to post. It seems too good to be true, but I'll give it a trial anyway. Good-night."

* * * *

The encyclopedia fell from my hands and I looked at the clock. It was four in the morning and there *was* a draught in the room.

"Japanese gentleman wants a Teacher of bagpipe (very simple one), who can teach it after dinner, once or twice a week."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Someone is looking for trouble.

"MADMASEL."

I CANNOT imagine why my sister did not attempt to break it to me more gently.

She simply came and told me that "Madmasel" was here to tea, and I was completely unnerved.

"Madmasel," I exclaimed. "Good heavens, what for?"

"To see us, of course," she replied lightly; "come along."

"But I can't," I cried in agony. "How awful! Is she in the house now?"

"Yes, she's waiting in the drawing-room—I came to fetch you."

"Well, I suppose I'd better find the picture-loto," I said.

In the old days picture-loto had been the great resource in all our French lessons. It was a very convenient game because you only had to say things like "Le lapin—comme il est grand!" and "L'oiseau—comme il est joli!" and you got through the hour in fine style.

"Don't be silly," said my sister. "We can't ask Madmasel to play picture-loto now. She hasn't come in her professional capacity—she's come to tea."

I shook hands thoughtfully with the air. "Bon jour, Madmasel"—"comment vous portez-vous"—"comme il fait beau temps"—I think we might say quite carelessly that we were just going to play a game of picture-loto when she came—and—

"No," said my sister firmly, "we shall have to talk."

"Lead on," I said. "I am full of conversation."

But outside the drawing-room door I stopped, for I had come to a great determination.

"No," I said, "I shall speak English. I shall speak my own tongue," and in we went.

"Good afternoon, Madmasel," I began cordially. "I am delighted to see you." Madmasel bridled.

"Mais le français donc, Monsieur—vous ne l'avez pas déjà oublié?"

I faltered. "Un peu," I said feebly, and searched about for some cakes to hand her.

During tea Madmasel talked volubly to my sister. I sat trembling on the edge of a chair, and every time there was a pause I said "Vraiment," and I thought this was going to do, but at length Madmasel turned to me.

"Et, Monsieur—il ne dit pas beaucoup."

"Mais oui," I protested, "justement je viens de dire 'vraiment.'"

"Tenez," said Madmasel, speaking slowly and distinctly as to a child. "Racontez-moi une petite histoire de votre promenade ce matin."



Father (fetching daughter from party). "WELL, LITTLE WOMAN, HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME?"

Daughter. "AWFULLY SLOW, DAD. THE ONLY AMUSING PERSON WAS THE MAN IN THE FANCY DRESS."

The worst had befallen me. I was solemnly to relate a little story of my morning promenade. I thought desperately. I would say I never took walks, or I would say that I was not at liberty to make my adventures public—anything to escape.

Meanwhile Madmasel repeated the request, and my sister threw in a little unnecessary translation, adding insult to injury, for I realised only too clearly what was before me.

"Alors," I began cautiously. "J'ai vu un chien, vous savez—"

"Et qu'est qu'il faisait ce chien?"

This was unfair. I had not thought of that.

"Il—il—il marchait, vous savez." It seemed a trifle weak as a story, so I tried again. "Il voulait traverser la route et puis un—une—un automobile squashait le chien."

"O—o—oh, pauvre petit—mais ces automobiles sont terribles—terribles."

I felt I had gone too far. Madmasel's feelings had been needlessly harrowed. I tried to modify the narrative.

"Est-ce que j'ai dit un chien?" I asked. "J'avais tort. C'était un chat tout-le-temps—le chat comme il est méchant, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel had never liked cats.

"À propos des moutons," I continued, the subtleties of the language coming to me as I gained confidence. "Laissons nous tous jouer un parti de picture-loto, quoi? Ça serait bien gentil pour le sake d'Auld Lang Syne, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel seeming at a loss, my sister endeavoured to explain that I had a great longing to play the game again.

"Oui, oui," I said, "le lapin comme il est grand, vous savez, n'est ce pas? Je cherche."

I honestly did go to look for it, but somehow it seemed impossible to return, and I hid in the box-room until the front-door had closed behind her.

Overheard in Harley Street.

Doctor. Well, I've put in eleven good votes for the Party to-day.

Friend. How's that? I thought you only had two?

Doctor. Ah, but I've been keeping nine of my patients in bed.

"Sir Herbert Tree could scarcely have made a more interesting announcement than that he has acquired a new play from Mr. Zangwill's pen," says *The Westminster Gazette*. We venture to differ. He could have announced (to give only one instance) that he was about to grow a beard, and oppose Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at the next General Election.

"Rooms for smug gentlemen, good table."
Jornal de Commercio.

Show this to your friends.



Coalman (who has been summoned from the street to a flat on the tenth storey—no lift). "HOW MANY HUNDREDWEIGHT DID YOU SAY, MUM?"

Lady (sweetly). "OH! I DON'T WANT ANY COAL! I WAS ONLY TELLING MY LITTLE GIRL THAT IF SHE KEPT ON BEING NAUGHTY YOU'D TAKE HER AWAY IN YOUR BIG BLACK BAG, BUT SHE'S BEHAVING BETTER NOW, THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

THE LAST LAP.

[For the benefit of Orkney and Shetland and other belated constituencies Mr. Punch publishes the following gems which a correspondent has forwarded with the request that they may be distributed among suitable organs of the Press.]

For *The Manchester Guardian*.—There has been no such crisis in English constitutional history since the last occasion on which the Peers struck an effective blow at the People's rights, in the memorable contest of 1066.

For *The Daily News*.—A spirited brochure, under the heading of "The

Duke Goes Caravanning" (showing how the Duke travelled a whole week without going off HIS OWN LAND) is about to be issued (1) in pamphlet form, (2) as a poster 47 feet by 3, (3) as a private telegram from Mr. CLESTERTON

For *The Daily Express*.—We publish to-day a remarkable cablegram from Our Special Correspondent in New York, showing that the custom of giving away grand pianos as Christmas gifts is rapidly spreading among the working-class population of America.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Lord LANSDOWNE'S letter, as we read it—we may be wrong, but it isn't likely—means

not only that Old Age Pensions will be discontinued under a Unionist Government; there is in it, we think, a hidden threat of an endeavour to recover the money already spent by TAXING OLD AGE.

For *The Westminster Gazette*.—The Bread Line in New York on Saturday was FOUR MILES LONG.

For *Reynolds'*.—Lord LANSDOWNE is threatening to rear pheasants in Hyde Park—the People's playground.

For *The Observer*.—We say once more—and it won't be our fault if we fail to make you believe it—that it is entirely a matter of taste. The German workman prefers the fruity, positive flavour of black bread to the insipid, negative flavour of wheaten bread. The latter, indeed, of which there is no lack in Prussia, is largely used for feeding horses, and this fact in some measure accounts for the admirable flavour of their horse-flesh, so different from that of our own bus horses.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Every vote for the Tory is a vote imperilling Old Age Pensions. [We fear it is no use sending this to *The Daily Chronicle*. It used these very words as headlines only the other day during the elections.]

For *The Morning Leader*.—The truth about KRUPP'S. Their enormous output of sewing-machines explained. THEY HAVE NO OTHER WORK TO DO.

For *The Daily Express*.—Tariff Reform means cheaper boots, meat for half-price, and BREAD GRATIS.

For *The Star*.—Tariff Reform means SUDDEN DEATH.

For *The Daily News*.—Vote for the Liberal and Old Age Pensions at 50.

For *The Daily Mail*.—Vote for the Unionist and Old Age Pensions from the cradle to the grave.

"THE TITS' INTELLIGENCER."

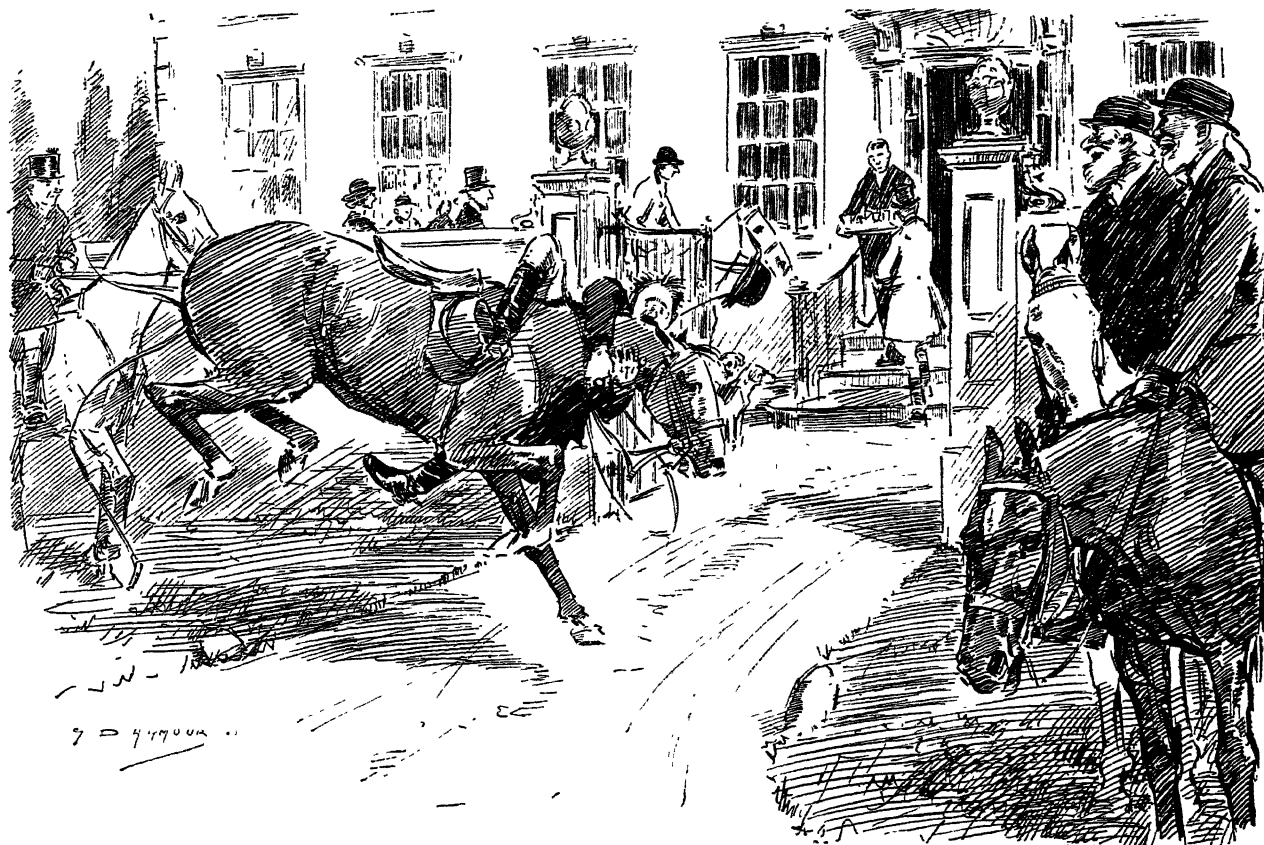
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am in a difficulty, and I need help. I have hung up in the garden a number of cocoanuts with one end sawn off, revealing the most alluring and appetising cavern; but no birds come. They have been hanging there for a month; but no birds come. The cocoanut meat is white and juicy; but no birds come. What shall I do? It seems that some bird gazette—some *Tits' Intelligencer*—is wanted to spread the news. But how prepare and disseminate it? Man is very clever: he can talk from London to Paris; he can fly; he can make telescopes and microscopes; he can telegraph without wires; but he has no means of telling titmice that if they care to stroll his way they will find cocoanuts and fat in his garden. This is very absurd, and in a way, humiliating, is it not?

Yours faithfully, BENIGNUS.



THE MANDATE.

LIBERAL CHAMPION. "I ASKED FOR A CHARGER, AND THEY GIVE ME THIS!"



POLITICS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

Conservative Farmer. "HURRA! THERE'S ANOTHER RADICAL SEAT LOST!"

THE HONOURABLE SCAR.

[A Yorkshireman is said to have laughed so uproariously at an election meeting that he finally dislocated his jaw.]

TRUE scion of a race uncrumpling
To Humour's ordinary thrust,
Whom beef and beer and apple-dumpling
Have gifted with the rhino's crust,
What was the devastating wheeze
That whelmed you with its shattering
seas?

What fancy of Euphrosune's
Caused you to bust?

Was it some flower of fiscal fables?
Was it some farce of German bread?
A *jeu de mots* on Tariff tables?

A little thing that WINSTON said?
Was it the Old Age Pension "slip"
That bade you let your buttons rip?
Was it a pearl from GEORGE's lip
That pinked you dead?

I know not. But from crashing thunder
To sounds of rookeries that caw,
From river sluices rent asunder
To beams divided by a saw,
Through paroxysms unrestrained
Of laughter that severely pained
You rang the chimes till you sustained
A fractured jaw.

And when the tale of wounds is counted
Of those who for their party's sake

To foe-beleaguered platforms mounted
And fought with mattock or with rake
To let the cause of Progress in,
And suffer now from voices thin,
And huge abrasions of the skin,
And skulls that ache—

On you I'll lay the crown of laurel;
With balm of Gilead I'll anoint
Your head, that in no angry quarrel
Acquired a comminuted joint,
But (oh, thrice enviable stroke!)
For joy and joy alone got broke,
At finding in some speaker's joke
A genuine point. *Evoc.*

ELECTION NOTES.

It is again rumoured that if the Liberals take office Mr. ASQUITH will still remain nominal leader of his party.

The Daily Graphic published a photo on the 17th inst. depicting the scene outside its offices when the election results were being announced. "The Strand was thronged by a dense mass of people watching the figures of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour gradually climbing the election ladder," said our contemporary. "Ah deary me," said an old lady subscriber, "there was a time when responsible statesmen would

have been too dignified to make such an exhibition of themselves."

"Birmingham is a *Trilby*," says Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, "and has no voice of her own, but sings whatever her *Svengali* suggests." *Trilby's* foot, too, was famous.

Liberals are pointing out that only one constituency—Exeter—has returned a DUKE.

At North Paddington, STRAUSS shows which way the wind blows.

An American gentleman visiting this country is vastly amused at the unscientific way in which we carry on our elections. He declares we are babies in the art. To mention but three points. If you are a Conservative, and a Radical canvasser calls on you, you should, it seems, not dismiss him at once, but detain him in argument as long as possible, so as to prevent his canvassing other persons. Ultimately you should tell him that you will vote for his man, and so make him over-confident. And, on the day of the election, you should get the Radical agent to send a vehicle to take you to the poll, keep it waiting a good hour, and then vote Conservative.

ON THE RANK.

(Growler speaks.)

KEB, Lidy? . . . Not 'er! She don't look the sort. Wants one o' them bloomin' gasometer kebs, I spec'. An' welcome to it. An' welcome to it, I says. It'll cost 'er more—an' perraps 'er life. Did you read in the noose-paper, the other die, 'ow a lidy an' 'er biby was killed in one on 'em? That's what we wants, lots more axdents like that, an' then the public'll give 'em up perraps, an' come back to 'orse-kebs. In any event I should say as them motor kebs is doomed, for we shall 'ave airier-kebs a-comin' along soon—I s'pose they won't call 'em kebs then, they'll call 'em flies?—an' then the taxis' noses'll be put out o' joint, an' the little tin gawds'll 'ave to come down from their frones. For they're only a passin' fancy. Yuss, don't you make no mistake, they'll find 'emselves stuffed in a mujeum afore long beside the pore old 'orse kebs, for all their fine close and the grand hairs they gives 'emselves.

There's them as speaks against LLOYD GEORGE. I ain't one o' them. In my opinion 'e's a werry good Chauncellor—a werry just man, an' a werry fair man. An' I'll tell you for why. 'E's clapt a hextra tax on their petrol. An' a good thing too! Let them pay as can afford to. They calls 'emselves taxis, so let 'em pay the taxes. Good old LLOYD GEORGE! 'E's done a werry just an' a werry fair thing.

My old 'ooman wanted me to take up wiv a motor-kebs. I says to 'er, "Look 'ere. Which'd you rather be, the awful wedded wife of a gentlerman what drives 'is 'orse, or the awful wedded wife of a bloomin' engine-driver? That settles 'er, for she's one to fink of 'er social standin', is my old 'ooman. An' I told 'er about pore Sam Empson. 'E give up 'is 'ansom for a taxi, an' what 'appens? The first day 'e takes it out 'is wife becomes a widder wiv ten children! No, a 'orse-kebs been good enough for me these forty years, an' it's goin' to be good enough for me till I drops off the box. Arter all, a 'orse ain't a bit o' ironmongery; 'e's a noble hanimal. ('Old up, Jenny, or you shan't go in for the Durby nex' year! Stand still!) An', mind you, we 'as our advantages over 'em. What 'appens when you're gettin' a bit o' somethink to eat in the shelter, an' the front kebs

moves off the rank? Why, the 'orse-kebs 'e moves up of 'is own accord, an' you can go on eatin', but the motor-kebs man 'e 'as to run out an' shove 'is keb! I've ofren cried "Yah!" to 'em for that, an' taken a swig o' their beer while they've been out! Oh, you can 'ave some fun out of 'em sometimes. Soon arter them motor-kebs come in I recollect I was passin' a bawdin'-ouse, an' there was a bloomin' German waiter outside—a little undersized feller, looked as if 'e'd jumped out of a box of sprats—an'

Huppington Gardens?" Well, you look 'ere, my dear. Tell your missus that kebs don't 'ave no bargain sales. Let 'er pay my correc' legal fare, an' we won't say no more about it, an' you shall 'ave a ride in my keb to the 'ouse frown in. Run 'ome an' tell 'er that, my dear. . . . Purty little thing, ain't she? Wouldn't mind takin' 'er anywhere for nuffink. But that's what 'er missus wanted. I know 'em well enough. She wanted a 'alf-crown ride for a bob.

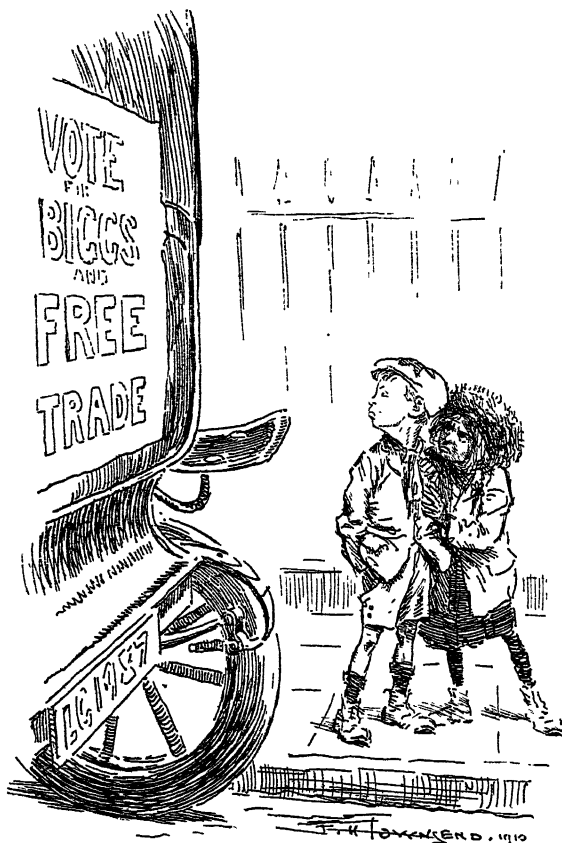
Ah, b'lieve me, you don't know people till you knows 'em. My experience o' people's this: A gent, 'e's nearly always a gent; but a lidy's scarcely ever a lidy. They're very purty as a sex, I'll grant yer. There's some as calls 'em "The Fair Sex." I calls 'em "The Bare Fare Sex." Mean? That ain't the word for 'em.

What d'you fink of the lidy what got into my keb yes'day with free children! She first plumps the heldest on 'er lap, then makes 'er take the nex' on 'er lap, an' that un 'olds the biby, an' then she refuges to pay for more than 'erself, arguin' as 'ow as the others was all in harms!

An' then did I tell you about the lidy an' 'er luggidge? Why, she 'ad about twenty pieces o' luggidge, an' there she was a-crammin' as many of 'em as she could hinside of the kebs, so as she shouldn't have to pay tuppences for 'em. "'Alf a mo', lidy," I says, "'alf a mo'." "Yes, what is it?" says she. "Why, I fink I can give you a little tip," I says. "Why don't you put *hall* the luggidge hinside," I says, "an' you an' the little boy ride houtside," I says, "an' then it'll only cost you tuppence each," I says. Mean old cat! An' there's plenty more like 'er.

You see that little servink-girl ain't come back agen. I was right.

Never mind, we gets quits wiv 'em now and then. I recollect once I 'ad a old crock oo paid me my bare fare, countin' it out in coppers an' freppeny-bits an' what not—I'm not sure there wasn't four farvin's among 'em—you know the sort—an' as she walks up 'er steps as quick as possible, I looks into the kebs, an' notices a di'mond brooch on the floor. "'Ere, what's this, lidy?" I cries. "Not a penny more!" she hanswers back as the door slams. So she keeps 'er penny, an' I keeps 'er di'mond brooch. Ha! ha!



ELECTION FEVER.

REVOLTING TORY TACTICS.

"YUS, THAT'S RIGHT, IT IS A RADICAL MOTOR. GIVE IT A KICK, BILL."

'e says to me, "Oh, cabman," 'e says, "please 'ow many times do you whistle"—they don't say "whistle" like me an' you, these hignorant furriners, they says "whistle"—"ow many times," 'e says, "do you whistle for a taxi-cab?" 'E 'as the cool cheek to ask me that! "Thirteen times," I sharts. An' Master German 'e believe me, an' I leave 'im there a-whistlin' 'is little German inside out. Ha-ha!

. . . 'Ullo, what does this little servink-girl want? Now then, speak up, Mary Ann. What is it you wants, my dear? "What would I charge to take your missus from hover-the-way to

ROBERT SUPERMAN.

Wild chaos ruled it in the Strand,
Folly and frenzy hand-in-hand;
Now rowdy Radicals with jeers
Answered the Tories' raucous cheers;
Now hooligans from Stepney, E.,
Jostled young clerks from Battersea;
Now West-end toffs and bounders
bounded—

All was confusion worse confounded.

Amid this seething sea, serene
In all the hurly-burly scene,
Unmoved like some great rock I saw
A god-like guardian of the law.
Though history was in the making,
Though British Empires might be
quaking,

Yet "he was more than usual calm—
He did not give a single dam."

There in the throng, alone, aloof,
I marked him, sphinx-like, passion-
proof;

No joy, no sorrow showed a trace
Upon that moveless marble face.
Tariff Reform, Free Trade, the fates
Of pettifogging Candidates,
For these he did not care a tittle;
It all was infinitely little.

To such as he what matter what
Amazing lies are nailed or not?
What matter if we pygmies eat
Black bread of rye or white of wheat?
Does the great lion heed the mole
That's crushed beneath his royal sole?
The forest oak-tree deign to mark
The ants that crawl upon its bark?

As when a sacrifice is brought
Before some carven Juggernaut,
The struggling victims shriek and cry,
With yells the howling mob reply—
Above the grim and gory scrimmage
Unmoved remains the graven image—
So, following the godhead's plan,
Unmoved was Robert Superman.

THE REASON.

I HAD always expected that when the Semiramis of Streatham married Smithers he would be made to drop poor Blithers. This intelligent anticipation was not founded upon the fact that Blithers was an old bachelor friend, dating back, indeed, to an epoch long before Theodora Trotter had been even thought of—by Smithers, at all events. Such a record might doubtless have prejudiced an ordinary girl against him. But Theodora stood upon another plane. What other advanced young woman, when she found that the wearing of green, white, and violet in stripes caused her to be left strap-hanging, would have thought of wearing these colours separately on consecutive days? But she had the Cause none the less at heart because she thus



SHAKSPEARE ADAPTED AD HOC.

WOLSEY (*Asquith*). "The fifth day comes a frost, a killing frost—
And, when he thinks—good easy man—full surely
They're coming up quite nicely, nips his roots.
And then he feels as I do! I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that climb on ladders
This many evenings in a blaze of glory—
(But it's perfectly evident there's been some sort of mis-
calculation somewhere!)"

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

cozened barbaric man upon the Underground into giving up his seat to her. And Blithers was barbaric—not, of course, in externals, but in ideas; and with so intellectual a girl I felt sure that ideas alone counted. His views upon Theodora's pet subjects could only be described as oriental, and he was brutally frank about them. A great traveller and a keen yachtsman, he was commonly credited with being able to give any professional sailor points in the number of ports wherein he had moorings of a more or less sentimental character. That one of the first official acts of Mrs. Smithers *née* Trotter would be to put the name of Blithers upon the *Index* was a foregone conclusion. I was agreeably confirmed in my belief by his conspicuous absence from her very first dinner-party. But his name cropped up.

"You know him, of course?" I asked.

"He called, of course," murmured Theodora, "once."

"Blithers' point of view," I began softly.

"Delightfully old-world, and all that," said Theodora; "I loved it."

"And his principles," I persisted.

"Beautifully naïve," she smiled; "but—"

"But?" I echoed.

"He started teaching Geoffrey topsail-halyard bends and things—knots you know—with a piece of picture-cord."

"Sounds innocent enough," I ventured.

"On the backs of my new Chippen-dale chairs," said Theodora.

The Art of Happiness.

"To enjoy garden work thoroughly, the gardener must keep the proper posture. Do not bend your back and work with all muscles strained."

And if you are a coal-heaver take care to keep the hands smooth and clean.

"Libearls, 75," said *The Daily Chronicle* last week. If the Conservatism of the House of Lords is to be overcome there will need to be more Lib Earls than that.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC.;"

OR, THE OBITUARY ADVERTISEMENT.

Now that death duties threaten to become almost prohibitive, it is clearly the business of those who inherit property to turn to profitable account every opportunity offered to them by a family be. eavement. We have pleasure, therefore in providing our readers with a few samples of obituary advertisement, modelled, to the verge of plagiarism, upon originals that are frequently to be found in the provincial Press:—

THEODORE PUFF.

The death of Mr. Theodore Puff, which occurred yesterday at his residence, Cranberry Lodge, Cherry Drive, removes from our midst one of the old guard of the pastry trade. Born in 1856, he was one of the brightest examples of the old adage, "Tis stodgy as does it." Educated at Edgbaston Grammar School, he rapidly showed remarkable leanings towards pastry and a pretty taste in confectionery, and when at the age of eighteen the death of his father left him an orphan he decided to seek his fortune without parental assistance. The deceased used often to tell how he arrived at Knockham with nothing but a halfpenny bun in his pocket. By a stroke of fortune, which he regarded as fate, he disposed of this appetising morsel for three farthings, and so laid the foundations of the enormous business in Main Street, which will in future be conducted by his two sons, William and John. He became early celebrated for his doughnuts, which are still justly admired, and are sold for the reasonable price of two a penny or five for twopence. Mr. Puff (*père*) always prided himself on the purity of his confectionery, the standard of which is maintained to this day. In later years his sons, under deceased's directions, opened a restaurant business at the back of the shop, where the best lunch in Knockham may be obtained at such moderate prices as: fillet of sole, 4d.; steak, 8d.; cutlet and tomato sauce, 6d.; cold meats, 6d.; cup of tea or coffee with roll and butter, 4d.; and so on. His motto was "Tip-top tea and no tips." Smoking after 3 p.m. Deceased leaves two sons and three daughters, who survive him. The funeral, which will leave Main Street at 3 p.m. to-day, will be furnished by Silk, Brass & Co., No. 14, The Ridgway.—*The Knockham Star*.

W. B. BANNER.

We regret to announce the death, on the 14th instant, of William Bright Banner, our esteemed townsman and a member of Salem Chapel, Dewlap Road. Deceased was in his 60th year, having been born of humble parents

in a Northumberland mining village and educated privately. When he was scarcely in his teens his parents left the North, taking him with them to Leicester, where, in deference to their wishes, he entered a boot factory. In the same year that the Prince Consort died, the late Mr. Banner, in conjunction with Tobias Flog, opened a small boot repairing establishment at the corner of Meadow Lane. Deceased, by his untiring energy and determination, which he owed to his mother's influence when still a child, raised the business step by step until he was able to erect the establishment on Pigskin Hill which is known to the locality as one of the best for high-class foot-wear in Little Mocester. The deceased gentleman, who by the way took much interest in municipal affairs, having a running contract for the repair of the boots of the Borough Police, used often to recall that when he started business, boots were 16s. 0d. per pair, whereas he supplied a trustworthy article in all sizes at 4s. 11d., or in patent leather 5s. 11d. His business, which has passed into the hands of his nephew, the deceased being a strict bachelor, will be conducted as heretofore, and for one week, to commemorate the decease of his relative, his heir, Mr. Montague Ephraim Banner, has determined to sell all goods at a reduction of two-pence in the pound delivered free in Little Mocester. The premises, we need not remind our readers, are the first on the left as you turn the corner out of Hurdlegate. For further particulars see advertisement on page 3. Deceased left instructions in his will that the sum of £50 should be expended on a tombstone, the order for which has been placed in the hands of Cockle, Lucas, Limited, The Crescent.—*Little Mocester Guardian*.

A correspondent writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Sir,—There are two remarkable coincidences in the figures of the Aberdeen (North) Division. The votes cast for the Liberal Candidate are exactly the same as the combined votes of the Conservative and Socialist! Further than this, the Liberal majority over Socialist is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Tory!"

Wait! There is yet a third overpowering coincidence!! The Liberal majority over the Tory is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Socialist!!! (N.B. We had a paragraph like this four years ago, and we shall probably have one at the next election. But does it do any good? No.)

"The bodily needs would be met and without any offence necessarily to the gustatory susceptibilities."—*The Lancet*.

Or "taste," as we say in England.

AFFAIRE DE CŒUR.

Corydon.

I'll take your photo, Phyllis dear,
And celebrate your charms right here.

Phyllis.

I cannot think what you can see
To sing about in little me.

Corydon.

I'll leave your photo on the shelf
And sing instead about myself.

When I was first by love possessed,
My heart was always in my mouth;
But, as the wild affair progressed,
That tiresome member travelled South.

For, with so many in the field,
Mine seemed the unluckiest of suits;
The more I felt my doom was sealed,
The more my heart was in my boots.

And then I tried to use finesse,
But failed my object to achieve.
He cannot hope for much success
Who wears his heart upon his sleeve.

I was indeed in sorry case,
For mine is not a heart of oak,
And, wearing it in such a place,
I naturally got it broke.

I thought to buy another one
And have it fitted on the spot.
The doctor said, "It can't be done,
You'll have to steel the heart you've got."

But oh! the pained surprise with which
The sympathetic fellow winced,
As I explained the fatal hitch:
"Twas stolen on the seventh inst."

Phyllis.

You pig, you might have mentioned me!
I think you've acted heartlessly.

Corydon.

Oh come, I say! Look here, you know!
You said yourself not long ago . . .

Phyllis.

You needn't argue. We must part.
I hate a man without a heart.

"Play started with the men ankle deep in mud and the sound of their running like horses flapping through a stream."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

For years we have told the children that the flash didn't cause the thunder, and now it seems that we may have been wrong all the time.

"SALE of excellent HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Piano, MARBLE BAS RELIEF of the 14th Century, by Don. E. Tello."—*Chester Observer*.

No Spaniards for us; Mike L. Angelo (N.) is the boy for our money.

From a Calendar:—

"January 13.—The Moham. New Year (1328)."
[Light up 5.15.]



Public-House Proprietor. "VOTE FOR IM!—NOT ME. 'E CAME INTO MY BAR AN' TALKED FOR A HOUR OR MORE ABOUT FREE TARIFF AND TRADE REFORM AN' LORDS EATIN' UP OUR LOAVES AND GERMANY SWALLERIN' UP WOT'S LEFT, AN' NEVER STOOD 'ISSELF SO MUCH AS A 'ARF-PINT O' BITTER, NOR EVEN ASKED ME IF I 'AD A MOUTH!"

A WHINE FROM A WOOR.

ONCE on a time, ere leagues for woman's freedom
Had shed upon the world their golden gleam,
Ere dames had stormed the fortress of M.P. dom,
The mere man reigned supreme.

No female dared to challenge that position;
She only lived to grovel at his throne,
Content if she obtained his kind permission
To call her soul her own.

Then, lovers' vows were food for maids' digestion;
Then, swains received their meed of fond support,
Or read in azure eyes the plaintive question,—
Why come ye not to court?

That was indeed a great and glorious era;
But now we mourn for moments that are not,
Since modern damsels bluntly state that we're a
Sad and a sorry lot.

Lovers, whose wounds still crave the same old healing,
Find when they come to throw the handkerchief
An absolutely callous lack of feeling
Almost beyond belief.

I love my country; I would gladly serve her;
But, since her daughters have no eyes to see

A matrimonial prize, I say with fervour,
"This is no place for me!"

Fixed is my resolution to escape hence;
I used to think my skin was fairly tough,
But kicks have been more plentiful than ha'pence;
It isn't good enough!

England, farewell, a long farewell; for why let
The heart remain a slave for chits to tease,
When there is many a comfy little islet
Set in the Southern seas.

Thither I'll go, a lorn and lonely wight who,
Grown tired of wooing Phyllises, may rest
Content to know some coloured beads would buy two,
Two of the very best!

"The result of the election is not considered at all in doubt, the general feeling being that Sir Lake will be elected. Only one person was killed."—*Leeds Mercury*.

Let's hope he belonged to the other side.

"She was attended by Miss —, who was attired in an écaru net princess robe, daintily trimmed lace, and finishing at waist with turquoise blue sash."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Very pretty, but it finished too soon.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr feeling about *The Anger of Olivia* (MILLS AND BOON) is that under less discreet management than that of Mr. THOMAS COBB it would probably have developed into a much more serious affair. Because undoubtedly *Olivia* had a grievance. She had been brought up to consider herself the daughter of a widowed mother whose husband had lost his life heroically at sea. Whereas her real parent, *Dick Banister*, had disappeared to America, without going through the formality of marriage. So that when this *Banister* suddenly turns up in London, very rich, and proclaims his intention of righting everything on the better-late-than-never system, well, one sees how upsetting it must have been for poor *Olivia*. If she had lived in Wessex, for instance, almost anything might have happened. As a matter of fact, nothing does—which I take to be one secret of Mr. COBB's popularity as a novelist. *Olivia* herself, a thoroughly nice girl, is admired placidly by two well-bred swains; one the insolvent but quite nice heir to a title, the other an artist and even nicer. *Banister* (who appears, somewhat unexpectedly, to be really as nice as anybody), seeing that an unmarried *Olivia* must remain an obstacle to his own belated nuptials, offers the first suitor twenty-five thousand pounds to take her and be happy. *Olivia* thereupon promptly accepts the other, and, her anger having by this time evaporated, the book leaves off as pleasantly as it began, having once more earned for Mr. COBB the gratitude of a nice-minded public.



INOPPORTUNE MOMENT CHOSEN BY THE MUSE FOR VISITING A RESPECTABLE POET.

TOM GALLON's novel (LONG) exhales
The praises of that type of scamp—
Unrecognised except in tales—
The pseudo-gentlemanly tramp.
The hero, nobly born as you,
Has fallen, but his cultured air
Shines like a bull's-eye lantern through
The rags which are his only wear.
At least, I gather so, although
His doings, as depicted here,
Lack that refinement which we know
Clings to the caste of Vere de Vere.
In fact, *The Great Gay Road*—the way
On which he seeks his chequered fate—
Is not what I should reckon gay,
Nor yet particularly great.
Still, GALLON's no raw hand; his works
Are nearly thirty (*vide list*),
And possibly in this there lurks
Some subtle point which I have missed.

Oblivious apparently of the unhappy predicament of his brother Peers, *Lord de Lys*, who is the hero of Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S *Romance at Random* (HUTCHINSON), occupied his time with a series of mild amatory adventures in different parts of the country and varying ranks of society, behaving always with that extreme chivalry which marks the knight-errant of monthly magazines, even if he happens to be a burglar. Not that *Lord de Lys* was that; I would trust him with a whole deer-forest if I had one, and if he stole anything it was merely the hearts of a procession of heroines, none of whom he met again, and none of whom I found particularly stimulating. The method of this rather watery *Prince Florizel* was to walk into strange houses and mix himself up with other people's concerns, generally love-affairs, and then, after having played Providence or made the place too hot to hold him, to disappear suddenly without leaving his card. Only once does an adventure border on the serious, and though these stories are pleasant enough reading they do not put any very exhausting strain on the emotions. I think *Lord de Lys* ought to have been roped in

by his fellow-backwoodsmen to serve the cause. He might have made a considerable sensation by appearing on the wrong platform and impersonating Labour Members.

I welcome Miss SILBERRAD'S *Ordinary People* (CONSTABLE) as a serious study of London suburban life—serious in the sense that it is sincere. Without holding a brief for Suburbia I think that of late it has been treated with scant sympathy in fiction. We have had countless opportunities to laugh at suburban people, but we have been given

few chances to learn much about them. Miss SILBERRAD is alive to the humours of Netherford, but she has not insisted upon them. Instead she has drawn a picture of the place which I, at any rate, feel to be true. We get a real insight into its little snobberies and cliques, so real indeed that were I to be suddenly planked down in Netherford I know exactly at which house I should hope to eat my early Sunday dinner. Mr. *Crickelby*, John *Cobham* and Mrs. *Toller* are typical Netherfordians, and (incidentally) my familiar friends. The book is perhaps unduly prolix, but in compensation we get to know these humdrum people and to realise that a most ordinary man may have at least one incident in his life which redeems him from commonplace. I regret that a touch of melodrama should have been added to John *Cobham's* love-story, for—to use a word of which Miss SILBERRAD is too fond—it is somewhat incongruous.

A Good-Plucked One.

According to *The Exeter Express and Echo*, Mr. IAN AMORY, the defeated Candidate, addressing his supporters from the window of the Liberal Club, spoke as follows:—“We will take our defeat like ladies and gentlemen. What we have got to do is to get ready for the next one (*Loud cheers*).”

CHARIVARIA.

It is commonly thought that the new Parliament will be short-lived. So Orkney and Shetland must push on with their polling if they want to be in time for it.

One of the scandals of the present Elections has been the dragging in of the name of the Deity by certain owners of Nonconformist consciences. An unwritten law is surely needed here. The KING is not supposed to be drawn into an Election. This restriction should be extended.

"Up to the present," said the Chanticleer of the Exchequer at Stourbridge, "Bills have been signed by His Gracious MAJESTY, but in future they have got to be signed 'A. J. BAUFOR,' 'EDWARD REX' is not enough." Rejected Bills, we take it, will be endorsed, "Arthur Wrecks."

"There is one thing in common," said Mr. GEORGE, "between Whips and little children. It is said of little children that they ought to be seen and not heard. And Whips ought to be just the same." We don't know if he was thinking of the Chief Liberal Whip's announcement as to the PREMIER's intentions toward Home Rule, but it is significant that Mr. J. A. PEASE will neither be seen nor heard in the House for some little time.

By the way, one of the most curious results of the Elections, it has been pointed out, is the defeat of Messrs. J. A. and Pike Pease, who whipped on opposite sides of the House. It looks as if there were something, after all, in the saying, "As like as two Peases."

Meanwhile it is said that a conference is about to be arranged between them,

now that they have so much spare time, with the view of seeing whether they cannot convert one another.

Next time Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON must really be more careful in his choice of a Christian name.

The Liberal Candidate for the Stamford division of Lincolnshire said in his election address, "I stand for a minimum standard of life and comfort *below which*

bellished and re-gilded by one of the last orders of the Government. This confirms the rumour that it is to be offered to the United Irish Party for a Committee Room.

Black bread is becoming quite the rage in Conservative circles, but it is an exaggeration to say that long queues of Tories may be seen every morning at street corners waiting while the local shoe-black converts their white bread.



Sandy. "HOOT, MAN, THE TRAIN'S GOING OFF THE LINE."

Donald. "DIENNA FASH YERSEL, WE SHALL NO HAE TO PAY FOR THE DINNER."

no person shall be allowed to exist." This proposal that every Labour Exchange shall have a lethal chamber attached to it is surely a too drastic solution of the Unemployment question.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the course of some severe remarks *à propos* of a political speech by the headmaster of Eton, advised him to stick to his last. This is rather good from Mr. CHURCHILL, whose last was the Conservative party.

The House of Lords is being em-

Government, it is said, is anxious to scrape together enough money for another *Dreadnought*.

Outside the collection box for the Children's Infirmary at Liverpool there has been placed an electric-light device which, immediately a coin is dropped into the box, displays the acknowledgment "Thank you." It is contemplated to introduce into churches a similar contrivance which will deliver an insulting message whenever a button is contributed.

THE ALTRUIST AT THE POLLS.

[On the front-window of *The Christian World* the total results of the elections have day by day been recorded, not under the natural headings, "Liberals" and "Unionists," but "For the People" and "For the Peers" respectively. *The Westminster Gazette* pictorially supports the same pleasant illusion with a slight variation—"Commons" and "Lords." If these categories mean anything, they mean that about half the British People have voted for the Peers instead of for themselves—a very noble performance.]

Most Christian England! They who deemed you selfish,
Who in the shape of poster, print, or song
Implied that your ideals were low and pelfish,
Have done you grievous wrong.

They pictured you as passing keen on spending
Your giant strength to strike the Tory dumb,
Moved by a single passion for distending
Your pocket and your tum.

They called on you to crush the vile encroacher,
To amputate the Peer's rapacious hand,
Laid like the paw of some insidious poacher
On your (the People's) land.

They trusted you would send to sheer perdition
These bloated Lords who longed to see you bled,
Who had designs, destructive of nutrition,
On your (the People's) bread;—

Monsters, whose bulging maws had ever fattened
On unearned increment of wine and oil;
Rodents whose teeth habitually battened
On your (the People's) toil.

And yet, with cheek presented to the smiters,
Taking a purely altruistic tone,
You beamed forgiveness on these belted blighters,
And made their cause your own!

Yes, in your myriads, drawn from every station—
Workers in towns and he that tills or delves—
You voted, like a really Christian nation,
For them and not yourselves!

I speak of England. Pawky Scots rejected
The claim of noble sentiments like these,
Choosing the primrose path where they expected
To pouch the most bawbees.

And "gallant little Wales" ignored the moral
Which in her bardic hymns you find rehearsed—
That noble knights should waive a private quarrel
And think of Others first.

(Erin's intentions I can scarce determine;
With Home Rule and the whiskey-still at stake,
Her manner towards the gentlemen in ermine
Is markedly opaque.)

Yet when the totalised results are sorted
We find this creditable fact (*loud cheers*)
That roughly half our populace supported
Its natural foe, the Peers.

Nay, though the Lords abused their light authority,
Consulting wantonly the People's will,
You justified 'em by a clear majority
Against the Budget Bill.*

* The result of the Irish Elections must be regarded as unfavourable to the Budget, since the Nationalists voted against its Second Reading. So that, without prejudice to the future action of the Irish Party, we may say that the United Kingdom, by a substantial majority, has justified the Peers' reference to the People.

So, lest we hear the voice of aliens crying
That you have let your chivalry go to seed,
Spent with the one desire of gratifying
Your own peculiar need,

Within our glorious annals be it noted,
And laid for future reference on our shelves,
How large a portion of the People voted
For Others, not themselves.

O. S.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

I ENCOUNTERED him in the train, some scores of feet below the ground, and he interested me, for instead of regarding the periodical outbursts of poster-scenery or endeavouring to evade the stony stare of the people opposite he was deep in the perusal of a little book. Not that there was anything extraordinary in this fact; but he read as though his life depended on it. As we stepped off the car, faced the wind, and huddled into the lift, I noticed he had a dreamy look. He trod on a lady's dress and met her glance calmly, while I, who saw that glance only as an innocent spectator, was compelled to shudder at its lightning. I stood near him as the cage went up, and my curiosity perhaps attracted him, for he lifted his eyes from the volume—the page had been kept by his finger—and met my gaze. He smiled; I smiled too, encouragingly; too encouragingly, alas!

"I never waste a single minute," he remarked.

"It is well," I said, "to occupy one's moments profitably."

"Yes. To that end I carry with me literature in lengths, if I may so term it, suitable for any emergency of the day."

"May I enquire . . . ?" I asked, as we tripped over the step and fell into the street.

"With pleasure. In this pocket I have five *Peeps at Parnassus*—twopence a peep—each containing material for a ten-minute journey. In ten minutes I can read one of DICKENS' sonnets, one lyric of JOHNSON'S, and one compressed edition of BUTLER'S *Decline and Fall*. For longer journeys I have the Quick-Lunch Edition of Assorted Authors: No. 1 comprises 'Nibbles at NEWTON,' 'Snips from SHELLEY,' and 'Chips from CHESTERTON'—it can be read through in twenty minutes; No. 2 contains a page from POPE'S *Essay on Man*—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted maliciously, "you mean THACKERAY, of course—THACKERAY'S 'Essay on Man.'"

"Of course—thank you. Also two of CARLYLE'S short stories, and HENRY JAMES'S 'Ode to Melancholy'; this will take up about half-an-hour. 'Fritters of Fancy'—another helpful idea—contains fifty three-minute touches, for use while I wait for lifts, wait to cross Piccadilly Circus, wait for the telephone, wait, in fact, for anything; it is so arranged that each item can be absorbed at a glance. Just to show you what can be done—yesterday was a busy time with me, and yet I managed to get through the 'Sonnet to a Grecian Urn' (you know that glorious thing of MILTON'S?); WORDSWORTH'S 'Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright'; KEATS'S 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'—"

"I have always thought VERLAINE'S 'La Belle Dame' one of the loveliest things I ever read," I murmured.

"VERLAINE, of course—the title should have told me—cne gets a shade confused occasionally; er . . . four pages of *Three Men in a Boat*, by EMERSON, and a chapter of *Omar*. Not bad for a busy man, eh? There is absolutely no excuse for the shameful modern ignorance of the world's best authors. In this way I regain the lost hours of youth, and incidentally become a brilliant conversationalist; my friends are astounded at the unerring manner in which I can fix a quotation. Allow me to illustrate—"

It was at this point that I wished farewell to this admirable representative of the age we live in.



THE POISONED WELL.

VOICE OF TRUTH (from bottom of well). "IS THIS GOING ON MUCH LONGER?"

JOHN BULL. "NO, IT'S NEARLY OVER."

VOICE OF TRUTH. "THANK HEAVEN!"



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE "CELTIC FRINGE"-CUM-CORDUROY.

Design for an appropriate composite costume for the "Ministerial Boy" returning from the wars with his "wild harp slung" all over him.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

INTIMIDATION, from all accounts, has been the salient feature of the recent Elections in the provinces. Several flagrant cases have been reported, notably from Carnarvon Boroughs and High Wycombe.

In Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S constituency two Carnarvon ladies had the effrontery to sport the Unionist colours, intending thereby to overawe a crowd of about two thousand adherents of the opposite party, chiefly quarrymen from Bethesda. These staunch Lloyd-Georgites—what a lot of "staunch" individuals there are at election time!—were driven to desperation by such dastardly tactics (another useful political phrase) on the part of a supercilious pair of aristocratic hooliganesses. The latter, not content with parading the badge of domination in public, carried their audacity to the point of exhibiting the same to the down-trodden descendants of the ancient Britons from the threatening portals of a Saxon post-office. To finish with, they attempted to carve their way with feudal

arrogance, aided by an escort of their minions, the police, through the huddled masses of natives, who were now goaded by panic and recklessness into protesting against this last act of tyrannical aggression and raising cries of "Kill the devils!" We are glad to say that this show of independence on the part of a cowering concourse, now swollen to some five thousand, had its effect in putting an end to the reign of terror inaugurated by the pair of female despots. Feeling themselves now their match, the justly exasperated inhabitants swept aside the police-escort and nearly stripped the clothes from the backs of their would-be oppressors.

Truly, with such a display of courage and spirit, there is yet hope that freedom may be won.

At High Wycombe also, the audacious promoters of a dump-shop went, for once, too far in their campaign of intimidation. The collective Radical worm began to turn at last and the emblem of serfdom was overthrown, gutted, and generally dispersed to the winds. The populace arose in their might and chased the pro-peeriff proprietor from their

midst. England has discovered at the eleventh hour how to deal with the autocrat, since a thousand sturdy patriots can now summon up courage to deal with one (or even two, if of the opposite sex) who would enslave them by sheer force of terrorisation.

These examples of intimidation should suffice for those who have hitherto been in doubt as to the exact political application of that word. But if further illustrations are needed we may say that (according to a speech of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, delivered a few days after the Welsh episode described above) it was intimidation "when great landowners came from outside to canvass their tenants" in these same Carnarvon Boroughs. Again, it was intimidation, in the view of a writer in *The Westminster Gazette*, when "the farmers and the landowners told the labourers that if the Budget passed and Free Trade continued there would be less work." On the other hand, it was *not* intimidation when Radical Candidates told the labourers that Tariff Reform would mean dearer bread.

So now we know all about intimidation.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER IV.—LAST MOMENTS.

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?" asked Dahlia, putting her head in at the billiard-room door. "I mean Archie."

"I'm waiting here for Kate," I said. "I mean Myra."

"Oughtn't you to be dressing? It doesn't matter about me—I'm not on for a long time."

"A rat-catcher's best suit is not an elaborate one; I can put it on in about five minutes. It is now 7.15; we begin at 8.30—hence the billiard cue. More chalk."

"Oh, *why* aren't you nervous? How you can stand calmly there—"

"I am nervous. Look." I aimed carefully and put the red into a pocket some miles away. "There you are. Have you ever seen me do that in real life? Of course not. If my hand had been steady I should have been a foot to the right. Still more chalk."

"Well, I want Archie, and I shall cry if I don't find him. That's how I feel." She sat down and got up again.

"My dear Dahlia," I said solemnly, "now you can understand a father's feelings—I mean, now you see what you women have brought on yourselves. Who suggested a play? The women. Who dragged me into it? The women. Who said rat-catchers always wore whiskers? The women. Who is designing me a pair of whiskers at this moment? The woman—Simpson. Who but for whom (this is going to be a difficult sentence) would be just thinking of dressing leisurely for dinner, instead of which we had a hasty snack and have now got to put on Heaven knows what? The women. Well, it serves you right."

"Don't be horrid. I want Archie." She got up for the third time and drifted out of the room.

I chalked my cue and went into a pocket without touching anything. When I say I went in, I mean that the ball I was playing with went in. You do see that? Very well then. I took it out and began to squint along my cue again, when two hands came suddenly over my eyes and a voice said, "Guess who it is."

"The Queen of Sheba," I tried.

"Right," said Myra.

I turned and looked at her.

"Golly, you do, you really do!" I said at last. "Did they always dress like that in the Bong era? Short skirts, long pigtail, bare arms—lovely."

"I can sit in the sun and look just twenty-one," sang Myra as she dropped into a sofa.

"Well, just at present you're sitting in the billiard-room and looking about

fifteen . . . How are you getting on with your French this term? I had a very bad report in the holidays, from your governess. The extra ninepence a week seems to have been simply thrown away."

"Aren't you excited?" said Myra, looking at me with sparkling eyes.

"As for Callisthenics, well, what I say is, 'My daughter is Church of England, and if you don't like it she can come away. I'm not going to have her stuffed up with all that nonsense.'"

Myra jumped up. "Aren't you excited?" she insisted.

"Feel my tongue—I mean my pulse, it's quite normal. And why? Because I've forgotten my part and I'm going to bed."

"It's a great responsibility our beginning the play."

"It is. Have you ever thought that, if we refused to begin, the play couldn't continue, and then the audience would be able to go home? My idea was to tackle the people as they arrive, and come to terms with them. I'm sure there's money in it."

"You aren't bothering, are you?"

"Of course I am. I'd give a hundred pounds to be out of it. No, I wouldn't—I'd give a hundred pounds if you'd always wear that frock, and do your hair like that. Will you? And you shall go on with your French, child."

Myra curtsied prettily.

"And I'll go on with my whiskers. You haven't seen me in those yet, have you?" There was a loud noise without. "Here they are, coming in."

It was not the whiskers, however, but Archie and Thomas in full costume: Archie in green, and Thomas in black.

"Hallo," said Archie, "I feel just like a conjurer."

"You look just like a grasshopper," said Thomas.

"My dear friend," said Archie, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "is that you? But you oughtn't to be here, you know. You came up the hot-water pipe, I suppose? Yes, yes, but they misdirected you—the blackbeetle department is in the basement. Well, well, it will be easier going down."

"Archie, Dahlia's looking for you."

"It's all right, she found me. She was nearly in tears. She said, 'Is that my Archibald or an onion?' I said 'Fear not, fair one, 'tis but the early crocus.' Myra, don't you think they've overdone the green rather? To be quite frank I don't see why a conjurer should be dressed in green at all."

"To distinguish him from the rat-catcher in brown, the executioner in black, and the Master of the Gold Fish in red."

"I had thought that perhaps a certain aptitude for legerdemain might so dis-

tinguish him. But I perceive that I am wrong. Hallo, why aren't you in brown, then?"

"I'm going on like this," I explained. "I was going to have changed, but now I've seen you two I don't think I will. With my ordinary clothes, one whisker—probably the starboard one—and a little insouciance, I shall be a great success."

"What annoys me," said Thomas, "is that in the early Bong age they had no bally pockets. I've simply got nowhere to keep a handkerchief."

"Keep it behind the scenes; and then if you blow your nose immediately before the execution, and again immediately after it, you ought to be all right."

"It isn't for that; it's in case I want to cry."

"It's all right for me," said Archie. "I've simply got to say, 'Now can anybody in the audience oblige me with a handkerchief?' and I shall get dozens."

"Then I shall probably touch you for one. Great Irvings, is this really Simpson?"

The Emperor Bong was making a splendid entry, looking (except for his spectacles) exactly like an emperor.

"Rise, rise," he said. "Stop grovelling. Oh, look here, you fellows, when I say 'On the stomach!' then you must—Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Mannering, I didn't see you were there."

"Where are my whiskers?" I asked sternly.

"My dear old chap, I couldn't do them; there wasn't enough to go round. I made two nice little eyebrows instead—you'll find them on your dressing-table. 'Oh, I am the Emperor Bong, I am beautiful, clever and strong. I am beauti—' Do you think I ought to wear my spectacles or not?"

There was a loud shout of "No!"

"Oh, all right. But I shall probably fall over the sunset or something. Thomas, if you see me wandering into a new moon, tap me on the head with your axe. Why isn't my rat-catcher dressed?"

"He was waiting for his whiskers."

"That's perfectly absurd. You could have grown a pair in the time. Go and dress at once."

"I refuse to do anything till quarter-past eight," I said. "If I get into my things now all the atmosphere will have worn off by the time we begin."

"It's worn off me a long time ago," said Thomas dismally.

"And me," said Myra, with a shiver.

"Well, we're all very miserable," said Archie; "let's have a bottle of something. What? Oh, hush! Simpson, just ring the bell, and I'll show you a little conjuring trick. There's nothing on the table at present, is there? No. Well now, you watch."

A. A. M.

THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.



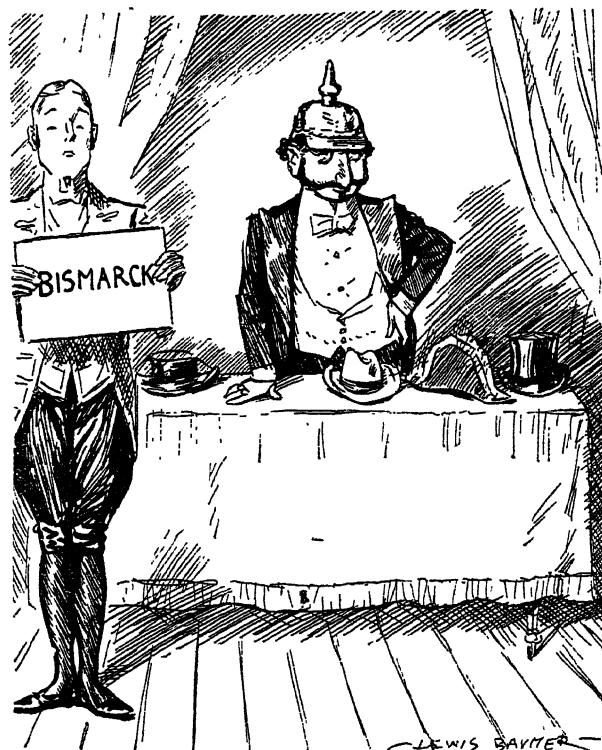
THE DUKE OF DULMINSTER SINGS AS MUCH AS HE CAN REMEMBER OF "PUT ME AMONG THE GIRLS," WITH THE IDEA OF FOUNDING A HOME FOR INDIGENT LANDOWNERS.



WHILE HER GRACE TAKES HER PET DOGS ROUND THE HALLS FOR THE BENEFIT OF BROKEN-DOWN M.F.H.'S.



MRS. "OOFY" GOLDBERG STARS AS A TRICK CYCLIST, THEREBY ESTABLISHING A REFORMATORY FOR STRAY CATS.



WHILE HER HUSBAND GIVES HIS GREAT "IMPERSONATOR" ACT IN AID OF A FUND TO FACILITATE THE REPATRIATION OF ALIENS.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BEATEN.

[A fore-taste of the Cheery Optimism which we may expect to see in the Radical Halfpenny Press at the Next Election!]

THE Beef Taxers are beaten and they know it. The Unionist Party is dead and buried and will never be resurrected. Yesterday ninety-eight seats were contested. Of these it is true the Black-Breaders won twenty-four, and the Anti-Peerites only won two, but one has only to glance at the names of the constituencies which have changed their political faith to appreciate the true significance of the stupendous Liberal victory with which the country is ringing to-day. Here they are:—

PARTY GAINS.

Beef Taxers.	Seats.	Anti-Peerites.	Seats.
Manchester . . .	5	Hammersmith . . .	1
Glasgow . . .	4	Rochester . . .	1
Liverpool . . .	2		
Swansea . . .	1	Total . . .	2
Bristol . . .	2		
Edinburgh . . .	3		
Nottingham . . .	1		
Leeds . . .	4		
Sheffield . . .	2		
Total . . .	24		

It will be seen, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE remarked contemptuously in his magnificent speech last night, that the gains of the Beef Taxers are mainly in the industrial towns of the provinces. Let them make as much of these so-called gains as they like. HAMMERSMITH (large caps, please!), where the great heart of London again beats true to Liberalism, is ours! Hammersmith has sealed the fate of the Beerites for ever. Rochester, our other gain, is magnificent! By the superb majority of ninety-eight (only two less than a hundred!) this typical centre of cathedral culture in the Home Counties has sent the Pro-Peers packing!

To show how hopeless is the case of the Beef Taxers, we have only to look at the

PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

Liberals . . .	17	} 108
Labour . . .	26	
Socialists . . .	19	
Nationalists . . .	38	
Independents . . .	8	
Beef-Taxers . . .	102	
(Including the Speaker).	—	
LIBERAL MAJORITY.	6	

There is no getting away from these figures. They speak for themselves. This is only the third day of the Elections, but we have already won! Protection is a dead donkey. Free Trade is a living, roaring lion. Hammersmith

and Rochester have spoken. The sands are running out. Let us hear no more—
[Quite right.—Ed.]

STOP PRESS NEWS.

ELECTION RESULTS.

CORK CITY.—One Nationalist and one Independent Nationalist returned.

STATE OF PARTIES.

LIB.	17	} 110
LAB.	26	
SOC.	19	
NAT.	39	
IND. NAT.	9	
BEEF-TAXERS . . .	102	
LIB. MAJ.	8	

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Pulhymwnly:—

"Protection is not only damned, it is dead."

PROMETHEA.

BEFORE the February day.

Yellows the window-pane once more,
I hear her on her slipshod way

Clatter outside my bedroom door,
Unshrined and all unknown to fame—
To me a goddess just the same!

Hers was no columned Grecian grove,
Hers no be-ferned Sicilian fount;
No shepherd of the white-fleeced drove
Adjudged her fair on Ida's mount,—
Nor did she in the dusk unbar
The dawn gate for the sun-god's car!

Yet, ere the laggard milkman cries,
Ill-nurtured nymph of household care
She comes, poor child, with heavy eyes
Adown the creaky lodging stair,
To struggle with the Stygian gloom
Of fog that fills the dining-room!

Coarse-fingered, grimy as to face
From scuttle, pan, or window-sill—
Well, was the very rosiest Grace
So fit to merit man's good-will
As she, who comes in low estate,
Poor little drudge, to lay the grate?

And when the glow of kindly flame
Leaps 'neath her touch to warm and cheer
The cockles of the human frame,
Its little handmaid doth appear,
For sheer humanitarian worth,
His equal, who brought Fire to Earth!

"Cook, disengaged; used to about 70 horses."—*Liverpool Echo*.

This advertisement is premature. "Cook" must try again when a Tariff Reform Government is in and we are all eating horse-flesh.

NORTH V. SOUTH.

A GREAT public demonstration was held last Saturday in Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, to record the indignant protest of Lancashire against the publication in *The Spectator* of an article signed *Odris*, contending that London was always right in politics.

Mr. Bellair Hilloc, M.P., who took the chair, was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, showers of French beans and other appropriate floral tributes. When order had been restored, Mr. Hilloc said that in his long and arduous career he had often been stirred to righteous indignation, but never had his blood boiled with a fiercer fury than on the present occasion. Speaking as a rate-payer (*Cheers*), a tax-payer (*Loud cheers*), a patriot (*Cries of "Cheers for LLOYD GEORGE!"*) and a father of a family (*Immense enthusiasm, and cries of "A bas BALFOUR!" "Conspuez Kensington!"*) he did not hesitate to say that this insult to Lancashire wounded him to the quick. For London—the home of the idle and rotten rich—to insinuate that she led Lancashire was a monstrous perversion of fact. The direct contrary could be proved in a thousand ways. If the Thames was "liquid history," the Irwell was "clotted wisdom." Did not the proverb run: "What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow"? Was it not the case that what Orkney and Shetland said to-day, Lancashire said the week before last? Had not Lancashire elected him (Mr. Hilloc) one of its Members? (*A voice: "Rub it in!" and confused howls from the gallery*). Had not London borrowed the names of Piccadilly and Oxford Street from Manchester?

Mr. Hilloc concluded a brilliant speech by declaring that he never went to bed without drinking two pints of Lancashire botanic beer.

Dr. HANS RICHTER, who spoke with a strong Lancashire accent, said that he associated himself with what had fallen from the lips of the previous speaker. Manchester was the Mecca of British musicians, and the Hallé Concerts, which he had the honour to conduct (*A voice: "Cheers for LLOYD GEORGE!"*), were the best human approximation to the music of the spheres (*Cheers for Hallé's Comet*). The scenery of the Manchester Ship Canal was superb and fully equal to that of the beautiful blue Danube. (*Dissent.*)

Miss HORNIMAN added a few eloquent words on the interest shown by the people of Lancashire in the drama. In Manchester the theatre was a democratic institution, whereas London showed its enslavement to obsolete feudal prejudices by naming one of its new theatres "The Coronet" (*"Down with the Peers!"*).

The Editor of *The Manchester Guardian*



First Politician. "I SEE MR. MEADOWS HAS GOT IN FOR MID-MUDSHIRE, MRS. JONES. HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, THOUGH HE IS SO STRONG ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Second Politician. "OH! DEAR! DEAR! MRS. JONES, TO THINK HOW PEOPLE DO GET LED AWAY!"

First Politician. "WELL, I SUPPOSE, AFTER ALL, THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WOULD SAY OF US."

Second Politician. "I DARESAY THEY WOULD, MISS, BUT THEN, YOU SEE, WE ARE LED AWAY IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!"

in a polished address called attention to the euphony of Lancashire nomenclature. London and its environs could boast no such names as Chowbent or Bootle, where the historic Baby came from. Even the streets in Manchester had Christian names, e.g. John Dalton Street. If he were not a Mancunian he would infinitely rather be a Liverpudlian than a Cockney. In conclusion he said that though they were all for cotton he hoped they would never be worsted (*Cries of "Help!" and "Chestnut!"*).

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, the famous novelist, said that, speaking as a working-man with some knowledge of DANTE, he repudiated the contention of *Odysseus*, with all the Goliardic *bravura* at his command. Mr. HEWLETT then quoted a long passage from GUICCIARDINI in the original Italian, punctuated by continuous cries of "Rub it in!" and ended a brilliant peroration by denouncing Lord LANSDOWNE as a desiccated *guastamestiere*.

A resolution to the effect "that Lon-

don's claim to be superior in political intelligence to Lancashire is a gigantic and impudent imposture" was then carried by acclamation, and after the Chairman had sung, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," to the accompaniment of the *Basses o' th' Barn* Temperance Reed Band, the huge audience dispersed in a state of comatose complacency.

"Mr. McKean said he did not wish to add to the bittances of the contest, and he would be glad if any words of his which would tend to bitterness would be forgotten."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

But he must not try to improve on that delightful word "bitterance."

Spare the Rod.

"There is too much sugary sentimentality in our dealings with our children. There is an overwhelming desire to shield them from the present woe at the expense of the future weal."

The Gentlewoman.

"The present weal" is what was meant.

"The doxology and further refreshments closed a delightful gathering."—*Penrith Observer*.

We can quite imagine that the spiritual refreshment had to be supplemented.

"The large comet was seen by a resident in the heavens in the direction of the Forest."—*The Football Echo and Sports Gazette*.

"The resident in the heavens" may well have been Venus; and, if so, we think Mars ought to be told about it.

The Observer states that among the dances which Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON gave was, "Grieg's 'Ass's Death.'" This must be a companion piece to the tune the old cow died of.

"For my part I look for a very close match with a great deal depending upon the way in which H. O. Cooper shapes with his Cambridge colleague, H. O. Cooper."—*Sportsman*.

One would expect them to be about the same shape.



BALM.

"SPEAK, SAUNDERS, SPEAK! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR LANDLORD!"

THE REMONSTRATOR.

III.—THE SUB-EDITOR.

"You are the sub-editor, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"Certainly, if it's important."

"It's about the paper," I said.

"Oh, all right then," he replied, "fire away."

"This article," I said, unfolding yesterday's issue. "'Astounding Revelations.' I suppose you had a hand in that?"

"Only to cut it down and insert cross-headings," he answered, "and to give it its title, of course."

"That's just it," I said. "I guessed it was you. Did you read it?"

"Read it? My dear Sir, I have just told you I cut it down."

"Then you were astounded?"

"Well . . . I don't know exactly that I was astounded."

"But you must have been. Here's the title—added, of course, after you had finished the cutting down—'Astounding Revelations.' A man doesn't deliberately

say that unless he has been astounded, does he?"

"Put it that I was surprised."

"Oh, no—'astounded.' You said so. So amazed—to be literal—that you were struck dumb as by a peal of thunder."

He laughed.

"Then it's not true?" I said.

"No, of course not. It's journalism."

"And journalism isn't true?"

"Well, not minutely and meticulously true in every point. How could it be? There isn't time."

"But why 'astounding,' anyway? Why not 'surprising' or 'unexpected'?"

"So tame. Besides, where should we be beside the other papers? You evidently don't know much about evening papers. There are certain words which every sub-editor must use if he is to satisfy his employers. 'Astounding' is one of them. We have to be careful, of course, not to overdo it, but 'astounding' once in every ten days makes a great difference to the sales."

"Then there's 'sensational.' You have seen that, of course? 'Sensational' is almost as good as 'astounding,' but not quite. 'Scene' is a seller, too: 'Scene in Court,' 'Scene at a

Theatre,' 'Scene in the Strand.' You can't go wrong with that. After we have used 'Scene' often enough we say 'Disturbance'; but 'Scene' is much better."

"'West-End' also is valuable. 'Scene in a Church,' for example, would not catch the reader half so surely as 'Scene in a West-End Church.' The other day there was a row in a wretched little club in the Italian Quarter in Soho; but do you suppose I hesitated to call it 'Raid on a West-End Club'? Certainly not. 'Raid on a Club' means nothing."

"Then 'shocking.' In a way everything at all violent is shocking, but we keep the word for accidents and murders, alternating it with 'terrible' and 'horrible.' No murder is anything but horrible, of course, yet we find that to continue to say 'horrible murder' is profitable. 'Brutal murder' pays well too. 'Disgraceful' also is a good friend to us; the public lay down their coppers for it nobly—even more readily than for 'thrilling.'"

He ceased.

"Thank you," I said, having caught the infection, "for your astounding revelations. I quite understand now."



THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "WELL, IF I CAN'T RULE IN DUBLIN, I CAN HERE!"

CURTAILMENT
OF
PRIVILEGES
OF
ELDERLY AUNTS.

SHORT SCHOOL HOURS.
LONGER HOLIDAYS.
LATE BEDTIME.

WEEKLY
PENSIONS
OVER THE AGE OF
SEVEN.

TOTAL ABOLITION OF
VETO OF PARENTS.

PRINTED
AND
PUBLISHED
BY THE
UNITED
CHILDREN'S LEAGUE

PROTECTION
FROM
ELDER
BROTHERS.

THE BIG & LITTLE
BOTTLE

CHILDREN.



CHILDREN HAVING PLAYED SUCH A PROMINENT PART IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS, IT IS RUMOURED THAT AT THE NEXT THEY WILL AS A UNITED PARTY DEMAND REDRESS OF THEIR OWN GRIEVANCES.

"GOOD OLD CHARLIE."

["I do not wish to make it (the Navy) a Party thing, but one has to get into Parliament somehow."—Lord Charles Beresford at Parkstone.]

GIVE it a rest, my CHARLES: it hasn't paid.
The meetings that declare you good and old,
Hearing the clamour of your whirling words,
And all the pretty touches of your style;
The innuendoes and the strange abuse
Of those who see not eye to eye with CHARLES;
The panic-moving phrases, and the froth
Stirred by the windy methods of your speech—
These meetings cheer, but, oh, they disbelieve.
"Somehow to Parliament!" Is that your cry?
Quocunque modo rem—you know the tag—
Si possis recte, and the rest of it.
But where's the *recte* of your latest mood?
You doubt the Navy and the Navy's Lords,
Not being one of them—ay, there's the rub—
And so to gain your petty private end,
"Navy!" you cry, "It's going to the dogs.
Few ships we have, and those not fit to float;
Few guns, and those not fit to fire a shot;
And men too few to man our failing ships;
And fools (or traitors) at the head of all,
Fools since they will not all agree with me,

And traitors since they scout my plain advice."
And so the Navy's made a Party thing,
And CHARLIE B. is sent to Parliament.
Well, there's a level there for all to find,
For CHARLES and others, and the words that shake
The platform leave the benches undisturbed.
And PERCY SCOTT perchance might give a hint
Of CHARLES, the breezy sea-dog, and his ways.
Therefore, while yet the Fates allow, perpend;
Since BERESFORD too is mortal he may make
Mortal mistakes like any other man.
Give it a rest, my CHARLES: it hasn't paid.

The Matrimonial Column.

"Reversion to a moiety of £12,800 payable on the death or marriage of a lady aged 36. Will accept any reasonable offer."—*The Law Society's Registry*.

Taking her age into account we cannot blame the lady.

Mr. HICKS-BEACH on his victory, as reported in *The Gloucester Citizen*:—

"Once again it has stuck true to its old colours. (Loud cheers and cries of 'Good old True Gloucester' (cheers and cries of 'Good old Glouloicester'—(Cheers, and cries of 'ood old loucester')."
The enthusiasm seems to have been immense.

ON THE RANK.

(Growler speaks.)

II.

I 'ad a couple o' Suffrajits in my keb the other day. They 'ails me near the Benk, an' says, "Drive 'ard to Trafalgy Square." An' the 'ole way they was cryin' "Votes for Wimming," an' jumping about like a couple o' performin' fleas. Which reminds me. 'Ave you seen them performin' fleas they're showin' in the Edgweer Road? They're well worf seein'. There's one on 'em does sech tricks as 'd make 'is fortune, I should say, on the Music 'All stage. Might call 'im "Little Itch." Well, I was goin' to tell you about these Suffrajits. When they gets to Trafalgy Square—all the way from the Benk to Trafalgy Square—they gets out, an' gives me a shillin', an' cries, "Votes for Wimming!" "Votes for Wimming?" I says; "Oats for 'Orses, that's what I want. 'Ere 'ave you been usin' my keb as a featre, an' then you offers me a shillin' for its 'ire!" But there, what's the good of argu-ffin' with that sort? I clucks the shillin' after 'em, an' drives hoff amid the cheers of the populace. . . My opinion of 'em is they're mad. They're tryin' to prove that they ought to 'ave the vote by showin' they ain't wurry of it.

Votes for Wimming, indeed! My old 'ooman started gettin' uppish one night—I 'spec' some of them Suffrajits 'ad been talkin' to 'er—but I don't stand none of 'er truck. I puts my foot down at once, an' pretty 'eavy too. I says, "You mustn't fink that because I drives a 'orse I can't drive a donkey as well."

Mind you, there ain't nuffink new about these Suffrajits. I recollect when I was a young man we 'ad the Wimmings' Rights meetin's. An' I recollect a werry good tale they used to tell about 'em. There was a Wimmings' Rights meetin' at the St. James's 'All, an' the lidy speaker she says, "After all, we've often 'eard of a Perfec' Woman, but oo's ever 'eard of a Perfec' Man?" At that up jumps a miserable little second-and-lookin' feller in the body of the 'all, an' 'e says, "Hif you please, I've 'eard of a Perfec' Man—'ear of 'im every day in my life." "Ho!" says the lidy speaker, "an' pray oo's 'e?" "Why, my wife's first 'usbang," hanswers the little man. Ha-ha! That's my idea of a good story.

Which reminds me—a bloke as I knows what drives a 'ansom-keb 'ad a lark one day. 'E was a-drivin' a 'usbang an'

wife, an' they started discussin' what the fare 'd be. 'E says, "Heighteen-pence," an' she says, "No, certingly not more than a shillin'," at which they was almost startled out o' their lives by suddingly 'earin' a loud voice from the top shout, "Ye're both wrong; it's a couple o' bob!" Ha-ha! They didn't know the trep-door was jess open. Same bloke was a-drivin' a gent with a habnormally large nose one day, an' it comes on to rain. "Let down the glawss," says the fare. "All right, Sir," says my friend; "lean back, Sir," for 'e sees 'is nose a-stickin' out. "I am leanin' back as far as I can," hanswers the fare. Ha-ha!

right enough. 'E 'ad carroty 'air—an' a turnip nose. The deesign of that nose is goin' to be haltered.

No, my opinion o' people is they're deteriatin' all round. For one thing you don't meet with the same respect as you used to. They fink nothin' of insultin' a 'orse kebbly now. T'other night I says to some gents as was walkin' along, "Keb?" an' one o' them hanswers, "No thanks, we're in a 'urry." That was Yewmour, I suppose. Then a lidy asks me if I cou'd tell 'er where she could find a taxi-keb. There's exquizzit delicacy for you! I needn't tell you where I told 'er to go for 'er taxi-keb. Then there was two genter-

men as 'ailed me in the Stran'. Furriners I took 'em for—Parlyvoos, or Yah-yahs. There ain't nuffink but furriners in Town nowadays; it makes you fair start to 'ear a word of Henglish. "Gabman," they says, "vill you please drife us to ze Al'ambra." So they jumps in, an' I thinks, "I've got a bit of all right 'ere." An' when they gets out they says, "Gabman, 'ow mooch, please—vot is your far-?" "Alf-a-sovring," I says. "Right," they says, "there's a shillin' towards it, you lyin' ole scoundrel!" This in Hinglish, so that I almos' fell off my box! You see, they was only purtendin' to be furriners. More Yewmour, I suppose. You bet I give my 'orse a whippin' for that!



Irishman (after waiting at the theatre entrance for a long time on a cold night). "SHURE IT'S MISELF WAD SOONER WALK FIFTY MILES THAN SHTAND FIVE!"

THE TESTING OF THE TARMAC.

The Tarmac pond—it is short for Tarmacadam, a compound of tar and sand and sawdust—has been the outcome of the curler's repeated disappointments. After years of open winters, when he seemed to have never the ice and the cup and the players all together, he set about him to discover the best means of economising the frost, so that the game might be played with the least possible support from the forces of nature. The Tarmac is sprayed with the merest skin of water, and if it is freezing at all the ice is made in half an hour and the game can at once begin. It will readily be understood that the main requirement of a Tarmac pond is that it should be level. For it is not the water level that one plays on but the level of the surface itself.

I suppose I made a mistake in employing a local man. One generally does. Anyhow the pond was finished, the bill was sent in, and the contractor paid me a last visit to inspect his

Let's see, what was I a-talkin' about? Oh, yes, 'ow close the lides are. No, they never overpays you. Not that they 'as a monopoly o' meanness, mind you. There's gents—himitation gents, I should say—what bilks you. One done that to me a fortnight ago come to-morrer. I drove 'im all the way from the Swish Cottage to a 'uge big buildin' in the City what 'ad a hentrance-in on the one side, and a hentrance-out on the other side. 'E says, "I shan't be a minnit." An' 'e wasn't. I'm waitin' for 'im still. I fink I shall know 'im again, but I don't fink 'is own muvver will know 'im when I've done wiv 'im. I'm one what's slow to hanger, but, when my dander's up, it's hup, an' it's been gettin' huppiet every day for a fortnight now. I shall reconnoise 'im

handiwork before the transaction was concluded.

There had been a heavy shower of rain during the night, and it seemed to me a relevant question to put to him—why, if the Tarmac was dead level, was it covered with puddles? Was it not an established fact that water ran to the lowest point?

"Weel," said McHogg at once, "that is a very interesting obsairvation. The truth is that the leveller a pond is the mair puddles there are. If there was a slack place anywhere there would just be the one puddle." He seemed to have me there. But I insisted that each separate puddle represented a depression.

"I do not believe that the water in any of them will cover a penny," said he. He was a little disconcerted when on this being tested a column of no fewer than three pennies was completely submerged.

"Aweel," he said, "it's everyway likely that that'll level out of itself, owing to the contraction." I have not yet the faintest idea what he meant by that. Then he shifted his ground.

"Thae Tarmacs," he remarked, "are a grand thing for the game o' curlin'. Ye may say they have introjooed new and scientific elements. It's just the fact of theyre no being quite level that adds a zest."

"But you said this one was dead level."

"Hoots, ay. In a sense, that is. But I was speaking to an auld curler in the train this morning. He tells me they have grand sport on the Tarmac at Crashie Howe. It's that onlevel that it requires a special skill. They are fair delighted with it."

"But you undertook——"

"Ye see the game's getting too simple for thae guid players. Ony fule can play straight on a true board. But on the Tarmac they have the advantage of a' thae wee ups and doons. There's no mistake it adds an interest. Some o' them are no so very carin' about the deep water noo. They find it kind o' monotonous."

I cut the excellent McHogg short by pointing out that what I wanted was a level Tarmac, and that he must fulfil his contract by making good all the depressions before his bill would be paid. He turned to me almost in horror.

"Man," he said, "ye canna' patch her the noo."

"Why not?" said I.

"Ye'll spoil the business entirely. We'll never get a fair surface if we begin to tamper wi' her. She's settled noo into her final form."

"But did you not tell me that the hollows would level out owing to contraction?"

"Oo ay, in a sense. I dinna say just her final form. But we daurna patch her. That's fatal."



First Loafer. "WELL, 'OW 'VE YE GOT ON THROUGH THE 'LECTION TIME?"

Second Loafer. "SHOCKIN'! COULDN'T RAISE SO MUCH AS A FILL O' BACCY OUT O' NOBODY, FEAR O' ITS BEIN' TOOK FOR BRIBERY AND C'RUPTION."

"But I tell you she's not level."

"Weel, they're awfu' queer things, levels. They're not to be depended on. But," with growing enthusiasm, "ye'll get grand ice on here. The pond's fine; there's nothing ails her. Div'e think Sandy'll win the cup the 'ear?"

I admit that McHogg here succeeded in involving me in a lengthy discussion of curling prospects, but I brought him back at last and finally appealed to the evidence of the spirit-level which projected from his waistcoat pocket. This he was quite willing, even anxious, to apply. He supported it on a plank six or eight feet long, and it did not occur to me till afterwards that

by this means he was bridging over the smaller depressions. According to this test there was no fault to be found, and McHogg further strengthened his case by a final statement that it was the oil on the surface that gathered the water. It had nothing to do with the levels. "In a manner o' speaking," he concluded, "the water is no lying doon below the surface. It's standin' up above, by capeellary attraction. In a sense."

On further testing I found that one could only draw to the tee by taking a line a yard outside the seven-foot circle. But meanwhile McHogg had got his cheque.

TO MY PIPE.

(Upon the occasion of a periodical expurgation)

THE rose, whose sweetness fills your grain,

Too wildly flowers, unless we trim it;
All happiness may turn to pain
And prove "the limit."

And music rare, whose rising swell
Enchants the soul, may soar, my poppet,
Till someone has to go and tell
The brutes to stop it.

Such is the case, I trow, with you;
Those lees of elegiac ferment,
That ripe luxuriance is due
For disinterment.

Not once nor twice my so-called friends
Have chaffed the swan-song in your channel
(Poor smokers of inferior blends,
Their pipes are scrannel).

Little I care for what they say;
But I myself have found your wheezes
A thought too rich, too rare to-day—
Like German cheeses.

So with the fond regret of one
Who finds the blessed daylight struck dim
Because his heart's adored, his Sun,
Has been and chucked him,

And, though his life henceforth must be
Hollow and tasteless, tries to scrimmage
Out of the gates of memory
Her glorious image,

I gird me to the bitter strife,
And excavate your clotted splendour
(Using a hat-pin and a knife)
Into the fender. EVOE.

THE BORN ORATOR.

A MAN with Burke-Brown's gift of eloquence was not likely to circumscribe its value by attaching himself to any one political party. Unhampered by convictions, he was ever prepared to put his unequalled talents at the service of either side. I never knew an orator who could carry away his audience so easily or to such a distance from the facts. It was not what he said, it was the way he had of saying it. He not only revelled in the sound of his own voice, but was the cause of revelling in others. In constant request on rival platforms, he threw off at least twice as much oratory as any partisan during the Elections. Towards the close of the conflict his impartiality began to tell upon him; yet the influence of his persuasive manner upon the emotions of his hearers lost nothing of its magnetic quality. His final speech was

perhaps his greatest triumph. My notes of it run as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now eight o'clock (*Cheers*) on the twenty-sixth of January, nineteen hundred and ten. (*Applause.*) Gentlemen, this is an hour of deepest importance to the welfare of our land. The House of Lords, because they trust the People, have asked the People to decide whether a revolutionary budget shall become law. (*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, are we going to submit to that? ('No!') The greatest Government of modern times have asked the rich of the land to contribute their fair share of taxation. This great Government—in which any man might be proud to serve—has declined to put a penny piece upon your food. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I ask you again, are you going to submit tamely to that? (*Loud protests in the negative.*)

"Are we sunk so low that we are going to submit to do the bidding either of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (*Laughter*) or of Mr. BALFOUR? (*Renewed laughter.*) Do we propose to use our intelligence? (*Dissent.*) Is the working man going to stay idly by while the price of his bread is reduced from sixpence to a miserable fourpence three farthings? (*Cries of 'No!'*) Am I, are any of us in this room, going to admit to these pretty purple peers (*Loud laughter*) or these little Welsh attorneys (*More laughter*), I say, are we going tamely to admit to these men that we will willingly bear the burden of a knowledge of what we are talking about? (*Cries of 'Not we!'*)

* * * * *

"Gentlemen, I will close, for the hour is getting late. (*A voice, 'Go on, cocky!'*) But I cannot leave you without saying that I do not doubt that, when the day of the election comes, you will go to the poll and by your vote show your opinion of this jerrymandering Administration and of the miserable and paltry oligarchy enthroned in the House of Lords! (*Loud and prolonged cheers!*)

When is a train like a steamer? This knotty riddle has at last been solved by an Edinburgh correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, who writes:—

"I had a splendid view of Drake's Comet this evening. The head of the comet was bright, and the train, nearly three degrees in length, was broad, and like a steamer."

"Between the eighth and sixteenth moves all the bishops and kings were exchanged."
Daily Telegraph.

Dear dear, how this reminds us of our old chess days, when "King takes King, check!" invariably followed up the huffing of our opponent's pawns.

BETRAYED BY A KISS.

[We have the authority of a weekly paper for saying that most genuine female friendships occur when the parties have reached middle age.]

THE lady wove a pleasant spell
Around my callow heart;
On being introduced, I fell
A prey to Cupid's dart;
But, ere the conquest proved complete,
My resolution swerved—
What if she only seemed so sweet
Through being well preserved?

Time's footprints are not always clear
Unless the light be strong,
So, tortured by a panic fear
That I was choosing wrong,
I would not make my passion plain,
But hovered round the spot
In search of means to ascertain
If she were young, or not.

I saw her greet a friend, and lo
I shuddered at the sight;
She actually kissed as though
She would not rather bite.
Forthwith her fascination palled;
My love was overcast;
I knew that she was what is called
(In French) a little past.

THE PRESS AND THE PLAY.

[Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will deliver a lecture, entitled "Standardising the Drama," to the members of the O.P. Club, at the Criterion, on Sunday, February 6, at 8 p.m.—*Daily Chronicle.*]

It is expected that Lord NORTHCLIFFE will shortly address the members of the Footlights' Club on the subject of "Daily Mailifying Shakespeare, or Carmelite Comedy."

Reports are rife in Printing House Square that Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL will before long deliver a lecture at the United Service Institute on "Moberlising the Theatre."

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, it is rumoured, has completed an article for *The Fortnightly Review*, entitled "How I became a dashing Star serio."

It is persistently bruited in Nonconformist circles that Mr. P. W. WILSON, Ex-M.P., intends to preach a sermon in Whitefield's Tabernacle on "Cadburyising Covent Garden."

Mr. FABIAN WARE, the Editor of *The Morning Post*, has most kindly signified his intention of reading a paper at the next meeting of the British Association on "Jebbfified Extravaganza."

Overheard.

Mrs. A. Did you see the new comet on Saturday evening?

Mrs. B. No, I was out of town for the week-end.



THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Hungry Guest. "AFRAID I'M A BIT LATE, BUT HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT BREAKFAST WAITING."

Hostess. "OH, I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT WE'RE TRYING THE 'NO BREAKFAST' PLAN, AND FEEL SO MUCH BETTER FOR IT. WE DO TRUST IT WILL HAVE THE SAME EFFECT WITH YOU."

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY.

(The Up-to-date Historian Speaks)

DID any man of old desire
To strum a tune on Clio's lyre,
Full easy was his task because
He simply strummed, and there he was.
No need for him with toilful pain
To cultivate a special brain,
No need to study in the schools
The latest scientific rules,
Nor did he make the least pretence
To learn the laws of evidence.
HERODOTUS, for instance, glories
In idle tales and fairy stories;
Whatever yarns of headless men
He chanced to hear, he seized his pen
And wrote them down upon his tables,
No matter whence he learnt the fables.
There's scarce a word of his that I
Could not pronounce a monstrous lie—
In short, a child could show the man
Was either fool or charlatan.

THUCYDIDES was little better:
He was Imagination's debtor;
He had no notion in his pate
Of what is meant by "accurate."
His own unaided fingers wrote
The speeches which he loved to quote,
How NIKIAS spoke, how KLEON answered—
He had no *Times* nor files of *Hansard*.

GIBBON, again, but little knew
What history is meant to do:
Instead of scientific facts,
State records, legislative acts,
He gives a pageant highly tinted
By spectacles through which he squinted.

CARLYLE, MACAULAY—if one tries,
To talk about their brazen lies,
One's words and patience quickly fail—
They both are quite beyond the pale.

How different am I! How thorough
The care with which I delve and burrow
To trace a fact. They were content
Simply to read a document;
They did not know the keen, ecstatic
Joy of the art of diplomatic.
My parchments carefully I pass
Beneath a magnifying-glass,
And every inch I scan to spot
What parts are genuine, what not.
When all the good has been selected
And all the spurious rejected,
I test again and then prepare
To weigh the evidence with care.
The various readings I collate,
The pros and cons at length I state,
And for each line of text I quote
A page or two of priceless note,
Wherein, meticulously traced,
You read on what my facts are based.

And yet this curious thing I find:
Despite my scientific mind,
Despite my vast superiority
In dealing with an old authority,
GIBBON and Co. are studied still
While my admirers number *nil*.

Killed by Kindness.

From the "Post Mortem" column in
Cage Birds :—

"Subject: Cock Linnet. Cause of death:
Many thanks for encouraging remarks."

The following "classified advertisement"
appears in *The Dublin Evening Mail* :—

"£18 Fee-Simple Ground Dent, out of modern
property."

Under the heading, of course, of "Motor
Cycles."

Miss MAUD ALLAN is making her first
appearance in America. "She will," says
The New York Times, "be accompanied
by the Russian Symphony Orchestra,
Modest Altschuler, conductor."

We can only faintly picture this
gentleman's distress.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

POSSIBLY, if Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE had written *A Golden Straw* (MILLS AND BOON) as his first novel I should have appreciated it more. At least I should not then have been forced to compare it, not quite favourably, with other previous work of his. Here is the same easy charm of description; but the tale itself strikes me as a machine-made thing, and the characters are unconvincing. For example, *Averild*, the heroine, wishing to go to Germany to study music, exclaims, "I'll come back, but I must wander first. It's the Holder-ness blood. We're made so. They were wanderers who first landed here—whom we've all sprung from," etc, etc. Now it is one of my most cherished convictions that nobody ever talks like this in real life. And I charge Mr. BUCKROSE with knowing it. With regard to the story, of course *Averild* gets her year in Germany, and as she returns strangely short of money, and with a habit, whenever the hero proposes to her, of answering, "I love you, but it cannot be!" (or words to that effect), and bursting into tears, I for one was scarcely surprised to learn that she had been secretly married abroad to the unpleasant *Winship*, and had repented it ever since. Eventually her husband follows her home, and is drowned in a convenient flood, thus fulfilling a dream about "dark water" which had been hanging about suspiciously since the beginning of the story. In this way *Averild* is left free to marry *Walgate*, and Mr. BUCKROSE to begin another book, which will (I hope) be more worthy of his powers and of the esteem in which I hold them.



FAST AND LOW.

Dealer. "I CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND THIS NEW BREED, MADAME! MOST UP-TO-DATE AND FASHIONABLE DOG IN THE MARKET."

has succeeded in adding a useful and attractive book to contemporary history.

I received a great shock about two-thirds of the way through Mrs. HUGH FRASER's *Giannella* (METHUEN). It is the story of an orphan girl (the daughter of a Scandinavian painter) who owes her upbringing, when stranded in Rome, to the kindness of a peasant woman; and, after emerging, so to speak, from the rather arid campagna of the heroine's early years, I had just got to the pleasant piazza of her love-affair (and a very pretty affair it is, with pigeons that carry messages, and balconies of flowers, and a lay figure of a cardinal used for painting portraits for foreigners),—I had just got to this point, I say, when suddenly the eyes of *Masiuccia* (*Giannella's* benefactress) snapped. I felt as if something had suddenly gone too. This terrible foam of ophthalmia is creeping gradually over all our English fiction, and the circulating libraries ought to do something

about it. For the rest, though I think the excitement aroused by a hitch in the heroine's romance ought to have been sustained a little longer, this is a very charming idyll of Rome, some time before the Quirinal, and a long time before the trams. The authoress uses a great many Italian words, and these have been quite correctly printed, but I take exception to some of the Latin ones: "*stultus vulgus*" may be Lucretian, but "*voluntus tua*" is certainly wrong, and though I am not a botanist I feel that the root of "*filloæra*" ought to be taken up and looked at.

A Benighted Race.

"DADDY," said Isobel, "do missionaries go out to Germany?"

"Of course not, my dear."

"Doesn't anybody try to convert them?" she asked.

"Convert them!" I exclaimed. "Why, Isobel, the Germans are a highly cultured nation. Some of the best known men of science and letters come from Germany. Germany occupies a position in the civilised world that is second only to our own. Germany—"

"Are they cannibals?" she interrupted.

"Certainly not. What has put that into your head?"

"I don't know; I thought you said they ate dead horses and black bread."

"So they do, my dear. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has put that question beyond a doubt. The German workman lives upon food that the British workman would refuse with scorn, but the Germans are not cannibals."

"What is a cannibal, daddy?"

"A cannibal, Isobel, is a person who eats human flesh; who kills and devours his own species."

"Daddy, I thought I heard you say that Mr. CHURCHILL sometimes eats his own speeches? Is he a cannibal, too?"

Children should never be allowed to listen to political discussions.

From time to time through recent sessions I have read in *The Daily Express* a Parliamentary sketch which struck me as being considerably above the average run. The articles have been collected in a volume, *The Asquith Parliament* (HUTCHINSON), and the author is revealed as Mr. CHARLES T. KING. An essential to success in this field of journalism is that the record shall be free from political party bias. The Editorial Column may in most cases be trusted to supply full measure of such spice. Mr. KING is void of offence in this matter. Dr. JOHNSON, the best known, if not quite the earliest, Parliamentary reporter, candidly admitted that in preparing his narrative of a day's sitting in the House of Commons he took care that the — Whigs did not have the best of it. (He inserted an adjective permissible only in a lexicographer.) Mr. KING writes with equal frankness and fairness of all sections of parties in the last Parliament. His thumb-nail sketches of the Labour Members, most of them new-comers to the vineyard at Westminster, are particularly interesting. With a shrewd sense of character, a keen eye for colour, and a sharp ear for a good thing, Mr. KING

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia has been raised to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in both the British and German navies. We understand that in time of war he would take a command in each on alternate days.

"Mr. BALFOUR," says *The Daily News*, "has sunk beneath the notice of honourable men." Some of these honourable men (like *Brutus*, who was an honourable man) are very short-sighted.

It was rather hard on the London Hippodrome, which, with great enterprise, showed us seventy polar bears afloat, that it should have been so soon eclipsed by the immersion of an entire Zoo at Paris. In these circumstances it is more than creditable that the Hippodrome should be lending itself for a performance in aid of the Relief Fund.

The only animal, by-the-by, who lost his life in the flood was the giraffe. The silly creature apparently imagined he was a lighthouse, and refused to budge from the water.

"The Rue Royale is entirely roped off. The shops do not even dress their windows," said an account of the Paris inundation. This was natural enough. One does not dress when one is about to have a bath.

One effect of the flood was to plunge Paris into darkness, and a cheerful idiot now writes to ask why Noah's Ark Lamps were not used.

"THE KAISER.

HONOURS FOR DR. BODE AND THE HEAD OF KRUPP'S."

Surely this should have been "Dr. BODE and the Head of R. COCKLE LUCAS?"

Certain art-lovers are congratulating themselves on the decision arrived at by one of our Borough Councils in regard to a proposal as to illuminated advertisements. The scheme was rejected on the ground that it would injure the appearance of the lamp-posts. For ourselves, we should not worry about that.

A propos of the Library censorship, a

subscriber writes to *The Observer* to complain that the name of "Mr. Augustus de Morgan, who is generally held to be of some account in modern literature," does not appear in Messrs. MUDIE'S monthly list. Surely it is a yet graver scandal if the name of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN does not figure there?

Meanwhile we cannot help thinking that, in view of the fact that the libraries have censored *The Unaccounted Cost*, by MARY GAUNT, the publishers would do

Hindu who is charged with killing an English collector has expressed "his sincere regret" for the crime comes the news that he has been committed for trial on a charge of murder. The action of the magistrate seems more than a little brutal after such a handsome apology, and we venture to express the opinion that it would have been impossible had certain pro-Hindus still been Members of Parliament.

Bad news for boating men (received as we go to press):—"It is impossible now to float even an outrigger in the streets of Paris."

Lloydgeorgiana.

Close on the heels of *The Daily Mail* Representative, Our Own Special Cabinet Beagle has been tracking the CHANCELLOR all about the Côte d'Azur, in the hope of picking up anything that might throw light on the situation.

On Thursday, playing off from the first tee at Cagnes, Mr. MASTERMAN drove to mid-on.

"A bad pull," he remarked. "Let us all pull together," said the CHANCELLOR, and put in a strong shot in the direction of cover-point.

"A big slice," remarked the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

"I have always had my fair share of the cake," was the CHANCELLOR'S witty retort.

At the fifth tee Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S ball rose like a rocket.

"Rather lofty," observed Mr. MASTERMAN.

"Like my character and aims," replied the CHANCELLOR modestly.

Yesterday Mr. GEORGE visited the Casino at Monte Carlo. After watching one of the roulette tables for the best part of an hour, he turned away, saying, "This seems to me to be a game of chance."

From a poem in *The Idler* (U.S.A.):

"Indignant at the godlet's tale,
She hastened to protest to Zeus,
(Her angry cheek was scarce so pale
When naughty Hector biffed Aneas)."

The biffing of Aneas by Hector we do not remember, but of course we all know dear old Ze-us.

"HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LORDS.

SPURS IN TRAINING."

"Morning Leader" poster.

Stamping on them seems to be the idea.



Policeman (to whom Old Lady has been complaining of the destruction of her flower-beds). "PERHAPS IT'S BIRDS, MUM!"
Old Lady (sharply). "TUT, TUT; MORE LIKE TWO-LEGGED BIRDS!"

well to inform the public that they have now counted the cost and copies of the book may be obtained for six shillings.

A new game for girls has been invented, entitled Goalo. It is described as being football without roughness, and is evidently the very antithesis of the Suffragettes' favourite game, Gaolo.

By-the-by, Mr. EUSTACE MILES mentions as one of the advantages of the game the fact that it develops the feet. But, asks a French admirer, do the feet of English girls need developing?

Close upon the statement that the



HORSELESS HALDANE.

THE WAR MINISTER. "A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

Richard the Third, Act V., Scene 4.

[At a Conference held last Wednesday it was arranged to promote a Bill in Parliament to prevent the exportation of horses likely to be required for the Army's use, the present supply being altogether inadequate]



AN ECHO OF ELECTION DAY.

Sybil (decorated with Unionist colours, indignantly to Nurse). "NURSE, IT IS PERFECTLY ABSURD FOR BABY TO WEAR BLUE! HE CANNOT POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ABOUT THE ELECTION!"

A RAMSHACKLE ROOM.

WHEN the gusts are at play with the trees on the lawn,
And the lights are put out in the vault of the night;
When within all is snug, for the curtains are drawn,
And the fire is aglow and the lamps are alight,
Sometimes, as I muse, from the place where I am
My thoughts fly away to a room near the Cam.

'Tis a ramshackle room, where a man might complain
Of a slope in the ceiling, a rise in the floor;
With a view on a court and a glimpse on a lane,
And no end of cool wind through the chinks of the door;
With a deep-seated chair that I love to recall,
And some groups of young oarsmen in shorts on the wall.

There's a fat jolly jar of tobacco, some pipes—
A meerschaum, a briar, a cherry, a clay—
There's a three-handled cup fit for Audit or Swipes
When the breakfast is done and the plates cleared away.
There's a litter of papers, of books a scratch lot,
Such as *Plato*, and *Dickens*, and *Liddell and Scott*.

And a crone in a bonnet that's more like a rag
From a mist of remembrance steps suddenly out;
And her funny old tongue never ceases to wag
As she tidies the room where she bustles about;

For a man may be strong and a man may be young,
But he can't put a drag on a Bedmaker's tongue.

And, oh, there's a youngster who sits at his ease
In the hope, which is vain, that the tongue may run down,
With his feet on the grate and a book on his knees,
And his cheeks they are smooth and his hair it is brown.
Then I sigh myself back to the place where I am
From that ramshackle room near the banks of the Cam.

"YOUTH (18) wants SIT. on Band Knife, slight experience."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Luckily this is a profession in which staying power is more important than experience.

"Grandfather's clock; splendid timekeeper; bargain; going abroad."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The question is, will it go at home?

"DIRTY CANARY wanted for the A.O.S. Washing Demonstration, Trades Hall, Friday, 8 p.m."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.
Never throw away anything; somebody may want it.

"MR. RUFUS ISAACS, M.P., amid cheers, stood upon the nostrum."—*Surrey Times*.
And that was the end of Tariff Reform.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER V.—THE NIGHT.

THE play was a great success; I know, because many of the audience told me so afterwards. Had they but guessed what was going on behind the scenes, the congratulations would have been even more enthusiastic. For as near as a touch we had to drop the egg-proof curtain and hand the money back.

I am going to give you the opening scene as it was actually said—not as it was heard across the footlights—and then you will understand. As you may remember, the *Ratcatcher* (Me) and the *Maid* (Myra) take the stage first, and they introduce themselves in the usual way to the audience and each other. The scene is the palace of the *Emperor Bong* (Simpson). Very well then.

Maid (sweetly). Truly his Majesty is a handsome man, and I wonder not that his people love him.

Ratcatcher (rather nervous). Thou surprisest me. I saw him in the wings—in the winter garden just now, that is to say anon, and thought him plain. But hush, here he comes.

[*They salaam, or whatever you call it, and stay there.*]

Ratcatcher (still salaaming). What's the silly ass waiting for? I can't stick this much longer; the blood's all going to my head like anything.

Maid (in a similar position). He must have forgotten his cue. Can't you say, "Hush, here he comes," again?

Ratcatcher. I can't say anything out loud in this position. Do you think I might come up for a breath?

Maid (loudly). His Majesty tarries.

Ratcatcher (sotto voce). He does. You've got it.

Maid. Whatever shall we do? Do think of something.

Ratcatcher. Well, I'm going to rise to the surface. I'm tired of being a submarine. [*They both stand up.*]

Maid (brilliantly). Perchance it was a rat we heard and not his Majesty.

Ratcatcher (with equal brilliance). Fear not, fair damsel. Beho'd, I will investigate. [*Proceeds to back of stage.*]

Archie (from wings). Come off, you idiot.

Ratcatcher (always the gentleman—to *Maid*). Tarry a while, my heart, what time I seek assistance. [*Exit.*]

Maid (confidentially to audience—to keep the thing going). Truly he is a noble youth, though he follows a lowly profession. 'Tis not the apparel that proclaims the man. Methinks . . .

Me (annoyed). Who's an idiot?

Archie. Didn't you see me wink? That ass Simpson's banged his nose against a door-post and is bleeding like

a pig. Says it's because he hadn't got his spectacles.

Me. More likely the champagne.

Archie. They're dropping keys down his back as hard as they can. Will you and Myra gag a bit, till he's ready?

Me (excitedly). My good fool, how on earth—

Myra (coming to back of stage). But behold he returns! [*Frowns imperiously.*]

Ratcatcher (coming on again very unwillingly). Ah, fair maid, 'tis thee. I bring thee good tidings. I met one in the ante-room, a long-legged scurvy fellow, who did tell me that his Majesty was delayed on some business.

Maid. That must have been his Conjuror—I know him well. (*Aside*) What's happened?

Ratcatcher. Let us then rest a while, an it please thee. (*Seizing her by the arm.*) Over here. That ass Simpson's hurt himself. We've got to amuse the audience till he's finished bleeding.

Maid (sitting down, with her back to audience). I say, is it really serious?

Ratcatcher. Not for him; it is for us. Now then, talk away.

Maid. Er—h'm. (*Coyly*) Wilt not tell me of thy early life, noble sir—how thou didst become a catcher of rats?

Ratcatcher (disgusted). You coward! (*Aloud*) Nay, rather let me hear of thine own life. (*Aside*) Scored.

Maid. That's not fair. I asked you first. (*Modestly*) But I am such a little thing, and you are so noble a youth.

Ratcatcher. True. (*Having a dash at it.*) 'Twas thus. My father, when I was yet a child, didst—did—no, didst—apprentice me to a salad binger—

Maid (with interest). How dost one bing salads?

Ratcatcher (curtly). Ballad singer. And I would frequent the market-place at noon, singing catches and glees, and receiving from the entranced populace divers coins, curses, bricks, and other ornaments. One morn, as I was embarked upon a lovely ballad, "*Place me amidst the young gazelles*," I was seized right suddenly from behind. (*Bored to death.*) I'm sick of this. We're supposed to be amusing the audience.

Maid. Oh, go on, I'm getting awfully excited.

Emperor (audibly, from green-room). Confound it, it's begun again.

Executioner (bitterly). And to think that I spent hours putting red ink on my axe!

Maid (with great presence of mind). What's that? Surely that was a rat?

Ratcatcher (greatly relieved). It was. (*Getting up.*) Let's have Archie on, and see if he can amuse them a bit more.

(*Aloud*) I must finish my tale anon. Stay here, sweet child, what time I fetch my trusty terrier. [*Exit.*]

Maid. 'Tis a strange story he tells.

How different from my own simple life! Born of proud but honest parents . . .

Archie. What's up? Stick to it.

Me. Have you got such a thing as a trusty terrier on you?

Archie. Don't be an ass.

Me. Well, the audience will be extremely disappointed if I don't bring one back. I practically promised them I would. Look here, why don't you come on and help? Everybody is getting horribly bored with us.

Archie (delighted). Oh, all right.

Enter Ratcatcher and Conjuror.

Maid. But behold he returns again!

Ratcatcher (excitedly). Great news, fair lady, which this long-legged scurvy fellow I told you of will impart to us.

Maid. Why, 'tis the Conjuror. Have you news for us, Sir?

Conjuror (with no illusions about the *Oriental style*). Absolutely stop press. What is it you want to know? Racing? The Bong selling plate was won by Proboscis, McSimp up. Immense enthusiasm. Bank rate unchanged—quite right this cold weather. Excuse me a moment, Sir, your moustache is coming off . . . No, the left wing—allow me to lend you a postage-stamp. Do you prefer red or green?

Maid (biting her lip). Will you not give us news of the Emperor?

Conjuror. I will. His Majesty has met with a severe accident whilst out hunting this morning, being bitten by a buffalo.

Maid. Alas, what will my mistress say?

Conjuror. She has already said everything that was necessary. Her actual words were, "Just like Bong."

Ratcatcher (seizing the opportunity). His Majesty ordered me to meet him here at noon. Methinks I had better withdraw and return anon.

[*Makes off hurriedly.*]

Conjuror (seizing him). Not so. He bade me command you to stay and sing to us. [*Sensation.*]

Ratcatcher (hushily). Alas, I have forgotten my voice—that is, I have left my music at home. I will go and fetch it. [*Has another dash.*]

Conjuror. Stay! Listen!

[*They all listen.*]

Simpson (in wings). Thanks, thanks, that will be all right now. Oh no, quite, thanks. Oh, is this your key? Thanks, thanks. No, it doesn't matter about the other ones; they don't feel at all uncomfortable, thanks. Yes, I think it really did stop it, thanks.

Conjuror. I'm off. (*Aloud*) His Majesty has regained consciousness. [*Exit.*]

Simpson (apologetically). Oh, Archie, I've got the billiard-room key in my—

Ratcatcher (very loudly to *Maid*). Hush, here he comes!

[*They salaam. Enter the Emperor Bong . . .*]
A. A. M.



VIE DE BOHÈME.

Painter. "THERE GOES THE CARAFE, HANG IT! AND IT'LL MAKE A NASTY CLEAN PATCH ON THE FLOOR."

THE LOST ACTOR.

[A Chicago showman has offered £50 reward for the discovery and return of a performing flea which has vanished from his troupe.]

WHETHER of wounded pride you felt the pain,
Failing to earn the meed of men's applause,
I cannot at this distance o'er the main
Exactly tell; it may have been the cause;
Or possibly they billed you far too low,
And angered, till he left the cast in choler,
One who by rights was boss of all the show,
Its HICKS, its BEERBOHM TREE, its BARD, its WALLER.

But anyhow you skipped; and was it wise
To leave the lamps of Drama and forsake
The cultured sets that counted you a prize,
Merely to keep some Philistine awake?
O nimble-footed sprite! O Ariel!
Why did you quit your company of stormers
To front a frowning world that cannot tell
Nocturnal visitants from star performers?

If haply (forced by hunger) you should fare
Into some strange inhospitable crib,
Have you the mime's expression and his air,
The speaking optic and the tongue that's glib?
Yours is no mantle of the furry sort,
No ebon cane, no eyeglass, and no ringlet,
Nothing to prove divinity, in short,
And advertise (when off) the mummer-kinglet.

They shall not know you by your sad sweet smile,
Your haggard countenance, but merely keep

Hunting you up and down with anxious guile
Because you come to mar their beauty sleep;
'Tis likely you will fall, with none to say
That this poor fretted shape imparted rapture
(The Hamlet of some Lilliputian play)
To crowded houses nightly, ere his capture.

This only I may hope, that, when you bound
In sweet *insouciance* to plant a kiss
On some prone sleeper, he will turn him round,
Saying, "No amateur could prance like this;"
And, when the chase is o'er (you shall not stem
The march of doom for aye, however gallant),
Utter above your grave this requiem:—
"He was an artist; he had genuine talent."

"At Hallmyre, West Linton, at 7 a.m., the thermometer stood at 12 degrees below freezing point—20 degrees of frost."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

This is called a "Scotch record" and sounds like it.

From Saturday's instalment:—

"The girl draw a deep breath . . . etc., etc. Then she turned to him with a brave smile on her lips.

(To be continued on Monday.)"

Daily Mail.

How could she smile all Sunday?

"A man knows a man is in love with her long before he is aware of it himself. Except, perhaps, in this one circumstance—when she herself is in love with somebody else. And this is a highly important circumstance."—*Ideas*.

A strange thing is love.

OUR BOY.

NOR to be outdone by *The Evening News* and the highly variegated and gratuitous exploits which its "Man," Mr. ARTHUR GOODE, is daily and nightly performing on behalf of our contemporary's readers, Mr. *Punch* has recently bought a Boy, and has been overwhelmed with a rush of applications for his services. He is an extremely intelligent and versatile Scout, as will be gathered from his first six days' programme. As yet barely twelve years of age, he has outgrown his position as Patrol Leader of the Wolves, and has decided to devote his talents to a more universal use. We have purchased our small Factotum for a mere song, but, before exhausting his capabilities we confidently expect that the bright little fellow will have solved most of the problems which are now perplexing society. He confesses, however, his inability to make a North Country audience understand what Tariff Reform really *does* mean, and to render the present comet visible from Bouverie St. Subject to these limitations, we give a short diary of his engagements for the coming week:—

Monday.—Do a day's charring for a bed-ridden countess. In the evening, draw up the King's Speech for Mr. ASQUITH, and help to rearrange the Cabinet.

Tuesday.—Before breakfast, test a gas-meter for an over-worked curate. Morning, teach a defeated Radical Candidate how not to be a "bad loser." Afternoon, convert Lady BLOUNT to the globular theory of the earth (tough job, this). Later, cure a young lady of chilblains and do up the back fastenings of her dress for dinner. Evening, edit *The Times* and put it to bed.

Wednesday.—Photo Mr. McKENNA'S heir, and investigate cause of Paris floods. Offer suggestions for further postponement of *Chantecler*, and later in the afternoon adjust differences between Turkey and Greece. Invent a new motto for the KAISER to put up in his bedroom, and persuade a Suffragette to give up the silly practice of chalking the pavement.

Thursday.—From 10.0 to 1.0 reconcile Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Mr. JOHN REDMOND. In the early afternoon relieve bow in the Cambridge Eight and find Dr. COOK. Devise a musical instrument to represent hair standing on end in STRAUSS'S *Elektra*. After dinner, help Mr. EUSTACE MILES digest a pumpkin soufflé.

Friday.—Give advice to Curzon Street crossing-sweeper on development of his pitch. Afterwards, conduct a Labour Exchange, and explain to delighted crowd how twenty-five jobs are to be dis-

tributed among five thousand claimants. Run down to Swinford Old Manor and assist the POET LAUREATE in his latest ode with a new rhyme to "throistle." After dinner, give lessons to Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL on "Meiosis and Litotes, or the Art of Understatement."

Saturday.—Regulate the traffic in Piccadilly, and act as understudy to Mr. TROTTECK at an inquest. After lunch, regulate the traffic, i.e. referee, in a football match, and subsequently visit hospital.

It will be seen that Our Boy has a pleasantly varied time of it, but that he conscientiously avoids taking girls to skating rinks, or assisting at concerts and fancy-dress balls. Applications for his assistance should be sent to the *Punch* office, marked "Boy."

ZIGZAG.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

LET the maiden of ambition listen well
While I tell
Of a lady who arose to sudden fame
From a wild desire to shine
In the literary line;
She is quite a friend of mine,
All the same.

Knowing nothing of the labour of the pen,
There and then
She determined, in a sunny way she had,
That she never would depart
From the highest form of Art,
Which, considered as a start,
Wasn't bad.

Much uplifted by that laudable intent,
Off she went
To attain to fame and fortune at a stroke,
And in time produced a book
Which the public wouldn't look
At, and all the critics took
As a joke.

Did she cry aloud in horror? Did she tear
Off her hair?
Did the disappointment stab her like a
dart?
Not a bit of it. She said,
She was far above the head
Of a mob who never read
Works of Art.

As an Artist, to be slighted by the crowd
Made her proud;
And she begged to be permitted to
suggest
That, as long as sales were low,
That was all she cared to know;
And the multitude could go
And be blest.

But she made a second effort. And be-
hold
It was sold
By the thousand, by the million! And
she struck

(To the undisputed gloom
Of her rivals) on a boom
That should last her to the tomb,
Given luck.

Every year (when Christmas present time
is due)
Something new
Will be offered from her never-failing
store;
And the universal mob
Gives a sympathetic throb,
And, with something like a sob,
Asks for more.

There are cavillers who sneer at her
technique
(Which is weak)
And her style (which it is easy to assail),
But it's credibly averred
That her powers are never stirred
Save at half-a-crown a word,
On the nail.

And, if questioned on the cause of her
success,
She'll confess
That her victory is merely what she owes
(Putting genius quite apart)
To the Public's love of Art,
For the Public (bless its heart!)
Always knows. DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE programme of Mr. Oliver Codling's forthcoming Grand Opera season is remarkable for its catholicity. It will include *Parsifal*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Fidelio*, *The Merry Devil*, *Tristan und Isolde* and STRAUSS'S *Electrocuta*—the last-named subject to the approval of the Censor. Besides these standard works Mr. Codling hopes to produce *A Suburban Hamlet* by Mr. Archie Pelago, the famous Anglo-Hellenic composer; *Ulat Tanalarezul*, an Etruscan Fantasy-opera by Mr. Quantock de Banville; and *Jack the Ripper*, a grand opéra comique by Mr. Ole Brok.

Some notion of the initial difficulties to be faced by Mr. Codling may be gathered from the fact that each performance of *The Suburban Hamlet* will cost £2,000, irrespective of the composer's fee for conducting his work, which is £500 a night. Again, for M. de Banville's work the orchestra will be increased to 200 performers, while in Mr. Ole Brok's masterpiece no fewer than 1,200 instrumentalists will be employed, including 300 contrabass bulbophones with reciprocating nozzles and Harveyised packet-flanges.

But the preliminary outgoings reach their high-water mark in the case of *Electrocuta*, where the inspissated gloom of the story and the appalling display

of blood-boltered ferocity in the last Act render it necessary for the management to retain the services of a whole army of medical men, ambulance bearers and nurses to attend to the needs of the terrified spectators. Sir Hector Parsley, Bart., the famous brain specialist, will attend every performance at a fee of one thousand guineas a night, and it is hoped that his mere presence will exert a restraining influence on neurotic auditors.

The team of artists already engaged challenges attention, not merely for the talent of the singers but their widely different nationalities, viz., Mesdames Cara Cass, Materna Seigel, Maria Joly, Camma Miles, Varalette Archdeacon, and Pallida Pinker, sopranos; Mesdames Casta Royal, Sanna Tojen (the famous Finnish artist), Milka Metchnikoff and Plasma Tabb-Lloyd, contraltos; MM. Sidney Doan and S. M. Kaps-Yule, tenors; and MM. Pulvermacher, Gallipoteaux and Barbroux, basses.

Some personal particulars relating to these redoubtable artists will perhaps be of interest to our readers. Madame Materna Seigel, who is of Bessarabian extraction, is a woman of colossal build and Amazonian physique. Her shrieks in the death-scene, as STRAUSS once generously observed, are more like the cries of an inspired macaw than those of a human being. Even in private life hers is a formidable personality, and DEBUSSY is reported to have said that she reminded him of a mammoth who had swallowed a peacock.

Madame Camma Miles is another singer of Titanic proportions, and her fore-arm is quite the finest on the lyric stage. For fifty years her voice has caused indescribable emotions in the hearts of the *habitués* of the Grand Opera at Odessa. Madame Pallida Pinker is a superb Californian *brunette*, and Madame Varalette Archdeacon, who was born at Varallo, is noted for the exquisite effervescing quality of her high notes. Madame Milka Metchnikoff studied successively under Herr Sauer and Dr. Bacillin, the famous Russian voice-producer. She has a Grecian profile and belongs to the sect of the Doukhobors. On the other hand, Madame Sanna Tojen is a Mennonite with Bollandist proclivities, while Mr. Kaps-Yule affects the Palatinoid heresy.

Another operatic venture which is exciting deep interest is that of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia, who announces a short season at the Imperial Theatre. The remarkable, indeed unique, feature of this enterprise is that only one opera will be performed and only one vocalist



Squire's Daughter. "WELL, GILES, I HOPE YOU VOTED FOR MY FATHER?"

Giles. "I DID INDEED, MISS. I PUT THE BIGGEST CROSS AGIN 'IS NAME AS EVER WAS."

will appear, who is also the composer and librettist. The name of the work is *Egoismo Imperiale*, and the versatile genius who, by liberal resort to the method of quick changes, will sustain all the principal parts is Signor Riccardo Giebo. Full particulars will shortly be published in the columns of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia's journal, the *Corriere della Mattina*.

Commercial Candour.

From the Catalogue of a Glasgow firm: "Notable Money-Saving Opportunities are apparent in the Towel Section. To Start with.—We are giving away 100 Dozen splendid Heavy Huck Towels, with hemstitched ends for 6s. 11d. per half-dozen; worth to-day 8s. 6d. per dozen."

The Towel Section is starting well.

RINK WITH ME ONLY.

(After Ben Jonson.)

RINK with me only with thine eyes,
And do not clutch my frame;
Clasp yonder expert's hand instead;
And I'll not press my claim.
This form that from the floor doth rise,
Sick of the rotten game,
Was gallant once, but now is dead
To chivalry and shame!

Though I shall never cease to ache,
Dear heart, for love of thee,
And though thy guide, come weal or woe,
Through life I meant to be,
Another better man must take
The hand thou gavest me;
Unclasp me now, beloved; go!
And set thy Harold free.



MY LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (who has just given a penny to Miss A., of Park Lane, who is selling "Votes for Women"). "No, NO, KEEP THE PAPER, MY GOOD WOMAN, KEEP THE PAPER!"

TO A SURVIVING CRANK M.P.

SOME things there are without whose aid machines will never go,
For Science plainly tells us this and surely she must know.
The simple automatic toy, the big machine that clanks,
What do we find in all of them? Can no one guess? Why,
cranks!

The principles of politics are scientific too,
Our great machine of state must act as other engines do,
And so it's only natural to find within the ranks
Of those returned to Parliament all sorts and kinds of cranks.

Its fundamental parts removed, the engine falls to bits,
And then no means of running it is known to human wits.
To those electors, then, we owe our curses, not our thanks,
Who pilfered from our Parliament its most essential cranks.

Our COTTON and our RUTHERFORD, our loved and lost LEIF
JONES;

Gone is their priceless counsel, hushed their highly moral
tones.

I shouldn't be surprised to see the Thames o'erflow its banks
With all the tears of sorrow for our poor defeated cranks.

Illustrious Survivor of the dark, disastrous fray,
Thank Providence that you at least are with us still to-day;
That, though your comrades old and true are smitten hip and
flank,
Most rare, most precious, still remains one last and lonely
crank!

Bear up, brave heart—though Chatterjees and Luptons low
are laid,
Though all (*pro tem.*) seems desolate, though we have been
betrayed,
Depend upon it, soon will rise to fill the aching blanks
From out our newly-made M.P.'s yet more and deadlier cranks!

The Resurrection of a Riddle.

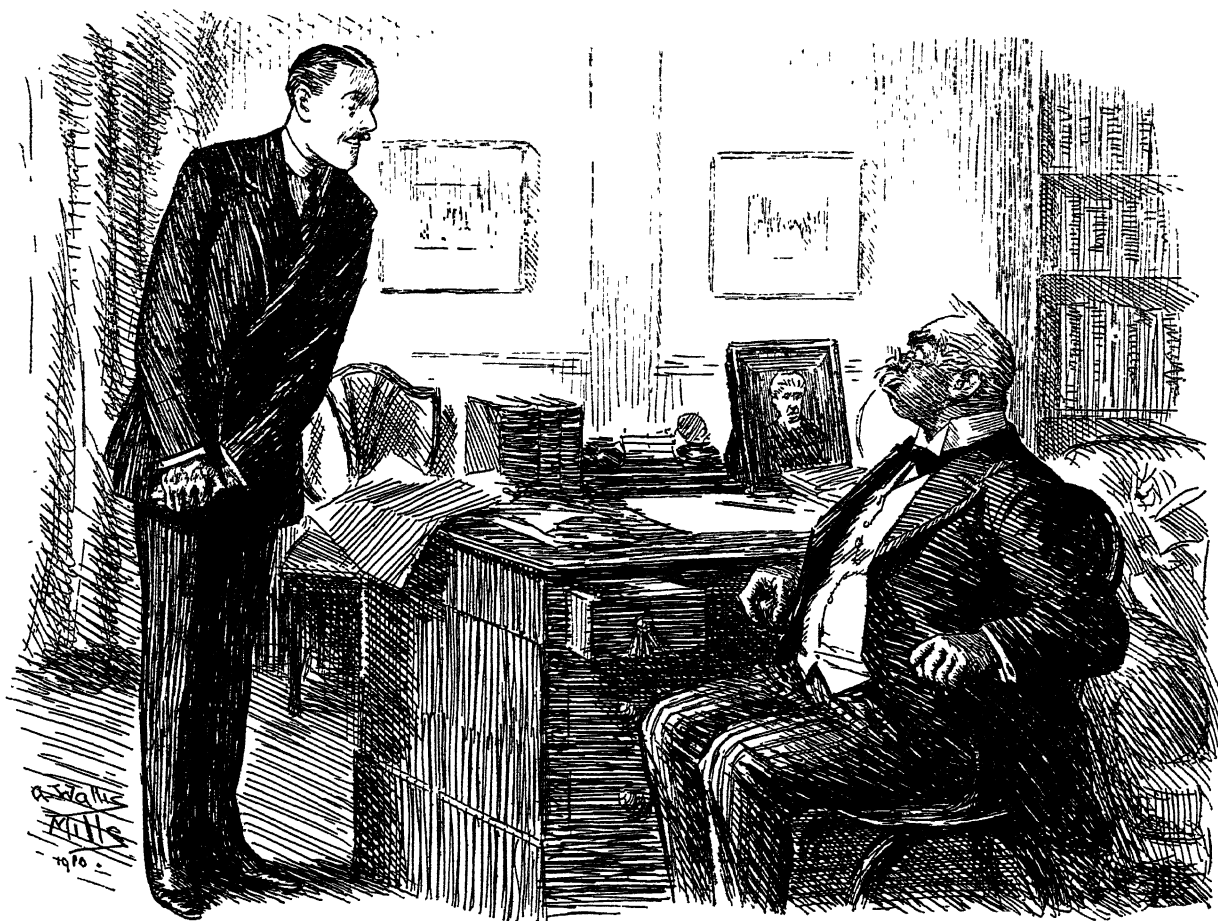
A correspondent sends us the following extract from the February number of *The Contemporary Review*:—"Troubles and rumours of troubles in the confused world of international politics ushered in the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century." He also sends us a letter of seven closely-written sheets pointing out that 1911 will be the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century. He adds that it is difficult to prove this in a brief letter, but that he will be pleased to write an article on the subject so that we may place the truth before our readers. He goes on to make unkindly references to the intellectual condition of an editor who permits such a gross misstatement to appear in his review.

The question of the exact date of the beginning of the century is one of those great questions which have ceased to move us deeply. We had quite enough of it, one way and another, in 1900, and hoped the matter was ended; and we don't want any articles or correspondence whatever about this hoary riddle. We may add that if people would call the year simply "1910," instead of "the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century," a lot of trouble would be avoided.



A PLAGUE OF VOICES.

[The Prime Minister has been staying at Cannes for a little rest and change.]



Nervous Suitor. "I—ER—WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR!"

Parent. "WELL, MY BOY, HADN'T YOU BETTER SEE HER MOTHER FIRST?"

Nervous Suitor. "I HAVE, SIR, AND—ER—ER—I STILL WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER."

GOOD NEWS FOR PATRIOTS.

EVERY one really interested in the well-being, intellectual and political, of Londoners will be delighted to hear that another music-hall larger than any at present existing in Great Britain is now in course of construction at a cost of £200,000 for variety entertainments twice daily.

This is as it should be, and the promoters' patriotic efforts to get frivolity into a people that otherwise might be doing themselves harm by thought cannot be too highly applauded. More particularly should they be thanked for the wise boon of a regular afternoon performance, coming at a time, as it does, when so many persons are tempted to weary, if not positively injure, themselves with work.

A country isolated and protected, as we are, by that great natural rampart the sea, is in a position different in every respect from a continental nation with no such advantage. Were we to be told, for example, that Berlin was adding to its present inconsiderable number of

places of entertainment a new music-hall vaster than anything already existing in Germany, we should shake our heads in some anxiety and disapproval. For Germany has no physical guarantees of immunity from attack, such as we have, and therefore it behoves her to think rather of technical schools and gymnasiums, rifle clubs and studiousness.

Again, France would be ill-advised to overdo recreation and live entirely on the memory of greatness, with her frontier so beset by Teutonic guards. But a nation like ourselves, which is at the top of the tree and so obviously the darling of the gods, may be permitted its hours of ease in very considerable profusion; we have indeed earned them.

It is therefore that such an announcement as this concerning the new music-hall for Oxford Circus, capable of holding its thousands every afternoon and evening (to be opened next September), fills us with satisfaction. London needs all the gaiety it can know, the total of music-halls at this moment being so small—only thirty-six in London proper

and thirteen in the suburbs, with a beggarly forty-six theatres in London and twelve in the suburbs, not to mention a poor sprinkling of skating rinks and cinematograph-halls in addition.

If we had a criticism to make, it would be that morning performances should be given too—beginning, say, at eleven, when work often is getting so tiresome; but even such a suggestion as that is ungrateful when we recollect what this new enterprise really means.

One word more. Mr. GIBBONS, the benefactor who is preparing for London the new hall, is at present, he says, in doubt whether to call it "The Palladium" or "The Arena." Both names are excellent; but would not "The Lotus" or "The Siren" be even better?

From a Girls' School Examination:

Q. Explain the following passage:—

"Those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

A. Songs that Queen ELIZABETH used to write in her spare time.

ON THE RANK.

(Graveler speaks.)

III.

Yuss, you meets some queer cards. A nole lidy 'ires me by the hour last Sunday. You know 'ow we likes that, an' I does the usual funeral crawl, o' course. "Do 'urry up a bit," she says at last. "Cawn't," I says; "my 'orse don't fink it decent to be fast on Sundays." "All right," says the old geyser in a pet, "I don't mind. It'll only 'urt you. The hour'll take you all the longer!" Laugh—I thought I should ha' bust!

Them lides! There was a stout party with a fice enough to make a motor-keb shy come up to me wiv a little pet puddle dog as stout as 'is missus almost, an' all done up in ribbings. "I want to go to Tottinam," she says; "do you fink your 'orse could go so fur?" "That's all right, lidy," I says. Then she comes round an' 'as a look at the 'orse. "Oh," she says, "I'm sure 'e couldn't go so fur, an' I want to get 'ome quick as my little dog ain't well. Why, your 'orse is nuffink but skin an' bones." Says this afore me, an' afore the gee! At that I gives my 'orse a slash wiv the whip, an' what d'you fink 'e does? 'E runs over the puddle dog! Pure ax'dent, o' course. In fac', I 'as a fright at first, I fought 'e adn't done it.

And then there was the American gennerman what jumps in at the Hotel Cecil an' arsts me to drive as 'ard as I can to Li'pool Street Station as 'e got to catch a train in twenny minutes. So I flogs my old gee till me arm fair aches, and gets there with five minutes to spare. 'E pays me heighteenpence! "What's this?" I says. "Your fare," 'e says. "Yes, but look 'ow I 'urried," I says. "Well," says Stars an' Stripes, "I reckon you're ready the sooner for anuvver job—it ain't 'urt you." "You're wrong in your reckonin'," I says. "Look at my pore 'orse," I says. "Ah, I forgot 'im, pore fellow," 'e says; an' then what d'you fink 'e does? 'E goes to the 'orse's 'ead an' drops a tanner down 'is mouf, an' was gone afore I could get off my box an' make 'im see some of 'is stars. Yewmour again, I suppose! It's on occasions sech as this that new swear-words is invented. My 'orse's

digestion ain't been the same since. No, manners ain't what they was. The public 'as no consideration for anyone's feelin's. Why, a 'bus-conductor fren' of mine told me that one day a lidy says to 'im bang outright, "Are you a Pirate?" Quite rightly 'e refused to incriminate 'isself. As a matter of fac' the public 'as more consideration for the hanimals than for us. Why, in the summer a little body comes up to me an' says, "Would you like a nice sun-bonnet for your pore 'oss?" I says, "Thank you kindly, lidy." An' my old woman's a-wearin' it now. I buys six-pennorff o' hartificial flowers, an' sticks 'em on to the 'at, an' gives it for 'er birfday, an' werry hartistic it looks! Mind you it was a kindness to the 'orse to do that. They 'ates them bonnets. The 'orse, as I said afore, is a noble

of 'em pays 'im, one on each side of the keb. An' then my fren' drives to a rank where I 'appened to be. 'E gets off 'is box an' opens the door of 'is keb, and then 'e cries, "Great Jehosophat, look 'ere!" So I goes an' looks, an' there, sprawled on the floor, habolutely dead drunk an' hincapable, was one of the gents. "What am I to do?" asks my fren'. "What're you to do? Why, it's puffikly clear," I says, "what you got to do. You takes 'im to Scotland Yard, an' if 'e ain't claimed wivin free munfs, 'e's yours."

Yuss, we 'as a little romance in our perfession, sometimes.

Well, it don't look as if I'm goin' to 'ave a job this arternoon. 'Owever, no matter. There's always the work'us. I shall be in good company there along o' the Dooks. Only what wiv the rheu-

matiz an' the bad times, it do take the sperrit out of you a bit. I was we'l known for my back-answers at one time, but now I ain't got the 'eart for rippartee. T'other day one of them great stinkin' mobusses—a Union Jack (they ought to call 'em Onion Jacks!)—runs into me an' breaks one o' my winders, an' all I says, as the glass falls, is, "Never mind, you've brought me up to date now—you've made me into an airier-cab." That's 'ow I took it. I s'pose it's hold age. . . . No, no one wants the 'orse-kebs now. It's, "Sorry, I wants a taxi."



SPORTS AT THE ZOO. HIGH-DIVING.

hanimal, an' 'e don't want to be made to look a second-'and music-'all comic.

By-the-by, I didn't tell you of a remarkable thing that 'appened to me yes'day. Such a thing never 'appened to me before. A lidy give me a tip! Or, I should say, hofferred me one. Yuss, she'd paid me 'er shillin', an' she says, "Wait a minute, Cabby," an' then arst me if I 'ad change of a penny! Unluckily I 'adn't, an' the hincident closed, but I'd 'ave liked to 'ave the coin to keep as a curosiety.

Yuss, it isn't orfen you 'as adventurs. A fren' of mine 'ad one about a munf ago. Free gents 'ails 'im in the 'Ay-market arter supper, and gets in. They was werry nice gents, an' afore long they stops at a pub an' arsts my fren' in, an' treats 'im verry generous wiv pork wine—stands 'im almost as much as they 'as themselves. Then they gets in again, wi' difficulty, an' 'e drives 'em to their destination. They was real gennermen right up to the end, for two

Sorry be durned! That won't keep you from starvin'. 'Owever, never mind. If the public don't want me I don't want them, 'ang 'em! . . . 'Ullo, what's that? "Four-wheeler up." 'Ooray. Get on, old 'oss! 'Ere y'are, lidy!

AFTER-EFFECTS.

I.

"No, we don't worry about him," said his brother to me. "The doctors say he is quite harmless, quite happy, and perfectly sane, excepting in this one particular."

I glanced across at the mild-looking young man in the opposite corner, who smiled pleasantly to himself, and hummed a little tune, as he turned over the pages of *The Daily Telegraph* and jotted down figures in a big note-book.

"He became very enthusiastic over the Elections, and every morning made it his first business to work out how the parties stood. Thus he grew to love

that section of the newspaper where the latest figures appeared, and now, poor fellow, he misses them dreadfully, and can't get over it. He makes a cheerful best of it, however, and, failing election figures, you see, he contents himself with others."

Just then he was adding up the lines in a column, and as we watched him he proceeded to multiply them by 17,095, being the number of the issue of the paper. Turning the pages rapidly, he entered other figures in his note-book, finally casting the paper aside and adding up the grand total, which appeared to give him every satisfaction.

"I can show you something very interesting," he said, addressing me. "Do you mind counting the number of pages in this newspaper?" and he handed me his *Daily Telegraph*. The number was twenty.

"Now watch me," he said, and folding the paper in two he cut it through with his knife. "Now count the number of pages," he said triumphantly, handing me the two halves together.

"Forty," I said.

"Now you understand how twenty gains count forty on a division," he explained.

II.

Reggie was a small boy with ideas. He had read the newspapers intelligently during the Elections, and he had noted the terrible effect that could be produced by quoting what some great politician had said years ago.

Keeping his own counsel, he went to the stationer's and bought a threepenny note-book. He headed the pages as follows: "What Father said," "What Mother said," "What Beryl said," "What Tom said," leaving some dozen pages for each section.

He has already begun his entries, giving the exact date to each. In a fit of exasperation his father called out to him the other day when Reggie was strumming for his own amusement: "You must not play that piano!" Reggie has put it down, thinking that it will be useful to quote when the practising of scales seems to have no charms for him.

"I don't want you to go to church in the rain," his mother said on Sunday, when Reggie, in spite of a heavy cold, begged to be allowed to go and hear his friend the fat curate preach. It is now in the book, ready for a wet Sunday when the Vicar will hold forth. "You're a nasty boy, and I don't want you ever to play with me again," is entered under Beryl's name, and should successfully counter any appeal at an inconvenient moment; while Tom's latest offer is noted thus: "I will give my knife for one of your skates," an option which Reggie proposes to exercise when the winter is over.



Old Jarge. "THEY TALKS ABOUT FREE FOOD AND ALL THAT, BUT WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THIS YERE SUPPER TAX?"

LITERARY NOTE.

THE latest cinematoscope device is the pictorial arrangement of short stories from the magazines, with enough explanation to make the author (should he be present) flush with pride.

The idea should spread, and indeed is spreading, a mass meeting of literary agents (who, it is well known, now far outnumber the authors) having been held in the Albert Hall to agree as to a line of policy.

As an outcome we are informed that the film-makers are hard at work preparing a strip 8,000 miles in length, or a third of the distance round the world—the longest ever made—for the adequate pictorial treatment of *It Never*

Can Happen Again, Mr. DE MORGAN'S latest trifle.

This, of course, will mean for a while a film famine, but directly that is over the audiences of London may expect to see bioscoped several recent fictional successes, including some amusing fancies of Mr. HENRY JAMES, while it is probable that many authors will in future write direct for this public, and, in the present state of literary mutiny, let the ordinary readers go.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, for example, is, it is alleged, already at work upon a cinematoscope romance on a film that would reach from London to West Herts and back again, entitled (to touch the sympathetic chords of the music-hall audience) *A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE O'FLYNN."

WHEN the Actor-Manager of His Majesty's finds himself with a part that suits him, more than half the battle is already won. And there can be no manner of doubt that the inconsequent character of *The O'Flynn* was admirably adapted to Sir BEERBOHM's methods. Swaggering yet courageous, swashbuckler and poet, egoist and altruist, *Falstaff* and *Cyrano* in one, sighs behind the laughter and laughter behind the sighs, and



ESPRIT D'ESCALIER.

The O'Flynn (Sir H. B. TREE) extemporises for the benefit of the *Lady Benedetta Mount-michael* (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY).

the right Irish humour playing over all—it was a figure (for professional purposes) after his own heart. As for the play, which, after all, is the thing, it has its good moments, as in the duel of swords, when *The O'Flynn* forbears his own advantage and swallows a bowl of punch between thrust and parry, so as to put his drunken adversary on level terms with him; or in the duel of drinks—with Burgundy this time for the medium—between the hero and *Van Dronk*. But Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's design is rather naive, and the dialogue and action have their thin patches, notably in Act I. and the first scene of Act III. It showed, too, a certain poverty of invention to make *The O'Flynn* masquerade twice over in other men's wigs.

My pleasantest memory is of Miss EVELYN D'ALROY. To every word and motion and mood she brought an exquisite grace and dignity. I shall not soon forget her loyal anger in defence of *Lord Sedgemouth*, who had been challenged and pinked for using her name lightly in public. "He is my lover: he may say of me what he chooses." I doubt if we have any living actress who could

have played the part of *The Lady Benedetta* with a more perfect charm and distinction.

As for Mr. HENRY AINLEY, he is incapable of poor work; but I think the audience never quite recovered from the shock of finding that he had been cast for the leading villain of the piece. If possible he should always be a hero, doing things as handsome as his face.

Mr. EDWARD SASS, as *Van Dronk*, gave an admirable study in bibulous Dutch, and Miss AURIOL LEE, in the part of a strolling comédienne, known as *Fancy Free* (though never found in strictly "maiden meditation"), did full justice to her name, and to the extreme candour of her part. I could have wished that Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, as a mournful buffoon, doomed to suffer from toothache and a necklace of sausages, had had more scope for his talent.

Perhaps the most effective figure of all was that of Mr. FAY, who, as the uncrowned Majesty of Munster, did the one real piece of Irish work in the play. As with so many of his race, there was a strain of unforced pathos under his brave show of humour.

Altogether, I have to thank everybody for a very pleasant entertainment which never taxed my intelligence beyond its simple powers. And in any case I could never have the heart to find fault with a play in which the author has shown so generous an appreciation of the merits of punch.

O. S.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

MR. COMYNS CARR's play at the Queen's Theatre is "founded on" STEVENSON's book, and provides a score of parts; if it had been "adapted from" it, then it would have been a one-man play, and we should have had an uninterrupted evening of Mr. H. B. IRVING. That is what I should have liked. We should, of course, have needed a certain number of walkers on, for *Hyde* to strangle; supers with thinking, or rather dying, parts; possibly a child or two. For the rest, Mr. IRVING—now as *Jekyll*, now as *Hyde*; soliloquising, transfiguring, murdering.

Mr. CARR, as a practised playwright, knows better than to allow this; there would be nothing dramatic about the death of an odd super; *Hyde* must have some splendid reason for killing. So *Jekyll* is provided with the usual entanglement. An old intrigue with *Lady Carew* is about to be revealed to *Sir Danvers*, the injured husband, by a discharged butler who has obtained possession of "the letters." (Yes, actually "the letters" again! Why will people write? And now they talk about a Sunday post as well!) *Lady Carew* appeals frantically (Act I.) to *Jekyll* to save her. *Jekyll* is filled

with wild and wicked thoughts about *Sir Danvers* and the butler (particularly *Sir Danvers*) . . . and behold, he has automatically changed into *Hyde*! As *Hyde*, of course he has no difficulty in putting things on a more secure basis (Act II.); strangling *Sir D.* and cutting the butler's throat.

So far Mr. COMYNS CARR. In the last two Acts STEVENSON has much more of a show. Here we do see *Hyde* hiding (I'm sorry, I can't help it) from the police in his Soho lodgings, in a fury of impatience for the arrival of the drug which will restore him to the form of *Jekyll*. Mr. IRVING was magnificent in this Act—a very devil (if devils are cowards too) as he gloated over his past orgies and trembled for his present danger. (But why such a miserable



Dr. Jekyll (Mr. H. B. IRVING). "I am ill, I am ill—I must have a complete change."

(Makes it in the next Act.)

lodging? You can do more in the orgy way, I should have thought, with luxurious surroundings.) Magnificent he was, too, in the last scene of all, where (as in the book) the spirit of *Jekyll* is finally imprisoned in the body of *Hyde*, and there is no way out but death. These two Acts were independent of Mr. CARR's "plot," and they could not help being the better for it.

Of course Mr. CARR had an impossible task; it is not his fault that STEVENSON's strange case does not go into a play. But if you will not see a great play at the Queen's you will at least be properly horrified. Mr. IRVING will make you shudder—he may even make you dream. As a contrast you will enjoy the curtain-raiser, *The Plumbers*, a music-hall sketch which cannot fail to make you laugh. Thus in one evening you can experience most of the emotions.

M.

"ROWING 13 MILES AT 86.

Dr. Furnivall's Great Feat Next Sunday."

Evening News.

This is indeed wonderful. Why even in the Varsity race the crews only row 4½ miles at an average stroke of 36 or so.



Matilda Jane. "If you don't come 'ome this minute, John Philip, I'll tell muvver abant yer gettin' yer feet wet!"

A FEBRUARY TROUT-FANCY.

Now are the days ere the crocus
Peeps in the Park,
Ere the first snowdrops invoke us,
Ere the brown lark
Hymns over headland and heather
Spring and her riot of weather,
Days when the East winds are moaning
together,
Dreary and dark!

Still, just at times comes a hint of
Softness that brings,
Spite of the season, a glint of
April's own wings:
Violets hawked on the highway,
West winds a-whoop down a byway,
Silver clouds loose on the blue of their
sky-way,
Such are the things!

Yes, though old Winter o'ertake us
Swiftly again,
These are the portents that make us
Pause by the pane—
Windows where weavers of tackle
Snare us with shows that unshackle

Dreams, as we gaze upon tinsel and
hackle,
Greenheart and cane!

Visions of bud on the sallow,
Swords in gay gown,
Glimpses of pool and of shallow,
Streams brimming down;
Wail of the wandering plover,
Flute of the thrush in the cover,
Swirl of the pounder that breaks, turn-
ing over
At your March Brown!

Hark to the reel's sudden shrill of
Line that's ripped out,
Feel the rod thrill with the thrill of
Fate still in doubt,
Till, where the shingles are showing,
Yours are the rainbow tints glowing
Crimson and gold on a lusty and know-
ing
Devonshire trout!

Such are the fancies they throw us,
Sun and soft air,
Woven at windows that show us,
Lingering there,

Not the mere flies for our buying,
Not only rods for our trying,
But—if we've eyes for it—all the un-
dying
Fun o' Spring Fair!

From an article in *The Clarion* "by
VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P." (Why M.P.?)

"There was little Ernest Hunter, whose
indescribable hat covered a head that must have
knocked around the world considerably before
he found it."

Title for the picture: "The Head-
Hunter."

"Various speculations have been indulged in
as to the identity of the mysterious benefactor.
One of these is that the donor of the bank-notes
is a lady."—*Daily Mail*.

After deep thought we venture to inform
our readers that, on the other hand, the
donor *might* be a gentleman.

"MR. ASQUITH'S DEMANDS.

P shrd'u mfwypay yqayayq yayaqyayaq ¼ ¼"
Dublin Evening Mail.

With a majority of 120 he may safely
demand all that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

J. PLUVIUS (as the sporting papers style him) has been accused of constantly popping out of his machine to ruin top-hats and test matches, and to interfere in even more important human affairs. Yet, from the classic case of Dido and Æneas, whom he drove into the fated cave, to the more modern instance of *Ralph and Phyllis*, the protagonists in *A Winter's Comedy* (LAURIE), for whom the god arranged a first meeting in a Yorkshire farmhouse, he has assisted at more love-affairs than Venus herself. J. P. and Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE were so pleased with the success of their little experiment with *Ralph and Phyllis* that they agreed to repeat it in the shape of a heavy mist which cut the happy pair off from the rest of the world when they were out hunting on the moors, and forcibly convinced *Ralph* that *Phyllis* was his only joy. *Ralph* belonged to

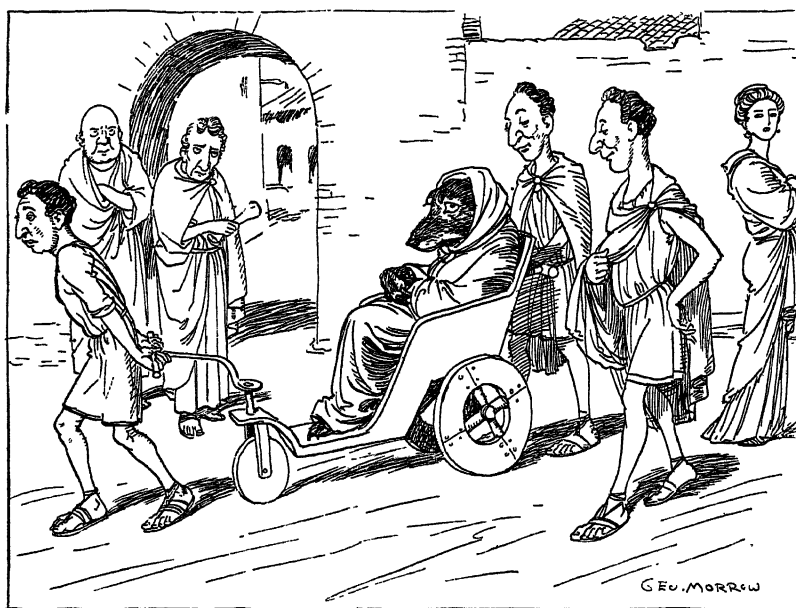
a prehistoric family that came over with Noah, and, as he had only a beggarly two thousand a year, could not afford to keep up Mount Ararat, the old family place in Yorkshire. *Phyllis* was the niece of an ex-farmer who had made his pile abroad, and bought an Elizabethan house and some of the broad acres of the same county. And the county, which has not, as a rule, much use for newcomers, called on them and took to them because, although the bluff straight-riding uncle was obviously not one of them, the niece was charming, and bore a wonderful and mysterious likeness to *Ralph's* dead mother. (For solution of this coincidence see the book itself.) On the whole the course of true love runs through Mr. SUTCLIFFE's simple but pleasant little story with exceeding smoothness. Everything, in fact, goes as right as rain.

If a man may say that he was "disappointed in the Atlantic" perhaps I may be allowed to confess that I am fed up with the great god Pan. Pan comes trotting into EDGAR JEPSON's book, No. 19 (MILLS AND BOON), and he is surrounded by all the dear old mysteries. The dead woman, the horrible smell of the goat, the cloven footsteps in the gravel, the man who has lost his reason and can only mutter, "Pan is not dead"—these are all here; yet Mr. JEPSON pretends to leave his hero, *John Plowden*, absolutely mystified as to the happenings of the night. *John* cannot have read much contemporary fiction. Of course I don't mind if the hero of a novel seems to be a fool, but I object to the assumption that the reader is too; and I am annoyed when an author appears to plume himself on some quality which is entirely absent from his book. You can almost hear Mr. JEPSON shuddering at the awful mysteries of his

story. "Ah," he says, with bated breath, "if only I dared tell you the horror at which I must only hint;" and all the time you are saying cheerfully to yourself, "What, poor old Pan again? Never!" No. 19, in fact, can be recommended to readers with a sense of humour as a pleasant and harmless little story of the blackest magic.

The range of subjects in Mrs. MANN's volume of short stories, *Bound Together* (MILLS AND BOON) is so wide that if you have a weakness of any kind she is almost certain to gratify it. Granted that you are a pre-Rafflesite and no worshipper of burglars, you can still take your choice between Sabbatarians, cats and people who "love the mystic." If you are not excited by the stupidities of a jealous wife, you may still be interested in the antics of a silly husband. To take the two best stories—*Old Billy Knock* is a simple tale, which tells of a great love of home in the heart of a labouring man; but it also reveals a nobility and a firmness of mind which those who regard

country labourers as mere pawns upon a political chess-board are apt to disregard. *The Brown Greatcoat* contains two delightfully funny and unexpected situations, and is an excellent example of the author's humour. I return eighteen thanks to Mrs. MANN, one for each of her stories, and am glad to say that, as her book contains no acknowledgment of the courtesy of various editors, I conclude that even the most voracious readers of magazines can approach it with confidence.



TOUCHING FILIAL PIETY OF ROMULUS AS SHOWN IN HIS TREATMENT OF HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.

tricks bring the temperature down to absolute zero this morning, but up till the time of writing none of the correspondents have ventured on the minus sign. With a little more encouragement, however, this is safe to come."

"ROTHESAY.—The frost here is regarded as the keenest for sixty years. The thermometer is 16 degrees below zero."

Demand and supply, from the same number of *The Glasgow Evening News*.

The Contortionist.

The Naturalist of this month calls attention to a gentleman who was "one of the founders of the Hull Geological Society, and has passed through its presidential chair!" Moreover, he has "acted in the capacity of honorary secretary to the society almost without a break!"

We can picture to ourselves a jolly evening with the H.G.S.

"His boy, not yet released from the trammels of school, can milk cows and kill a sheep at a pinch."—*Christchurch Press* (N.Z.).

There were heroes in the old days who could kill an ox at a blow; this is better. But of course it's knack rather than strength.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Committee of the Socialist-Republican Alliance of Madrid have decided to send a telegram to congratulate the leader of the Liberal party in the British Parliament on the result of the elections. We are sure it was kindly meant.

The Anglo-German Arbitration Agreement of 1904 has been prolonged for a further period of ten years. If either party should refuse to be bound by it, the other, we understand, will enforce it, if necessary, by arms.

Another sign of the times! From an account of Cruft's Dog Show:—"It is a melancholy fact that only eight entries have been received in the mastiff section, this fine old British variety having steadily lost ground of late years, whereas the German Great Danes have proportionately increased, their strength on the present occasion being 99." Even when we go to the dogs the Germans are in front.

"There is little doubt," we are told, "that the impending agreement between the Great Western and the London and South Western Railways will take the form of a pooling of the West of England traffic." We would beg these Companies not to be too precipitate. Reports from Paris state that the pooling of the Métropolitain there has had a most damping effect on the spirits of the Directors.

Mr. MONTAGU SHARPE, in charging the Grand Jury at the Middlesex Sessions last week, pointed out that there were only 22 cases to be investigated as compared with 50 at the last sessions, but hastened to add, in case this should be taken as a sign of decadence among our criminals, that this was always so in the February session, and that in the succeeding months the numbers would rise again all right.

One could wish that all our newspapers were as jealous as is *The Express* of the dignity of our judges. In recording the fact that at the opening of the Northampton Assizes the nose of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE bled, our contem-

porary spoke of his Lordship as suffering from "a violent attack of hemorrhage" of that organ.

"No home is quite complete without children," says the BISHOP OF LONDON. On the other hand, a father points out, no home is quite complete *with* children. Something is always getting broken.

A dear old lady, who has been studying the report of a recent lecture on the determination of sex, says she thinks she understands it now: fathers always have daughters and mothers always have sons.

"Everything this season," says an article in a contemporary on spring

is described as a modern Hercules, standing well over six feet, and having a remarkable muscular development. The proportions of operatic heroines have been becoming so enormous that, to manipulate them successfully in *enlèvement* scenes, the operatic athlete has become a necessity.

The *Entente*, even if it had achieved nothing else, would be notable for the interchange of intellectual products which it has promoted. The latest good news is that Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junior, is going to Paris to introduce there a French version of "Yip-i-addy-ay," under the title of "Yip-ai-ady-ai-é."



LONDONESE.

Coster. "ERE, WOT ABANT IT?"

Hawker. "WOT ABANT WOT?"

Coster. "WOT ABANT WOT YER SAID ABANT ME?"

Hawker. "WELL, WOT ABANT IT?"

[And so on.]

fashions, "will be shot." This is good news. We have been wanting for some time past to down certain hats.

Coventry now possesses a funeral motor-hearse which is capable of travelling either at a walking pace or at such a speed that it can pick up customers as it goes along.

The National Poultry Organisation Society is instituting a campaign with a view to drawing attention to the enormous possibilities of poultry farming in this country. That huge profits are to be made out of poultry is sufficiently proved by M. ROSTAND's fabulous success with his *Chantecler*.

Signor ZEROLA, the Milanese tenor, who is to make his *début* at Covent Garden during the forthcoming season,

The Great Western Railway is to run shortly a special egg train. Now is our chance—which we seize—of not calling this an Eggspress.

The skating craze continues to spread. Land-slides are reported from the Isle of Wight and Northumberland.

Now that it has been decided that the Brown Dog of Battersea is to be removed, there would appear to be some difficulty as to its disposal, and it is not impossible that the constitution of the local Dogs' Home may have to be altered so as to admit of its sheltering homeless canine statues.

With reference to the KING and the Crisis, *The Daily News* issues the following warning:—"He has to decide in accordance with the rules, and a failure to interpret them impartially might have unpleasant consequences for him." After this sweeping admonition, HIS MAJESTY, we fancy, may be trusted not to lose his head.

From an advertisement in *The North Middlesex Chronicle*:—

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" I came, I saw, I conquered. Memorable message of Alexander the Great centuries ago." Even as a lad ALEXANDER shaped well at Latin.

"Lost, a Donkey. All expenses paid."—*Rugby Advertiser*. Conscientious creature. May this be a lesson to the human absconding lodger.

THE FEMALE VETO.

L'homme propose: la femme dispose.

BETTY, I have borne enough!

Comes a time, I'd have you know,
When the worm, however tough,
Has to let his feelings go;
When the People, suffering long
'Neath the upper crust (or stratum),
Turns at last to right the wrong
With a manly ultimatum.

Sound proposals I indite;
Hand them in on bended joint;
You reject the things at sight,
Or amend the crucial point;
"Wife," a most important word
(This is where I get so gloomy),—
"Wife" you cancel as absurd,
But you'll be a "sister" to me.

Well, it's more than I can stand;
Must my manhood still be mute,
Humbled by a woman's hand,
Bested by a woman's boot?
Shall they make me drink the dust—
Such a tiny hand and wee toe?
No, my Betty, I will bust
Up your antiquated veto.

I have swallowed bitter rue
All these barren, blighted years,
Now I mean to deal with you
As the Commons with the Peers.
Every Valentine I've shot
At your heart, you chose to flout it;
Now I'll have my way, if not
With your leave, why, then, without it.

Twice, within a certain space,
I propose to press my claim;
Twice (I give you ample grace)
You are free to spurn the same;
But—for I decline to spend
Half my life in looking silly—
At the third time I intend
You shall wed me, willy-nilly.

"What!" you say, "if I refuse
Still when you have thrice appealed,
Is it your design to use
Savage force to make me yield?"
"Go to ASQUITH," I reply;
"Scoop the secrets of the Cæsar;
Bring them here, and then will I
Tell you what my 'guarantees' are."
O. S.

The Very Latest Rumour.

From a bright young contemporary:
"It is not improbable that another vacancy
may be caused by the retirement of Lord
Wolverhampton from the Duchy of Lancaster."
And if Mr. BRYCE would only retire from
the Irish Secretaryship there would be
yet another vacancy.

Election Paradox from the East.

"Top pressure is being exerted on both
sides."—*The Pioneer.*

HORAE PETRINAE.

WE note with natural satisfaction that
Mr. PETER KEARY has now so far modi-
fied his original views on Success as to
admit that you cannot always "get it in
one." But there are some obvious omis-
sions in his new work, *Success after
Failure*, and these we now propose to
remedy in Mr. KEARY's best manner.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL began life as a donkey-boy
at Biskra. He was a wild young rip,
and so given to practical jokes that he
soon got the chuck and enlisted in the
Carthaginian Hussars.

Nature, while generally true enough in
the long run, sometimes wobbles a bit
on the start, while she is getting her
bearings, but dear old HANNY wasn't long
in getting on the job.

He introduced elephants into the
Carthaginian cavalry, patented a new
army boot, and not long after won the
battle of Cannae against the Romans.

HANNIBAL was the first man to cross
the Alps. It was a tough job, but he
did it, assisted by HASDRUBAL, HIMILCO,
HITHERTO, and other Phœnician bosses.

Then came Capua and the fleshpots of
Campania.

Capua! What a moral that word
teaches!! Old HANNY was a bit of an
epicure and the restaurant life was too
much for his constitution.

He and his soldiers got "fed up," and
FABIUS and SCIPIO knocked spots off him
in the long run.

Then he started as a financier and
company-promoter in the East.

He worked hard, but good intentions
without results failed to fill the bill and
he perished by his own hand.

Poor HANNIBAL!

When he died he was an extinct
volcano.

If he were alive now I'd offer him
£20,000 down for his reminiscences.

Mirrored in the pages of his deadly
enemies, HANNIBAL still fairly knocks us.
And, after all, no greater book has ever
been written than LIVY's History.

He makes the most wonderful people
and happenings live before us just as
they were in those golden days. No
man who has any sort of mental ambi-
tion can afford to be without this master-
piece of luscious narrative.

If you haven't read it get it at once.

If you can't read it in the Latin, buy,
borrow, or steal a crib.

I mean to read it as soon as ever I
stop writing books.

JOHN MILTON.

THE MAN WHO CHEEKED CHARLES THE
SECOND IN PRISON.

Before MILTON turned up, poetry in
England had fairly got the hump. POPE
was far away, SHAKESPEARE was a back

number, and BYRON, SHELLEY and KEATS
had not as yet dawned upon the world.
The Muses were sick, the Pierian spring
had lost its fizz, and people were won-
dering if the "tuneful nine" would ever
pipe up again.

Then came MILTON and altered every-
thing.

There was no "blue blood" in JOHN
MILTON's veins. From the "Smart Set"
of his day he was as far removed as he
was from the inhabitants of Mars.

He wrote *Paradise Lost*, the greatest
epic in the English language, a work
that is especially necessary in this
hustling, commercial age, when the
material is so overshadowing the
spiritual, and when pretty nearly all
life's values dwarf before that of the
banknote.

But MILTON did not merely write
Paradise Lost. He sold it for £10!!!

Poor MILTON!

But although blind and nearly dotty
he kept up his pecker to the end, and
gave his daughters "what for" on the
slightest provocation.

Great, brave, big-hearted, large-souled
MILTON! If you do not know him
already, make haste to form his acquaint-
ance.

I mean to.

SHAKESPEARE failed as a wool merchant.

CROCKETT got out of the pulpit to
address a bigger audience as novelist.

JOHN WANAMAKER began life as an
errand-boy. He afterwards became the
Napoleon of the retail trade.

Mr. CORTELYOU failed as a music-
master.

Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO was educated
as a solicitor.

(To be continued.)

"Two Fulham electors handed in their
polling card slips at the Queen's Hall At Home,
with the news that they had this time voted
against the Government."—*Votes for Women.*
But that still leaves about 3,165,146
Opposition voters to be accounted for
somehow. We hope it will be possible
to trace them.

Beauty Culture.

"Dip your soiled face in alcohol, rinse it in
the liquid and hang it straight to dry. It may
then be pressed."—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*
"Give me thy face that I may press it
gently."

"In his leathern gaiters you do not at first
recognise him as one of the best, if not the best,
inside-left in England."—*Morning Leader.*
One would have thought the gaiters
would have given it away.



PICK-ME-UP OR KNOCK-ME-DOWN.

PEER. "WELL, IF I'VE GOT TO BE DOCTORED, I SHOULD REALLY MUCH PREFER THIS LITTLE MIXTURE OF MY OWN."



FINESSE.

Road Inspector (who has put a new man on). "WELL, JOHN, WHAT'S YOUR NEW MAN LIKE?"

Sweeper in charge of gang. "WELL, 'E'S ALL RIGHT, SIR, FOR JUST STRAIGHT SWEEPIN', BUT 'E AIN'T NO GOOD FOR ANY TICKLISH BIT O' WORK, LIKE WHEN IT COMES TO SWEEPIN' ROUND A LAMP-POST AND SICH-LIKE."

THE CUPBOARD VALENTINE.

O Mary, in this month of Lent,
Although the motley minstrel feels
It hard upon his native bent,
An Anglo-Saxon never squeals,
And I adhere to my intent
Of cutting down my monstrous meals.

And so these Cupids on the wing,
This lover's bow I did not choose
To mail to any sweet young thing
Who fires my amatory Muse,
But her who makes the kettle sing—
A somewhat different pair of shoes.

There may be beauty more divine
Than that to which I fondly look,
But yours is that resplendent shrine,
With saucepans hung on every hook,
That claims from us this Valentine—
Accept it pray, O Mary, cook!

For yours it is with constant care,
And well-tried culinary plot,
To furnish me with pluck to bear
(Egeria of the basement grot!)
The rigours of my Lenten fare,
And make me seem to gorge a lot.

You help me through: your art is such
That (granted the correct receipt)
It makes the little like the much,
The plain as toothsome as the sweet;
Your fingers have the fairy's touch,
Whatever size you take in feet.

Then if you loved me in the past,
O Mary mine, so love me still,
Accept this token of my vast
Affection, and be sure to grill
The meagre sole that suits the fast
With more than customary skill.
EVOE.

AFTER "CHANTECLER."

[Green Room Gossip of the Future.]

PREPARATIONS for the forthcoming piscatorial play at His Majesty's are rapidly approaching completion. The proscenium opening has been fitted with its plate-glass front and the curtain of green seaweed is in position.

As our readers are already aware, the plot of the piece deals with the love affairs of a plaice who has conceived a hopeless passion for a high-born lady mackerel.

Interviewed yesterday, Sir HERBERT BEERDOHM TREE said he was delighted with his part of the plaice, as it afforded great opportunities for the display of varied emotions. A plaice indicates these by changing the colour of its spots—a mode of expression not confined to the chameleon, as is popularly supposed.

A strong part is provided for the villain, a sinister devil-fish, to be played by Mr. LYN HARDING.

Some idea of the size of the properties employed may be gathered from the announcement that little ELSIE CRAVEN, who appears as a dancing winkle, will reside in a shell fifteen feet in circumference.

Aphis, the long-talked-of insect sketch, is due at the St. James's on Saturday evening.

A typical GEORGE ALEXANDER part is that of the handsome red ant who protects the heroine, a fascinating green-fly, from the machinations of an elderly earwig.

The entire action takes place on a rose-bush in full bloom, the flowers measuring over four yards in diameter.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER announces that he has secured the rights of a new animal comedy written by the Editor of *The Zoophilist*. He will play a middle-aged okapi, a congenial "friend of the family" part, while Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH has been cast for a wayward gazelle.

The latest addition to the "Follies" bill is a new potted dog play, in which Mr. PELISSIER appears as a French poodle.

Motto for the House of Peers.

"Mirantur taciti et dubio pro fulmine pendent."—*Statius*.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER VI.—THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Simpson at the supper table, glass in hand, "it is my pleasant duty——"

"Bother!" murmured Myra; "drinking healths always makes me feel funny."

"Silence for McSimp," shouted Archie. "Now then, pass along there, please. There's no need to push, you'll all be able to hear. Gentlemen, the O'Sumph is addressing us impromptu, not to say unasked."

"It is my pleasant duty," continued Simpson, "as your late emperor [*Half an hour late.—How's the probosc?*] to propose the health of the Rabbits Dramatic Company. [*Hooray.*] Great as we are on the cricket field—[*Wide!*]—great, I say, as we are on the cricket field—[*Pitch'em up, Simpson!*]—we are, I think, still greater in the halls of Thespis. [*Don't know the lady.*] Gentlemen, I knew IRVING—[*Liar!*]—I have heard tell of GARRICK—[*Good! Ever heard of Shakespeares?*]—but to-night has been a new experience for me. [*I will—give you—the kee-eyes of—*]. Ladies and gentlemen, I propose our very good healths, coupled with the name of Miss Myra Mannering." [*Loud cheers.*]

"That's me," said Myra.

"I single out Miss Mannering," added Simpson, "because I'm sure we should all like to hear her make a speech."

"Oh, Samuel," said Myra, shaking her head at him, "and I thought it was because you loved me."

"The Rabbits! Myra!" we cried.

"Miss Mannering will now address you," announced Archie. "She will be glad to answer any questions afterwards; but anyone who interrupts will be hurled out. I appeal to you as Englishmen to give her a fair hearing."

Myra stood on a chair, looking lovely but very lonely, and waited till we were silent.

"My dear good friends," she began, and then she caught Thomas's eye. "Hallo, Tommy," she said wistfully. . . . "My dear good friends, but why should you say I'm a jolly good fellow when it isn't my birthday or anything? But how silly of you! Why, of course, we're all jolly good fellows—and jolly good actors, too. It has been fun, hasn't it? . . . Oh, Archie dear . . . I hope we shall all be here in the summer, don't you? Well, you can't very well say you don't, now I've asked you, can you? You'll have to pretend your uncles are very ill, and then you needn't come. . . . Oh please—don't all look at me like that, you make me want to cry, and I only want to laugh to-night. . . . Archie, may I get down?"

"She is a dear," Dahlia whispered to me. "How you can go on——"

It was Simpson who saved the situation and made us merry and bright again. He hastily trotted out the suggestion that we should tour the country in the summer, playing cricket in the day and *Bong the Second* at night. Archie backed him up at once.

"Only I'm off Bong Two altogether," he said. "Of course, what we want is a cricket play. We shall have to write one ourselves, I expect; there aren't any really good ones about. Act I.: Rupert Vavasour, a dashing bat and the last descendant of an ancient but impoverished house, is in love with the beautiful but equally impoverished Millicent. Milly is being pursued by a rich villain of the name of Jasper Fordyce, the said Jasper being a bowler of extreme swiftness, with a qualification for Essex. . . . Go on, Simpson."

"In order to restore the fallen fortunes of the house, Rupert plays for Kent as a professional—Binks (R.)—and secures talent money in six successive matches. Jasper hears of it, and (Act II.) assassinates the scorer; bribing a hireling of his own to take the deceased's place. In the next match Rupert only scores 49."

"Rupert," continued Thomas, "who had been counting his own jolly score, and made it 87, was furious, and determined at all costs to foil the villain. Accordingly he went on to bowl in the next innings and took five wickets for 239, thus obtaining talent money."

"A little love interest, please, Dahlia," said Archie.

"Now the captain, who was in the secret," said Dahlia, "was in love with Rupert's sister, which was why he put Binks (R) on to bowl. As soon as Binks had collected his five wickets, Blythe went on, and took the other five for three runs. In this way Kent just managed to win, and so Rupert got more talent money."

"The next match was against Essex—Act III., the great Act of the play—and Jasper Fordyce was playing for the Leyton brigade. As he put on his spurs before taking the field, and brushed his sleek black hair, he smiled sardonically to himself. Had he not overnight dug holes in the pitch at the pavilion end, and was not the wicket fiery, and he notoriously an erratic bowler?"

"Everything points to Simpson playing Jasper," I said, and continued.

"Heads," cried Jasper. It was heads.

"I put you in," he remarked calmly. "What!" said the other in amazement. Ten minutes later Binks (R.) and Humphreys were at the wicket. Binks took first ball with a touch of nervousness at his heart. All depended on this match. If only he could make 450 to-day, he would

be able to pay off the mortgage and marry his Millicent. . . . "Play," Jasper rushed up to the wicket and delivered the ball. Then before anybody could see how it happened, Rupert was stretched full-length upon the sward."

"I had rather thought of playing Rupert myself," said Archie. "But I'm not so sure now."

"Five for 239," I reminded him. "The part was written for you."

"But what of Millicent?" said Myra. "Fearing lest some evil should overtake her lover she had attended the match clad in a long ulster, and now she flung it off, revealing the fact that she was in flannels. With her hair tucked up beneath her county cap she looked a slim and handsome boy. To rush on to the field and take the injured one's place was the work of a moment. 'Who is this?' said the umpires in amazement. 'Fear not,' whispered Millicent to Humphreys, 'I have a birth qualification for the county, and the gardener coached me for an hour last night.'"

"Once more Jasper rushed up to the crease, and the spectators held their breath."

"I'm going to be a spectator," I said, "with a breath-holding part. Sorry—go on, Blair."

"Then Millicent's bat flashed, and, behold, the ball was on the boundary! A torrent of cheers rent the air. Again he bowled, again the bat flashed. Jasper ground his teeth."

"The curtain goes down here to represent the passing of an hour. When it rises again Millicent's score is 423. . . . There was dead silence for a moment. Then Millicent swung her bat. And at that the cheers broke out, such cheering as had never been heard before. Maclaren's record score was beaten at last! 'Now surely he will knock his wickets down,' said the spectators. Little did they know that until 450 was upon the tins the mortgage could not be paid off! 430—440—449—a sharply run single—450! From the pavilion Rupert heard the cheers and fainted again."

"It was 'over' and Millicent had the bowling. Jasper delivered the ball, a fast half-volley——"

("Oh, Simpson simply *must* play Jasper.")

"—and Millicent drove it back hard and true. Jasper tried to duck, but it was too late. He was dead."

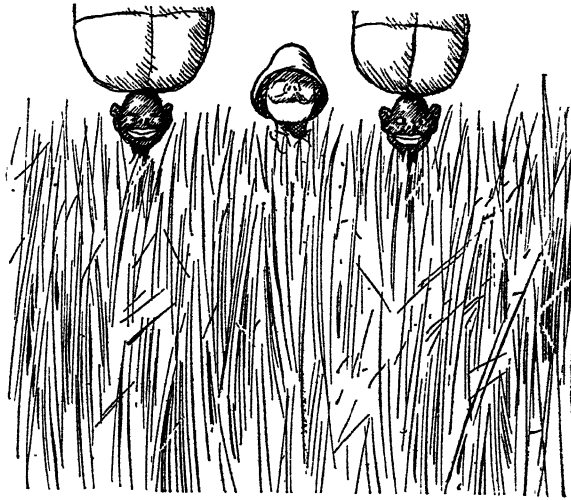
"Act IV. All his money went to Rupert, who was a distant cousin. He married Millicent, and they lived happily ever after. But, though they are always to be seen at the Tonbridge and Canterbury weeks, they have never played cricket again. . . . *Curtain.*"

"And bedtime," said Myra suddenly. "Good-night everybody."

THE END. A. A. M.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—IV. THE BIG GAME SHOOTER.



START FOR THE HUNTING GROUND.



THE AUTHOR AND A DAY'S BAG IN MMDA.



THE AUTHOR AND A DAY'S BAG IN ZLMBBA.



THE AUTHOR AND A DAY'S BAG IN MLZMBBA.



THE AUTHOR AND A DAY'S BAG IN ZLMBZLMBBA.



THE AUTHOR AND A DAY'S BAG IN MBZ—ETC.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S INFLUENZA.

SCENE—A sitting-room; TIME—5 P.M. Little Arthur, heavily wrapped up, is in an armchair with a clinical thermometer in his mouth. Mamma is attending to him.

Mamma. Arthur, you really mustn't try to talk with that thing in your mouth. I shall never be able to get your temperature properly if you do. Keep it well under your tongue. There, that's better. Half a minute more, only half a minute. For Heaven's sake don't cough. You'll bite on it and break it, and then where shall we be? (Little Arthur grows purple with the effort of suppressing a cough.) The child will burst, I know he will. There, that's enough.

[She takes out the thermometer and examines it.

Little Arthur. Ough, ouch, wouf, wouf, ouch!

Mamma. If you cough like that, I can't possibly read the thermometer. Yes, I know you can't help it, poor boy, but— Ah, 100. Come, that's better. You were 101 this morning, so you see you're getting on. And now I'll give you your medicine, and then it'll be time to go to bed. You'll be better off there, and you shall have a nice hot cup of beef-tea later.

L. A. Mamma.

Mamma. Yes, dear.

L. A. Must I take the medicine?

Mamma. Of course you must. How do you think you're going to get rid of the influenza if you don't take the medicine? Besides, what will Dr. Pollard say if he finds you haven't taken his medicine? (She pours a dose of pink medicine into a wine-glass.) There—it's the prettiest medicine I ever saw.

L. A. It may be pretty to look at, Mamma, but it's the beastliest medicine I ever tasted.

Mamma. Arthur, that is not a nice way to speak of Dr. Pollard's medicine. You ought to be thankful to him for his kindness. Think of all the poor children who can't have a doctor when they're ill.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I do, and I think they're very lucky. But, Mamma.

Mamma. Well, what is it now?

L. A. Ought everybody to drink medicine when the doctor sends it to them?

Mamma. Of course, everybody ought—that is, if they're not foolish and wilful.

L. A. Well, I know Papa didn't drink his when he had his gout three weeks ago—you remember, Mamma, when he threw a book at Uncle John. It was called *The Complete Golfer*, or some name like that, wasn't it, Mamma?

Mamma. The name of the book doesn't matter.

L. A. Doesn't it, Mamma? I thought perhaps you'd like to know, and it might help you to remember.

Mamma. Help me to remember what?

L. A. That Papa didn't drink his medicine. I was sitting with Papa, and just after Uncle John had gone out quickly, you came in with the medicine, and you poured it out yourself, and Papa said he'd be hanged if he'd take any more of Pollard's filthy stuff. It never did him any good, he said, and it was bad enough having the gout without having to ruin your constitution by drinking a mixture that tasted like the smell of rotten eggs and old cabbage stalks.

Mamma. I'm sure your father never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, he did, Mamma: he said all that and a good deal more, too. And when you came up to coax him he made you give him the glass and the medicine bottle, and he told me to open the window, and he chuckled them out. He said it was poor man's gout that he had, and he was going to have a good glass of port that very night; and you know he was much better the next morning. Do you think Papa was foolish and wilful, Mamma?

Mamma. I've told you a hundred times at least that you mustn't always compare yourself with your father. It's a very bad habit. Your father's a grown-up man, and you're a little boy, and that makes all the difference.

L. A. But you were very angry with Papa.

Mamma. Yes, and I shall be very angry with you if you don't drink your medicine quickly. I'll hold your nose for you if you like.

L. A. No thank you, Mamma. I think I'll hold it myself. But I'm quite sure it won't do me a bit of good. I should get on much better without it.

Mamma. I daresay you think so, but you're not fit to judge in these matters. You know I wouldn't do anything that wasn't for your good.

L. A. No, Mamma, but—

Mamma. Come, drink it up quick. I can't wait here all day with a glass of medicine in my hand. (He drinks.) There's a brave boy. And now I'll read to you for a quarter of an hour or so.

L. A. Thank you, Mamma, but I don't feel up to it after the medicine. I think I'll go to bed.

"CHOICE WORD AND MEASURED PHRASE."

FIND me the phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling, neither more nor less.

When things have dared to go awry with me
And primal impulse prompted me to curse
The Fates, myself and all the powers that be
(A process doomed to make the evil worse),
I have refrained and even come to see
A means therein myself to reimburse
By finding humour in catastrophe.

Thus I have set myself in solemn verse
To find a phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling rather more than less.

This has its limits; let me tell you them.

And, firstly, note:—I have a telephone,
A very foolish thing to have. And, mem.:—
I live in comfort, but I live alone.

At five o'clock, at five o'clock A.M.,

When I was sleeping comfortably prone,
It rang me up, and, though I used the "Dem,"

The "Doose," the "Hang," the "Well, I will be blown!"
I failed, and failed by fathoms, to express
My depth of feeling either more or less.

When it had rung its fifty-seventh ring,

That was, I knew, a summons to obey
Or listen to an endless summoning.

I rose in anger; after much delay,
"Are you a policeman?" said the silly thing.

I said, "I am a bard," and came away.

A frosty morn at five! Oh, readers, bring

Your intellects to bear. What could I say?

Find me the phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling, neither more nor less.

Cock-Crow Echoes.

THE Great Play is having a considerable effect upon fashions. It is true that Messrs. WORTH have informed *The Daily Telegraph* that ladies are unlikely to attempt to rival Madame SIMONE in the street, which is regrettable in these dull days; but every hat with a feather in it, even a sham ostrich, is now called a Chantecler hat.

More than one attempt has been made to give the correct moral of the play; it may perhaps be summed up in this advice to those about to take themselves too seriously—
COCK-A-DOODLE-DON'T.

HOW TO SEE HALLEY'S COMET.

MANY earnest correspondents ask us to reassure them as to the great Comet's visibility. They gather from the newspapers that the "unique celestial display" will be difficult to find. One old gentleman says that he was born in 1759, just three days after the comet's disappearance. He lived with feverish impatience until 1835, when it was timed to reappear, and, as luck would have it, he was the first English victim of influenza, which kept him on his back during the whole period of transit. He did not, however, despair. Since that date he has taken care of his eyesight and bought a pair of spectacles, only to be filled with misgivings aroused by the vague predictions which he is just able to read in the daily press. "Am I," he asks pathetically, "to have lived all these years in vain?"

Another gentleman, writing from Hampstead, inquires what the London County Council are doing. If the comet is to be visible at Greenwich, why not at Hampstead? Would it not be more just to the ratepayers to select without prejudice some central spot (such as Parliament Hill) whither all might go for the occasion?

We hasten to relieve the minds of both these correspondents. To the first we may mention that facilities for comet-seeing have made great strides since 1835, and the pastime is now possible even for the bedridden if they will go to the very slight trouble of having a glass roof made to their house. This idea occurred to astronomers after the erection of the Crystal Palace, and has found great favour with scientific invalids. The Hampstead resident will be glad to hear that the term "visible at Greenwich" is a quite obsolete technicality. Many years ago it was found convenient to extend the radius of observation for the benefit of those astronomers who, though engaged in star-gazing at Greenwich all day, had to get home to dinner in other parts of London by 8.15. Nowadays most of the stars which are visible in Greenwich are also visible in several other suburbs, including Hampstead. Before long it is hoped to complete the service by extending it to Haverstock Hill, Camberwell, Belgrave Square, Houndsditch, and the Admiralty.

Another correspondent is more confident of success in his observations, but thinks that he might make assurance doubly sure if he had a telescope. "Are they expensive?" he asks. This question is rather out of our province, but luckily a paragraph in that enterprising weekly, *The Young Galileo*, furnishes an adequate answer. "Very serviceable telescopes can be made out of the cardboard tubes



HARD TIMES.

Lady Caller (confidentially to her hostess). "MY DEAR, WHY DOESN'T THE DEAN PAD HIS LEGS?"
Wife of the Dean (pathetically). "BUT, MY DEAR, HE DOES!"

which are used for packing photographs. A number of these fitted into one another and supplied with suitable lenses will be found, in capable hands, quite as useful as many of the highly priced instruments bought by the inexperienced."

The following general directions will be valued by many other correspondents with whom we have no space to deal separately. To find Halley's Comet, stand so that Mars and Saturn are in a line running due N.N.E. by E. from the parallax, and making an angle of 34 degrees with an imaginary line drawn S.E. by E.S.E. (approximately) from the Pole Star; Venus or the constellation of Orion. Taking then the mean distance

between any two of these points and Greenwich, draw a pentagonal focus-line directly opposite to the base of observation. This will give the required altitude, and the curve of contact will be instantly apparent. It should be noted that after 6 A.M. the tangent of co-ordinated coefficients should be regarded as equal to the sum of the differences of the two equations squared.

"Turnips are very much damaged by being eaten by hares, and they travel such a distance that they are difficult to deal with."—*The Scotsman*.

To see the whole field in full cry after a turnip is one of the most inspiring sights of Scotland.



"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

The Village Drum. "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO SAY, THE TUNE AIN'T FINISHED. I'VE ONLY HIT 'UN DREE 'UNDERD AN' FIFTEEN TIMES INSTEAD OF FOWER 'UNDERD, AS IS MY SHARE."

THE COMING CREATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am rich beyond the need of further avarice, and from time to time I have liberally fed the Party coffers. I should therefore in the ordinary course of things have a claim to be one of the few selected for the rare honour of a Peerage. But if the Upper Chamber, upon which I have been careful to direct only modified ridicule, is going to be swamped by the creation of five hundred outsiders from the Lord alone knows where, what becomes of my well-earned nobility? Every new Peer will become a laughing-stock, without distinction of persons. Yet I dare not vote in the Commons against the removal of the veto, lest I should get into trouble and not be included even in the five hundred. It is a rotten dilemma, isn't it?

Yours faithfully, VOX CLAMANTIS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We all know that when people have been going about the country abusing the House of Lords and the Hereditary System we Liberal Peers have been regarded, for the purposes of

this attack, as non-existent. But it seems to me that the time has come for us to protest against this assumption. We may be a small and virtuous body, but we do exist. And, while I love my Party well enough, I love my Order a great deal more. Now, if there is any idea of its being made a laughing-stock or having its constitutional powers reduced to the level of a school debating-society by the creation of five hundred new anti-veto Peers, then I give fair warning that I for one shall be found voting on the other side, the side to which our Liberal creations (and with much less reason) have got into the habit of drifting. I should like you to ask my respected leader, Lord CREWE, what he thinks about it. He wouldn't tell you what he really thinks, but you might just ask him.

Yours mutinously ORDER! ORDER!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Placing my country's interest before my own, I should not hesitate, if asked, to become one of the five hundred. But these new peerages ought to be hereditary. You see, the custom among both

parties of buying titles tends to make a new peerage ridiculous; but a brave man is prepared to put up with that, because he thinks that by the time his son inherits his nobility its origin will have been forgotten. But if he is only made a Peer for life, he has no such hope to buoy him up between his creation and the grave.

Still, as I said, one must think of one's country first, and for England's sake I propose to take what I can get.

Yours, in the spirit of sacrifice,
PRO PATRIA.

"It is doubtless the case that, if Tariff Reform had been submitted to the people as the single issue, it would have swept the field. But the Government, well knowing the deep unpopularity of Free Trade, were careful to confuse the issue. They complicated it with the Budget."—*Daily Mail*.

Yet there are dear old gentlemen of the Early Edwardian era, with memories stretching back to November, 1909, who can still recall the legend, current at that time, that the Lords "referred the Budget to the people"! Yes, the BUDGET, dear *Daily Mail*.



RIVAL CHANTECLERS.

ALL (together). "MY SUNRISE, I THINK!"

[In M. ROSTAND's *Chantecler* the cock is under the impression that he regulates the rising of the sun.]

THE NEW PANGLOSS.

I SEE by the papers, with deep concern, that my friend X has been run over by a motor-bus and killed, at the age of only thirty-eight. I wish I could find someone who helped to pick him up, just to see if he said anything about his end: because—

But I will tell you about him. His foible was to believe that everything that happened was for the best—for himself. Not for mankind; he had none of the great *Dr. Pangloss's* satisfaction that everything that was right for everybody, that this is the best of all possible worlds—none at all; but he was persuaded that his own fortunes were being vigilantly and tirelessly watched by tutelary powers—that he was, in short, a darling of the gods.

And in this creed he had grown very ingenious. I remember once hurrying with him to catch a train, which, he said, he must not lose at any cost. Well, after seriously injuring ourselves—or at least myself—by running with a heavy bag, we lost it.

"Never mind," he said calmly, "I was evidently intended not to catch it."

"Then why on earth did you drag me along at that infernal pace?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he said, "one has to try; one does not know what fate's game is."

"What do you think it is?" I inquired coldly.

"I expect the train will meet with an accident; if so, we are well out of it."

I took the trouble to find out, when we did at last reach the London station, if that train had come safely in.

"To the minute," said the porter.

"There," I said to my friend, "what do you make of that?"

"Oh," he said, "I daresay someone with an infectious disease had been sitting in our compartment and we should have caught it."

What are you to do with a man who talks like that?

Your ordinary fatalist who thinks that, everything being ordained and fixed, no effort of his own can matter, is bad enough; but the fatalist who is also an optimist and secure in the knowledge of his own prosperity is worse; and yet it was rather fine too. The hardest rebuffs (as I should call them) left him smiling.

One day he lost a lot of money in an investment.

"That's very serious," I said.

"Not so bad as it might have been," he replied. "It was done to teach me not to speculate. I am not naturally speculative; I was going against my genius when I did it. Now I have lost £500. But if I hadn't I might have lost £5,000 later on."



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.)

Lord Rosebery. "MY DEAR JOHN, WHAT A PERFECTLY AWFUL MESS YOU ARE IN! WHAT A PITY YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE WITH US!"

Lord Cromer. "YES. SO SELECT; SPLENDID VIEWS ALL ROUND, AND NO MUD!"

[Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer, and many other distinguished speakers are attending a dinner to-night (the 15th) in honour of Mr. Harold Cox, President of the British Constitutional Association, and ex-M.P. for Preston.]

I looked at him in amazement. A kind of inverted Christianity was at work had he only known it. But he prided himself on his paganism.

Well, now he is dead and can find no extenuating circumstances; but I have no doubt he would have explained the catastrophe perfectly, had it been anything short of fatal.

"I was very run down," he would probably have said, "and needed rest. I could not have got it naturally, being far too busy; so this accident was sent to keep me in bed for a couple of months and pull me clean round."

But it seems that even the protective stars can now and then have *trop de zèle*.

Where to Keep Crhowds.

"The crhowd were kept on tender hooks."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Our imaginative country correspondent informs us that he observed the following sign on a village inn the other day:—

"BEAR SOLD HERE,
BUT NOT OUR BRUIN."

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"Young Men present a presentable appearance in middle age by using the — Hair Fertilizer."—Advt. in *The Pioneer*.

It's too long to wait.

THE HEREDITARY INSTINCT.

He (about twenty-one). Would you like the window up?

She (rather less). I beg your — Oh, yes, please. I mean, no, thank you. I like it open.

He. So do I.

[A pause, during which they both look out of opposite windows, stealing furtive sidelong glances at one another till their eyes at last inevitably meet.]

She. Is that *The Globe* you have? No, the one you're sitting on. Might I have a look at it?

He. *The Globe*? Er, no; it's *The Pink* — er, I tried to get a *Globe*, but they were all sold out. I'm so sorry.

She. It doesn't matter a bit, thanks. Isn't that a sort of sporting paper?

He. Ah, yes — sort of. But it's — are you fond of games?

She. Oh, yes, I love them. Don't you? I expect you're very good at them, aren't you?

He. 'M, well, I don't know. I try to be, you know.

She. You can't do more than that, can you? I mean — shouldn't you like to be Mr. Fry?

He. CHARLES BURGESS? Oh, well — d'you mind if I come and sit over there? It's so awkward talking right across the carriage. Thanks awfully. I'd rather be

MACLEOD? I like a man who hits.

She. K. G.?

He. I say! Fancy your knowing his initials! I saw him play that innings against Kent.

She. No, did you? So did I. Wasn't it glorious? Where were you sitting?

He. I was in the B. B. tent. Ripping.

She. I was in a motor.

He. Oh, the other side of the ground. What luck! I mean, I wish —

She. Why don't you like Mr. Fry?

He. Oh, I don't say I don't like him —

She. He was at Oxford, wasn't he? Do you know him?

He. No. I'm a Cambridge man.

She. I thought you must be.

He. What? Cambridge?

She. Well, no. A Varsity man. Don't you think you can always tell? I'm Cambridge too. And Eton. I like light blue much the best.

He. I expect that's — that's because it suits you so well. I think fair hair and — er — blue eyes —

She. Don't you think Oxford men are rather prigs?

He. Yes, I daresay they are, rather.

She. If you'd been at Oxford you'd have been sitting over in that corner still.

He. Yes, and we shouldn't have had this jolly talk. I hate that sort of thing, don't you? It's so — so —

She. So English?

He. Yes. I wanted to talk to you long before I did.

She. So did — Did you? Then why didn't you?

He. Oh, I suppose because you looked so — I didn't think you'd — perhaps it

She. Yes; why?

He. Not any relation of LLOYD GEORGE?

She. No, I'm afraid not. Isn't he splendid?

He. Splendid? LLOYD GEORGE! But you don't — you're not — why, he's a regular Socialist.

She. So am I.

He. You?

She. Yes, really I am. I always feel so dreadfully sorry for all the poor people who haven't enough to eat. And he's going to do away with all that sort of thing — poverty and wretchedness and hunger and drink and dirt and — er — the House of Lords, and make the world a happy place for everybody.

He. By the Budget?

She. Yes — by the Budget.

He. But even if we — if the Lords do pass the Budget this time — I suppose we'll have to — I don't quite see how that's going to make people not hungry and wretched.

She. Oh, don't you? It's all so beautifully simple. Everyone who's got money will pay for everyone who hasn't. And after that —

He. The Deluge!

She. No, the Millennium. And it's only the horrid old Peers who are stopping it. Oh, I'm thankful I'm not one. Aren't you?

He. Well, I — the fact is, I — supposing I was one! I might be, for all you know. They're not *all* old,

and some of them are quite decent chaps.

She. You! But of course you're not. *He*. Why not? They're just like other people to look at.

She. Oh, yes, to *look* at, I suppose. But not to talk to. If they were they couldn't do the things they do.

He. The things LLOYD GEORGE says they do.

She. Yes. Oh, do agree with me. You were so nice till we began about the Lords. You do want everyone to be happy, don't you? I'm sure you do.

He. Yes, of course.

She. Then that settles it. If you were a lord — but of course you're not.

He. I say, just look at the time. I'd no idea it was so late. Bother!

She. Half-past seven. Then we must be quite near Ipswich. That's where I get out. I'm going to a dance there to-night.



Balfour. "WELL, MY DEAR ASQUITH, AT LAST WE KNOW OUR FATE! THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS HAVE SPOKEN!"

Asquith. "YES, MY BOY! WHAT THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS SAY TO-DAY THE REST OF THE COUNTRY ALWAYS SAYS — ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE!"

was because I am English. At least partly. My mother was Welsh.

She. Why, so is mine. Isn't that funny? Look there to goodness now, whatever! Perhaps we're cousins. Wouldn't that be fun? She didn't happen to be a George?

He. No, a Williams. Hullo, here's Colchester. You're not getting out here, are you?

She. No. Are you?

He. Er — No. Bother! Here's someone — go next door, you old idiot! This isn't a smoking carriage, Sir . . . Thank goodness!

She. That's all right. I was afraid — You may smoke, you know, if you want to. I suppose you do smoke, don't you?

He. Oh, yes, I've smoked for — for years. But I won't now, thanks most awfully. Did you say your mother's name was George?



Master (shaking his fist at hard-riding parson). "CONFOUND YOU! I WISH I WAS YOUR BISHOP."

He. By George, yes, we're nearly due. I get out there, too. Oh, I say—I wish I was going to the dance. Are you fond of dancing?

She. Yes, I love it. Don't you?

He. Well, er, the fact is, I can't dance. But I'm going to learn—now.

She. It's quite easy. I'm sure you would dance beautifully if you tried. I'm coming up to Cambridge for the May week.

He. No! Are you really? Oh, how ripping! At least—it's a beastly long way off. Couldn't we—

She. Here we are at Ipswich. Well, good-bye, Mr. —

He. Dick, my name is. What's yours?

She. I'll tell you that when we meet again.

He. Oh, but I say—

She. There's a subscription dance at the Kensington Town Hall on the twenty-first of next month. If you can dance by then—

He. Oh, I say, thanks awfully. Can't I see after your luggage?

She. My brother is coming to meet me. There he is. Good-bye, Mr. Dick. Good-bye. No, don't bother about me.

He. Good-bye, good-bye . . . I wonder . . . I hope she won't mind when she finds out who I am. I don't

believe— Here, porter, when's the next train back to Colchester?

She. I wonder. . . . He never said he wasn't. . . . I rather wish he was.

The Art of Sub-Editing.

"BRIERLEY WOOD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, BRIERLEY WOOD.

—On Saturday the annual tea and prize distribution took place in connection with the school. Mr. R. Riley presided over a good attendance, and Mr. H. S. Haigh distributed the prizes. The concert consisted of solos, glees, recitations, etc., by the scholars. A pleasant time was spent.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The annual tea and prize distribution in connection with the Brierley Wood Sunday School was held on Saturday last. The chair was taken by Mr. Richard Riley, and Mr. H. S. Haigh distributed the prizes. An enjoyable evening was spent, the concert consisting of solos, glees, recitations, etc., by the scholars.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—On Saturday the annual tea and prize distribution in connection with the Brierley Wood Wesleyan Sunday School took place, a good number attending. Mr. R. Riley presided, and the prizes were distributed by Mr. H. S. Haigh. A capital programme of solos, recitations, etc., was gone through by the scholars, Miss E. Kaye being the accompanist."—*Huddersfield Chronicle*.

And now our readers know all about that.

ON THE ROAD.

[*The Tramp*, a paper for all those interested in the road, is shortly to be issued. We suggest a few features.]

SPORTING COLUMN.—How to deal with Bulldogs (special). Notes on Gins, Traps and Spring Guns. Short Story—"How We Burnt the Hayrick."

TRAVEL BUREAU, conducted by "Weary Willie." Exhaustive lists of Hedges Vacant and Wanted. Workhouses recommended. Black-list of principal Prisons and Labour Exchanges.

POLITICAL.—Technical articles on Free Food, the Right to Shirk, and the Open Door.

THE HOUSEWIFE.—Cookery column. Directions for making Poached Eggs. Boned Turkey, &c. Chickens and all about them.

LEGAL ADVICE.—Special articles of absorbing interest on the various felonies. Sleeping-out, Lock-picking, and Deportation problems dealt with by experts. Brilliant series on "The Police Force," by "One Who Knows."

COMPETITIONS.—Marathon Race for Tired Tims. Ticket-of-leave-number Guessing Competition. Watch-dog Trials. Finger-print Contests.

"UBIQUITY JOHN."

MR. JOHN BURNS, it has just been stated by an Essex vicar, last summer spent some days pea-picking in that county, in pea-picker's clothes, in order to inquire into the conditions of that industry. As is well known, he recently spent a week-end helping with the Paris floods. Other narratives of his excursions into the life of the workers during the past week now reach us from sources which we have no reason to consider other than what they are.

MONDAY.

The Central News informs us that Mr. JOHN BURNS, wishing to test for himself the earning capacity of the ordinary taxi-driver, spent Saturday on the box of one of these vehicles, beginning at nine in the morning and continuing until one a.m. the next day. In an interview with a C. N. representative he stated that he had in that time twenty-eight fares, and took, according to the meter, 48s. 4d. In tips he received 6s. 9d. Mr. BURNS says that these figures, he fears, are not typical, being above the ordinary takings owing to the fact that he spent only half-an-hour over his dinner and a quarter-of-an-hour over his tea, as against the two hours for dinner and four hours for tea of the ordinary chauffeur.

TUESDAY.

Not the least interesting figure among the many forlorn objects who spend the daylight hours in examining the dust heaps of Waiinstead Flats, picking over the refuse of London, deposited there by the dust-carts, to see what can be retrieved of value, was the sturdy thick-set figure of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who, try as he might to disguise himself in rags, was patently "Ubiquity John" to the practised eye. On realising that the game was up, Mr. BURNS readily granted our representative an interview, and admitted that he had come, not for what he could find, but to observe for himself the conditions under which dust-heap picking was carried on.

WEDNESDAY.

Acting upon information which recently reached him as to the social amenities of Saffron Hill, Mr. JOHN BURNS has just spent a day of investigation disguised as an Italian organ-grinder. With this instrument, his beard carefully blackened and wearing a heavy sombrero, Mr. BURNS perambulated many of the streets of London, both poor and rich. As the result of twelve hours' work he is in a position to corroborate the oft-told tale that the needy are more generous than the affluent; for whereas in the wealthier districts, although play-

ing, "Let's All Go Down the Strand," "Charley Brown," and "Boiled Beef and Carrots," with the expression of a maestro, he was warned off, or at most received a surreptitious penny from cook or housemaid, in the mean streets (so called) he reaped a copper harvest. Mr. BURNS is of opinion that the Italian organ-grinder has quite as good a time in London as he ought to have, and no redress is necessary.

THURSDAY.

Chancing, writes a correspondent, to have a plague of rats in my warehouse, I recently engaged a ratcatcher to assist in ridding me of these pests, and, descending last night to the cellar to see what success he was having, I found him accompanied by an assistant, a middle-aged, grizzled man, whose zeal and ability appeared to be commensurate. What particularly struck me was the attitude of deference which he seemed to inspire in the ratcatcher. Judge of my surprise when I discovered later that he was no other than Mr. JOHN BURNS, who was inquiring for himself into the ratcatching profession in order to be satisfied that it was carried on with humanity and skill.

FRIDAY.

Being wishful to learn at first hand if the reports as to the extraordinary eloquence of the Billingsgate fish-wives and other assistants in the fish-market are true, Mr. JOHN BURNS has just completed a day's work as a porter at that place, and the results, he tells a Press Association interviewer, have transcended the wildest flights of rumour. "I considered," he said, "that I had myself a fairly useful vocabulary for London street difficulties; but I now know that I know nothing. There are ladies here who could make even DEMOSTHENES look foolish."

SATURDAY.

Actuated by a very natural desire to do all that is humanly possible for the great band of readers in the British Museum Reading Room, Mr. BURNS spent Saturday in that institution, says a correspondent. He arrived at ten, disguised carefully as an habitual reader. That is to say, he carried, in direct defiance of the rules, his lunch in a newspaper, and had an exceedingly bad cold. He immediately surrounded himself with books, many of which other readers were seriously needing, and having erected a huge rampart around him, he drew forth *The Morning Leader* and subsequently fell asleep, awaking only to sneeze. In this way, varied by lunch, he remained until closing time, so successfully escaping recognition that he had at last to take a reporter into his confidence. He is satisfied, he says, that

the Reading Room is kept sufficiently warm, and that, at present at any rate, no legislative reform is called for. He thinks, however, that the Rowton Houses have a distinct case for infringement of copyright if they care to take it up.

THE SILENCING CHAIR.

It is stated that the new FIRST SEA LORD has had removed from his room in Whitehall all the chairs excepting his own desk chair, his purpose being the discouragement of bores.

This seems to us rather hard lines on those callers who are not bores. A better way perhaps would have been to fill the room with chairs, scores of them. Nothing takes the heart out of a bore more easily than having to climb over stacks of chairs before he can get at his victim. When a welcome visitor appeared at the door, the climbing would readily be done, of course, by the Admiral.

An Editor, whose experience has been consulted on the matter, writes as follows:—

"Your idea is sound, but a neat little thing which we have in our own office would be better still. It is a cosy chair, of the kind that a bore would be sure to make for. Immediately above it is a handsome piece of plaster ornamentation in the ceiling, which nobody would suspect to be the exit of a cistern. When the bore becomes troublesome, the manipulation of a small lever under the desk sets the shower-bath to work. If the bore persists, another lever will close the arms of the chair across the occupant's body and lower a hood over his head, and by the pressure of a small pedal the door can be opened automatically and the chair and contents shot out and down a few of the stairs until it stops. The chair is strongly made for its arduous work, and its cover is waterproof. Any water that may miss the bore and fall on the floor runs away through a grating underneath.

This really useful scheme of furniture is supplied by the Last Word Office-Furnishing Company. We used to have one of their chloroform sprays which, while effectually silencing the bore, did not remove him; and this meant a lot of heavy work for the hall-porter. We also tried a trap-door arrangement which let the bores through the floor; but the disadvantage of this is that one so easily forgets to release them when leaving for the night. As a matter of history there are two down there now who were unfortunately overlooked.

No, the Silencing Chair is the best thing we have come across yet, and we recommend it to Sir ARTHUR WILSON as preferable to his ingenious plan."



"The mind of the country elector is an unknown quantity."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Labourer. "MAISTER JARGE, BE YOU A-GOIN' TO TAKE THEM STAIRS AWAY?"

Maister Jarge. "NOA, WILLUM."

Labourer (after weighing the matter carefully). "THEN BE YOU A-GOIN' TO LAIVE 'EM OOP?"

Maister Jargl. "AY."

HALOLOGY.

DR. TALMAGE DOREN, lecturing at Norway, Connecticut, last week (as quoted in *The Daily Telegraph* of Feb. 8), stated that every human being is equipped with an aura or halo radiating from his body for two or three feet and usually drab in colour. Sadness, however, may cause a purple halo, jealousy a green, and anger a red appearance. The auras, he says, are so powerful that two persons with ill-matched ones cannot sit beside each other comfortably in a railway carriage or associate in married life.

This being the case, Mr. Punch, ever anxious to benefit humanity and smooth things over, has started a Halo Registry and Exchange. We are enabled to quote already the first few applications on his books:—

TWO CABINET MINISTERS, finding their Sanguine Emanations a little the worse for wear, are anxious to exchange these

for a Couple of Halos sufficiently Fiery to overpower the Heather-mixture Radiations of their Colleagues.

CANDIDATE, rejected by his constituency in the recent Election, has a Second-hand BUFF AURA for Sale and would like to try a BLUE one for next time. Must reach beyond the platform. What offers?

THE Militant Hunger-strikers' Union invite Tenders for the repair of various White, Purple and Green Halos which have been somewhat damaged in encounters with the authorities. Wanted for approaching Martyrdom Season.

ACTRESS, abandoning Musical Comedy for Farmyardodrama, has a Pink Haloette of irreproachable Cut and Design, for which she has no further use. Would like a Pheasant-coloured Envelope of tint to match that of *The Times* Dramatic Critic.

SALOMÉ DANCER, about to Star the Provinces, is looking for an Elastic Nebula of approved Transparency and

Tenuity, yet Warm enough to make up for Exiguousness of Costume. Should be vermilion shot with green and yellow.

BRIDGE ENTHUSIAST, hitherto unlucky at cards, is anxious to hear of a Reversible Halo (Black and Red) to suit her Hands and Partners. Would also pay commission on Takings at Monte Carlo.

HALO-READING from the Face and Figure, while you wait, by Professor Aureole Borealis, B.H.A. (British Halo-logical Association). Never known to fail in giving Accurate Delineations.

Painless Re-adjustment of Incompatible Auras is neatly and expeditiously effected by Trained Halo-setter. Invaluable for ill-assorted Husbands and Wives.—Apply Aural Bureau, *Review of Reviews* Office.

HOSTRESS, with many years' success and experience, will give Advice as to Sorting the Auras of Prospective Guests. Her Dinner-parties and At Homes go off with a Bang. Address by telephone, "Halo! are you there!" ZIGZAG.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE followed STANLEY PORTAL HYATT across the wild places of the earth, on perilous expeditions through the hinterland of Portuguese East Africa, in guerilla warfare with the Filipinos, at carrier-work with a Rhodesian transport-rider, and have found him possessed of high gifts of observation and a most effective manner of telling a story simply and vividly. From his *Marcus Hay*, *The Little Brown Brother*, and *The Marriage of Hilary Carden* I derived great profit. But he is a writer who has little profit—for me, at any rate—when he is in his own country or among his own people unless they are at the other end of the world. In more than one of his previous books I had suspected, from such glimpses as they offered of English society, that he was much more at home in exotic surroundings. And his new novel, *Black Sheep* (LAURIE), which is confined to certain phases of purely English life, endorses these suspicions. I should not cavil at the almost uniform dullness and sordid provincialism of its characters if only they lived in an atmosphere of reality.

But from the first we are asked to accept an improbable hypothesis—that the relations of *Jimmy Grierson* (I don't know why the author should have chosen to give his "black sheep" the well-known name of a distinguished officer commanding a division at Aldershot) would, on his return after ten years' knocking about the world, have wanted to treat him like an adolescent whose morals require careful supervision on the part of his family. There is only one character in the book that makes any appeal to one's sympathies, and she, like *The Woman with the Dead Soul*, under the tragic

necessity of finding means to save a dear life, has become an outcast. Here Mr. HYATT shows a touch of humanity which recalls his treatment of the woman at Beira in his *Marcus Hay*. But his virtuous types are commonplace. The fact is that it takes more skill to give freshness and vitality to familiar things than to reproduce conditions which have a freshness and a vitality of their own. Let me therefore implore Mr. HYATT to pack up again and go far afield for his themes, in search of the colour and movement of new worlds. Frankly he is not yet so complete a master of literary style that he can afford to choose his material just anywhere.

I've read throughout from front to back
E. DEWING'S book (MACMILLAN),
And what I think it seems to lack
Is just one high-class villain.

The daily round of those who live
In *Other People's Houses*
Is scarcely less contemplative
And placid than a cow's is.

Its people have a cultured touch,
A few of them are striking,

But on the whole they talk too much
To suit my humble liking.

Some of them marry, some do not,
But neither consummation
Achieves itself without a lot
Of verbal explanation.

In fact—and here I speak as one
No stranger to reviewing—
I never knew so little done
With such a deal of Dewing.

There are two things about *A Will in a Well* (STANLEY PAUL) that have rather perplexed me. First, I should like to ask E. EVERETT GREEN whether a bride really would wear white satin and a veil when being married privately in a London flat. The second point is this: when *Val Acryngton* and the boy *Bosh*, having tracked the villains to the Savoy, seat themselves beside them "at the small table set for four," and presently thereafter are bidden to share a box at the Gaiety, I cannot help feeling that they found the patrons of that

hotel in a mood more gregarious than tallies with my own experience. Still, these are small points, and it would be ungenerous to fix upon two incidents in a story that supplies them with so lavish a hand. A peer, a persecuted heroine, two disputed successions, a rascally lawyer, and a hypnotic abduction, all compressed into three hundred pages of large print, is at least liberal measure. Added to which, the resulting tale is itself an excellent one, and remarkably well told. It is far too intricate for reproduction here—you must read for yourself how the lovely *Mary* came near to be deprived of her heritage, how

the gallant *Lord Cotswold* wooed and won her, and how by the aid of *Val* and *Bosh* (and perhaps we should couple with them the head-waiter at the Savoy) villainy was confounded and beauty victorious. It is all capital fun, though I think the title might be improved upon; it makes it just a little difficult to be properly astonished at the end.

The Truth About Solomon.

"Nethersole was Solomon reincarcerated. When two mothers both laid claim to Quong Yuen, and a father, three sisters and eight cousins failed to settle the dispute, Miss Nethersole whispered in Judge Murasky's ear that the elder woman was the real mother because the other bulldozed too much."—*Vancouver World*.

Those were SOLOMON'S very words, you remember.

Mr. R. H. PARR, opening a Unionist Club at Bristol, is reported by *The Bristol Times and Mirror* to have said:

"Weekly meetings would be held at that club, and no pains would be taken to keep interest alive in that district (hear, hear)."
But this is quite the wrong spirit.

"The stoppage of the circulation forces people to return home on foot."—*Birmingham Post*.

Nothing like exercise when you feel queer.



AN ADVERTISER, TO BE REALLY SUCCESSFUL, SHOULD ALWAYS DEPICT HIS CLIENTS AS MOVING IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY schools are now raising funds with the object of presenting Captain Scott with sleighs and dogs for his South Pole Expedition. The sleighs and dogs, it is announced, will be named after the schools. In view of the fact that some explorers look upon their dogs as emergency rations, it is to be hoped that the little chap who may be named "Eton" will not be superstitious.

It seems somewhat curious that, scarcely had it been intimated that the KING objected strongly to the impositions of staring throngs at Brighton, when it was announced that His Majesty's grandsons, Prince ALBERT and Prince HENRY of Wales, are to go to Broadstairs. It is, we suppose, with a view to hardening them against what they may have to put up with later on.

A Royal Warrant has been issued for the safeguarding of Baronets' titles. We should have thought that the case of the Peers was more urgent.

LORD ROSEBURY, at the dinner in honour of Mr. HAROLD COX, proposed that a new party should be organised from the Silent Vote. As the Irishman said, "The Silent Voter must make his Voice heard."

The Life of John Redmond, M.P., is announced. This is what Mr. ASQUITH will be asking for shortly.

The proprietors of *Books of To-day* are offering a prize for the best essay on "Should Genius Wash?"

In connection with this vexed question we understand that a high authority at Carmelite House is now of the opinion that journalists, at any rate, should have nothing to do with Soap.

Since the last session the interior of the House of Commons has been thoroughly cleansed and generally beautified and brightened. The knowledge of this made the fate of the rejected Candidates harder than ever to bear.

The fact that a soldier has met with

injuries while walking in his sleep has caused a general feeling of uneasiness in the War Office.

SIR DAVID GILL declares that Halley's Comet is incapable of exercising any political influence. Still there are other heavenly bodies on the side of the Government. There is always Mr. BELLOC.

One hears so often that British Enter-

prising is peculiarly liable, but his iron constitution enables him to survive what would prove fatal to the average man.

We are happy to be able to contradict the rumour that when, in the recent election for a Primate of Australia, the Archbishop of SYDNEY and the Archbishop of BRISBANE tied, the prelates decided the matter by tossing.

What is wrong with the law of Supply and Demand? In spite of the recent surfeit of wet, the Water Board is talking of raising the rate.

The Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists discussed last week the question of what typists should eat for lunch. Curiously enough no one suggested type and onions.

Said a policeman of a prisoner at Kingston last week:—"He is a clever mechanic who has invented a fog-signalling apparatus and also a special van brake, but neither of them seemed to catch on." We are not mechanical ourselves, but we should say that a brake which would not catch on was almost doomed to failure from its birth.

"It often occurs," says Monsieur RODIN in *La Revue*, "that the uglier a being is in Nature, the more beautiful he is in Art." It is astonishing, however, how many artists, in spite of admirable material, are producing the most regrettable portraits.

The *Entente* continues to make enormous strides, and it seems that it may

go too far. For example, in the souvenir of the National Loan Exhibition Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE is described as belonging to the French School.

A dear old lady, on hearing that rubber shares were now in great demand, said that she supposed they were more durable than the usual sort.

Motto for a speculator who wishes to treble his capital:—

RUBBER ET AES TRIPLEX.



Golfer. "I CAN'T GET THE THING OUT, AND I'VE HIT HARD ENOUGH!"
Superior Caddie. "AH, SIR! IT'S NOT STRENGTH WOT'S REQUIRED, IT'S INTELLEC'."

prise is dead that it is pleasant to be able to adduce evidence to the contrary. We understand that as a sequel to the report that MULAI HAFID, the Sultan of Morocco, in a fit of anger tore up the agreement with France when presented to him the other day, a British firm has drawn the attention of the French Government to their indestructible rag-books.

We are glad to hear that RAISULI is once more recovering from his death. This is an ailment to which the dis-

A FABLE OF THE CRISIS.

"There was a young lady of Riga."
O'd Limerick.

[Efforts have been made by some of the Liberal Press to put a gloss upon the luncheon given last week to Mr. JOHN REDMOND and other Nationalists by the CHANCELLOR at his official residence. *The Daily Chronicle* expresses a doubt as to whether "he saw the Irish leaders on that occasion at all," while *The Westminster Gazette* speaks of Mr. REDMOND as having "waited on" the author of the Budget.]

THERE is a legend, freely sung

Where Limerick harpers sit at mess,
About a Lady, sadly young,
And Riga was her home address.

Great nerve she had and knew the game
Of handling large and savage brutes;
Even the Tiger, turning tame,
Would wait on her and lick her boots.

(These cats, you say, affect the East,
And Riga sounds too cold by far?
I know; but this peculiar beast
Was not as other tigers are.)

One day, when lunching off the grill,
She tossed him many a tasty snack,
And not a hitch occurred until
She started riding on his back.

In what direction went the twain;
Whether the brute obeyed her whim,
Or, feeling shaky, she was fain
To leave the choice of route to him;—

Whether he galloped lithe and gay,
Or trickled at a funeral trot,
I should not hesitate to say
Were I aware, but I am not.

One thing is certain: human sight
Failed at the rest, but this is known—
That, when the Tiger, late at night,
Came padding back, he came alone;

Alone, that is, to outward view,
But purring softly all the while,
His tummy big enough for two,
And on his face a fat, fat smile.

O. S.

The Journalistic Touch.

"When Big Ben boomed out the hour of two this afternoon, the House of Commons resembled nothing so much as a swarm of Gargantuan bees."—*Bristol Times*.

Surely the writer is in error. We can think of several things which the House resembled much more closely.

"The large grey hat of Mr. John Ward was ornamenting the cross-benches, and many prominent politicians found accommodation there."—*Evening News*.

Impromptu Lyric:—

There was an M.P. with a hat
Which was grey, and a large one
at that;
Two Rads and a Tory
And SAMUEL STOREY,
They all found a seat in this hat.

HINTS TO PARLIAMENTARY FRESHMEN.

[This guide is intended for the sole and exclusive use of those gentlemen who, much to their own amusement and surprise, find themselves now for the first time Members of the House of Commons. The public at large is forbidden to read it, as the matter contained is of a particularly private and confidential nature. . . . Printed and Published by Authority. Whose authority? Ah!]

I.—GENERAL INFORMATION.

THE nearest underground station to Westminster is Westminster.

You should see that your letters are addressed to "House of Commons, Opposite Underground Station," and not to "Near Pimlico."

The large building opposite the Houses of Parliament is St. Thomas's Hospital. The large building opposite St. Thomas's Hospital is the Houses of Parliament.

The seat you secure on the first day will be yours for the Session. There are no early doors and it is not permissible to have your place in the queue or your seat in the House reserved for you by a messenger boy, unless he be a duly elected Member of Parliament.

Of the six hundred and seventy recent elections your own has been by far the most important and the most to be talked about. Do not be led to think otherwise by the conceited remarks of other Members.

If you have been committing burglaries on the strength of the M.P.'s privilege of freedom from arrest for forty days before and after the meeting of Parliament, you will be disappointed to learn that that privilege does not extend to indictable offences.

It is a tradition of the House that all Members know each other without an introduction. Of course, everybody else will know *you*, but you must also appear to know everybody else.

Thus, if you cannot avoid conversation with a mere Labour man, save your pride by regarding yourself as a philanthropist taking a kindly interest in the well-being of the lower classes.

Possibly your chief object in putting up for one of the best clubs in London was that you might be thrown into the society of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON. We regret to have to announce that that gentleman has decided to sever his connection with the House. It is said that in coming to this decision he was largely influenced by the expressed opinion of his electorate.

II.—PARTICULAR INFORMATION.

(1) For Members of the Majority.

However much you dislike the food provided for you by the Kitchen Committee, your chief expects you to refrain from making any complaint. Remember that you have pledged yourself to oppose any attempt at Tariff Reform.

You are further expected to enter the House by the Free Tradesmen's entrance only.

Mr. ASQUITH solicits the favour of your vote on all divisions, but finds himself unable to fetch you to record your vote in a motor.

Remember that at critical moments of high policy Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has a great deal of complicated thinking to do. He must consider the interests of the Government as opposed to those of the Opposition; the interests of himself and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as opposed to those of the Government; the interests of himself as opposed to those of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Any remarks you may desire to make to him upon the structural merits or demerits of the House, its upholstery or heating apparatus, should be postponed.

In 1772 a Bill was rejected, thrown over the Table by the SPEAKER, and kicked out of the House by the Members, because it had been returned from the Lords with an amendment to a money clause. Be sure always to have a pair of football boots and an old suit ready to don at a moment's notice.

Temperance advocates among you will be glad to learn that there is no Off-licence and no Bottle and Jug Department attaching to the Bar of the House of Commons.

In demolishing the House of Lords, please be careful not to hurt the charwomen and other members of the staff, whom necessity, and not the inherent viciousness of aristocratic birth, brings upon the premises.

(2) For Nationalists only.

In making yourself comfortable in the quarters specially reserved for you at Westminster, do not forget that your main object in life is to cut yourself off from the place for ever.

"The Bishop of Bristol was the sole occupant of the Episcopal Bench. He, having said prayers, stayed for the event of the day. The other Lords just looked in, swore, and went out again."—*Irish Times*.

We think the Prelate should have made some protest.



“WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY’S TO BE DONE.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to the new HOME SECRETARY*). “I SUPPOSE YOU’RE GOING TO SETTLE DOWN NOW?”

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. “YES; BUT I SHAN’T FORGET YOU. IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN TROUBLE I’LL SEE IF I CAN’T GET YOU A REPRIEVE, FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES!”



THE METCHNIKOFF MOVEMENT.

Grand-Uncle (to Nephew who has dutifully come to enquire after his health). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. YOU'VE JUST COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE'RE HAVING A SOUR MILKERS' AT HOME."

THE LIMIT.

[Another General Election within three months is anticipated in some quarters.]

NEVER a whine escaped me, not a whimper
Through all those weeks of weariness and fuss,
When every morning found the lyre grow limper,
As LLOYD said this and CHURCHILL laboured thus.
Who heeded songs meanwhile? What outs had Pegasus?

Here were the papers stripped of half their glory,
The subjects which delight the Muse and me;
What do we care for Liberal or for Tory
So we preserve a Press that's fancy free,
Ranging the whole wide world (through REUTER's agency)?

The sun was blotted out with facts and figures,
And through the darkness, desolate, opaque,
Perspiring rhetoricians toiled like niggers
As though some solid issue were at stake.
Poor innocents! And yet I neither moved nor spake.

And now, as when the last straw comes and smashes
The overburdened dromedary's spine,
They hint at more elections. Dust and ashes!
Am I to take this tyranny supine?
Is there no end to politics, no anodyne?

Must I again be numbered with the readers
Of awful economic rignaroles?
Admire the spectacle of party leaders
For ever climbing up their slippery polls?
And hear the "Last Results" sound forth like funeral tolls?

If it be so, then, Ministers, take warning!

Ere I submit to that impendent pall,
Out I shall go (accomplices suborning)
And wreck the panes in Downing Street, and squall,
"No votes for anyone! No votes! No votes at all!"
EVOE.

Gloomy Outlook in U.S.A.

There are times when one despairs of the American's sense of humour—not his own humour, of course, but other people's. Here is *The Outlook*, of New York, whose "Contributory Editor" is no less a man than the great TEDDY himself, reprinting (without acknowledgment) a large slab of *Mr. Punch's* recent burlesque of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's Election Manifesto, under the impression that it has got hold of the original. If all British humour is to be taken like this, *au grand sérieux*, we can understand the cause of some of those misapprehensions which are popularly encouraged over there in regard to this admirable commodity. Fortunately *The New York Sun*, less because it loves *Punch* than because it has its own private quarrel with *The Outlook*, has exposed the latter organ of culture as having lifted, in ignorance of the nature of its swag, "the delightful imitation of Hewlettian precocity published by the London *Punch*." So we'll leave it at that.

The Murder in Cromwell Road.

Ethel (writing to friend).—"Poor Mabel, you know, is pretty rotten, getting over the 'flu.' I thought she might be dull, so I sent her my jig-saw, 'The Victory off Portsmouth.' I just popped in a handful from 'The Finding of Moses,' to make it more interesting."

MATTERS OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE.

[We greatly regret to announce that the mind of our Special Correspondent Behind the Scenes has become unhinged by the stress of recent events, and that he is evidently obsessed with the idea (among others) that *Punch* is a daily paper. At any rate, he has been sending us veracious reports each day from Downing Street of an extremely topical nature; reports which, when collected at the end of the week into volume form, necessarily lose much of their apparent veracity. Still, even so they seem to us to be at least as readable as the best efforts of rival correspondents.—Ed. *Punch*]

Monday.—The situation has now become very tense.

The question of Budget or Veto first is still exercising the minds of Ministers to the exclusion of all other matters. At this moment, therefore, it may not be out of place to recall the words of Mr. ASQUITH at the Albert Hall, at the end of last year. Mr. ASQUITH said:—

“We shall not hold safeguards, neither shall we assume safeguards, until we have received the experience which Parliament shows to be necessary in the office of a single lifetime.”

Remembering these words, and the further pledge of the PRIME MINISTER to retropose reimspectively all the taxes without a single comma as from this time forward, we have no hesitation in saying that the policy of the Government may be summed up in two words:—

BUDGETOE FIRST.

Tuesday.—Mr. ASQUITH had a busy day yesterday. His time-table was as follows:—

- 11.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 12.30 Audience of the KING.
- 3.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 5.0 Second audience of HIS MAJESTY.
- 6.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 7.0 Receives Mr. REDMOND.
- 8.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 9.0 Receives Mr. BARNES.
- 10.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 11.0 Receives Mr. BELLOC.
- 12.0 Final meeting of the Cabinet.

One of the first to arrive at 10, Downing Street, was Mr. J. A. PEASE, the new Chancellor of the Duchy. He reports that the Duchy is looking extremely well after the recent rain, and says that he quite expects to like the life.

It is now generally agreed that the situation has lightened considerably, and attention is called pretty generally to the words of Mr. ASQUITH before the dissolution of the last Parliament. It may be as well to set them down here:—

“We shall not assume experience neither shall the will of the elected safeguards prevail until we have shown Parliament the single office which a lifetime holds to be necessary.”

This is now taken to mean

VEEBIDGE FIRST.

Wednesday.—As we announced yesterday the policy of “VEDGEBO FIRST, THEN TEEBIV” is rapidly gaining ground, and it is felt that unless Mr. ASQUITH is prepared to sacrifice his own inclinations to this end his hand may be forced. His own view of the situation was different, as will be remembered if we recall his famous declaration at the Albert Hall:—

“We shall not hold lifetimes, neither shall we experience lifetimes, until we have elected Parliaments within the limits of a single safeguard which necessity shows to be assumed.”

Yesterday's diary was as follows:—

- 12.0 Mr. ASQUITH receives Mr. PÉLISSIER.
- 1.30 Mr. W. O'BRIEN dissolves Parliament.
- 2.30 Mr. REDMOND receives Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR.
- 4.0 Mr. GARVIN dissolves Parliament.
- 5.30 Mr. BYLES receives Mr. BELLOC.
- 6.0 Mr. HAROLD Cox dissolves Parliament.

(N.B.—Cabinet Councils every half-hour. Refreshments provided.)

TIDGEOV FIRST.

Thursday.—The situation has suddenly taken a startling turn. A brief synopsis of yesterday's happenings will best show the course which events are taking; but in view of the exceptional nature of the crisis it is well to restate first Mr. ASQUITH's pledge as given by him at the Albert Hall towards the end of 1909:—

“We shall not assume lifeguards, neither shall we hold lifeguards, until we have received those limits within the experience of a single safetime which Parliament shows to be elected.”

(Cabinet Councils every three minutes. Season tickets must be shown on demand.)

- 10.0 Mr. REDMOND reaches Downing Street.
- 10.5 Mr. ASQUITH produces guarantees.
- 10.6 Mr. ASQUITH produces safeguards.
- 10.7 Mr. REDMOND leaves Downing Street.
- 11.0 Mr. REDMOND calls on Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 11.1 Mr. REDMOND shows safeguards to Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 11.2 Mr. REDMOND shows guarantees to Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 12.0 Mr. O'CONNOR calls on Mr. BARNES.
- 12.1 Mr. O'CONNOR shows guarantees to Mr. BARNES.
- 12.2 Mr. O'CONNOR shows safeguards to Mr. BARNES.
- 1.0 Mr. BYLES calls on Mr. BELLOC.
- 1.1 Mr. BARNES arrives.

1.2 Mr. BARNES shows guarantees to Mr. BYLES.

1.3 Mr. BARNES shows safeguards to Mr. BELLOC.

2.0 Messrs. REDMOND, O'CONNOR, BARNES, BYLES, BELLOC, and PÉLISSIER call on Mr. ASQUITH.

3.0 *Vedgebo First.*

Friday.—The situation is now at its tensest. All depends on Mr. CLAUDE HAY. Mr. HALDANE's pledge not to remain single within the lifetime of an elected Parliament is generally thought to have little bearing on the situation. Mr. HAROLD Cox called on Mr. PÉLISSIER at an early hour yesterday. Mr. PÉLISSIER subsequently left for Paris. The Seine is reported to have risen again. The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY declared war on Ireland at 3 p.m. and the Duchy's fleet sailed for Dublin. Mr. W. O'BRIEN called on Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to enquire after his new trouser-press. Lord ROBERTS called at Downing St. to inspect the Royal Safeguards (The Blues).

BUDGEBO FIRST.

Saturday.—We are in a position to announce that a settlement has at length been arrived at, and that all the rumours of the past week may be dismissed as wholly unauthorised. By an arrangement come to between Messrs. ASQUITH, BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, O'BRIEN, O'CONNOR, BYLES, BELLOC, HAY, PÉLISSIER, ALEXANDER and Cox, the following sequence of events will be observed in Parliament next week:—

- 1. King's Speech.
- 2. Address.
- 3. Budgetoe.
- 4. Veebidge.
- 5. Todgebit.
- 6. Safeguards.
- 7. Chaos.
- 8. Vidgebodge.
- 9. Gobo.
- 10. Limits.

That this is the most satisfactory way out of the *impasse* will be generally admitted, even by the most violent partisan; it will be admitted also that Mr. ASQUITH has shown great tact in dealing with the situation. And now that the crisis has at last been overcome there will be many who will not fail to recall the memorable words of the PRIME MINISTER at the Albert Hall in the closing days of the old year:—

“We shall not guard safes, neither shall we assume small holdings without limiting side-shows within the experience of a single comma.” A. A. M.

From a lecture on the Irish drama:—

“Monarchy is really a painted wooden figure-head, which reached the zenith of its splendour centuries ago, and is now at its last gasp.”

Cork Constitution.

What a life!

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—V.—SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.



THE OLD ROOM IN BAKER STREET. ARRIVAL OF CLIENT.



LISTENING TO THE PROBLEM OF THE LOST ERMINE MUFF.



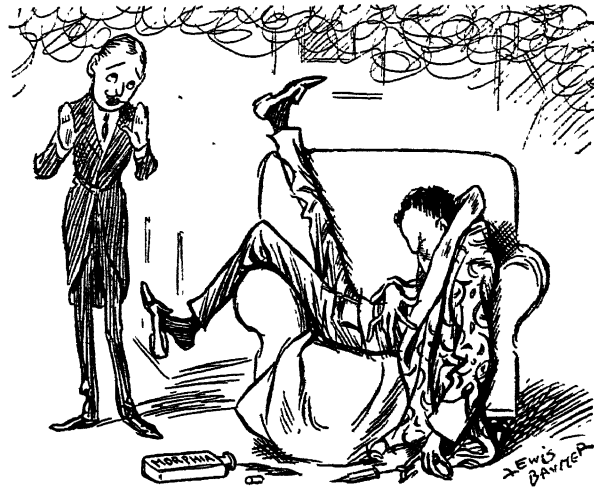
THE INTROSPECTIVE BRAIN AT WORK.



LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.



POOH! A VERY SIMPLE MATTER.



COLLAPSE!

REMARKABLE MARTIAN OBSERVATIONS.

[Whilst the British Press has been making special reference to Professor LOWELL'S discovery of a new canal in Mars, it is remarkable that this extract from *The Martian Astronomical Times* has not been quoted by a single British paper.]

SUMMARY of Professor Zzchoote's special observations on the curious variations in colour of the One Moon Star.

At an early period in this year, careful observers noticed that the colours of the portion of the star under observation showed a tendency to alter. The strong red which was characteristic of the bulk of the area began to alternate violently with blue. The most plausible explanation of these colour-changes is that they are caused by violent ebullitions of gas. Advocates, however, of the interesting theory that the One Moon Star possesses inhabitants assert that the colourings are produced by human energy. Gradually the blue colouring covered a larger portion of the surface, though towards the north, near the polar cap, the red colouring seemed exceptionally persistent.

For the moment the changes appear to have ceased, and now the visible area of the One Moon Star is almost equally divided between red and blue, though on one side there is a patch of bright green colouring. According to the keenest observers, there has been a tendency on the part of the red gas to amalgamate with the green. It is quite possible, alleges Professor Zzchoote, that such a chemical combination may result in an awful explosion, which may separate entirely the area held by the green from that occupied by the other colours.

Amongst scientists who adopt the theory that the One Moon Star is inhabited opinion is divided as to the meaning of the colour-changes. One section argues that the red area, being situated nearer the polar cap, is the scene of the keenest struggle for existence, and that its inhabitants must therefore be more intelligent. Therefore they conclude that the encroachment of the blue on the red is a sign of a successful inroad by savage barbarians.

On the other hand, other scientists argue that the colder climate and constant rainfall of the northern area must be absolutely inimical to the growth of civilization. Hence any spread of the blue at the expense of the red indicates that the area of civilization is extending in the One Moon Star.

Professor Zzchoote, though declining to commit himself to any definite opinion on these points, declares that he anticipates more remarkable developments on the One Moon Star at an early date. It is impossible that the various floating

gases can continue in their present condition. Either a peaceful amalgamation or an explosion must take place.

He notes further that the curious groove on the surface of the One Moon Star, which has only appeared at intervals for the last fifteen years, is once more visible. It will be remembered that the Professor very happily named this groove "The Lonely Furrow."

THE DULNESS OF DOWNING STREET.

The extremely prosaic character (duly reported in the Press) of the scene in Downing Street on the arrival of Ministers to attend the recent series of Cabinet meetings, suggests that something might be done to reward the patience of the usual crowd by increasing the interest of these occasions. This could easily be done if Cabinet Ministers would use a little imagination, incidentally furnishing the Press with light material of the following order:—

Looking very fit in his smart running pants, the PRIME MINISTER, who had left Windsor four hours earlier and followed the Marathon route, was seen rounding the corner into Downing Street just as Big Ben was striking three. Great crowds cheered the fine sprint which terminated a splendidly-sustained effort.

At 3.5 the CHANCELLOR, who had come up after spending the week-end in Carnarvon, arrived over No. 10 in his well-known dirigible, "Belle of Blaenau Festiniog," and, descending by parachute to the level of the street, passed through the man-hole, and so gained entrance to the Cabinet chamber.

The next familiar figure to be seen was that of Lord CREWE, who arrived in a wheelbarrow, propelled by another member of the doomed House.

The IRISH SECRETARY followed, amid loud cheers, in a well-equipped jaunting-car, followed by a taxi in which Mr. CHURCHILL figured at the driving-wheel. Interest deepened when it was observed that the chauffeur was seated inside.

"It occurred to me," remarked the ex-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to a Kodak-operator, "that on the way here the man and I might very well make a labour exchange."

"Dr. Hinckley, who is well known from his astronomical observations, dwelt on the planet Mars."—*Meriden (Conn.) Record*.

There you are, that settles it. His reminiscences of how he fell into a canal when a small boy will be of extraordinary interest.

"Visitors are sometimes concerned about the spelling of the name of this station. 'Moulmein,' 'Moulmein,' 'Moulmein' and, rarely, 'Moulmein.'"—*Rangoon Gazette*.

Of the four we prefer "Moulmein."

HOME ADVERTISING.

["Mr. D. Stewart Dawson said he too owed his success to advertising. He could tell stories about advertising that would electrify them and induce each one of them to go home and advertise."—*Westminster Gazette*]

REGGIE perused the above, and after a moment's quiet reflection went softly from the room and up-tairs into his father's study. The study was the place where Reggie's father read the paper or gently slept when he was not busy at golf. Just now he was up to his neck in golf, so Reggie turned the key of the door, gathered together a bundle of newspapers and some large sheets of white paper, and set to work. By a piece of great good fortune there was red ink in the ink-pot marked "Red," besides a blue pencil and black ink, a dried-up paste-brush, and a small camel's-hair brush which his father kept for painting his throat when the golf had tried it too severely.

Parts of the advertisements he copied from the newspapers; parts were the creation of his own brain. They made a brave show when he had thoroughly pinned them to the backs of the books on the shelves. When Reggie's father, feeling very comfortable, entered his study after dinner, he suddenly stopped humming to himself, took the cigar from his mouth, and said he was—what we venture to hope he never will be. Here are some of the advertisements:—

WANTED A Air-gun like Mark Symmonses. Only 12s. and Sixpence and it would give me a lot of pleasure and plenty of people spend more than that on a days golf and things like that. Apply REGGIE.

MOTHERS! Why alienate the affections of your Children by making them take Nasty Medicines? Try TREAKLY OIL, Cheaper and Better than Cod Liver Oil, Senna Tea, Monyated Qwineen, and the beastly medsin you gave me on Monday for being sick. (Up to a point this was copied from a newspaper.)

DOES YOUR HAIR FALL OUT? All Bald Men Should Read This! Put your Hair on Parade Every Morning, give it our Hair-Drill, and dont let it fall out of the ranks. Read our Testimonials: "Young recruits going strong."—MAJOR, R.A. "Father doesent do your hair drill but it might do his hair good and I should like to watch him doing it I love soldiers.—REGGIE.

WANTED A Comfortable Home a long way away for a girl aged 10 years. Can look after dolls like annything but cant play cricket whatever she may state to the contry. Reason for leaving she is a nuisance. Apply REGGIE.

All the Ancient Britons required for the pre-historic scene in the London Pageant are to be selected from Hackney.

In order to preserve the colour of the period, they will drive up in Hackney cabs, if sufficient examples of this ancient survival can be mustered.



MATERNAL CARES.

"DOLLY, DO YOU KNOW I AM SOMETIMES ALMOST TEMPTED TO WISH YOU HAD NEVER BEEN BORN?"

THE UNIVERSAL CRITIC.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Northern Tribune* has been complaining that the reports of weddings are so much alike that they ought not to be printed in *extenso* at all. Perhaps he would prefer criticism. We offer two examples for him to choose from.

I. THE BLAND.

A successful and crowded wedding was held yesterday at St. Julien's Church, when Mr. Gabriel Santander and Miss Esther MacNiven were well married by the Rev. Aloysius Pond. The church had been decorated with skill and judgment, although possibly the note of red was a little too prominent.

The bride, who was supported by a very capable bevy of young ladies, wore a white satin dress, on which no pains had been spared, and the bridegroom charmed everyone by his manly bearing and the excellence of his frock coat. He spoke his lines with perfect enunciation, therein setting an example to the bride, who was not, we regret to say, distinctly audible in every part of the church, and

had she been a public speaker would no doubt have been adjured to be more distinct. In a wedding, however, whether rightly or wrongly, it is agreed that these little defects may be overlooked.

The clergyman's sermon was a sterling if somewhat hackneyed effort; but, after all, what is there new to say? Save for two or three rather feeble passages here and there we have nothing but praise for the organist's rendering of the *Lohengrin* "Wedding March," while the quality of the confetti thrown at the happy couple seemed to us of the best.

II. THE EXACTING.

We have been present at many weddings in our time, but never at a more disappointing function than that which we saw yesterday at St. Peter's Church. To begin with, the bride was late, an unpardonable error—so late, indeed, that the bridegroom was only too patently fearful that something serious had happened, although why a man should fret at having his married life abbreviated we cannot understand. Then, when the lady did arrive, she was observed to be in a state of nervousness

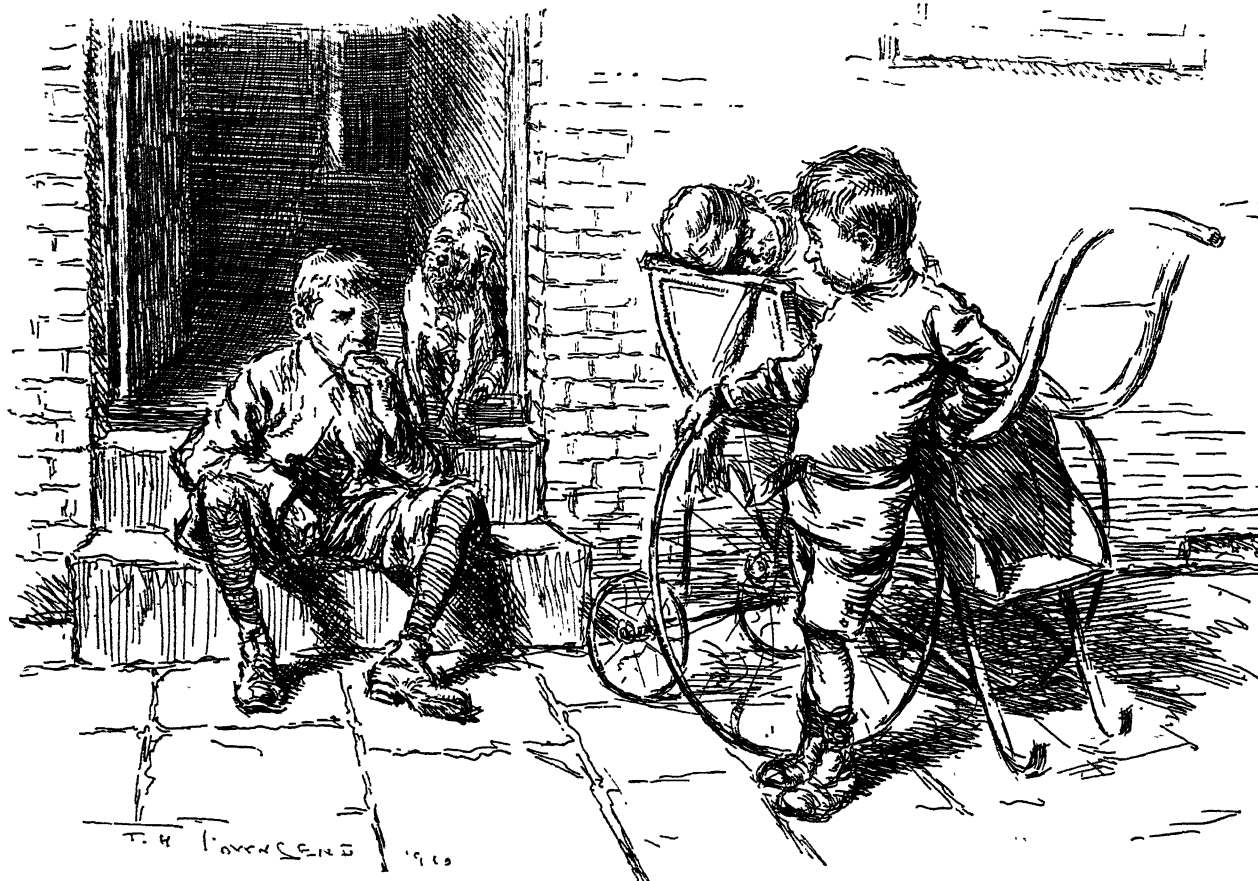
highly unbecoming to herself and highly unflattering to her future husband. Her veil was awry, and, to add to her misfortunes, her clumsy fool of a father trod on her dress and tore it. The bridesmaids were an ordinary-looking lot, and whoever designed their costumes ought to know better.

The bridegroom did his best to carry off the ceremony with *éclat*, but he was in poor voice and his difficulties with the ring were unceasing. The bride was discovered to have no voice at all; but the easy-going clergyman was evidently satisfied with her whispers, for he pronounced them man and wife amid perfect silence on the part of the audience, and the event was over. We came away convinced that a few more rehearsals would have made a wonderful difference.

Lord ROSEBURY as reported in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"I sometimes venture to winder in the audacious moment of solitude—and perhaps you will allow me to consider the present as one of those."

By all means.



"MY MOTHER'S A-GOING TO A WHIST-DRIVE TO-NIGHT."

"WHY, I THOUGHT ONLY TOFFS WENT TO THEM."

"STUPID! SHE AIN'T A-GOING TO DRIVE, SHE'S A-GOING TO WASH UP."

RUBBER.

ONCE I hated the post with its budget of ills,
And I hated the postman, the bearer of bills;
But now when he comes with his letters for me
I rush, yes, I rush to inspect them with glee.
They're as good as quinine for my spirits and health,
For they all of them speak of unlimited wealth
Which is waiting for me, like a cub for the cubber,
If I only invest all my money in Rubber.

It is found in all lands where an Englishman may go,
In Bolivia, Brazil, and in Tierra del Fuego;
In the isles of the wily Malay, and in Java,
In the depths of Peru, in the purlieus of Ava.
There's the *Takitor-Leerit*, the *Bookitan-Catchit*,
The *Bongo*, the *Bingo*, the *Tapit*, the *Skratchit*,
All names full of hope for the toiler and grubber
Who means to be rich by investing in Rubber.

Each morn with my letters I go to my lair,
And peruse every glowing prospectus with care.
They have all got their buildings, their trees and their labour,
And each gives a better report than its neighbour.
"Walk up and walk in and you'll all be content
With your twenty or thirty or forty per cent.!"—
That's the sense I collect from the rub-a-dub-dubber
Whose drum sounds the rapturous glories of Rubber.

There's a proverb I heard as an innocent child
Which warns you of cats *ferce nat.* (when they're wild).

No matter; I'll scrape up a thousand or two
And invest them in trees in Brazil or Peru.
To neglect such a chance is the part of a dunce;
I intend to be rich, and I'll be it at once;
For my trees, as a whale makes you rich with his blubber,
Shall provide me with millions by yielding their Rubber.

What happened to Hobbs.

"After the kick out Spitty, the outside wing man, got the leather and passed in the centre to Hobbs, who kicked the ball over his head, and came down and went into the net to the goalie's surprise."—*Bath Chronicle.*

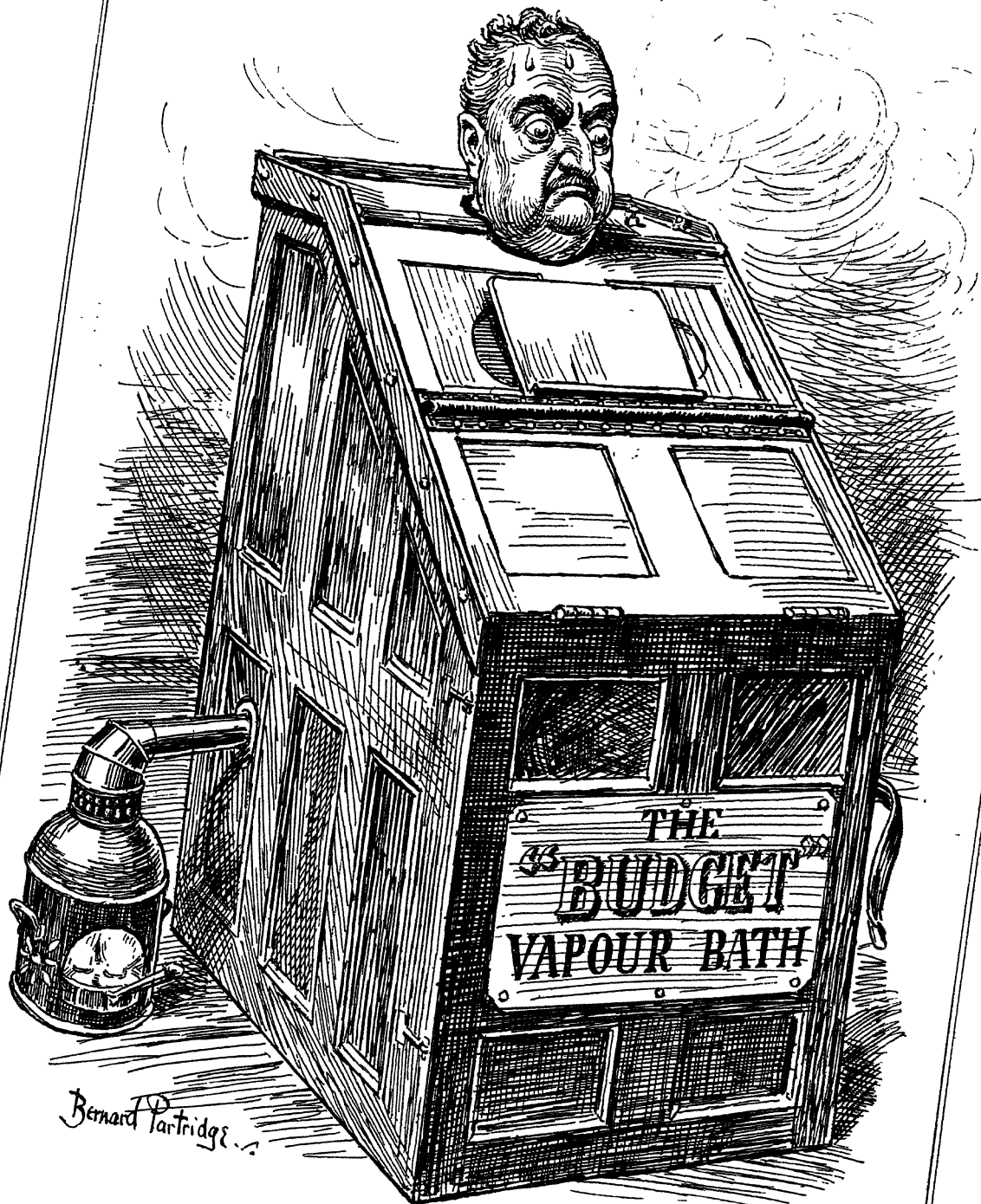
From the London Letter in *The Bath Herald* :—

"All day Saturday and again yesterday visitors pressed into the Spanish Room of the National Gallery to see the chosen pictures from the Salting Bequest. It was a well-dressed crowd when I joined it."

The little more and how much it is!

Mr. Punch Regrets.

In a recent article in these pages, the name "Tarmac" was given to a substance described as being composed of tar, sand and sawdust. This has caused great and regrettable pain in certain quarters. *Mr. Punch* is sorry that his contributor should have employed the registered name of a distinguished company that produces a road-material among whose ingredients neither sand nor sawdust plays any part at all—not even so much as a walking part.



Bernard Partridge.

THE ONLY WAY.

MR. JOHN REDMOND, "THIS IS MIGHTY UNPLEASANT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET INTO CONDITION FOR THE BIG EVENT SOMEHOW."

[According to the inspired Press, Mr. REDMOND is expected to give way on the Budget in view of the greater importance of the question of the Lords' Veto.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 15.

—Was it a blush on ingenuous countenance, or was it merely the tan on the sensitive cheek one brings home at this time of the year after brief sojourn on the sunny Riviera? Difference of opinion remains unsettled. Certainly when PREMIER entered just now from behind SPEAKER'S Chair the rousing cheer from crowded benches of faithful followers that hailed his coming brought flush to his cheek.

A minute later cheer taken up from other side as PRINCE ARTHUR lounged in with that air of studious casualness he preserves for these occasions. Happening to be passing by thought he might as well look in. And here he is, his white locks a never-ceasing surprise to us who remember him as far back as Fourth Party days. Makes no sign of recognition of the gladsome shout of welcome. Cannot fail to recognise in it the loudest that for full four years has greeted his ear on entering House. The camp where his friends gather, a Deserted Village in the last Parliament, now holds a teeming population, glad they are alive and safely seated.

No SPEAKER in the Chair, for, like the Spanish fleet on a memorable occasion, he is not yet in sight. No Mace on the Table. Presently enters BLACK ROD, a vision in courtly garb that awes new Members who have never looked on the like before. At times when House is fully constituted, with SPEAKER enthroned, BLACK ROD advances to table with carefully counted steps, thrice making low obeisance. This afternoon, his goal a Maceless Table, an empty Chair, he with nice discrimination bows only once as he crosses the Bar.

Brings a summons to this "honourable House immediately to attend the House of Peers to hear the King's Commission read." The Clerk of the House, like *Cophetua* with a difference, steps down in wig and gown and leads the way. The PREMIER promptly follows. Finding himself alone, he looks shyly round and, seeing PRINCE ARTHUR, awaits his coming. So they walk out, side by side, in friendly converse, as if the General Election had vanished like a frigid nightmare, or as if all the hard words spoken had been calculated benisons.

After brief interval flock of Members who followed their Leaders to Bar of House of Lords stream back again. They have received instructions to "repair to the place where you are to sit and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker." "Some proper person," forsooth! "Repair to the House where you are to sit," quotha.

In the phrase is uncanny echo of the



"SO THEY WALK OUT, SIDE BY SIDE."

Asquith. "Well, my dear Arthur, this is better than climbing up those confounded ladders, anyhow!"

Arthur B. "Yes; but there's no telling how soon we shall be on 'em again, that's the worst of it!"

formula occasionally heard in criminal courts of justice, where the prisoner in the dock is ordered to "return to the place whence you came" as a preliminary to being "hanged by the neck till you are dead."

However, DON'T KEIR HARDIE says we'll change all that by-and-by.

The Resolution "that the Right Hon. JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER do take the Chair in this House as Speaker" committed to charge of PAPA BURR, who, somewhat late in life, finds himself Father of a family 669 strong. A little embarrassed with sudden situation and unwonted responsibility. A proud position for the pit-boy of sixty years ago to be hailed Father of the House of Commons, its honoured spokesman in proposing the election of the SPEAKER.

Embarrassment only temporary. PAPA BURR, content to be himself (than who there is no better chap), delivered speech that had the charm of earnestness, the winsomeness of simplicity.

By flash of dramatic instinct, PRINCE ARTHUR "presented" HARRY CHAPLIN to second the motion. Impossible to conceive a wider difference in individuality, honourable to both, than here came to the front. Strikingly illustrative of the universality of the House and the rigidity of its democratic principle of the equality of man when duly elected M.P.

Murmur greeted one sentence of the ex-Squire of Blankney's speech.

"I am confident," he said, "I shall have the support of every single gentleman who is present in the House to-day" in extolling the SPEAKER-lect.

Why this invidious distinction? Why should married men be ostentatiously excluded from the computation? Perhaps nothing meant. Nevertheless it rather chilled enthusiasm for the moment. Welled forth again when Mr. LOWTHER, Dick Whittington of the Parliamentary story, thrice Speaker of the House of Commons, returned to his old familiar place.

Business done—SPEAKER elected.

Wednesday.—Process of swearing-in Members occupied sitting. A dull performance, growing in weariness as the hours passed and resembled each other. At four o'clock it seemed feebly dying out. There were not more than half-a-dozen Members waiting their turn. Suddenly there was quickened movement at the Table where the Clerks sat. One rose, and approaching Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, who stood by the brass-bound box administering the Oath and overlooking Members as they signed the roll of Parliament, made whispered communication.

At this moment there slowly emerged from behind SPEAKER'S Chair a bent figure leaning on the arm of SOX AUSTEN, in his left hand a stick, behind him Lord MORPETH, newly appointed Whip of a non-existent Party long ago merged in the ranks of Toryism. Murmured conversation among the few Members present abruptly hushed, when, looking up, they beheld what seemed the wraith of the once foremost, fiercest fighter in the Parliamentary lists.

It was, in truth, DOX JOSÉ come to sign his name (or see it signed for him) on the roll of the new Parliament to which he had been triumphantly elected. Painfully pacing the passage between Table and Treasury Bench, he by chance dropped into the seat next to that usually occupied by the Leader of the House. Time was when he was accustomed at critical epochs to rise thence from the side of GLADSTONE and break the serried ranks of Conservative Opposition with irresistible dash. Later, from the same place, he leaped to his feet amid thunderous cheers from Conservative colleagues to prod old political friends with remorseless lance. Always, in whichever position, under whatsoever



"GOG" OF CLACKMANNAN AND "MAGOG" OF THE ORKNEYS.

The brothers (Eugene and Cathcart) Wason.

circumstances, he dominated a crowded House.

Now he sat there whispering the words of the Oath recited to him by the Clerk, touching with trembling pen the signature another wrote for him on the roll of Parliament. This done, he slowly

passed out, and the curtain fell upon the most pathetic scene witnessed on the Parliamentary stage within the memory of living man.

Business done—Members sworn in.

Thursday.—Every one glad to see the BROTHERS WASON back again. Pleasure furtively increased by observation that during General Election neither has added a cubit to his stature. As their united heights aggregate 14 feet 9 inches, and their weight brings the scale down at 26 stone 5 pounds per brother, such unearned increment would be superfluous. But when a habit is formed one never knows when it may not suddenly assert itself.

Their good nature, kindness of heart, and popularity on both sides of House are equal to these manly proportions. A little incident, perhaps not known outside House, dwelt upon with pleased reflection by old Members, is characteristic of their consideration for others. When CATHCART was returned for Orkney ten years ago, BROTHER EUGENE was already seated as Liberal Member for Clackmannan. Obvious danger of overdoing things if both

sat on same side. House might heel over, like ship whose cargo had shifted to starboard or to larboard. Accordingly CATHCART took his seat on Unionist side, almost exactly balancing EUGENE on t'other.

After a while, having made cautious experiments, they discovered that their fears were illusory, and CATHCART crossed over to join his brother. Takes same position in new Parliament.

SARK had some uneasy moments previous to opening of campaign in Orkney. It was rumoured that EUGENE, triumphantly re-elected at Clackmannan, was going North to help his brother. As SARK said, in such case the little island would forthwith have been proclaimed as a Congested District.

Happily idea was abandoned. Clear that brother CATHCART, whether he posed as Unionist or Liberal, was the man for Orkney, needing no extraneous assistance. Thus it proved, and the Bounding Brothers from Broddingnag, each returned by his old constituency, are back again.

It is understood that the SPEAKER has ruled that, as



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS. GO AND SEE 'THE FOLLIES.'"

With acknowledgments to the talented designer of the famous poster.

[On Thursday night Mr. Asquith attempted to shake off the cares of state by a visit to "The Follies" at the Apollo Theatre.]



Sportsman (from far bank). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! GOING TO WAIT FOR LOW TIDE?"

in the last Parliament, their votes shall count only two on a division.

Business done.—Policeman at Lobby-door tells me "they're still swearin' like anythink."

FURTHER DEALINGS WITH PETER.

WE have given some account of the gospel of Peterism, in our reference last week to Mr. PETER KEARY's new book, *Success after Failure*, the sub-title of which is *Some Men who have Got Out and Got On*: enough perhaps to indicate what an admirable and satisfying creed PETER's is. To make money: that is getting on. To fail to make it: that is getting out. You can conceive of his scorn for the non-arrivers, so to speak, only by reading his pages.

PETER cannot get over his adoration of the men who as boys began by doing the wrong thing and then found their true walk in life and succeeded in it. He calls that getting out and getting on. But his book is otherwise so American that one marvels at this insistence on such a commonplace of existence; for no American of twenty-five is doing what he was doing at twenty; and no American of thirty is doing what he was

doing at twenty-five. The change from a youthful mistake to a congenial course is not anything to write books about, PETER. That is not necessarily admirable.

Nothing so infuriates PETER as solitaries and lovers of nature. BORROW, for example, enrages him—BORROW, the "useless tramp," who dared to waste his life in roaming about this interesting world studying men and adding language to language. No money in it, says PETER; and then, hypnotised by the fame of *Lavengro*, he drags BORROW into his pages, all unconscious that the reason he wrote *Lavengro* and got on was purely his systematic getting out (in PETER's phrase) while he was preparing to write it.

THOREAU, too, the recluse of New England, whose ear was so near to nature's heart—PETER cannot do with him; he calls him a tramp too, and yet finding that THOREAU, as well as BORROW, wrote books which are among the best hundred, into his tin Valhalla THOREAU also is kicked forthwith. "In with you," says PETER, "you're a feckless ass, and you never paid income-tax in your life, but in some extraordinary way you made a reputation, and I can't afford to appear ignorant of you."

But, PETER, it won't do. You can't

have it both ways. You don't care a fig for BORROW and THOREAU. Have you ever read either? Anyhow you are not going to presume on their genius to patronise them without a protest. How dare you say they got out? You know they did not, any more than HEINE, or DARWIN, or NEWTON, whom you also beslaver. You know perfectly well they did not get out, they merely developed slowly in a non-Petrine way.

So back to your real heroes—your GAMAGES and CARNEGIES and ROCKEFELLERS—and leave the quiet and the great alone.

After such a bewildering example as THOREAU, one wonders that PETER did not overcome his disgust for St. FRANCIS of Assisi and drag him in too. Because, although this Italian gentleman gave up all he had and was so anti-social and un-Petrine as to found an order of mendicants, wasted his time and brains in being kind to animals, had no banking account whatever—no rows of shops in Assisi, no villa just outside with a double coach-house; although this was so, yet he made the *Fioretti*, and one feels that, had PETER been told of the popularity of the *Little Flowers*, he might have relented. For a book that has gone into many editions always

brings him to his knees. Then we should have had: "Eccentric Italian who after years of wasted meditation and unprofitable charities writes a book that has consoled thousands." For that is PETER's way. But no one told him of the *Little Flowers*, and so the Saint escapes.

ORDEAL BY PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

AN emotion-indicator has just been invented by an American, who has given it the pretty name of "plethysmograph." As illustrated in last week's *Sketch*, it consists of a dial connected by tubing with an india-rubber bag which is filled with water and drawn tight after the insertion of the patient's hand. If the heart is stirred, in spite of this damp proceeding, by the recital of any name or otherwise, the involuntary acceleration of the pulse will be shown by the index.

If this ingenious device is generally adopted, we think a lot of trouble will be saved and breaches of promise avoided. Every properly equipped young woman who contemplates getting married will have this apparatus and a jug of water within easy reach in the front parlour when a possible choice is paying a call. It is true the operation somewhat resembles the pouring of a can of water down the sleeve of the Boy Scout who is caught using bad language, but the lady must not flinch, even if the experiment might result in a similar flow of eloquence. She must request her visitor to turn up his shirt-cuff and take a plunge into the lucky bag. (If he is restive or maladroit, she had better conduct him to the pantry or places where there is a sink.) She will then repeat to him all the feminine names she can think of, and at the same time keep an eye on the index. If her own name scores the highest reading, she may accept his attentions as serious. If inconstancy is suspected, it would be as well to take a weekly test, and the figures could be neatly inscribed on a card, as is done by the gas-inspector. This will put an end to the "He-loves-me-he-loves-me-not" state of mind. An identical programme can be carried out by the gentleman, if he can inveigle the girl to play at being wet-bob.

In the law-courts, too, the plethys-etc. bids fair to be invaluable. A secretive witness with his fist in the water-bag will, in the intervals of sneezing, reveal by the gyrations of the indicator when the opposing counsel has dealt him a home-thrust. Any attempt at perjury will, so to speak, let the cat out of the bag, and be recorded on a chart for the inspection of the jury. We are, in fact, going back to the good old Anglo-Saxon ordeal, and shall have to wear our hearts upon, or rather, inside an india-rubber sleeve.

AT THE PLAY.

"TANTALISING TOMMY."

MR. CYRIL MAUDE's new production at the Playhouse (by PAUL GAVAULT and MICHAEL MORTON) is not a notable addition to the British drama, but it is a very pleasant after-dinner entertainment. I should have enjoyed it still more if Miss MARIE LÖHR had not made an entirely unnecessary appearance in pyjamas at the end of the First Act. This, I have no doubt, will be spoken of as the great feature of the play; even now it may be on posters all over England; but there will be many to regret this appearance of the musical comedy touch in connection with Miss LÖHR. Mind you, I have nothing against



LIFE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

James Cottenham . . . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Tommy Miss MARIE LÖHR.

pyjamas *quâ* pyjamas, possessing indeed several pretty pairs of my own, and having had for many years the privilege of gazing at a sufficient number of others through shop-windows; what I object to is the cold-blooded manner in which they are introduced to us on this occasion.

The Great Pyjama Scene is reached in this way. *James Cottenham*, an elderly young clerk at the Colonial Office, is spending the week-end at his country cottage with his friend, *Harry Killick*. Late at night a car breaks down outside the cottage; the station is miles away, and there are no other houses near. *James*, greatly to his disgust (he is a shy, old-fashioned person), has to offer hospitality to the owner of the car, *Miss Pepper*, commonly called *Tommy*. He gives up his room to her, and sleeps on a sofa downstairs. Also he lends her a pair of pyjamas. The curtain might have fallen here, but it does not. *Tommy* retires to her room, and some minutes later appears at the door of it in the pale blue silk ones. . . . Tableau, Curtain, Posters, etc., etc.

(Looking at them from another point of view, do elderly young clerks in the Colonial Office wear blue silk pyjamas? I think not. Do they wear pyjamas at all? I should doubt it very much. Ten to one anybody who has to spend the day in an old-fashioned Government office spends the night in an old-fashioned nightshirt.)

If you care to remain after the great scene is over, you will find much to amuse you in *Tommy's* wooing of *James* (Mr. CYRIL MAUDE) under the watchful eye of *Killick* (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS). Mr. DOUGLAS's *Killick* is the best performance of the evening. He, more than anybody, enters into the spirit of the farce, and makes no pretence to take it seriously. But, though I did not take it seriously myself, I should like to believe that the lunching scene at the Colonial Office was really possible. You see from the picture how jolly it would be.

M.

A BALLADE OF DIFFICULT CHEERFULNESS.

We thank the Muse to-day
For finding us a theme,
The burden of our lay
Unruffled self-esteem.
We care not one centime
How badly things may go;
The worse—the more we scream:
Are we downhearted? No!

For Tories, far away
Their future triumphs gleam,
And heartily they say:
Things are not what they seem.
Their own defeat they deem
A triumph o'er the foe,
And shout, to work up steam:
Are we downhearted? No!

What of the Rads? do they
Despondently blasphemous?
No, that is not their way,
The trials of their régime
Spur on their eager team:
With zeal they simply glow,
And cry with joy supreme:
Are we downhearted? No!

The Muse's sacred stream
(Our verse) may backward flow; *
Still of success we'll dream:
Are we downhearted? No!

* Cf. EUPHROSINE: ἀνω ποταμὸν ἰερὰν χυροῖσι παρὰ—evidently referring to rejected contributions.

"The New Cabs . . . will have powerful motors and will likely be worked on the hexameter system."—*The Colonist*.

Motto for the new Cabs: "We scan alone."

Depreciation.

"DISSOLVED Acetylene Outfit, complete with gauge and polished mahogany box; cost £11,000; condition as new; price £7 net."—*The Autocar*.



"I TOLD MY OPINIONS FREE AND HOPEN IN THE 'ARF BRICK.' I SEZ, WOTEVER 'APPENS TO THE COUNTRY NAH, I SEZ, PARL'MENT CAN SETTLE FOR ALL I CARES. I'VE WASHED MY 'ANDS O' POLITICS!"

HEREDITARY MINSTRELS.

GREAT excitement prevails in Parnassian circles over the forthcoming banquet of the Poetry Recital Society to be held early in April. What lends peculiar interest to the gathering is the fact that the guests will include as many of the descendants of the greater poets as possible.

Already the attendance is assured of descendants of WORDSWORTH and BROWNING, but we understand that the following eminent personages will also grace the gathering by their presence.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, as the spiritual descendant of the illustrious laureate, PYE.

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, by virtue of her Christian name.

The Proprietor of Scott's Restaurant as representing SCOTT, CRABBE, SPRAT and SHELLEY.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as a descendant of the famous lyricist.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, as writer to the Cynnet of Avon.

Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY, as representing Sir PHILIP of that ilk.

Miss JESSIE POPE on behalf of the Sage of Twickenham.

Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, the great-great-grand nephew of the author of the *Ode to the Passions*.

Mr. JOHN BURNS has readily signified his intention of attending the banquet and will recite a poem of which the first stanza runs as follows:—

"Rads, wha hae wi' Gladstone blod,
Rads, wham 'Honest John' has led,
Strike the caiff Tories dead—
Hech for Battersea!"

Another interesting feature of the feast will be the recitation by the Right Hon. Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD of *The Song of the Whip*, a poignant ballad which opens with these memorable lines:—

"Whip! Whip! Whip!
With a weary and aching head,
Till you long to give your Party the slip
And go straight home to bed."

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL's contribution to the post-prandial programme

will take the form of a stirring appeal to the conscience of City men, entitled *The Battle with the Baltic*.

The admirers of ELIZA COOK have addressed an urgent appeal to her polar namesake to attend on her behalf, but no answer has yet been received. We understand, however, that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE will be present, and sing a song entitled *Paradise and the Peary*.

"All literary and artistic Paris were present yesterday evening at the dress rehearsal of M. Rostand's farmyard play *Chantecler*, which has been repeatedly postponed since 1503."—*Egyptian Morning News*.

That's how legends grow and grow and grow.

"Lady Castlereagh is married to another politician, Viscount Castlereagh, who is the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry, having been selected for Maidstone last month."—*Hearth and Home*.

Why object to the hereditary principle when it is apparently settled by the people at the polls?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE have been a great many *ingénues* (mock or real) in modern fiction, and doubtless one or two in actual life; but there was never one inside a book or out of it who came within a four-mile cab-radius of *Margarita*. She had been brought up on a desolate strip of Atlantic beach by shadowy and mysterious parents, and when *Roger Bradley* met her on Broadway her innocence was positively sky-scraping. She did not even know her own surname, but she was marvellously beautiful, and *Roger*, like a sensible fellow, married her immediately and then started educating her. The method adopted by *INGRAHAM LOVELL* in telling the story of *Margarita's Soul* and by *Mr. JOHN LANE* in publishing it is rather unusual. The book bears the sub-title of *The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty* (supposed to be the hopeless adorer of the heroine and bosom-friend of the hero); it is profusely illustrated, and the chapters are prefaced by extracts (also illustrated) from *Sir Hugh and the Mermaid*;

much of it is in the form of letters and extracts from diaries; and the writer has a curious way of introducing well-known names, sometimes with letters omitted, as, for instance, General B—H, and sometimes not, as in the cases of *WHISTLER*, *STEVENSON*, and *DU MAURIER*. The last-named, by the way, made a picture of *Margarita* on one occasion, but withdrew it "from the all but printed page" of *Punch* at the request of her husband. This was a pity, because *Mr. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS'* romantic black-and-

white work has not entirely convinced me that this young prima donna (bless your soul, of course she became a prima donna) was quite worthy of the adoration she aroused in *Winfred Jerrolds*. Much the cleverest feature of the story, of which I should guess a good part to be transcribed from actual experience, is to be found in the letters from *Sue Paynter* to the narrator; and for these alone the book is well worth reading.

It was once my lot to accompany a small patriot to a performance of *An Englishman's Home*, from which he returned with the unexpected remark that the funny young man who refused to defend his country was "jolly decent, but the volunteer was a prig." Something like the same unfortunate result seems to have attended my own reading of *The Fool of Faery* (*MILLS AND BOON*). It is clear that *M. URQUHART* meant it to show how a knowledge of the unseen world about us, and belief in its mysterious influence could distinguish the Elect, even amid the prosaic life of a suburb. That, I am sure, was the idea; but it pains me to confess that after reading it my sympathies went entirely on the wrong side. Brutally put, the behaviour and conversation of the Elect seemed to me a peculiarly annoying form of psychic snobbery. There were two of them—or

three, if you include the village idiot, the "fool" of the title—*Hilary Gibbon*, an Irish lad with gray eyes and a brogue, and *Gillian Clarkson*, who was living at the vicarage during the absence of her husband. *Gillian* had flame-coloured hair and an appreciation for Celtic poetry; she and *Hilary* used to go and talk it together in a wood, and when they missed the last train home the Suburb said some sharp things about them. Quite rightly, too. Eventually *Hilary* is drowned in trying to rescue the idiot, and with the return of *Gillian's* husband the book ends, sadly or not as you like to take it. Personally I did not much mind either way, as its only effect upon me was to rouse a kind of irritated common-sense which made me almost ashamed of my most cherished beliefs—even of the times when *Tinker Bell* has been revived by my applauding palms. It is all very unfortunate.

No, you are quite wrong about *The Prime Minister's Secret*; you're thinking of a different Prime Minister. This one was *Lord Penshurst*. For three years he carried a secret document about with him (instead of sending it to Chancery Lane, like a sensible man), and at last it was stolen by *Captain Melun*.

The noble Captain offered to reveal the secret to Germany unless he was given half a million pounds and the Prime Minister's daughter; *Lord Penshurst* was prepared with the half-million, but drew the line distinctly at *Melun* as a son-in-law. How the crisis was averted by *Sir Paul Westerham* is told by *W. HOLT WHITE* in this exciting story which *FISHER UNWIN* publishes. The book is full of delightful things like this: "He felt a little cold ring of steel pressed against his right



IF THE FARMYARD PLAY DEVELOPS WE MAY EXPECT A NEW TYPE OF ACTOR TO BE EVOLVED.

PROBABLE SCENE IN A THEATRICAL CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

temple." . . . "Instantly two men jumped from their seats and put their backs against the door. As they stood there they drew their knives." . . . "But *Melun* was first, and the revolver which he had whipped out covered the other man's breast." . . . "Driven hard up to the hilt, straight through the man's heart, was a knife, which *Westerham* instantly recognised as one of his own." . . . "Lying on the top of a little pile of slavings was a human ear. 'Oh, God,' cried the Premier, 'it's my daughter's.'" (I always love that.) . . . "Then as he stood there with his eyes bent on her hair he heard the sickening thud as *Melun's* body fell on to the stones below." . . . So it all ends happily—for it was the wrong ear, and the secret had not been revealed to Germany after all. If you like this sort of thing as much as I do you will certainly read *Mr. WHITE's* book in one breathless sitting.

"In the pockets of a thirteen-year-old Arbroath boy found crying in the streets of Glasgow were an electric lamp and £30. He left home on Monday to start upon the career of a highwayman."

To have collected £30 in a couple of days—and in Scotland too—was not bad work, and we don't see what he had to complain about.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government has now raised over £36,000,000 in Treasury bills. This only shows what they could achieve with Bills if only there were no House of Lords to interfere.

During the gale last week the Union Jack floating from the flag-staff at the Law Courts was blown to tatters. This has greatly encouraged the wind-bag, who offer strenuous opposition each year to the celebration of Empire Day.

No one can deny the pluck of our English Suffragettes, but it is as naught compared with that of the Americans. They are proposing to kiss every member of the legislature without distinction of whiskers until a consent is given to their demands.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has now completed his Big Game tour, and, on his return to Europe, it is evident, the tables will be turned. The ex-President will then be the hunted lion.

Inaccuracies in the City's coat-of-arms are to be removed by the Heralds' College. It had always struck us that the turtles looked absurdly like griffins.

Not the least pleasing feature of Mr. BEECHAM's production

of *Elektra* is the fact that the English artistes who take part in it appear under their own names. There was a time when Miss TUBB, who plays one of the maids, would have figured, according to a ridiculous custom, as Signorina Tubbi.

An extension of the Stoke Poges churchyard, made famous by GRAY's "Elegy," was consecrated last week by the Bishop of OXFORD. The offer of a business-like minor poet to extend the poem is being unfavourably considered.

The Express has been complaining of the difficulty of obtaining water at City tea-shops. Has our contemporary tried asking for milk?

Meanwhile the tea-shops are pointing out that it is just as difficult for the general public to obtain tea at

the offices of the Metropolitan Water Board.

A lady's journal suggests as an act of self-denial for Lent that its readers should do without a ball-dress. Another form of self-denial would be to do without everything else except a ball-dress; and something very like this is now being done in the sacred cause of charity at the Palace Theatre.

A Scotch-woman saved a train from destruction last week by waving her red petticoat as a danger signal. This shows one advantage of not being a classical dancer.

It is not often that the male sex beats

TALKS ABOUT OLD LONDON.

(With apologies to "The Evening News.")

"Ah yes," he said, "I remember 1907. I've always had a good memory."

"I was sitting on a bench in Battersea Park conversing with Mr. Thomas Binjies, a Londoner born and bred."

"That was a great year," he continued. "It was good to be alive then."

"Let me see; then you can recollect seeing the sun?" I said.

"Yes, we had some sun in 1907. Very pretty it was too, shining on the chimney pots and warming the sooty air. We used to get about dry-shod in those days."

"And they tell me that there were hansoms then."

"Oh, yes, that's right. It was before the days of these here taxis. Hansoms everywhere, there were. Bright young fellows on the box and smart spanking horses in the shafts. There are a few left, I'm told, but they're ruins. Nothing to what they used to be."

"And omnibuses were drawn by horses, too?"

"That's right. I've seen them with these eyes."

"How strange it all is!" I said. "Tell me some more."

"Well, there's my father. He ain't what you call an old man, but he remembers the Em-

bankment before they had the trams running along it."

"That was in the days of the penny steamers, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's so. And some days, when his head is clear, he has a sort of dim recollection of London before *The Daily Mail* was started. But he can't be quite sure whether it was in his time or my grandfather's."

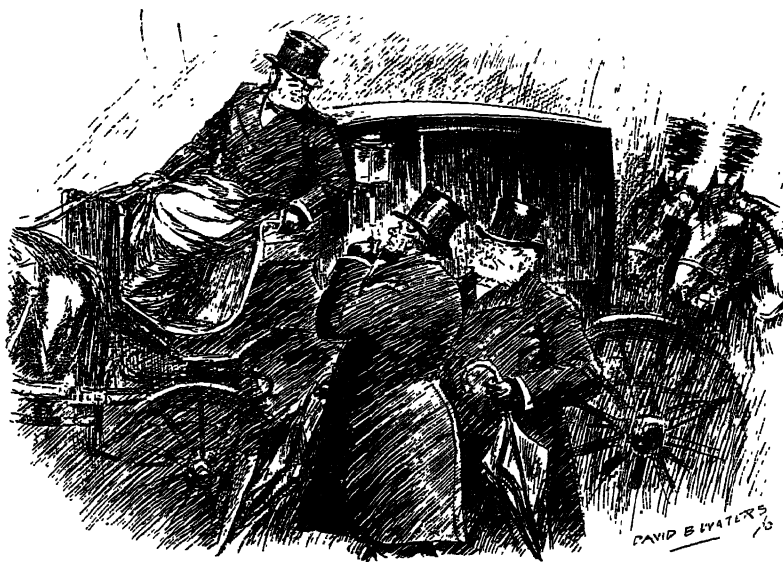
This last glimpse into the dark ages was too overwhelming, and hurriedly excusing myself I bade farewell to this wonderful living link with the past—the man whose father remembered London without *The Daily Mail*!

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

ENGLISHMEN'S SPLENDID VICTORY."

Manchester Evening News.

Can this have any reference to the Rhodes Scholars at Oxford?



HALF-MOURNERS.

Distant Relative of Deceased. "GIE US A BIT BIRL ROON' THE TOON JUST TO SEE THE SIGHTS AFORE YE GANG BACK."

the other in the matter of Fashions, but, as regards the *Chantecler* mode, we would point out that men have been wearing billycock hats for years.

Mr. McKENNA's explanation as to *The Invincible's* gun mountings has not satisfied Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. In the opinion of the Member for the Navy Mr. McKENNA is making mole-hills out of mountings.

A man was charged last week at Bow Street with breaking a window of the House of Lords. It is scarcely surprising that the public should be getting impatient at the delay in abolishing the Upper Chamber.

In Election Time.

Our fathers used to lie in Four-Posters. We lie in fifty score.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FREE-FOODER."—I have it on the authority of the Monagasque Vice-Consul at Baden-Baden that offal is the habitual food of the so-called working-classes in the Protected Fatherland. At the same time I am assured that it is the very best offal.

"DUBIOUS."—You say you cannot make up your dear mind whether you would sooner be made an hereditary peer without a veto, or a life-peer with one. This is indeed a horny dilemma; but you must bear up. After all, it is just possible that you mayn't be made either.

"RADICAL."—Of course, if you got into Parliament by telling your constituents that the hereditary principle must be done away with, and now find that your leader hopes to go shortly to the country with the cry, "The hereditary character of the House of Lords must be preserved," you are certainly in a very awkward position.

"PROSPECTIVE PEER."—If you have made it quite clear to the PRIME MINISTER that you are prepared to become a Peer, under any conditions, even the most humiliating, you can do nothing further for the present. Unless, perhaps, you might join the Radical cave, and be so nasty to him that he might have to shove you into "another place" to get rid of you.

"CAVEAT EMPTOR."—No, I cannot recommend Asquith Guaranteed Stock. Why not try Rubbers?

"ONE OF THE GREAT MAJORITY."—It is a very difficult case. As you say, if the Nationalists had carried their conscientious approval of Tariff Reform to the point of supporting Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's amendment, instead of merely abstaining from voting, there would have been a majority of 50 against the Government. And the same thing may be said, prospectively, about the Budget. Your best course would be to go about the country saying that the People were never consulted on either of these two issues, but simply on the Lords' Veto. Only I don't advise you to start on this tack in the "Great Industrial Centres" of the North.

"PRO-TIBET."—Yes, you are quite right about the DALAI LAMA. He is a biped. With two more legs he could have run away much quicker.

"SPECULATOR."—I cannot account for the boom in Rubber, unless it is to be explained by the wet season causing a run on goloshes.

"PARISIEN."—I, too, have been reading M. RAYMOND RECOULY's *En Angleterre*, and have remarked that, after long residence in England and much intelligent observation of our manners, he still labours under the impression that an English gentleman habitually dines *en smoking*. My poor friend, it hurts me to destroy one of the most cherished illusions of your countrymen, but we don't dine in a "smoking" (whatever that may be) any more than you ride in the Bois in pyjamas.

O. S.

The Perils of the Country.

A correspondent writes to *The Reading Mercury*:—

"SIR, — May I ask (through your Paper) whether something cannot be done to prevent men in the village of Tilehurst from firing off guns in cottage gardens, too near the cottage entrances? I was frightened yesterday morning while in my bedroom by witnessing a man in the next garden firing off a gun perilously near (although in the opposite direction) to the place where I should in a few moments later have been standing in my garden."

A pretty near thing, that.

"East Lothian farmers had a great dinner on Friday last. But it was Hamlet without the Ghost. Mr. Harry Hope, M.P., was absent."

Scottish Farmer.

Probably the Ghost was away at Westminster counting two on a division.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. I.—GLOOM.

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE.

Characters.

JOHN WILSON.

JOSIAH MERRIDEW, *Master of the Workhouse.*THE REV. ARTHUR NASH, *Chaplain to the Workhouse.*

NANCY ARDEN.

GRACE MERRIDEW.

ACT I.

SCENE—A Churchyard not far from the Workhouse. As the curtain draws up John Wilson and Nancy Arden are discovered inspecting the gravestones.

Wilson. Here is another, Nancy. Listen. (He reads the inscription on a gravestone.) "Beneath this stone is interred all that was mortal of Abraham Ballinger, Alderman and Justice of the Peace. Venerated and loved by all who knew him, a good hu-band and a kind father, he died on April 2nd, 1909, in the 75th year of his age. Go thou and do likewise." Now I knew that man—you knew him, too, Nancy—and I have no hesitation in saying that the operative part of the inscription is a lie from beginning to end. He drove his wife into a lunatic asylum by his brutality; his son and his daughter rightly hated him, and he sanded an absolutely incalculable amount of sugar in his grocer's shop. And then he dies, and this mendacious record is carved for the deception of posterity. Pah!

Nancy. Oh, come, John! Poor old Uncle Abraham wasn't so bad as all that.

Wilson. Yes, he was, and much worse, too. But it's all part of the system on which this life of ours is based. I've made up my mind to expose that system. I mean to crush it. I'm going to begin on it directly, and I want to feel that your love and your sympathy are there to sustain me.

Nancy. You can be sure of me, John; but what do you mean to do?

Wilson. Do you see that Workhouse? (He points off R.) Well, that is the symbol of the system, the embodiment of all the maddening hypocrisy of existence. I shall introduce myself into it as a tramp, learn its ghastly secrets and publish them to the world. Then the system will come to an end.

Nancy. Take care, John. That's what father used to say many years ago.

Wilson. Your father, Nancy, is one of nature's noblemen, but a sad sufferer.

Nancy. He was a powerful man once, and very cheerful; but that was before he set himself up against mother's system of household management. He didn't struggle long, and you can see for yourself what a wreck he became. If you'll take my advice you'll leave systems alone, John.

Wilson. Never! How could I look you, or, for the matter of that, myself, in the face if I did? And now embrace me, and, for a time, farewell.

[They embrace. The strains of the "Dead March in Saul" are heard from a distant German band, and the curtain falls.]

ACT II.

The Master's Room in the Workhouse. At the back is a door leading into the Casual Ward. Josiah Merridew is seated at a table with a large ledger open in front of him. Two attendants bearing a stretcher are passing through from the Casual Ward to a door on the right.

Merridew (to the attendants). Come, come, not so much hurry, please. I haven't made the entry yet. (They stop.) Whom have you got there?

First Attendant. Old Abel Skillicorne, Sir.



TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

THE PUP. "PLEASE DO NOT CUT ME OFF WITH MY LIFE'S WORK STILL UNDONE."

MR. REDMOND. "WELL, HOW LONG DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"

THE PUP. "ABOUT THREE MONTHS."



English Lady (coming to the rescue of her countryman who has entered a Paris shop on the strength of the notice, "English spoken here," but can get nothing out of the Attendant). "QUI DONO PARLE ANGLAIS?"

Attendant. "MAIS, MADAME, LES ACHETEURS ANGLAIS."

Merrideu. Oh, so he's gone at last (enters the name in his ledger). Let me see, that makes the tenth to-day. Well, well, in the midst of life, you know. You can carry him out. (They do so as the Chaplain enters R.) Ah, good morning, Mr. Nash. Can we have ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of your time to-day, to-morrow and the next day? I really don't like to trouble you, but we must get these funerals done.

Mr. Nash. Well, if I must, of course I must, though I'm bound to say it's not a job I care for. I can just do it for you to-day at four, between the School Management Committee and Mrs. Hanson's garden-party.

Merrideu. That'll do very nicely. Hallo, who's this?

[An attendant enters, escorting Wilson disguised as a tramp and heavily handcuffed.

The Attendant. He's as deaf as a post, Sir, and as I couldn't make him hear I thought it best to slip the bracelets on him.

Merrideu. Quite right, quite right. No doubt a very dangerous fellow. (To Wilson) Now, Sir, you listen to me. You've not come here to amuse yourself. You'll have an hour under the pump first, and then we'll see what we can do with you. Do you hear?

Wilson. No, Sir. I am deaf—a mining accident two years ago.

Merrideu. That makes it worse. Take him away.

Enter Grace Merrideu.

Grace. Father.

Merrideu. Well, dear.

Grace. Don't send that man away. There is something in his face that bespeaks my pity. [She smiles at Wilson.

Merrideu. Grace, I will not have you smiling here. The atmosphere of this place must be maintained.

Grace. Help me, Mr. Nash. You, who are a Christian clergyman, must feel—

Mr. Nash. Grace, I can do nothing for you. You must obey your father.

Merrideu. There—you hear what Mr. Nash says. (To Attendant) Take him away at once.

[Wilson is removed struggling, Grace faints.

Mr. Nash. I think I will fetch some smelling salts.

Merrideu. Oh, never mind. She always faints about this time.

[He continues to make entries in his ledger. Curtain.

ACT III.

We merely sketch this Act. The scene is laid in the padded room occupied by Wilson. He is mercilessly beaten by attendants and dies just as Grace enters with an order of release. She dies on seeing what has happened; and finally Nancy, entering through the window to rescue Wilson, discovers the attendants gazing at the two dead bodies, and also dies.

Merrideu, representing the triumphant system, enters the deaths in his ledger and arranges with Mr. Nash for the funerals.

AFTERNOON SLEEP.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."

I AM like Napoleon in that I can go to sleep at any moment; I am unlike him (I believe) in that I am always doing so. One makes no apology for doing so on Sunday afternoon—the apology indeed should come from the others, the wakeful parties. . . .

"Uncle?"
"Margery."

"Will you come and play wiv me?"

"I'm rather busy just now," I said with closed eyes. "After tea."

"Why are you raver busy just now? My baby's only raver busy sometimes."

"Well then, you know what it's like; how important it is that one shouldn't be disturbed."

"But you *must* be beturbed when I ask you to come and play wiv me."

"Oh, well . . . what shall we play at?"

"Trains," said Margery eagerly.

When we play trains I have to be a tunnel. I don't know if you have ever been a tunnel? No; well, it's an over-rated profession.

"We won't play trains," I announced firmly, "because it's Sunday."

"Why not because it's Sunday?"

(Oh, you little pagan!)

"Hasn't Mummy told you all about Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, Maud did tell me," said Margery casually. Then she gave an innocent little smile. "Oh, I called Mummy Maud," she said in pretended surprise. "I quite *fought* I was upstairs!"

I hope you follow. The manners and customs of good society must be observed on the ground floor where visitors may happen; upstairs one relaxes a little.

"Do you know," Margery went on with the air of a discoverer, "you mustn't say 'prayers' downstairs. Or 'corsets.'"

"I never do," I affirmed. "Well, anyhow I never will again."

"Why mayn't you?"

"I don't know," I said sleepily.

"Say prehaps."

"Well — *prehaps* it's because your mother tells you not to."

"Well, 'at's a *silly* fing to say," said Margery scornfully.

"It is. I'm thoroughly ashamed of it. I apologise. Good night." And I closed my eyes again. . . .

"I fought you were going to play with me, Mr. Bingle," sighed Margery to herself.

"My name is *not* Bingle," I said, opening one eye.

"Why isn't it Bingle?"

"The story is a very long and sad one. When I wake up I will tell it to you. Good night."

"Tell it to me now."

There was no help for it.

"Once upon a time," I said rapidly, "there was a man called Bingle, Oliver Bingle, and he married a lady called Pringle. And his brother married a lady called Jingle; and his other brother married a Miss Wingle. And his cousin remained single . . . That is all."

"Oh, I see," said Margery doubtfully.

"Now will you play with me?"

How can one resist the pleading of a young cheild?

"All right," I said. "We'll pretend I'm a little girl, and you're my mummy, and you've just put me to bed. . . . Good night, mummy dear."

"Oh, but I must cover you up." She fetched a table-cloth, and a pram-cover, and *The Times*, and a handkerchief, and the cat, and a doll's what-I-mustn't-say-downstairs, and a cushion; and she covered me up and tucked me in. "Ere, 'ere, now go to sleep, my darling," she said, and kissed me lovingly.

"Oh, Margie, you dear," I whispered.

"You called me 'Margie'!" she cried in horror.

"I meant 'Mummy.' Good night."

One, two, three seconds passed rapidly.

"It's morning," said a bright voice in my ear. "Get up."

"I'm very ill," I pleaded; "I want to stay in bed all day."

"But your dear uncle," said Margery, inventing hastily, "came last night after you were in bed, and stayed 'e night. Do you see? And he wants you to sit on his chest in bed and talk to him."

"Where is he? Show me the bounder."

"'Ere he is," said Margery, pointing at me.

"But look here, I can't sit on my own chest and talk to myself. I'll take the two parts if you insist, Sir HERBERT, but I can't play them simultaneously. Not even IRVING—"

"Why can't you play vem simrul-aleously?"

"Well, I can't. Margie, *will* you let me go to sleep?"

"Nope," said Margery, shaking her head.

"You should say, 'No, thank you, revered and highly respected Uncle.'"

"No *hank* you, Mr. Cann."

"I have already informed you that my name is *not* Bingle; and I have now to add that neither is it Cann."

"Why neiver is it Cann?"

"That isn't grammar. You should say, 'Why can it not either?'"

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Say prehaps."

"No, I can't even say prehaps."

"Well, say I shall understand when I'm a big girl."

"You'll understand when you're a big girl, Margery," I said solemnly.

"Oh, I see."

"That's right. Now then, what about going to sleep?"

She was silent for a moment, and I thought I was safe. Then

"Uncle, just tell me—why was 'at little boy crying vis morning?"

"Which little boy?"

"'Ve one in 'e road."

"Oh, that one. Well, he was crying because his Uncle hadn't had any sleep all night, and when he tried to go to sleep in the afternoon—"

"Say prehaps again."

My first rejected contribution! I sighed and had another shot. "Well, then," I said gallantly, "it must have been because he hadn't got a sweet little girl of three to play with him."

"Yes," said Margery, nodding her head thoughtfully, "at was it."

A. A. M.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

I WROTE the other week of my poor friend, the New Pangloss, as I called him. And now I hear that another friend has gone to the Land of Shadows.

He was one of those dear men who never pick up a new idea or use a new phrase. Sometimes one wonders whether one admires most those determined conventionalists or the acquisitive modernists who are picking up wrinkles all the time. This friend, now dead, certainly was a magnificent example of his type. I will wager that during the past twenty years of his life he never referred to the French in any other way than as "our lively neighbours." He never entered a hackney-carriage without asking if there was "room for a little one"; he never opened the door for a guest without saying, "age before honesty"; he never remarked upon his last night's repose without saying he had "slept the sleep of the just," or parted with a friend without saying, "be good."

If you asked him how he was, he said, "right as a trivet," although he had no more idea than you or I what a trivet is. He always told children that "stinging - nettles do not sting this month," and that "fingers were made before forks," and it never rained hard but he mentioned that it was good weather for ducks.

In short he never disappointed the ear, and I am inclined to think that a man of whom this can be said is, in the sum of things, more to be desired than your most original and tickling wit. He was a human cuckoo-clock. And now he is dead—run down—and I shall mourn him as another lost landmark, another solid, tangible link with Simplicity and the Past.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—VI.—Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



IN THE SMOKE-ROOM AT CLARIDGE'S.



THE ACCUSATION.



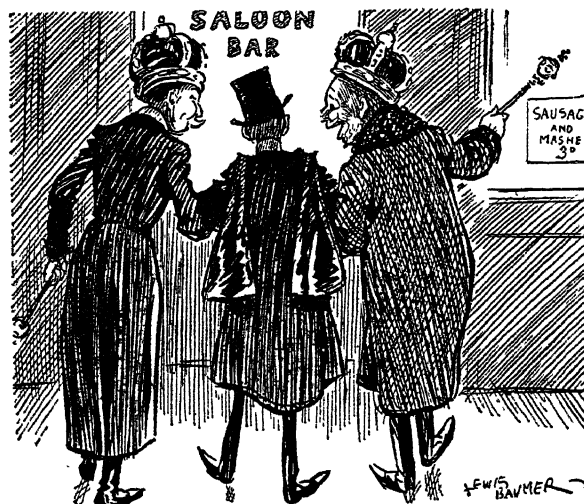
THE PEACE OF EUROPE IN JEOPARDY—DIPLOMACY TO THE RESCUE.



THE SLEUTH-HOUND AGAIN.



A MONARCH'S JOY (THRONE-ROOM AT CLARIDGE'S).



THE WAR-CLOUD DISPERSED.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A REST CURE.

Rippindorf-auf-Schneegebirge.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm just beginning to buck up a bit, since coming here with Bosh and Wee-Wee. My dear, I was so prostrate and my nerves were in *such* a state after my election exertions that Sir Henry Kiddem said I must go away *at once* and have *perfect rest*. Josiah said he'd take me away next day; but dear Sir Henry, who's the best doctor that ever felt a pulse and understands people's constitutions *à merveille*, said emphatically, *No*; in my present state I must be *quite* away from those dearest to me. So Josiah didn't come.

All of us election victims here are agreed never to mention votes or polls or beastly politics again as long as we live. Poor dear Norty has got to leave us to take his seat for Houndsditch; but he's been doing his best while here to forget that there *is* such a place.

Oh, my dearest and best! you don't know all that can be got out of life till you ski! It's sailing on the sea, and flying in the air, with a *heavenly* something added that doesn't belong to either. I'm having lessons from Count Olaf Hesseljof, the best amateur ski-er that even *Norway* has ever produced, and he says my progress is simply *screaming* and that my grace and activity are—and so on. He's distinctly inclined to be a darling, pale and fair with curly flaxen hair and an awfully good figure. Norty says he's an "anæmic ass" and that his ski-ing is "flukey"; but, *entre nous*, Norty never got his ski-legs; they were buried in the snow and he couldn't find them—hence his bitterness. I said to Olaf yesterday that ski-ing teaches one how it feels to be an angel, and he told me I needn't be ski-ing to feel *that*. He talks the *prettiest* English, not exactly broken, only a teeny bit chipped.

There's a fly in the ointment, however. Josiah keeps on writing to know if I'm stronger and if the "mountain quiet" is doing my nerves good, and if he may come. What *time* have I to answer letters, I'll ask you, with ski-ing and bob-sleighing all day, torchlight skating in the evening, and dancing and pillow-fights nearly all night? I've managed to send him a few words, however, telling him I'm a weeny bit better, but that my nerves won't yet stand the excitement of seeing my dear ones. There's no doubt this place has a wonderfully curative effect on those suffering from *strain*, as most of us have been. Fluffy Thistledown broke down quite suddenly while she and Thistledown had a big house party of relatives with them, and had to leave him to see to them, and come off to this place in a life-and-death hurry. And now she

seems *quite* recovered, and is bob-sleighing with Jack Hurlingham all day.

Talking of bob-sleighs, you should see Princess Poppolinsky's (*autrefois* Clytie Vandollarbilt!) It's all of ebony and silver, with the Poppolinsky cipher and coronet wherever there's room for it, guided by a big moujik or Tartar or something, with the cipher and coronet again on the front of his fur cap, and Clytie herself in *such* sables, Daphne, that I hardly dare to look at them for fear I should be tempted to slay her. There's an aloofness and chilliness about her, now she's a Highness, that I find quite delicious. I said to her the other day: "I suppose you came to the Schneegebirge, my dear, from a fellow-feeling,—because *it also* is cool and a highness!"

I don't see much of Stella Clackmannan. Since her arrival a week ago with her broom and stones, she's given herself up to practising her curling like mad for the Bonspiel. She doesn't want to lose her rep. as the best woman curler of the day. She's already got "curling face," which, Norty says, isn't as nice as curling hair.

Oh, my dear, such fun! Bob Aislabie, M.F.H., has actually chucked her beloved hunting for a week and joined us. Of course, Lord Ninian follyott has come in her wake, though he doesn't go in for any of the sports and can't stand the cold. He still says they're engaged, and she says they're not. Bob's for ever tobogganing down all the most horribly dangerous slopes she can find, while Lord Ninny, wrapped up to the eyes and shivering, looks on, bleating out: "Twee-tie, you cruel girl! You'll break your neck and my heart! Dearest, do be careful!" And Bob shouts back: "Shut up, Ninny, and clear out, you blitherin' little idiot!"

C'est un couple comme il n'y en a point.

I gave such a perfectly lovely Snow Picnic last week. Everyone said it was *immensely* well done and quite *quite*. We all dressed up as Eskimos and pretended to be an Arctic Expedition. I borrowed a lot of dogs, and *tried* to get some *penguins*, but Bosh says they're not necessary at the North Pole, and we set off with sledges and everything *en règle*. Oh, it was the *squeakiest* affair! Olaf looked most awfully business-like; the Arctic get-up suited him right down to the snow. We pretended to make all sorts of discoveries, and Norty said he should send our *data* to Copenhagen! We had lunch in the snow; the cham was splendidly *frappé*, of course. "But the worst of it is," said Bob Aislabie, "all the *grub's frappé*, too!"

After lunch we'd a glorious snow-balling rag, and just as we were think-

ing of going back we missed that absurd Wee-Wee. We had to explore in earnest *then*, and we'd all got into quite a nervy state before she was found ever so much higher up the mountain, stuck fast, and unable to go up or come down. It was local colour again. She wished to imagine how it would be to be lost on the mountains, that she might write about it; and she got her wish, and something over; while as for *local colour*, my dear, her poor little nose was *blue* with cold and terror! Bosh was angry with her. He said she'd end by going to look for first-hand impressions at the bottom of a crevasse, and *then* they wouldn't be any use to her!

Adieu, *chérie*. Come and learn to ski.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

The Latest Fashionable Cure.

"High above the heads of all in the narrow gallery unbroken lines of pe-resses ran along the dark oak sides of the House beneath the great stained glass windows."—*Evening News*. Exercise, that's the best thing for the figure.

"The spot at which the accident occurred runs parallel with the sea."—*The Scotsman*.

See above. The most energetic spot we have heard of lately.

Tales of the Old Gaiety.

"The Church and the stage have but little in common, but St. George's late choir-master, Meyer Lutz, composed many vivacious airs for the old Gaiety, where for a considerable period he conducted the orchestra. It was there, also, that the first Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman, was enthroned."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Hardly the place, we should have said.

"As a result of a recent conference in London a gigantic international map of the earth is planned on a scale of a million kilomètres to the centimètre."—*Continental Daily Mail*.

This works out at about one and a half million miles to the inch. It scarcely seems worth while.

"The above article will appear every Friday in the 'Suffolk Chronicle and Mercury,'" is an announcement made by that paper. In a year or so the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day should be firmly established.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"COD LIVER OIL.—A Comparative Study of the Nose upon the Nutrition of Enormal and Tuberculous Pigs."

We always though there was something sinister in cod liver oil.

From a placard:

"The Sphere HAS NO PEER."

Cheer up, Mr. SHORTER; there's hope yet.



Hostess. "PROFESSOR, WHAT IS MRS. RAYMOND'S NUMBER IN HANOVER STREET?"

Professor. "LET ME SEE—ER—I FORGET FOR THE MOMENT, BUT HER DOOR-SCRAPER'S IN G SHARP!"

MALADIE DE SIÈCLE.

O SONS of the new generation
 Athirst for inordinate thrills;
 O daughters, whose love of sensation
 Is shown in your frocks and your frills—
 Come, faithfully answer my queries
 If you would completely assuage
 The passionate craving that wearies
 Both sinner and sage.

Has IBSEN no power to excite you?
 Can't MAETERLINCK make you applaud?
 Do dancers no longer delight you,
 Who wriggle about à la MAUD?
 Are you tired of the profile of AINLEY?
 The tender falsetto of TREE?
 Do you envy each bonnet insanely
 That harbours a bee?

Is the METCHNIKOFF treatment a failure?
 Do you weep when you miss your short putts?
 Have you ceased with enjoyment to hail your
 Diurnal allowance of nuts?
 Are you bored by the leaders of SPENDER?
 Or cloyed by the pathos of CAINE?
 Do you find that "The Follies" engender
 A feeling of *gêne*?

Are you sick of Sicilian grimaces?
 Unattracted by Chantecler hats?

Are you weary of Marathon races
 And careless in choosing your spats?
 Are you jaded with aeroplaning
 And sated with social reform?
 Apathetic alike when it's raining
 And when it is warm?

Do you shy at the strains that are sober?
 Does WAGNER no longer inflame?
 Do you find that the music of AUBER
 And ELGAR is equally tame?
 Do you read without blushing or winking
 The novels of ELINOR GLYN?
 Do you constantly hanker, when rinking,
 For draughts of sloe gin?

If I am correct in divining
 The tortures you daily endure,
 Don't waste any time in repining,
 But try this infallible cure:
 With the sharpest of musical *plectra*
 Go pluck at your soul till it's raw;
 In a word, go and witness *Elektra*—
 Give up the jig-saw.

According to *The Daily Dispatch*, the author of *Don Juan* had a daughter called "Ada Sole, who became Countess of Lovelace." There is, of course, authority for this in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* :—

"Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart."



REVENGE.

Shareholder in Rubber Company (who has had a narrow shave). "GO ON! WEAR YOUR D—D TYRES OUT!"

THE VETO.

By MR. ROBERT BART KENNEDY-BLATCHFORD.

A PALE-FACED throng sit in the Parliament House. They are in conclave. They are obsessed by a burden. A heavy burden. They strive to throw off the fetters that nullify their legislation. Their legislation.

What fetters them? In two words I answer, The Veto. It presses on them, and, through them, on the People. To the People the Veto is the question of the hour. The all-important question.

Men who think, men who toil, men who toil not, ay, even the little children of the slums, on each the Veto presses like an incubus. It presses sore.

Away with it! And with it the Lords. The Lords must go. The

country is too full of Lords. They crowd out the down-trodden and the hungry. Because of the Lords the bitter struggle for the scanty crusts of life grows ever more severe, ever more fierce.

The crusts are few. The Lords are many. Therefore must they go. Why? Because it is decreed. It is decreed by the People.

Where must the Lords go? It does not matter. There are so many places. The choice is infinite.

The objective of the Lords may be left to the future. The future can take care of itself. The Lords can take care of themselves. They always do.

Who are the Lords?

They are born in the purple. With silver spoons.

Silver spoons in their mouths!

They are a race apart.

They are the back-numbers in the Marathon of Life.

What is Life? What is a Marathon?

It does not matter. The Lords must go.

If there were no Veto there would be no Lords. It is essential to abolish the Lords. Therefore it is first essential to abolish the Veto. The one thing is a corollary of the other.

The Lords must go. They must be ended . . . [So must this. Ed.]

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

[It is stated that the bicycle is to become fashionable again.]

TIME was (I do adore that phrase)

When, keen as mustard, I bestrode
The metallad horse of modern days
And took the king's high road.

A very bird, adown the slope
With lifted feet I'd lightly drop,
Or toil till I was heliotrope
To reach some mountain-top.

Yet, over and above the speed
I liked the splendour and the fuss
About my old velocipede,
My tin Bucephalus

The reverence of the hind to win,
To pause, a Person of account,
While ostlers hurried from the inn
To hold my prancing mount;

To flabbergast the village hens;
Against the hedge-row (neatly spiked)
To urge pedestrians by tens—
These were the parts I liked.

Now it is otherwise; a wail,
A whirl of dust that makes you blink—
The road-hog passes in a gale
And leaves behind his stink.

He is the undisputed lord
Of whatso'er may roll or run;
By him the farmer's carts are bored,
By him the hens fordone.

Not TURPIN in his palmy prime,
Hero of ale-house host and wench,
Achieved a kingship so sublime
(Also he lacked the stench).

Therefore, I say, I do not yearn
To mount the pump-inflated hack,
To grip the wobbling bars and turn
Blue in the face or black.

I that of old was "upper crust,"
To whom the yokel used to cringe
In days when he imbibed his dust
Without that petrol tinge;

Am I to hear his loud guffaw,
To feel, when shaving past his spine,
The transference of the ancient awe
From me to motor-swine? EVOE.



THE ALBERT HALL ORACLE.

PRIEST. "THEY'RE COMPLAINING THAT YOUR UTTERANCES ARE AMBIGUOUS."
THE ORACLE. "WELL, THAT'S ONE OF MY 'SAFEGUARDS'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MORE "DELICACIES" OF DEBATE.

In response to a polite request from Mr. Austen Chamberlain "to prove any single statement he made on the Fiscal Question during the Election," Mr. Lloyd George showed that Mr. Chamberlain had omitted very vital words from a quotation, and proceeded to lay about him pretty freely. He incidentally introduced some fresh items from the appetising Protectionist menu of the German working-classes. To the famous "horse-flesh" and "black-bread" he added donkeys and dogs!

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 21.
—House thronged in anticipation of what is spoken of as the PREMIER'S momentous announcement on course of business. Four o'clock fixed for commencing work. Every bench on floor, side galleries, and over clock occupied. As at Epsom a dog sometimes casually crosses course, with field in sight, so a few laggard Members seized on the opportunity to be sworn in. This interlude, unlike the Derby diversion, delayed debate on Address, which was further postponed by debate on Standing Order which forbids Peers to meddle with Parliamentary election.

House in quaint moment of magna-

nimity resolved to annul the Standing Order. Been debated for years; whenever division taken, majority mustered against it. Now it goes without even a division.

SARK sees in it the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Just as in the good old time gentlemen condemned to death, halting on their journey to Tyburn, had pressed on their acceptance the flowing bowl, so noble lords destined to decapitation in respect of legislative powers have this century-old ban removed. JOCKEY OF NORFOLK may at next General Election indulge in his passion for correspondence with "my dear PROFUMO," none daring to make him afraid.

Momentous occasion aforesaid turned out to be surprisingly dull. Possibly this natural result of overstrained expectation. Certainly PRINCE ARTHUR, who led the attack, was decidedly prosy. Nor did light of battle flash from the PREMIER'S eye. Contrary to habit he brought down mass of MS., from which at times he closely read. Overloaded with detail, Members had difficulty in grasping his plan of procedure. When fully mastered, it had chilling effect upon numerically large section of Ministerial force who want Veto first. Enthusiasm that found vent in mighty cheers when PREMIER rose gradually died away.

On the whole a dispirited opening of what promises to be epoch-making fight.

Business done.—Address moved and seconded.

Tuesday.—House had advantage of assisting at realisation of something approaching debate in Irish Parliament when it shall be re-established on College Green. Full flavour restrained by foreign surroundings. Encircled by cold-blooded Saxons, scene and action lacked the inspiring atmosphere breathed in Dublin. But they served.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with his bodyguard of ten bould bhoys, has come to Westminster with avowed intention of wiping the floor of the House of Commons with the limp body of JOHN REDMOND. In PARNELL'S time and later, Irish Nationalists were united in opposition to Government of the day whatever its political colour might be. Now, by comparison with his feelings towards the Redmondites, WILLIAM O'BRIEN almost worships the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT. The foes of Ireland, he laments, are those of her own household, sons nourished at her bosom. O'BRIEN, after long interval returning to political life, has devoted himself to the task of driving forth the traitors. Brooding over their iniquities, he chants in the ear of Ireland a variant on LOVELACE'S deathless couplet addressed "To Lucasta on going to the Wars": "I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loathed I not REDMOND more."

Opportunity came to-day in debate on Address. He seized it by the hair, as they say at Boulogne. Lost no time in preamble or parley. Went straight for REDMOND, and (in English Parliamentary sense, of course) got his head in Chancery and punched it with resounding blows. Ferocity of attack rather increased by studious quietude of manner, laboured polish of phrase. From time to time the volcanic emotion that underlay the surface manifested itself in fierce outburst that raised the voice almost to a shriek. Instantly he recovered himself, and succeeding sentences were whispered in a voice so humbly low that it was sometimes difficult to catch all the syllables.

As he went forward the countrymen he denounced sat restless on the two back benches. Only a narrow strip of neutral territory divided them from the accuser. Had the incident happened on College Green, this bench would not long have served as barrier. As things

were, the restraint of place and circumstance was borne with heroic self-control. Once or twice, at some exceptionally vicious assault from the grey-bearded spectacled man on his legs almost within hand-grip, murmured exclamations formed a sort of chorus. For the most part O'BRIEN ignored this commentary. Once he turned round and the mellifluous voice in which he addressed the House suddenly changed to fierce hissing whisper as he enquired,—

"Is there anybody behind me who says different?"

Later, on renewed provocation, he turned again to face the music, with the

the pages of the placid *Dod* "A Radical and Home Ruler." He was, in truth, raucous in his Radicalism. The great Liberal upheaval that had just placed GLADSTONE in power was in his opinion nullified by Whiggism prevalent in the Cabinet. He wanted to do away with most things, especially the House of Lords and Royal Palaces.

One day in the spring of the session of 1892 ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, then in his prime, raised debate in Committee of Supply on expenditure upon the latter. With that largeness of mind, that almost reckless generosity that marks the action of gentlemen dealing with other persons' property, ALPHEUS suggested that Buckingham Palace or Kensington Palace, he really didn't seem to care which, should be set aside for the purposes of a British Gallery of Art. SAM STOREY, stepping in, caused to creep the flesh of hon. and right hon. gentlemen in the quarter of the House where to-night he stands applauded.

"The PRINCE OF WALES and the rest of the Royal Family," he said—and Members at first thought he was going to propose a toast—"are well able to pay for the maintenance of their residences. It is shabby of them not only to occupy their palaces rent free, but to sponge upon the public to keep them in repair."

Twenty-nine years later, SAMUEL, once more called, comes back, as he plaintively says, "too old and too disillusioned ever again to be the strong Party man I once was." So he seats himself among the Elect behind Front Opposition Bench, and, amid continuous cheers from country gentlemen to whose fathers and uncles he was anathema, delivers a strong Protectionist speech.

A strange tendency this on part of extreme Radicals to blossom—or is it to fade?—into ultra-Toryism. Save with stupendous exception of Mr. G., in early manhood the rising hope of stern unbending Toryism, one does not recall a notable parallel case in the other camp. (*Mem.*—Write a treatise on this subject, with photographs, showing eminent Radicals at various stages of their journey to North Pole of Toryism.)

Business done.—Debate on SON AUSTEN'S amendment to Address in favour of Tariff Reform. KETTLE wittily described it as an effort to nail not his colours but his captain to the mast. PRINCE ARTHUR, as usual, fenced with admirable skill. On Division amendment negatived by 285 votes to 254.



A VOLCANO IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

"Ferocity of attack rather increased by studious quietude of manner."
(Mr. Wm. O'Brien.)

incomplete declaration, "If there is any articulate observation—"

What in such case would follow was left to the imagination. Whatever the threat veiled it succeeded for a time in quelling the growing disturbance on the back benches.

Business done.—Debate on Address continued.

Thursday.—"But that's another STOREY," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, unconsciously quoting familiar phrase reiterated by KIPLING in his early and better days. He was listening to the new Member for Sunderland, who, like bread thrown upon the waters, has returned after many days.

Remember him twenty-nine years ago, when he first appeared on Parliamentary stage, proudly writing himself down in

THE WORLD'S HEADQUARTERS of Curing Illness Without Medicine.

An Important Opportunity for London and Country readers to investigate the Sandow Treatment without any expense, with a view to learning whether it provides the remedy required in their own cases.

SO much interest has been aroused by the publication in the issue of *Punch* for January 26th of the announcement entitled "A Visit to Sandow," which dealt with the great work of Mr. Eugen Sandow in curing illness without medicine, large numbers of readers having either called personally at the Institute of Curative Physical Culture, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., to seek his advice or written him for one or other of the booklets in his Health Library, that it has been considered that further information will be of interest.

A Proved Treatment.

The subject is one which appeals to so many who are not enjoying perfect health—how many of us do to-day?—that everyone must appreciate the boon of knowing how they may discard more expensive, less pleasant, and less successful methods of treatment, and take up the one which is most convenient under all conditions and has proved itself by results; for as will be remembered, the well-known newspaper *Truth* recently certified that 99 sufferers out of every 100 who were treated by Mr. Sandow's method reaped substantial benefit therefrom, while 94 out of every 100 were completely cured of their illnesses. These figures are in themselves astonishing, but they become more so when it is borne in mind that in many instances the patients treated were those whose illnesses were of a serious and even chronic character, and that the great majority had prior to consulting Mr. Sandow tried without avail almost every other known remedy, and were consequently most difficult subjects.

If further evidence of the efficacy of physical exercise as prescribed and directed by Mr. Sandow is required, it is to be found in the support of the faculty which his method has received. The most eminent specialists have demonstrated their appreciation of his work by continuously sending to him cases for treatment, and, moreover, he numbers amongst his patients many medical men who find in his treatment the most certain means by which they can restore their own health.

The World's Headquarters.

For some time past Mr. Sandow has been steadily increasing the size and equipment of his famous London Institute—the world's headquarters, to which health-seekers flock from all quarters of the globe, so wide is Mr. Sandow's fame. These enlargements and improvements have been called for by the increasing number of patients who have adopted the treatment as a result of the recommendation of friends, or medical men, or through reading of his successes in the public Press. There is no doubt, however, that the Sandow Institute is not one-tenth of the size it would need to be if only all the sufferers whose ailments it lies within its director's power to relieve and cure were to realise what he and his drugless method could do for them.

No Weight Lifting or Strenuous Exertions.

The men or women who were veritable wrecks, whose digestive organs refused to perform their duties, whose food turned to acidity, whose nervous weaknesses beggared description, whose appetites were nil, whose night watches were unrefreshed by continuous sleep, and who were reduced to a perpetual nightmare of depression, who are to-day

healthy and strong, hearty eaters, sound sleepers, thorough enjoyers of life, as a result of a visit to Eugen Sandow and the adoption of the advice given by him, may be numbered in thousands.

Just consider for a moment the ways and means by which all this has been brought about. There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. There are no heavy weights to lift, no strenuous exertions to be made. The treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child of five or a man or woman of eighty-five years of age.

A Sympathetic Hearing.

Take the instance of the man or woman whose nervous and digestive systems are both in a bad



MR. EUGEN SANDOW AND HIS LONDON HEADQUARTERS.

For twenty years Mr. Sandow has been urging the importance of scientific exercise as a means of curing certain illnesses. His patients have always extolled his system, and now official investigations into thousands of cases prove that the Sandow Treatment benefits 99 in every 100, and completely cures 94 in every 100 patients. Invalids in increasing number are seeking Mr. Sandow's advice, and his Institute in St. James' Street, S.W., is undoubtedly the most wonderful curative establishment in the world.

state, and see what the treatment means in such a case. Upon calling at the Sandow Institute the patient is immediately impressed with the earnest seriousness with which Mr. Sandow's establishment is conducted. Almost immediately the caller is shown into Mr. Sandow's consulting room, and is receiving a sympathetic hearing, punctuated only by a few pertinent questions, always to the point, and displaying an immediate intuitive insight to the most important features of the trouble. If the case is one in which Mr. Sandow is convinced that benefit will be derived from Scientific Exercise in preference to any other treatment, he will suggest a course which he considers may be best for the patient.

The Gentlest Movements often the most Curative.

If, as is usually the case, the sufferer decides to adopt Mr. Sandow's suggestions (which there is no obligation whatever to do unless so desired), then a first lesson in the exercises which Mr. Sandow prescribes may be taken at once. The exercises, which are not arranged upon any set rule, but are chosen by Mr. Sandow to meet the requirements of each patient's individual case, are carried out in complete privacy. Seeing that the fees are in every case quite moderate, those invalids who have the oppor-

tunity to do so naturally prefer to attend for a few minutes each day at the Institute, and carry out the course entirely in the convenient—one might add luxurious—environment which Mr. Sandow has created for their benefit.

Courses of treatment, however, are arranged to suit the convenience of those whose social, professional, business, or domestic engagements forbid a daily visit, in such a manner that an attendance need only be made on each occasion when Mr. Sandow finds it necessary according to the progress of the case to alter the prescription of exercises. The treatment for the rest may be carried out at home.

Whatever may be the trouble suffered, it is certainly worth a patient's while to pay a visit to St. James' Street, and have a personal interview with Mr. Sandow. There need be no hesitation on an inquirer's behalf to take advantage of Mr. Sandow's invitation to consult him without involving any fee or obligation to subsequently take treatment. Mr. Sandow is always pleased to discuss a visitor's case and to give a candid opinion as to whether it is suitable for exercise treatment.

Treatment by Correspondence.

Naturally both patients and physical-culture adviser prefer to have a personal meeting to go fully into the trouble, if this is possible, nevertheless, Mr. Sandow secures wonderful results in the way of health acquired or renewed for those whom he

has never seen, but who have in writing conveyed to him the precise symptoms of their health failings. This branch of his work is increasing, and probably no man living has a more gratifying postbag than Mr. Sandow.

Those who desire to consult Mr. Sandow—and no doubt they will be many—are invited to call upon him at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and if the visitor can be accepted by Mr. Sandow, and decides to take a course of treatment, the fees, as previously mentioned, are upon a moderate fixed schedule quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

Any reader who is unable to pay a personal visit should consult the list of booklets, comprising Mr. Sandow's Health Library, given below, select the one dealing with the ailment for which treatment is necessary, and write for it to Mr. Sandow, mentioning this announcement in "PUNCH." A copy will be sent post free, and if full particulars of the inquirer's condition are given, Mr. Sandow will endeavour to send a personal letter of advice as to the suitability of the inquirer's case for treatment by his method of scientific physical culture which, as we have said, can be in many instances carried out at home.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A copy of any one of the below described fully illustrated booklets for which application is invited, and which explain the Sandow Method of the natural cure of various illnesses and conditions mentioned, will be sent post free to town or country, colonial or foreign readers suffering ill-health, and without any charge or obligation to follow the advice it contains, who apply for it to Mr. Sandow.

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| 8. Heart Affections. | 21. Boys and Girls' Health and Ailments. |
| 9. Lung and Chest Complaints. | 22. Figure Culture for Women. |
| 10. Rheumatism and Gout. | 23. Insomnia. |
| 11. Anæmia. | 24. Neurasthenia. |
| 12. Kidney Disorders. | |
| 13. Lack of Vigour. | |

If unable to call personally at the Sandow Institute sufferers are invited to select the volume bearing upon their principal weakness, and write for a copy to Mr. Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' St., London S.W., mentioning this offer in "PUNCH," when it will receive same as nearly by return as possible accompanied by a candid opinion on their case.



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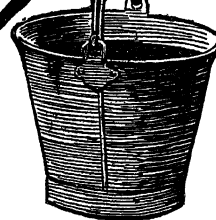


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EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.

Youth (lighting gorgeous belted cigar, just received from his prospective father-in-law, Mr. Ikestyne). "HOPE HOUNDS WON'T FIND AND GO AWAY FROM HERE, BECAUSE I'LL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND AND FINISH THIS. IKE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I DIDN'T DO IT JUSTICE."

MODEL ADDRESS FOR AN L.C.C. CANDIDATE.

[Recollect that the mere word "election" fills the voter with nausea, and, in composing your election address, tread lightly.]

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND WHAT-NOTS,—Here we all are again, faced by another of these tiresome elections. Here am I being polite to you, and promising you all the good things that you can possibly want in this world or the next, on one small condition. Yes, you have guessed right the very first time. It is your vote I want.

I offer myself as your candidate for three reasons. In the first place I want to see for myself what the inside of the L.C. Council Chamber is like. In the second place I want a free pass over all the L.C.C. tramways. In the third place . . . but I have forgotten the third reason. It was, I think, something beginning with an "S," but whether it was Socialism, Steamboats, or 'Stounding 'Stravagance, I cannot say.

I ask you for that which you cannot possibly want for yourself, your vote.

It has been suggested to me that in asking I should give you some inkling of my policy. In the first place I stand here for the sacred principle of building *Dreadnoughts ad libitum*, and making the foreigner pay. One man, one *Dreadnought*; one foreigner, one bill for one-and-a-half million sterling, with five per cent. discount for cash. That is my motto. In the second place I am happy to be able to say that I have made the following statement upon affidavit:—"I, Richard Roe, make oath and say as follows:—To the best of my knowledge and belief I want Tariff Reform. The black bread and dear loaf arguments can be reduced to an absurdity by eating biscuits. I make biscuits.—(Adv.)" But I am told that the L.C.C. concerns itself with neither Tariff Reform nor *Dreadnoughts*. More shame, say I, to the L.C.C. However, as my Agent is looking over my shoulder as I write, I pass on.

He tells me, this Agent, to "come to you on Belgian Tram Rails." I fail to understand him, but I obey. What we want is Belgian Tram Rails and more

Belgian Tram Rails. What we want them for I cannot think, but I am told that you *do* want them, and what you want I want to want. Gentlemen, we will have these rails, even if I have to go on my knees to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER himself for them. But I beg your pardon; I am now told that you do *not* want Belgian Tram Rails. Though I should like to see you make up your minds once for all at the start as to what you do want, I confess that I think that your second thoughts are the more sensible. What could you do with a Tram Rail if you had one? It would only fill up your drawing-room, and no one would really think it looked pretty, even though Belgian. I proclaim myself, therefore, an I.A.B.T.R., an Independent Anti-Belgian Tram Railer, and await the favour of your further orders.

I am told that the only other matters of first importance are Education and Sewers. For the present I confine myself to the statement, evolved upon my own authority and upon the inspiration of the moment, that in 1809 the average of our education and sewers

was one per cent.; to-day it is cent. per one. For the rest I will do myself the honour of calling upon you personally and chatting about these things when I have found out something about them. May I take this opportunity of warning that what, on my part, would be an act of courtesy in personally visiting you will, on the part of my opponent, be gross intimidation? When therefore he calls and tells you that he wants a Belgian Tram Rail, say to him, "We have given you education. We have given you a sewer. Now you want a tram rail. I conceive" (*ironically*) "that a man of your extensive claims can have no use for my poor little vote. I shall thus have much pleasure in giving it to your opponent" (*me*).

I should like to have concluded this address by telling you to which party, Moderate or Progressive, I belong. Unfortunately my Agent has this moment left the room. A rough-looking gentleman, one of our workers, at present engaged in licking envelopes, tells me that he suspects from the colour of our posters that I am a Moderate. But I do not trust or ask you to trust this man, suspecting as I do that under cover of his employment he is making a free meal off gum for which I have paid, and wilfully engendering in himself a thirst which it will be my inevitable privilege to assuage.

Thus, when my opponent with great pomp and to-do proclaims that he is a member of this or that party, I shall preserve a discreet silence. But, gentlemen, I can do better than he. I can and do, in the blessed absence of my Agent, say that I will attach myself to whichever party you prefer. Could anything be fairer than that? Can you, in the face of that manly offer, go and elect my opponent who entertains biased and partisan opinions on these matters, which he is determined to thrust down your throats if he can? No. Don't be bullied, gentlemen. Choose your own municipal politics, tell me what they are as briefly as you can, and I will represent them for you, whether I understand them or no.

On one thing only have I an opinion which cannot be altered or improved. I am strongly and unswervingly in favour of myself. I hope you will all be. If you are, poll early and poll often.

Your humble servant, RICHARD ROE.

The Decline of the Press.

From a poster of the day after the discussion on the Tariff Reform Amendment

DAILY MAIL.
LARGEST CIRCULATION.

31

AT THE PLAY.

"JUSTICE."

If any alien accuses our nation of having ceased to take its pleasures sadly, let him go, on three consecutive nights, and assist at *Elektra*, *Jekyll-Hyde*, and *Justice*, and he will be bound to withdraw that cruel charge. I try to think how Mr. FROHMAN (which, being interpreted, is Mr. Merryman) was ever persuaded to start his Repertory scheme with so gloomy a play as that of Mr. GALSWORTHY. "This will test my public," he must have said. "If they can stand this, they can stand anything. Let *Justice* be played, though the gallery-gods should fall on us." *Fiat*, in fact, *Justitia*; *ruat cælum*.

One shrinks, of course, from ribaldry on so awesome a theme. Yet I confess



HIS BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

William Falder (Mr. DENNIS EADIE) informs Counsel that he could remember nothing of the period of his temporary aberration except that he "thought of Cokeson's face."

Inset—Cokeson's face (Mr. EDMUND GWENN).

to a certain resentment at being treated like a child that has no imagination and needs an easy object-lesson to be put before his eyes. Mr. GALSWORTHY will argue that, if he sent a letter to *The Times* urging that crime on the part of a neurotic should be treated as a disease, and that solitary confinement is brutalising, no one would pay any attention to him. But let him illustrate his views on the stage with a concrete instance, and we shall be staggered. Well, I grant that the stage is the place for exposing moral abuses and social scandals which might otherwise escape our notice. It gives us a new perspective: we learn to see ourselves. But it is different with those conditions in our public life, well-known and admitted, which have already engaged the earnest attention of specialists not less wise or

sincere than the playwright himself. The nicely-balanced arguments which have determined their choice of the least of many evils are unsuited to a form of art whose first business is not with abstract Truth but with the emotions of an audience. Mr. GALSWORTHY knows all this, and so he flings the plain pitiful facts at us, as if they were the sole and unanswerable argument.

It seems that such a question as the law's hopeless lack of elasticity in dealing with individual cases requires a more adaptable medium for its presentation. ROBERT BROWNING (though he would not have hesitated to argue on both sides in any medium) recognised this in his treatment of the case of *Caponsacchi*, a case not so very unlike that of Mr. GALSWORTHY's *William Falder*, for the Court of Judgment in each instance declined to accept the plea that the prisoner had been tempted by the need of saving a helpless woman from the brutality of her husband.

All the same, Mr. GALSWORTHY has come near to justifying himself of his *Justice*, because he has done his best to avoid special pleading, except, of course, where it was to be expected—in the speech of the Counsel for the defence. And even here he admits that there might well be abuses of the clemency of the law. It would never do for a man to be able to excuse himself for having committed murder on the ground that he was not feeling quite well at the time—was, in fact, a bit below himself. But a kind of special pleading was shown in his particular selection of the circumstances which provoked the crime and made a contributory appeal to our pity.

And I noticed, too, that the worst case of inhumanity, not here the fault of the law's machinery, but of men's hearts, was almost ignored. *Falder*, coming out of prison, gets a chance in a new situation. It was the cruelty of his fellow-clerks, when they discovered his history, that ruined his chance of redemption. Much, and to much purpose, might have been said of the need for that charity which covers up the past, but it would not have suited the author's book, and so he let pass the very theme on which he could have done most service. But this is not to suspect his sincerity, which was manifest.

The play was admirably put on; and the performance throughout showed the fine restraint of which the author set so excellent an example. The trial was perhaps a little protracted, and the scene in the cell hardly conveyed the actual horrors of solitary confinement. This was in part because we had seen and heard a good deal about them already from the outside; in part



Student of Politics. "AND WHAT BE REELY THIS YERE COALITION THEY DO BE TARKING ABOUT?"

Oldest Living Local Authority. "WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS. SOME PARTIES SAYS THIS, AN' SOME SAYS THAT AN' T'OTHER. BUT WHAT I SAYS, THERE'S NO KNOWINS NOR NO TELLINS, AN'—MARK MY WORDS! I BAIN'T FUR WRONG."

because it was hard to persuade oneself that the prisoner could not easily have walked out over the footlights if he had only thought of it.

The play held the house, though I confess to having been a little tired of too much *Cokeson*. And this was strange, for he was the comic relief. Anyhow, I sympathised with the prisoner, who declared that he could recall nothing of the period of his temporary aberration except the fact that "he thought of *Cokeson's* face." This was put forward as a point in his favour, since it argued that he could not have been responsible for his actions at the time.

A word about the costumes; though the play perhaps hardly lent itself to quite the smartest sartorial effects. Still, *Mr. Walter How's* silk hat was a good model, and *Mr. James How's* frock-coat in the last Act hung well on him; but the attachment of his eye-glass should have been an invisible cord. Silk has an air of affection. *Cokeson's* office coat (these should always be loosely cut) was serviceable, and the judge's scarlet and ermine (each in just the right nuance) made a happy contrast with the sombre hues of counsel's robes. The detective's lounge suit was not in perfect style, but well enough adapted to his station. On the other hand, a Norfolk jacket for a prison chaplain is in bad taste. O. S.

"THE TENTH MAN."

More politics—this time at the *Globe*. *George Winter*, financier and scoundrel, is the Liberal Member for Middlepool. The Liberal Government has been in power for six years, and is now going to appeal to the country on (Help!) the question of Conscription. The contest is expected to be very close, so that every seat is of importance. Apart from that, his own seat is naturally of some importance to *Winter*, guileless speculators being more ready to trust their money to one who can sign himself M.P.

Now *Mrs. Winter* is about to divorce her husband, and a divorced man is no sort of candidate for Nonconformist Middlepool. At all costs she must be prevented from bringing the action before the election. *Winter* accordingly threatens to counter-petition. His wife has indiscreetly visited Venice and other places contemporaneously with that rising Under-Secretary, *Mr. Robert Colby*; and, though *Winter* knows their relations are innocent, he points out that the mere fact of being "cited" in the case will ruin *Colby's* chances of Cabinet rank. To save her lover *Mrs. Winter* withdraws, assuring the leading Liberal lights of Middlepool that she is on the best of terms with her husband.

But *Winter* has forgotten the "tenth man." Nine men, we are told, can be bribed or flattered, but the tenth is

honest. *James Ford* is the tenth, and he has discovered the truth about one of *Winter's* companies. Nothing can move him. At the moment of the Liberal victory at Middlepool he announces his intention of going to Scotland Yard. The financier tries all his blandishments in vain . . . and then poisons himself. The first by-election! (Another is imminent, because *Mr. Colby* has been promised the War Secretaryship).

There is really more finance than politics in the play, but I have dwelt chiefly on the political motif—partly because I have no head for finance, and should get it all wrong if I tried to describe it, partly because politics on the stage always make themselves felt so enormously. In this case they give an undue appearance of theatricality to the play. *Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM* does not seem to have taken any trouble to make them real, and *The Tenth Man* suffers in consequence. Yet it is an interesting play, well handled, and containing one or two excellent characters. *Mr. BOURCHIER* as *George Winter* was magnificent; he had a part which suited him perfectly. *Mr. EDMUND MAURICE* as a noble director was also very good, and *Mr. HOLMES-GORE* nearly made me believe he was the Prime Minister. But I am afraid I had no confidence at all in *Mr. GODFREY TEARLE* as the rising hope of Liberalism. M.

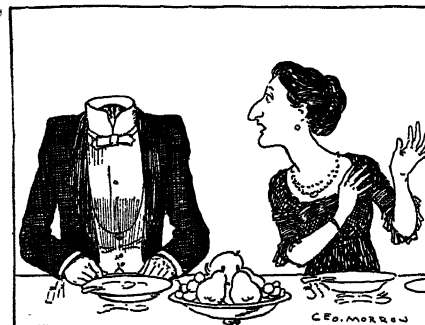
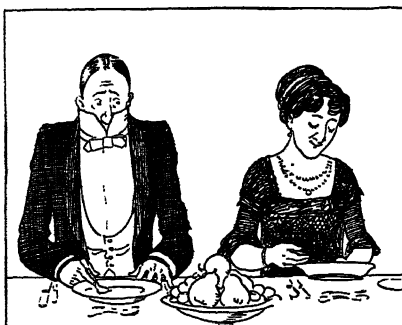
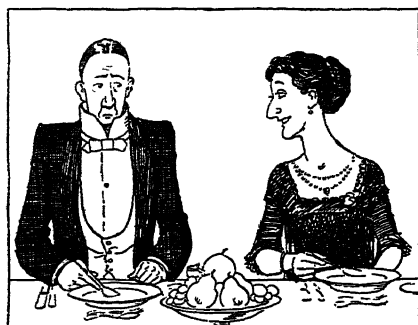
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DESMOND COKE has assured me (on the title-page) that his last book, *Beauty for Ashes* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a comedy of caste, and I should like to believe him; but, in all the "comedies" I know, the hero and heroine, whenever the author has encouraged us to like them, are left to get married at the fall of the curtain; and, if a novelist is superior to the playwright's conventional endings, he should also, I think, dispense with the playwright's terminology. *Humphrey Scott-Mahon*, who prided himself on being an individualist, left Burcot Priory, where he was in the position of steward to his father's impoverished estate, and after some vicissitudes, admirably reported, succeeded in making a boy's club in the East End "go." Incidentally he became engaged to a fellow-worker, but realised that he wasn't genuinely in love with her at about the same time that she discovered her heart to have been all along in the possession of a former admirer. (And this on page 300 out of 330!) So *Humphrey* returned to "the county" and a possible marriage with a very shallow *poseuse* (if there are *poseuses*), having heard the West—or, at any rate, the aristocracy—a-calling. Now if

were I could take you across the hog-backed bridge between them straight up Whispering Street till we came to the House of Blind Fortunes. But as I don't know where in the South country the twin towns are, and as it all happened two hundred years ago, I can only tell you that it makes a pretty picture in my mind, and that because I like it I can almost believe that I am still young and unsophisticated.

Of them that write "mystery" novels, some, determined to work a good mystery off their chests, use the novel as a mere medium; others, bent on writing a good novel, invent a mystery solely as an excuse for so doing. Judged by the far-fetched nature of his plot and the title of his book, *Why Did He Do It?* (METHUEN), Mr. BERNARD CAPES is of the latter class. "He" is *Professor Urchin*, head of the archaeological department of a London Co-operative Stores. "It" is an act of treachery by which the practical joke of his bobbish young friend, *Mandrake*, is allowed to be taken for an attempted theft and discussed in a police court as such. The problem is set in the three first and solved in the three last chapters, and those six seemed to me the only dull ones in the book. I found so much more pleasure in the behaviour of the minor characters than in the progress of the main theme that, when they became obsessed with the duty of being mysterious and



THE "TORTOISE" COSTUME FOR BASHFUL DINERS.

"OH, MR. SMITH, DO YOU BELIEVE IN PLATONIC LOVE? I'M DYING TO KNOW YOUR OPINION."

Humphrey had been a bit more of a prig, or if *Rosa* had been more obviously middle-class (it didn't come out very plainly until after they were engaged), or if the lady at home had been even faintly attractive, I should have felt happier, but as it was I had, I suppose, to laugh "sardonically," and that is so difficult to do outside a *feuilleton*. As usual, the author has dissected his characters' brains beautifully and has delightful flashes of humour, but in romance I am an iron sentimentalist, and, unless there is a suitable princess in the background, shall justify *King Cophetua* every time.

It is a refreshing change from the reek of motor omnibuses and problem novels to the early eighteenth-century repose of *Cousin Hugh* (METHUEN), by "THEO DOUGLAS." Not that there is any lack of incident in Mrs. H. D. EVERETT's pleasantly-written story. It is a tale of treason and mystery, of the surreptitious barter of French prisoners for counterfeit coin and real old lace and brandy, of sleep-walking and sudden death, of ghost-impersonation and amateur burglary, all deftly woven together to form the background of a pretty old-world love story, which ends as all love stories should. Mrs. EVERETT has a happy knack of making her places and people real. I know just what *Hugh* looked like, and kind *Dr. Fleetwood* and his rascally half-brother, and selfish old *Lady Marrable*, and sweet *Alice North*, and I know just how the river flowed past the Red Deeps, and if only I knew where red-roofed Loxhall and its twin-town Loxleigh

paused to ask each other and themselves from time to time "Why did he do it?" I felt more irritated than intrigued. Even the ultimate solution, though it involved the Philosopher's Stone and the Tree of Knowledge itself, left me comparatively cold. However, without the mystery we should not have had the novel, and I would have put up with a much worse plot rather than be deprived of so entertaining a story. Had one found the style of its telling less attractive and unusual, one might have been more excited about getting to the end of it.

In *Wrack* (from DUCKWORTH; MAURICE DRAKE)—

Note, by the way, the subtle art
Of Drake and Duck—there's no mistake
About the ships and shipping part;
Stokeholds and engine-rooms and such
Are open books to MAURICE D.,
And I am bound to say his touch
Has made them quite appeal to me.

Afloat, his writing gets a grip;
You feel the spray across your cheek;
But when the hero leaves his ship
The salt's unsavoured, so to speak;
The strenuous life aside he flings;
He finds a faithless girl to woo,
He writes, he's made M.P.—all things
Which almost anyone could do.



HE WAS A YOUNG EARNEST MUSICIAN AND FOUND IT HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE ENDS MEET. THEN HE LEARN'T A FEW TRICKS FOR THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE, AND THIS DEVELOPMENT OF HIS ART BROUGHT HIM AFFLUENCE.

CHARIVARIA.

The Welsh are now demanding that Home Rule shall not have precedence of Welsh Disestablishment. We do not think that they have any real cause for alarm.

The Divorce Commission is puzzled how to raise funds to make Divorce cheaper. It seems to us that there are simple means at hand to ensure an enormous revenue. Why not forbid the publication in the newspapers of reports of Divorce cases, and let the Divorce Court issue its own journal? In the present state of the public literary taste such a venture would be an assured success.

The Council of the University of Cambridge proposes to grant the degree of B.A. for £1. Oxford University, we take it, will now consider whether it cannot supply as good an article at 19/11½.

The Parisian Press is annoyed with the English and American Press for having published exaggerated accounts of the flood. Fortunately, however,

there has not as yet been any considerable expression of annoyance with the English and American donations to the Relief Fund which flowed in as a result of such exaggeration.

With reference to the *Dreadnought* hoax, Mr. McKenna refused to answer Captain FABER's enquiry as to whether the officers bought white kid gloves for the occasion. The question of colour may be in doubt, but the officers were unquestionably kidded.

There is, we hear, much heart-burning among living bards over the forthcoming dinner to the descendants of famous poets. The former complain that they are much more in need of a good dinner than the latter, many of whom are engaged in remunerative professions.

It has leaked out that the next pantomime at the Lyceum is to be *Cinderella*, and the manager trusts that no rival will appropriate the idea.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW has been complaining that the progress of his *Misalliance* was continually interrupted by the

laughter of the audience. This is his typical egoism. He is not interested in the case of those who through the same heartless behaviour were exposed to the horrors of insomnia.

The Rev. F. DORMER PIERCE, Vicar of Southend, has announced his intention of giving a wedding present to each couple married at his church. This idea of a consolation prize for matrimony does credit to Mr. PIERCE's kindly heart.

The fashion of wearing veils which give one the appearance of having a dirty mark on the face is making headway among those who, curiously enough, belong to the very sex which is trying to convince us that its intellectual qualifications entitle it to a vote.

The problem of Monarchs out of business becomes more grave every day, and there is talk of a forthcoming Congress between the ex-SULTAN, the ex-SHAH, and the ex-LAMA to discuss the situation with a view to combined action of some sort. It is thought that the institution of a Royal Labour Exchange would be as useful as anything.

MILK FOR BABES.

To the Parliamentary Correspondent of "The Daily Chronicle."

[Commenting on the suggestion of Lord HUGH CECIL that in order to check the present criminal waste of the nation's money a resolution might at least be passed legalising the collection of income-tax, the Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* makes the following observation:—"If the Conservative party had its way the House of Commons would soon be shorn of all its noblest attributes. The old sentiment of pride in the House of Commons seems to have perished in Tory bosoms."]

STERN moralist, the guide of those in sore doubt!
Luminous sign-post on the tricky way!
But for whose counsels, liberally poured out,
Our feet infallibly would walk astray—
Surely in your above remarks, dear Sir,
Surely, for once, you err.

Those "noble attributes" that make the glory
Of the great Commons—there are still a few
Which even he, the tough and hardened Tory,
Treats with as much respect as even you;
Of which if Parliament were shorn (or sheared)
His bosom would be queered.

One such there is, conspicuous for its beauty,
Which, with your kind permission, I will name:
It is the high, imperious sense of duty
Which calls on Governments to play the game;
Especially to see at any cost
That Budgets don't get lost.

You'll tell me how the Peers (those bloated nincom-
poops) are to blame for England's empty chest;
Theirs the unique offence if dues on income
Remain in people's pockets by request;
And May still finds us gathering, in arrears,
The nuts of yesteryear.

I know that parrot-wheeze: it sounds familiar;
At first it seemed a fairly poignant cry,
But, growing sillier by degrees and sillier
As, week by wasted week, the time goes by,
To-day its credit, always rather small,
Is less than none at all.

Twelve months, by customary computation,
Make up a year. One on the polls was spent,
After some six required for explanation
Of what the Budget actually meant;
But where the rest have gone, or hope to go—
That's what I want to know.

My brother-journalist, I shall be happy
To wait your answer; meanwhile let me hint—
Since "noble attributes" are on the tapis—
How I adore simplicity in print;
How well I like your trust, profound, immense,
In others' innocence.

But oh, beware! The nation's not so guileless;
This England, whom you take to be a fool,
Prefers to have her teaching in a style less
Adapted to an unweaned infants' school;
She's getting quite a big girl now, and knows
Far more than you suppose. O. S.

BIRD CULTS.

["Maeterlinck's poetic idea of *The Blue Bird for Happiness* has been taken up by a number of clever and well-known women in the worlds of Literature, Music and Art, who have banded themselves together into a Dining Club with one object, the Pursuit of Happiness.

The rites and ceremonies practised by the 'Blue Birds' at their meetings are kept a profound secret.

The membership is strictly limited in number, and no man is permitted to join this feminine freemasonry."

Circular Letter from Haymarket Theatre.]

Mr. Punch is very happy to be able to announce that the Blue Birds are not to be alone. Already plans are afoot for rapidly forming a band of the best gushers among the women in London society, to be known as the Pink Geese, who will devote their too considerable leisure to the promotion of Sloppiness. This they will seek and foster in whatever sphere they may find it, whether music, literature, the drama, or the social circle. The name of the president of the Pink Geese is at present, like all their rites and ceremonies, a profound secret, but doubtless it will be revealed in time.

News comes also of the Green Owls, a society of learned ladies who are banded together in a league for the acquirement of culture, or, in other words, Fia Lippo Lippiness. Where they meet no one outside the charmed circle knows, but you may tell them by their jargon.

Another coterie of a most exclusive and esoteric type is that of the Purple Pipits, formed into a luncheon club with the sole aim of cultivating abject Pipiness. Each member is bound by the rules of the society to bring her own pipkin to lunch, at which pipless oranges form a regular feature. The members are divided into two grades, known as the Pipians and the Quipians, following the terminology of CAYLEY, and a variety of quaint ceremonies are practised at their meetings.

Latest advices from Mayfair describe the foundation by a number of brainy and well-bred girls of a charming Association called the White Wagtails, who will concentrate their brilliant talents on the diffusion of unutterable Waggishness. Animated by a beautiful altruism they will not seek to consume their own gaiety, but are resolved to communicate it as widely as possible to all classes of the public.

As a protest against the levity of the White Wagtails, several leading Society women have formed a Club to be known as the Magenta Magpies. The prime object of this confraternity is the pursuit of Magpiety, and their rites are of a deeply devotional character. The name of the Grand Mistress of the Magenta Magpies has not yet been revealed, but it is rumoured that she and her troupe will shortly appear on the boards of a West-End Theatre in order to collect funds for the education of destitute twins in the mysteries of the two-step.

In view of the incalculable value of deportment in modern life, great satisfaction is felt at the public-spirited action of the ladies who have organised a Dining Club under the inspiring title of the Fiery Flamingoes. It is their purpose to cultivate a eupaptic condition by making it a rule to eat standing on one leg. This beautiful idea has met with the cordial support of the authoress of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, who has kindly consented to act as Patroness of the society.

Lastly, we may note the formation of the Incorporated Society of Iridescent Ibises. This is a body expressly devoted to the interests of young girls, and according to the prospectus will make a point of encouraging Flappiness in every form.

"The birthrate shows a steady decline, that for last year being 13.6 per head."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

What must the family have been in the good old days?

"If retreat is impossible for the Ministry, it now obviously is hardly less easy for the Nationalist leader."—*The Scotsman*.

Hardly; in fact we cannot imagine anything less easy to perform than an impossibility.



SUPLANTED.

LIBERAL PARTY. "ISN'T HE A BEAUTY!"

BUDGET. "BOO-HOO! THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID OF ME—ONCE!"



VENUS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Fair Française. "Is it permitted to make the tour of your beautiful vessel?"

Midshipman (after getting his breath back). "RA-THER!"

THE MANLY MONTH.

O MARCH, when the hurricanes hurtle,
And hares are incurably mad,
And resuming the bayleaf or myrtle
The bardlet is almost as bad,
My spirit is thrumming
(I knew it was coming),
I am prompted to toot like a turtle,
To warble, egad!

For the spring is arriving in flashes,
The torrents are heard from afar,
And the soil has come out into rashes
In beds where the crocuses are;
All Nature rejoices
With murmurous voices
And suburbs resound with the crashes
Of nasal catarrh.

But I chiefly delight in the splendour,
O March, of your breezy caress
When some creature of feminine gender,
With hat all awry, and a tress
Coming down o'er her forehead,
Remarks, "This is horrid—"

(Of course I don't like to offend her
And so I say, "Yes.")

But I know that these charmers who revel
In snubbing our sex if they can—
So soon as the storm winds dishevel
Their skirts and the orderly plan
Of their flounces and "you
knows,"

They cease to be Junos
And sink to a far lower level
Than lubberly man.

They may beat us in brains and in
muscles
On morns that are smiling and fair,
But not when old Æolus hustles
The tempests around in his lair;
I take it serenely,
But Dora the queenly
Is fighting with furious tussles
Her frills and her hair.

So, whatever betide in the garden,
O month of the War God, be grim;
Your blows unrelentingly harden
And prove to my lady whose whim

Inspires her to flout me,
She's scarcely without me
A leg to stand up on—(her pardon,
I should say, "a limb"). Evoc.

"So the zealous woman put the tracts in a
box near the refreshment bar, and added a card
with the words, 'Please take one.' A waggish
sailor transferred the card to a dish of jam
tarts. The moment the sailors rushed into the
bar for dinner they saw the card 'Please take
one,' and speedily cleared the plate of tarts!
The incident shows how adroit one must be in
this work."—*The Young Woman.*

Yes, one never loses anything by being
one of the first to rush into the bar for
dinner.

"Gymnastics, Dancing, Games, Swimming,
Anatomy, Hygiene. Students introduced to
posts."—*Manchester Guardian.*

But it must be very dull dancing with
a post.

Tragedies in Brief.

From *The Statesman* birth column:

"JORDAN—To Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Jharsu-
gada, on the 20th, yet another (so.)"

THE COMING OF THE CROCUS.

"It's a bootiful day again, Sir," said my gardener, James, looking in at the study window.

"Bootiful, James, bootiful," I said, as I went on with my work.

"You might almost say as Spring was here at last, like."

"Cross your fingers quickly, James, and touch wood. Look here, I'll be out in a minute and give you some orders, but I'm very busy just now."

"Thought you'd like to know there's eleven crocuses in the front garden."

"Then send them away—we've got nothing for them."

"Crocuses," shouted James.

I jumped up eagerly, and climbed through the window.

"My dear man," I said, shaking him warmly by the hand, "this is indeed a day. Crocuses! And in the front gar—on the South lawn! Let us go and gaze at them."

There they were—eleven of them. Six golden ones, four white, and a little mauve chap.

"This is a triumph for you, James. It's wonderful. Has anything like this ever happened to you before?"

"There'll be some more up to-morrow, I won't say as not."

"Those really are growing, are they? You haven't been pushing them in from the top? They were actually born on the estate?"

"There'll be a fine one in the back bed soon," said James proudly.

"In the back—my dear James! In the spare bed on the North-east terrace, I suppose you mean. And what have we in the Dutch Ornamental Garden?"

"If I has to look after ornamental gardens and South aspises and all, I ought to have my salary raised," said James, still harping on his one grievance.

"By all means raise some celery," I said coldly. "Take a spade and raise some for lunch. I shall be only too delighted."

"This here isn't the season for celery, as you know well. This here's the season for crocuses, as anyone can see if they use their eyes."

"James, you're right. Forgive me. It is no day for quarrelling."

It was no day for working either. The sun shone upon the close-cropped green of the deer park, the sky was blue above the rose garden, in the tapioca grove a thrush was singing. I walked up and down my estate and drank in the good fresh air.

"James!" I called to my head gardener.

"What is it now?" he grumbled.

"Are there no daffodils, to take the winds of March with beauty?"

"There's these eleven croc—"

"But there should be daffodils, too.

Is not this March?"

"It may be March, but 'tisn't the time for daffodils—not on three shillings a week."

"Do you only get three shillings a week? I thought it was three shillings an hour."

"Likely an hour!"

"Ah well, I knew it was three shillings. Do you know, James, in the Scilly Islands there are fields and fields and fields of nodding daffodils out now."

"Lor!" said James.

"Did you say 'lor' or 'liar'?" I asked suspiciously.

"To think of that now," said James cautiously.

He wandered off to the tapioca grove, leant against it in thought for a moment, and came back to me.

"What's wrong with this little bit of garden—this here park," he began, "is the soil. It's no soil for daffodils. Now what daffodils like is clay."

"Then for heaven's sake get them some clay. Spare no expense. Get them anything they fancy."

"It's too alloovial—that's what's the matter. Too alloovial. Now crocuses like a bit of alloovial. That's where you have it."

The matter with James is that he hasn't enough work to do. The rest of the staff is so busily employed that it is hardly ever visible. William, for instance, is occupied entirely with what I might call the poultry; it is his duty, in fact, to see that there are always enough ants' eggs for the goldfish. All these prize Leghorns you hear about are the merest novices compared with William's *protégées*. Then John looks after the staggers; Henry works the coloured fountain; and Peter paints the peacocks' tails. This keeps them all busy, but James is for ever hanging about.

"Almost seems as if they were yooman," he said, as we stood and listened to the rooks.

"Oh, are you there, James? It's a beautiful day. Who said that first? I believe you did."

"Them there rooks always make a place seem so home-like. Rooks and crocuses, I say; and you don't want anything more."

"Yes; well, if the rooks want to build in the raspberry canes this year, let them, James. Don't be inhospitable."

"Course, some do like to see primroses, I don't say. But—"

"Primroses—I knew there was something. Where are they?"

"It's too early for them," said James hastily. "You won't get primroses now before April."

"Don't say 'now,' as if it were my

fault. Why didn't you plant them earlier? I don't believe you know any of the tricks of your profession, James. You never seem to graft anything, or prune anything, and I'm sure you don't know how to cut a slip. James, why don't you prune more? Prune now—I should like to watch you. Where's your pruning-hook? You can't possibly do it with a rake."

James spends most of his day with a rake—sometimes leaning on it, sometimes working with it. The beds are always beautifully kept. Only the most hardy annual would dare to poke its head up and spoil the smooth appearance of the soil. For those who like circles and rectangles of unrelieved brown, James is undoubtedly the man.

As I stood in the sun I had a brilliant idea.

"James," I said, "we'll mark the croquet lawn this afternoon."

"You can't play croquet to-day, it's not warm enough."

"I don't pay you to argue, but to obey. At the same time I should like to point out that I never said I was going to play croquet. I said that we, meaning you, would mark the lawn."

"What's the good of that?"

"Why, to encourage the wonderful day, of course. Where is your gratitude, man? Don't you want to do something to help? How can we let a day like this go past without some word of welcome? Out with the marker and the mower, and let us hail the passing of winter."

James looked at me in disgust.

"Gratitude!" he said indignantly to heaven. "And there's my eleven crocuses in the front all a-singing together like anything on three bob a week!"

A. A. M.

"This may not seem much when we have a Budget of £162,000,000, but many a pickle makes a muckle."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This solves the domestic problem—what to do with your spare gherkins.

"There was an awful whirl of waters, a rushing and a roaring, a vacuum in the raging sea—and then, nothing!"—*Daily Mirror Serial*. The shock of coming across nothing, just after meeting a vacuum, would be intense.

From a poster—

EXPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.
THIRD TEST MATCH.

After the third you would know more or less whether it suited you.

"We shall get to know," Mr. Lloyd George argued persuasively (and the Prime Minister nodded his head behind) "whether the Lords approve our plan."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Mr. Asquith seems to be an all-round man.



Country Mouse. "YOU SEE, WE'VE STARTED AN EGG DÉFÔP, AND WE'RE DOING THE THING THOROUGHLY."
Town Mouse. "OH, THAT'S IT, IS IT? I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CHANTECLER CRAZE."
Country Mouse. "OH, NO! WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF THAT YET."

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. II.—MAJOR MANIFOLD'S MARRIAGE.

MAJOR AUGUSTUS MANIFOLD, *late of the Indian Army.*CAPTAIN HENRY WIGRAM, *1st Hussars.*

JOHN BONAMY, M.D.

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS VANDELEUR, M.P., *Secretary of State for the Home Department.*MRS. MANIFOLD, *Major Manifold's Wife.*ALTHEA MANIFOLD, *Major Manifold's Sister.**[The stage-directions and descriptions are taken, in a reduced form, from the printed book of the play.]*

ACT I.

A December night in the County of Bucks, some thirty-five miles from London. It is an agricultural district dominated by the village of Arden Constable, which in its turn is dominated by Arden Court, Major Manifold's residence, a red brick building in the Georgian style, situated in a park of a hundred acres, and approached by an avenue of elms now swaying and creaking in the December storm. It is 11 o'clock, and the ladies have just retired, ostensibly to bed, from the drawing-room, while the men have filtered into the Major's smoking-room. This room is brilliantly lit with electric light. On its walls are arranged the ferocious heads of buffaloes, hippopotami, moose, tigers and giraffes, formerly alive in various African or Asiatic solitudes, but now consigned by Major Manifold's rifle and the art of the taxidermist to an indefinite period of dead and glassy contemplation. Major Manifold is standing by a table of spirit decanters and siphons of soda-water. He is a man of forty-two, with a grizzled moustache, a bald head, an aquiline nose and a chin denoting a weak sort of obstinacy. Captain Wigram is sitting in an arm-chair. He may be thirty years old, and has the unintellectual air of trifling decision ordinarily associated with a mounted military career, a pink complexion, a heavy fair moustache and thin blond hair irreproachably parted. Mr. Vandeleur has loose lips and dark whiskers, and is about fifty-three. He is standing in an aggressive attitude in front of the fire as though he were crushing a member of the Labour Party by quoting statistics from a Blue Book. Dr. Bonamy, a distinguished specialist in nerve troubles, is clean-shaved and abrupt. He appears to be perpetually on the watch for symptoms, and is in good athletic condition in spite of his sixty years. He is in another armchair.

Manifold. Whisky-and-soda for you, Wigram. Here you are (he hands it to him). What's your mixture, Vandeleur?

Vandeleur. Just the least touch of whisky in hot water.

Manifold (heartily). Oh, come. That won't do here. No temperance men here, you know. Must give you two fingers of whisky at least. (He gives him the steaming mixture.) Bonamy, what do you say?

Bonamy. Soda neat, please.

Manifold. That's easily done. You doctors have to keep your hands steady, I suppose. It's a curious thing, though. I never stinted myself in liquor and my hand's always as steady as a rock. Good constitution, I suppose.

Bonamy (significantly). Ah!

[Wigram looks earnestly at Bonamy, who, unseen by Manifold, taps his shirt front in the region over the heart.]

Wigram (aside to Bonamy). Bad case?

[Bonamy shakes his head.]

Manifold. There now, you're all provided, and we can have a good talk before we turn in.

[He makes for an armchair and prepares to sit down in it. As he does so he gives a sharp exclamation of pain.]

Bonamy. What's the matter?

Manifold. Nothing, nothing. A mere touch of rheumatism in the shoulder-blade. My old wound, you know. I shall have to get you to overhaul me, Bonamy. We're none of us so young as we were. That's the sort of thing you begin to find out when you come to my age.

Vandeleur. Pooh, pooh. What's all this talk about age? You're a mere boy, Manifold, a mere boy. Personally, I think we ought to pass an Act forbidding a man to marry before he's forty. A man under that age hasn't lived.

Bonamy. Why not forbid it altogether at any age? You'd save any amount of unhappiness.

Wigram. Hear, hear. It's a mug's game—saving your presence, of course, Manifold—I mean it's no manner of use to a fellow who's got all his life in front of him. There's a chap I know in the Bays, a youngster of twenty-five, got married a year ago, and now he's the father of twins. Well, there he is, you know. How's he going to get any hunting or shooting or anything? He's done, I tell you.

Manifold. Nonsense, Wigram. I can't listen to that sort of cynical talk. A man isn't a man until he's married. I thought I knew a lot, and I was always laying down the law, just like Wigram, but I give you my word of honour I was a mere fool.

Wigram. Freedom for me.

Manifold. Now that's just where you're wrong. It isn't until a man's married that he knows what freedom really is. Take my own case—

[At this moment the door of the smoking-room opens, and Mrs. Manifold and Althea Manifold come in. An air of gentlemanly surprise and pained discomfort settles upon the male occupants of the room, who all get up from their chairs. Mrs. Manifold is dressed in a pink frock, cut low. She has a good deal of fair fluffy hair, is thirty years young, and frequently pouts at her husband. Althea is dark-haired, dark-eyed and stormy-looking. She is twenty-six, and is Major Manifold's sister by the second marriage of their father, Lord Justice Manifold, now deceased.]

Manifold (after a few moments of blankness). Why, my dear, I thought you'd gone to bed. What brings you here?

Mrs. Manifold. Oh, sit down all of you, do. We're not going to stay. We thought we'd give you a pleasant little surprise, didn't we, Althea? Oh, do sit down. It's perfectly awful to see you all standing up like statues. (They sit down with an appearance of great reluctance and under protest.) The fact is, Augustus, I've come for you (she pirouettes across the room and seats herself lightly on Major Manifold's knee). There now. Here I stay until you agree to come. You're not well, you know, and the worst thing you can do is to sit up. Captain Wigram (she looks archly at him), you must help me in this.

Wigram. Haw, delighted, 'pon my honour. Do anything I can. (Aside to himself) Shall have to take care, by Jove, or poor old Manifold will go off the hooks, and then she'll make me marry her. (Aloud to Althea) Anything I can do for you, Miss Manifold?

[Eventually Manifold is captured and carried off by the two ladies. The other men remain and for half an hour more continue to discuss marriage with greater freedom and less responsibility. In Act II. this discussion is taken up again, and in Act III., Manifold being now a very sick man in a red dressing gown and carpet slippers, it is still continued, to the increasing discomfort of Captain Wigram, who has become more and more heavily involved with both ladies. Nothing, however, happens, and thus the play ends.]

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

THE Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily News*, writing of a recent debate, said, "The cheer that greeted the Liberal leader was long rather than loud. The cheering of the Commons is the most varied and expressive music in the world. It is never the same and it always means things. The cheer to-day meant personal loyalty, blended with certain inevitable misgivings, now happily removed."

This is fine analytical work. But I think the writer must have allowed his attention to wander as the debate went on. For he seems to have thrown away several other opportunities that occurred of remarking and interpreting the feeling of the House. To any one gifted with the true Parliamentary frame of mind it was an eventful evening. Mr. ASQUITH had not proceeded very far in his speech before a smile lit up the faces of his followers. It was long rather than loud. Now the smile of the Commons is the most varied and expressive grin in the world. It always means things. The smile that I speak of meant—if you will believe me—intense personal affection wedded to sundry overwhelming sinkings of the heart, subsequently obliterated. But this was not all. As the evening wore on a close observer might have arrived at the conclusion that one of the Irish Members was asleep. His siesta was loud rather than long. But the slumber of the Commons is the most varied and wonderful repose in the world. It means things. On this occasion—you must take it from me—it can only have meant a deep personal devotion, marred by repeated crushing disappointments, eventually assimilated.

While I am in the mood for explaining things there is another matter that I should like to draw attention to. These trifles are so apt to be overlooked. I refer to the behaviour of one of the Labour Members, who, finding that no mention was to be made of the Budget, grunted. The grunt was long rather than loud. Indeed, it was almost inaudible. But I cannot too earnestly emphasise the great truth that the grunt of the Commons is the most varied and expressive utterance in the world. It means things. This one meant—curiously enough—a passionate, almost insensate enthusiasm, tempered by a barren sense of disillusionment, which might have done much to counteract its influence had it not been wafted away by the reconciliation of palpable discrepancies. At least, that is how I read it.

Of course it must be admitted that it is only the old Parliamentary hand that



A CHILD OF EARTH.

Grannie (after seeing an aeroplane for the first time). "AH, WELL, THIS FLYING IN THE AIR IS VERY WONDERFUL, BUT I LIKE OLD ENGLAND BEST, AFTER ALL."

understands these things. Those of us who are without his peculiar instinct are bound to miss a lot. For example, a startling incident occurred towards the close of the debate, when a Member on the Opposition benches was heard to sneeze. It was loud rather than long. But, though you may find it rather hard to believe me, the sneeze of the Commons is the most varied and expressive spasm in the world. It means things. Can it have meant in this case that the hon. Member was sitting in a draught?

"At the end, Grasso leaps on the back of his adversary and brings down the curtain."

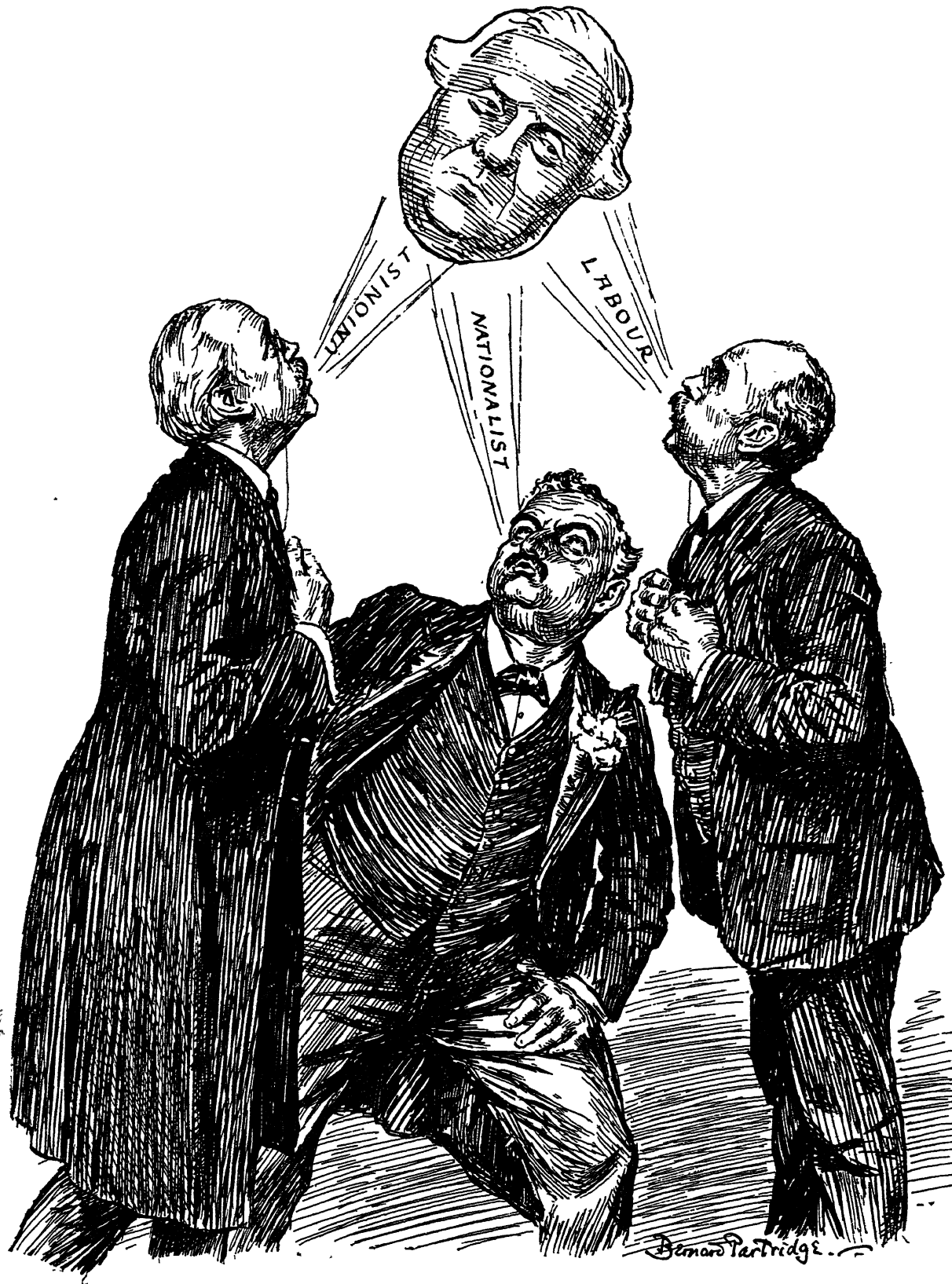
Daily Mail.

Why don't they leave all that to the stage hands?

We were surprised to read the following advertisement in the *Buenos Aires Standard*:—

"An English Government requires holiday engagement for six weeks."

Really, it has quite as much as it can take on in England.



KEEPING IT UP.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR (*joining in*). "IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN—(*puff!*)—BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET IT DROP—(*puff!*)—JUST YET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 28.
—Since the days

When Malachi wore the collar of gold
He won from the proud invader,

Irish Members never been so surprised in their lives. Sitting full of dramatic turns culminating in one in which they figured. Some years ago an eminent French writer was accustomed to contribute to a Paris newspaper a weekly *causerie* that came to be known as his *Lundis*. PREMIER also has his Mondays, not quite so pleasant as SAINT-BEUVE'S. One last week, when declaration of Ministerial policy was followed by mutiny. Another to-day, when it falls to his lot to announce that the tail has successfully wagged the dog; that stubbornly cherished plan of "Budget first" has consequently been abandoned; and that, as soon as urgent need of money for starving Departments is supplied, question of Veto will be pursued to end, howsoever bitter.

Even this surrender did not revive enthusiasm that bubbled over Ministerial Benches before PREMIER, in mood of *Benedick*, admitted that, when he said he would rather die than forego guarantees, he did not think he would live to renounce them.

PRINCE ARTHUR, recovered from apathy of last Monday, made most of opportunity. Chaffed PREMIER in brightest style. Presented entertaining picture of forlorn Cabinet, at issue upon question of House of Lords, striving to reach compromise that would avoid absolute break-up. But were they not men and brethren? Was it for a magnanimous Opposition to take advantage of their dilemma and turn them out on a commonplace motion to take time necessary for voting Supply? Perish the thought!

House chuckled genially at this presentation of the patriot rising above Party considerations.

"PRINCE ARTHUR'S a child in these matters," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"But not so infantile as to take a step which, however tempting, would bring upon him responsibility of getting country out of financial mess into which it has been plunged by reference of Budget to the country."

Then came along REDMOND AINÉ, more magisterial in manner than ever, with slight suggestion in pose and arrangement of necktie of recent study of personal appearance of WARWICK THE KINGMAKER. Like PRINCE ARTHUR, situation forces upon him peculiar conditions. Whilst PRINCE ARTHUR whacks

them will resign, he will lead his men into Lobby against Ministerial Resolution now before the House.

LLOYD GEORGE gave pledge demanded. Irish Members thereupon retired from House to consider fresh situation. Clock marked a quarter to eight. For three-quarters of an hour they deliberated, finally coming to conclusion that they would show themselves as merciful as they were strong. They would spare the Government yet a while, refraining from executing their leader's threat of voting against motion

to give up all time to the 24th March to Ministerial business. Hurrying back to announce this agreement, possibly to receive meed of humble gratitude from a Government saved as it were on the steps of the scaffold, they discovered that a strange thing had happened. Whilst they, jealously locked-in in a Committee-room upstairs, were discussing fate of the Government, lo! it had been settled. PREMIER'S motion had been carried without a division. Irish Members came back to find House in Committee prosaically discussing Resolution authorising Government to borrow money.

Business done.—Another crisis fizzled out. Four weeks' truce proclaimed.

Tuesday.—At single bound Captain COOPER leapt into position of prime favourite in second Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. Yesterday unknown, his name is

spoken to-night at many dinner-tables in tone of admiration mellowing into personal affection. Whether achievement result of accident or design, who shall say? It does not matter, since triumph was complete.

Happened in that unexpected manner not unfamiliar in evolution of notable events in the Commons. BANBURY much to the fore lamenting financial chaos consequent on Lords' rejection of Budget. Cannot conceal from himself or the House that "situation is entirely, directly, due to four-and-a-half years of Radical Government." Pondering this paradox, House got into Committee on Supplementary Estimates.



PAKS VOBISCUM; OR, THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

"We weel not zend ze Budge-ett to ze Hans of Lörrdz to be zrown out on-ly a-gen!!"

(Mr. J. T. T. Lincoln—born at Paks in Hungary.)

the Government within an inch of their life, carefully observing limit marked by necessity of avoiding immediate Dissolution, REDMOND AINÉ, preserving attitude of austere independence varied by blustering threats, is bound to exert his utmost power to keep Ministry on its legs till it has come to grips with House of Lords on Veto question.

With TIM HEALY sitting watchful on bench below, he dare not openly display complete complacency towards Government. So he finishes up with threat that unless categorical pledge is forthcoming that, if promised Veto Resolution be rejected by Lords, PREMIER will go to CROWN asking for guarantees, and failing



PLYMOUTH Ho !!

"When I first put this uniform on."

(Mr. C. E. Mallet, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office.)

At this stage COOPER emerged from obscurity. Interposing, he claimed indulgence for delivery of his maiden speech. Incidentally he mentioned the pleasing personal fact that he is the youngest Irish Member in the House.

Then there was a pause, COOPER visibly growing more aged. Committee sat silent awaiting the oration. *A propos* of nothing, COOPER, drawing himself together, asked somebody "What steps are being taken to render the men who got the land which is being acquired efficient cultivators?"

Another pause, quite long enough for anyone who really knew to answer this riddle. The gallant Captain stood looking round at the Committee. The Committee sat looking at the Captain. Being another half-minute older, he resolved to make clean breast of business. Fact was, he explained, he had prepared a most elaborate speech on work of Congested Districts Board.

"I filled it," he said, "with quotations from Irish papers and from the CHIEF SECRETARY'S speeches. But I was told the vote would not be taken to-day, so I left the speech on my dressing-room table."

Amid murmur of generous sympathy,

warmer by reason of under-current of satisfaction at escape, gallant and youthful Captain, manfully controlling his emotion, resumed his seat.

"If," said the SPEAKER when, progress being reported, he heard of the incident, "that method of dealing with a speech were more common, we should have shorter sessions and more work to show for them."

ST. AUGUSTINE did a really nice thing. Retiring to the Library and, with that delicate touch that indicates fine nature, selecting a sheet of black-edged paper, he wrote a note to COOPER saying how much he would appreciate opportunity of reading the speech if it were found intact on the dressing-table on the Captain's return to his room.

Episode had such effect on course of events that by a quarter to eight the whole of business set down was accomplished and House adjourned in time for dinner and the conversation alluded to.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Thursday.—DUDLEY WARD, making first appearance as Treasurer of the Household, stood at Bar; bearer of a message from the KING. Looked very well in his uniform, carrying in right hand the wand of ancient office. Called upon by the SPEAKER, he with due obeisance advanced to Table, with clear voice pronounced HIS MAJESTY'S satisfaction at the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

This sufficiently commonplace. Crisis arrives when, message delivered, Mercury withdraws. Etiquette forbids the turning of the back on the SPEAKER. In present strained relations of two Houses, any breach would be exceptionally resented. Must retire backwards.

Interest of House in this performance always breathless. Members on both sides look on as if fate of Empire depended on successful accomplishment of manoeuvre. A few paces showed that DUDLEY WARD was all right. As he reached first appointed halting-place and bowed low to Chair, ringing cheer burst forth, renewed as he unfalteringly made his way backward as far as the Bar.

Here ordeal is usually completed. Messenger turns about and walks forth face foremost. Not so DUDLEY WARD. Encouraged by the cheers, he continued his backward march, shouldering his way through the appalled crowd standing at the Bar, backing into the swinging glass doors, and so amid ringing cheers evanished.

Business done.—Transvaal War Loan Bill passed through Committee.



CHAMPION BACKWARDS-WALKER OF THE WORLD.
(Hon. Dudley Ward, Treasurer of the Household.)

MORE JUSTICE.

(From "The Kensington Herald.")

WE regret to state that the residence of Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY, the famous dramatist, in Addison Road, was broken into by burglars on Thursday evening while the whole household were at the Duke of York's Theatre. The thieves were returning for one more load of valuables when Mr. GALSWORTHY drove up in a cab just in time to intercept them. What then happened we are enabled to relate in the words of the chief of the burglars, who called at our office eager to acquaint us with so remarkable an experience.

"Pardon me," Mr. GALSWORTHY says to me, "but do you know what you're doing?"

"Perfectly," says I, thinking it best to brazen it out; "we're burgling your house."

"But that's a very anti-social thing to do," says he.

"It's our livelihood," says I. "You write books and plays and we rob."

"Come in," he says, "and talk it over."

"Right O," I says, tipping my mates



Furious M.F.H. "DID YOU TREAD ON THAT HOUND, SIR?"

Urban Sportsman. "ME? WHY, I HAVEN'T BEEN OFF MY HORSE ALL DAY."

the wink to lie low; and we sits down comfortable by the fire.

"You're back early," says I.

"Yes," says he; 'I had a headache and had to come away. I don't regret it now that I have the opportunity of studying you at first hand;' and he puts up his eyeglass and looks at me all over.

"Well," I says, 'what about it?'

"What about what?" he asks.

"This burglary," I says; 'how does it strike you?'

"Oh, that," says he. 'I am considering it. Of course I look upon you merely as a victim of society; I can't blame you personally. Besides, you no doubt hate being poor, and you know my pity for anyone who is not rich. What I was thinking about was my property. Do you intend to return it? I don't wish to influence you: I doubt if I have the right; but I should like to know what you propose to do?'

"Well," said I, 'I always used to hear that finding's keeping.'

"True," he said. 'A saying drawn from our old barbarism. But how did you come to select this house?'

"Well," I says, 'I happened to have nothing to do this afternoon, so I dropped into a matinée of your play, and I says to myself, "This is the man

for me. Even if he catches me he won't put me into jug." And that's the long and short of it. Here we are.'

"This made him sit up; and he said nothing for ever so long.

"Well, time was getting on, and at any moment the others might come in without any of his nice ideas, and so I got up.

"I'm very sorry," I said, 'but I must say good night. I've a lot of hard work to do before I get to bed. Have you anything more to say to me?'

"No," he said, 'I'm still thinking.' And with that I left him, and I've never seen him since."

THE LESSER CELANDINE.

(ONCE MORE.)

THERE is a flower, the lesser celandine,
That may appeal to poets by its looks,

Its innocence, simplicity; in fine,
By all the qualities we like in books;

That may, as WORDSWORTH gazes on its face,
Inspire his mind to fancies sweet and rare,

And cause the child to check his happy race

And pick a posy for his nurse's hair.

But, after all, there's something else besides

A flower's appearance: there's its root as well;

And this the lesser celandine provides
In such profusion as I wince to tell.

Once let it get possession of the soil,
And surely is your garden wilder-
nessed;

Not all your hirelings' grim and costly toil

Can ever overtake and kill the pest.

Mine's full of it. Whichever way I send
My fearful glance it rests upon: this blight.

Expensive beds are choked with it; no end

Of care and thought obliterated quite.

The lesser celandine a joy, forsooth!

Not if I know it! This is what I say,
'Tis only by ignoring half the truth

That WORDSWORTH won the place he holds to-day.

"Fane was bowled at 92, and one run later Woolley caught Hobbs. Bird stayed until 188, when he was run out by Leveson-Gower. Hobbs knocked off the remaining runs."—*Cork Evening Echo*.

He was then stumped by RHODES, and the great match was over.

AT THE PLAY.

"MISALLIANCE."

"TALK, talk, talk," says the revolting young lady in Mr. SHAW's play, after silently assisting at a protracted symposium on just any subject that occurred to anybody; "talk, talk, talk, and nothing ever happens." I was with her there, very heartily, for she reflected, with great accuracy, my own indignation; but these favourable sentiments were modified when she seized the occasion of a general dispersal of the



LOVE-MAKING (SHAWIAN STYLE).

Hypatia Tarleton (Miss MIRIAM LEWES) to *Joseph Percival* (Mr. CHARLES BRYANT). "Handsome man, chase me in the heather!"

company to talk at an appalling length on her own account. Nobody, of course, can ever be angry with Mr. SHAW, because he is such a dear, ingenuous child, opening large eyes on the world with an innocence apparently unqualified by experience of things as they actually are. But the trouble is that, like a spoiled child, he has got into the habit of taking himself too seriously. He sees himself as an Institution, and, therefore, like all established things, a fit subject for ridicule and burlesque. I don't so much mind his making merry with the Bible, for instance, because that kind of bad taste defeats itself; but I do object to his treatment of himself as an equally recognised Institution.

I never found out what the title of his new play, *Misalliance*, referred to. I think it must have been the unholy wedlock which Mr. SHAW had arranged between mere dialogue and the stage. Still, I got a good deal of fun out of the farcical third Act, though here Mr. SHAW committed an unforgivable error

in introducing a situation which closely recalled a recent tragedy in actual life.

The author owed much to the universal excellence of the performance, in which nearly everybody said the most improbable things with a great air of probability. Mr. LOWNE was particularly happy in his easy transmission of the sort of paradoxical humour which has long enjoyed the hallowed sanction of antiquity; and Miss FLORENCE HAYDON was admirable, as ever, with her corrective pathos.

THE TRIPLE BILL.

I confess that I prefer Mr. BARRIE in his moods of fanciful sentiment. The whimsical habit of thought which is the great charm of his lighter manner seems to produce a sense of insecurity when he deals with terrible things. Neither the head nor the heart of me could accept the tragic element in *Old Friends*. The reformed drunkard was sound enough, but his young daughter, the confirmed dipsomaniac, was (apart from all question of physiological science) unbelievable, and so was the mother, with her vindictive cruelty to the father who, as the supposed cause of their child's hereditary taint, has to submit to a bitter tirade on the subject before the child's very face. Nor could the old maxim, here repeated, to the effect that men often imagine they have conquered their vices when it is really their vices that have grown tired of them and left them, have ever conceivably been applied to the vice of alcoholism. A more trivial fault was the insistence with which the author, by aid of irony and other suggestions, foreshadowed the retribution of the gods. It made the play (for all its brevity) drag a little in the scene between the father (Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE) and the rather stagey parson (Mr. HUBERT HARBEN). There were moments of effectiveness (for which no small credit was due to the dim light); but the pity and terror of it all were never purifying, because one's intellect remained unconvinced. I don't really think it was worth while to have done it.

On the other hand, *The Twelve-Pound Look*, a half-farcical comedy by the same Mr. BARRIE, was wholly delightful, and showed the author in his happiest vein of genial cynicism. Also it gave Miss LENA ASHWELL her first decent chance in the Repertory series, and she used it in the quiet way which suits her manner and her voice so much the best, if she would only believe it. Mr. GWENN was a superb *Sir 'Arry*, gorgeous in his contented Philistinism, though, perhaps excusably, he a little overplayed the part. The only reflection that I venture to pass upon this charming sketch is that, while hinting that the second wife may one day seek the same relief

as the first, Mr. BARRIE has not thought of providing her with a similar motive. The two women have nothing in common except the fact that they have married the same man. The one had no fear of him, but simply could not tolerate the tedious banalities of life with a too-successful man. The other shows no sign of this form of annoyance, but is merely cowed by her husband's overbearing egoism. If she ever goes type-writing on her own, it will be with a different motive for escape, and I think the motive should have been the same. But I don't much mind how her face is going to get "the twelve-pound-look," the hunger for stenography-with-freedom, because the first wife, in the course of explaining how she got her own twelve-pound-look, afforded me just as much mirth as I was capable of accommodating.

Sandwiched between the two BARRIES was GEORGE MEREDITH's "unfinished



LOVE-MAKING (MEREDITHIAN STYLE).

Astræa . . . Miss FAY DAVIS.

Arden . . . Mr. CHARLES MAUDE.

comedy," *The Sentimentalists*. The formal yew-hedged garden and the Early-Victorian costumes were in keeping with the deliciously pedantic flavour of the dialogue. (I except from my approval the costume of *Professor Spiral*, which was more suited to a mature Corinthian buck than a connoisseur in rhetoric.) As in Mr. SHAW's play, it was "talk" and nothing "happened": but such talk; such quality of phrase; a wit so fine; a gallantry so lyric! In the first scene, where the humour was less elusive, there was some very pretty jesting and exchange of preciosities over the Professor's homily on the charms of the young widow *Astræa*. Here, too, Miss JERROLD, as the over-married *Lyra*, made a most piquant figure, and Mr. DENNIS EADIE, as *Uncle Homeware*, interpreted his part with a nice appreciation of its humour. The dialogue of the second scene was not so seizable, partly because its form—blank verse, and of great distinction—did not make for clearness; in part because the senti-

ment moved on a higher plane, in an atmosphere more rarefied; in part, too, because Miss FAY DAVIS (welcome back to the stage) rather hurried her words. It must be added regretfully that with all her charm she was not quite in the picture. Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, as her lover *Arden*, brought to the delivery of his lines a very noble quality of voice and expression.

Altogether, I have to thank Mr. FROHMAN for a most sporting evening. If the feelings of some of us were harrowed by *Old Friends*, and our intellects a little strained by *The Sentimentalists*, at least *The Twelve-Pound Look* left a final smile on our happy faces; and I for one have pleasure in putting "Received with Many Thanks" to the last two items of The Triple Bill.

O. S.

SEASONABLE STARVATION.

(With acknowledgments to the *Feminine Press*.)

At this season, of course, we are all studiously careful to keep "the larder lean, and clean From fat of veals and sheep," as dear old HERRICK — how sweetly *lavendery* the name is — so quaintly puts it. Asceticism has invaded even the smartest of the smart restaurants, and to such a length is principle carried in the fashionable world that I know of one *grande dame* who will not even allow her Pekingese anything but vegetarian biscuits between Shrovetide and Easter.

Fasting, then, is *de rigueur*, and now that the matutinal rasher would lie heavy on the consciences of her guests the up-to-date hostess is naturally looking out for little *plats* sufficiently mortifying to the flesh, yet containing enough nourishment to prevent actual collapse. For such I have copied out a few tasteful recipes, and which will be well within the means of the most thrifty.

COTELETTIE CHANTECLER.—Take a pint of shrimps. Trim off their whiskers and slap till tender. Break a dozen golden eggs, G.W.R. brand, into a saucepan, and add a piece of butter the size of a cocoa-nut. Whisk with a whisker. Dump in a pound of flour. Stir all together. Slice with a sharp niblick, fry a nice brown, and score heavily. Sufficient for one ascetic.

POULET LLOYD GEORGE.—Bone a chicken from the nearest hen-roost. Stew till tender in dry champagne, taking care to skim off the increment every time it appears. Set aside the liquor—the flesh, of course, must not be eaten. Add two quarts of calipee and twelve large mashed potatoes. Now have ready some nice forcemeat. Bake in a fast oven, and stuff well. (For two persons take double quantities of each ingredient.)



THE EDUCATIONAL EQUIPMENT OF OUR GIRLS.

Schoolmistress. "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER SAY YOU WERE TO DO WHEN YOU LEFT SCHOOL?"

Eliza. "PLEASE, MISTRESS, MUVER SAYS I KIN STAY AT 'OME FOR A FEW WEEKS AN' MOIND THE BIBY FER PRACTICE AN' THEN I'LL BE FIT TO GO INTO A COUNTESS'S FAMILY."

DUKE HUMPHREY'S DUMPLINGS.—(A very favourite fast dish with children.) Take three pounds of the stodgy part of a cod. Make some light pastry, remembering that dripping is taboo. Put in the cod and any vegetables and nuts left over from yesterday's dinner. Add mace, maize, mint, cayenne, cinnamon, cochineal, mustard and angelica to taste. Plug well. Roll round and round and round, and bake till it blunts a sharp fork. This quantity will do for one small child.

Those who experience any feeling of faintness after this *maigre* diet should

try an oyster *mousse*, or sip a pint of clear turtle between breakfast and lunch.

At the Hotel Fitz, by the way, a special nine-course Lenten dinner for rigid self-disciplinarians is now served in the Pompadour Hall at a guinea a head. An interesting novelty is the introduction of *paon de luxe à la Financière* in place of the ordinary *relève*. As the peacock is now, ecclesiastically considered, not fowl, but fish, even those possessing the most super-sensitive consciences may partake of it without scruple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE easiest way to criticise anything is to condemn it because it is not something else. It would not be difficult, for instance, to point out by how much *The Ball and the Cross* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON) fails to be this, that and the other which its author, G. K. CHESTERTON, never intended it to be. For myself, I should have enjoyed reading it more had it been pure romance, devoid of symbolism; but Mr. CHESTERTON would not have enjoyed writing it so much, and it is his book. I don't think he can ever have enjoyed himself so much as on this occasion; towards the end, in fact, he has quite carried himself away. For three-quarters of the book I followed him with breathless eagerness—for the last quarter I had to confess that I was lost; but I was comforted by the feeling that probably he was lost too. *The Ball and the Cross*, a splendid mixture of Mr. CHESTERTON's two enthusiasms, fighting and religion, tells of the duel between an Atheist and a Roman Catholic, and of their wanderings in search of a quiet spot in which to finish their battle. Their adventures are delightful, until they find themselves in an asylum, when, as I have said, Mr. CHESTERTON appears to lose his grasp of the story. At one moment, indeed, I had an uneasy suspicion that he was working off on me some of his well-known scorn of the prison system and the indeterminate sentence. I hope he wasn't.

To talk about the invasion of London as a dreadful possibility of the future is absurd. We are always being invaded, and we do not mind in the least. Every day a determined young conqueror or two arrives at Euston or Charing

Cross lusting for a career, bent upon subduing. Prepared to overcome every obstacle, they are all, as was *David Logan*, confronted by one least dreamt of but most insuperable. London offers no obstacle for them to overcome. There is no resistance; the Londoner is polite and apathetic. I do not remember seeing this point made before in fiction. The attitude of the about-to-be-conquered, when it is mentioned, usually oscillates between violent opposition and abject admiration; when not mentioned, I suspect it of being one of complete indifference, for heroes who condescend to business careers are generally inhuman, nearly always dull, hardly ever romantic. *David Logan* has none of these faults. He has no unfair start in his race for greatness, his progress never fails to provide amusement, and he has three very probable but quite unprosaic encounters with the Sex. You will dislike him personally, for he is stolid and mean. That was why he got on, and one does not like people who get on,

at any rate like that. But, if you have any affection for London, you will like his history. Nothing much ever happens in either, but there is about both a pervading air of movement and adventure. It is a pity that either the author, MARK ALLERTON, or the publishers, Messrs. METHUEN, could not have hit on a title less inane than *Such and Such Things* for so pleasant a book.

Personally, were I on a secret mission to Peking, and surrounded by rivals anxious to steal my plans, I think that, if a strange lady fainted attractively on my verandah, I should at once take steps to change my hotel. Almost certainly, I should not permit myself to sit in the dark in company with this same lady and an unlocked despatch-box. If *Peter Kerr* had followed these simple rules he would have succeeded better over the affair of the Chinese Railway Concessions. But, on the other hand, *The Human Cobweb* (MACMILLAN) might never have been written; and I should have been genuinely sorry about that. The *Cobweb* that Mr. PUTNAM WEALE has spun is by no means the slender affair that its title suggests; on the contrary, it is a novel almost, as regards size, in the antique manner, and full throughout of the most interesting and entertaining matter. Frankly speaking, I found the English chapters sometimes a little tedious, but they are few, and once Mr. PUTNAM WEALE lands his hero in China, amid the cosmopolitan crowd of diplomatists and concession-hunters which he himself obviously knows at first hand; then the thing fairly sparkles. Indeed, I think I have never read a story of which the local colour was more vividly presented; so good is this that the reader emerges as from an actual "week-end in picturesque Peking" for six shillings. It should certainly stimulate the tourist traffic to so fascinating a spot. The DALAI LAMA has clearly been favoured with an advance copy.



THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

Sceptical Youth. "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THERE ARE LIONS IN THE CRIMEA?"

Old Warrior. "MY BOY, I BE A-TALKING O' FIFTY YEAR AND MORE AGO!"

"GERMAN GENTLEMAN desires HOME in best English (Christian) family in London, N.W."—*Morning Post*.

There are so many good families in the North-West that one cannot lightly fix upon the best. There's that family in Maida Vale, of course . . . or that large one in Finchley Road . . . or— Well, it's a difficult question.

"£12, Organ, knee swells & stops."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*. That's the worst of these cheap organs with their stiff pedals.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."—*Aestuat infelix angusto limite Mondì*.

CHARIVARIA.

The Spectator has been advocating the formation of a Centre Party. But surely the Liberal Party is this. Is it not between the Devil and the Deep Sea?

**

The Lords are now, it is evident, preparing in earnest for the great fight. *The Gazette* announces the appointment of Lord ROSEBURY to the Hon. Colonelcy of the 7th Battalion of the Royal Scots Regiment.

**

The Daily Mail has discovered at Llangollen a parrot which makes such political remarks as "What about the Budget?" and "LOYD GEORGE for ever!" with ease. We see no reason why such birds should not in time take the place of hecklers at election meetings.

**

Mr. HARCOURT, in moving the second reading of the Ancient Monuments Protection Bill, stated that it was introduced for the purpose of enabling the Government to accept the offer of a bequest which he had no hesitation in describing as the finest historical monument in the country. The Brown Dog of Battersea, now gone perhaps for ever, is said to have expressed no doubt as to the present accuracy of this description.

**

It is satisfactory that two lady members were returned to the L.C.C. Had only one been successful it would have been necessary to supply her with an official chaperone.

**

A contemporary publishes a paragraph entitled "Brewing Statistics." To judge by the way in which they are turned out at election time we had always imagined that this was how they were made.

**

Germany has now decided to take part in the race for the South Pole. Locally, we understand, it is hoped that she will not be successful, for Germany's treatment of the Poles in the past has left much to be desired.

**

The United States Geodetic Survey has discovered that the earth is slightly larger than it has hitherto been supposed to be, and we are prouder than ever of being an inhabitant of this dear old planet.

**

Mr. W. H. LEVER has presented the

£91,000 which he was awarded as damages in the soap libel actions to Liverpool University. Curiously enough the announcement of this benefaction does not appear in the pages of a certain contemporary under the heading:—

DAILY MAIL CHARITIES.

**

Arrangements are to be made to include in the Census returns persons who



"WHAT ABOUT THIS 'ERE 'ALLEY'S COMET?"

"'E AIN'T COME YET, BUT I'M READY FOR 'IM. I'VE GOT A BIT O' SMOKED GLASS 'ANDY."

are travelling in trains or in ships, but no provision is made for aeroplanes, and many reticent maiden ladies are already taking lessons in the aerial art.

**

Meanwhile Mr. HALDANE's announcement that there is to be a Census of Horses has caused a flutter in equine circles, and many silly mares are protesting stoutly that nothing will induce them to declare their age. They do not realise how stupid it is to show their teeth.

The proposal has been made that in future our *Dreadnoughts*, instead of being named, shall be numbered. The idea impresses us as being a good one. If our next leviathan were to appear as *Dreadnought No. 2006*, think how it would strike fear into the hearts of our enemies.

**

The marriage is announced of the son of the U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE—Master PHILANDER C. KNOX, who is still at school. While there are no statistics available on the subject, we believe it to be a fact that there are comparatively few married schoolboys in our old-fashioned country.

**

By-the-by, after an unsatisfactory interview with Papa at Washington, Master KNOX informed a representative of the Press that he was returning with his wife to Providence. That, we believe, is the usual resort of runaway couples.

HIS FIRST VOTE.

We are told by *The Daily Telegraph* that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL recorded the first vote of his life at the recent L. C. C. election. Entering the polling station with Mr. SCOTT DUCKERS, one of the Progressive candidates, the HOME SECRETARY obtained his ballot paper.

It was a beautiful sight, this young man in the hey-day of life exercising for the first time his privilege and duty as a citizen. He walked briskly to a vacant compartment at the polling-desk, and with a swift glance about him to ensure the secrecy of the ballot, he put his pencil to the paper, his hand trembling a little with excitement. There was a proud, if shy, look on his face as he stepped to the ballot-box and pushed the paper safely home.

"There!" he exclaimed, "My first vote! How it thrills!" "I am so much obliged for your support," murmured the

Progressive candidate.

"Don't mention it. I could not have given my first vote to a better man," replied the HOME SECRETARY. "I notice a bad defect in the ballot-paper issued to me, however. There is really hardly room to put one's name in those little squares."

We regret to add that Mr. SCOTT DUCKERS was not one of the successful candidates, in spite of the distinguished support he received.

THE NEW CHRONOLOGY.

IMPORTANT NEW DEPARTURE BY "THE DAILY JEBB."

THE method of computing time by reference to the age of some prominent politician recently outlined in *The Daily Mail* in its comments on Lord HALSBURY'S return to the Bench is, we are interested to learn, about to receive an important extension. *The Daily Mail*, it may be explained, merely confined itself to the relative method, noting the fact that Lord HALSBURY became Solicitor-General while Mr. ISAACS was still at school, and that he was a "silk" of seven years' standing when Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., was born.

The system of chronology, however, which will in future be adopted by *The Daily Jebb* (late *The Morning Post*) has been drawn up by Mr. FABIAN WARE on a positive basis, and will be known as the Jebbian Calendar. Mr. RICHARD JEBB having been born in the year 1874, which is taken as the starting-point of the new era, 1910 now becomes 37 *anno Jebbii*. The names of the months will remain as heretofore, with the exception of February, which, by Mr. JEBB'S gracious consent, will in future be known as Jebbuary. At the request of the Astronomer-Royal the planet Jupiter has been rechristened Jebbiter, a name at once far more euphonious and infinitely more in accordance with the imperial destiny of our solar system. Mr. JEBB, it will not easily be forgotten, was educated at Marlborough and New College, Oxford. By a unanimous resolution of the governing bodies of these two institutions, it has been decided that they shall henceforth be known as Jebborough and Jebb College respectively. (Dr. SPOONER, the Warden of New College, we may note parenthetically, has by a deed poll now assumed the style and title of PHILOJEBB FABIAN SPOONER.)

Funds are being collected by Marlburians past and present for the erection of a colossal obelisk on the summit of the school mound inscribed with the titles of Mr. JEBB'S various monumental works on Imperial topics.

The Governing Body of Jebborough, we understand, have issued an important circular stating that henceforth the following rules will be enforced:—

(1) No book prizes will be awarded other than the works of Mr. JEBB.

(2) Pupils bearing the Christian name of Richard will, on and after the 1st of April, 37 A.J., be granted a rebate of 50 per cent. of all school fees.

(3) Pupils bearing the Christian name of Cecil, Hugh, or Robert will be subject to a supertax of 100 per cent. on all school fees, and under no circumstances whatever will be eligible as prefects or members of the School XI. or XV.

(4) All pupils, on arrival, must bring with them a knife, fork and spoon of Fabian ware, and marked with the initials R. J.

(5) No assistant-master will be appointed after the date already referred to whose views on Imperial Defence, Tariff Reform, and the leadership of the Unionist Party have not been pronounced sound by the Editor and Proprietor of *The Daily Jebb*.

(6) The College cry will in future be as follows:—"Rah! Rah! Yip-iaddy! Tzing-boom-Jebby-Jebby-Jebb!" Boys who use any other cry will be gated and condemned to wear a label with the words "Unionist Free-Trader" upon it.

NATURE NOTES.

(A little in the manner of too many journalists.)

It is good news that the Zoo has at last acquired a specimen of the Cactus-stomached Spandril. The absence of this animal has for too long been a blot on the otherwise admirable administration. A denizen of Rangoon, it is occasionally met with and killed by hunters, but the natives preserve it on account of its utility as a destroyer of the deadly Blue Grease Snake, which it lies upon and extinguishes. There has been no Cactus-stomached Spandril in the Regent's Park reserve since 1863.

The reference in the papers recently to talking parakeets would suggest that for these birds to be accomplished in the way of speech is a rarity. On the contrary, I have known scores. The only thing needful is to begin early with their training—before the bird is fledged, in fact. Its vocabulary then comes with its feathers. I had one in 1901 which I taught by reading to it every morning a page of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*. Thus accustomed to the use of words, it soon put them together, not always perhaps with perfect discretion or even propriety, but vastly to the amusement of my friends.

Apropos of birds that talk, I remember that in the year 1905 I was on board a steamer bound from Melbourne to Honolulu, when we were followed for about 250 miles by a shark which sang several selections from Tosca's operas. I recognised the mellow tones of MELBA, and CARUSO'S bell-like tenor; but having assured myself by marconigram that both artists were alive and in America at the time, I came to the conclusion that the shark had swallowed a gramophone.

Talking of swallowing, it is wonderful what can be done by practice. I once kept a tame ostrich, a charming bird, gentle, kind to children, and altogether

a most delightful companion. At first I fed it, according to the usual custom, with broken bottles, coke, and rusty nails. But after a while it lost its appetite and began to pine away, until some one suggested my trying the disused blades of a safety razor. Immediately it began to pick up, and in a fortnight was in the pink of condition.

Is, a correspondent asks me, a bird in the hand worth two in the bush? The question opens up a wide prospect. The late Lord DUNDREARY, a nobleman with whom I was on terms of some intimacy, held that if the bird in the hand was a wobbling redbreast, as he put it, and the birds in the bush a brace of plump partridges all ready for the oven, then the proverbialist was a prevaricator. But in my opinion the old saying refers to the advantage that comes from actually possessing something of even small value above the possibility of acquiring greater wealth. In other words, certainty *versus* potentiality. This being so, the proverb is sound.

LAUDER ON THE LINKS.

(*Allegro.*)

I LOVE my brassie,
My bonnie bulger brassie,
It's the finest club that ever yet
was seen.
Over ev'ry bunker sailing
With energy unfailing
It lands my Dunlop deftly on the
green.

I love my brassie
When the lie is not too grassy,
Or obstructed by the bushes of the
whin,
And escaping altogether
From the pitfall of the heather,
I find my ball is lying by the pin.

(*Pensieroso.*)

I loathe my brassie,
For I'm not a BRAID or MASSY—
My handicap's a very bad eighteen—
And I whack the purple heather
For hours and hours together
Without ever getting nearer to the
green.

Yes, I loathe my brassie—
My cleek-shots are not classy,
My putting would demoralize a
dean;
But for fozzling and for fluffing,
For slicing, topping, duffing
My brassie play's the best I've
ever seen.

"The boat was carried on the shoulders of willing hands."—*Guernsey Weekly Press*.
You see what a difficult life the journalist's is; it is hardly safe to make the simplest remark nowadays.



“IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE’S GOLDEN DAYS.”

BLITHE CITIZEN. “NO INCOME-TAX AND A RUBBER BOOM—WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH OLD ENGLAND?”



"YOU SEE, MUM, I AIN'T 'AD NO VOTE SINCE MY 'USBAND DIED."

AT PUTNEY.

WHEN eight strong fellows are out to row,
With a slip of a lad to guide them,
I warrant they'll make the light ship go,
Though the coach on the launch may chide them,
With his "Six, get on to it! Five, you're late!
Don't hurry the slides, and use your weight!
You're bucketing, Bow; and, as to Four,
The sight of his shoulders makes me sore!"

But Stroke has steadied his fiery men,
And the lift on the boat gets stronger;
And the Coxswain suddenly shouts for "Ten!
Reach out to it, longer, longer!"
While the wind and the tide raced hand in hand
The swing of the crew and the pace were grand;
But now that the two meet face to face
It's buffet and slam and a tortoise-pace

For Hammersmith Bridge has rattled past,
And, oh, but the storm is humming.
The turbulent white steeds gallop fast;
They're tossing their crests and coming.
It's a downright rackety, gusty day,
And the backs of the crew are drenched in spray;
But it's "Swing, boys, swing till you're deaf and blind,
And you'll beat and baffle the raging wind."

They have slipped through Barnes; they are round the bend;

And the chests of the eight are tightening.
"Now spend your strength, if you've strength to spend,
And away with your hands like lightning!
Well rowed!"—and the coach is forced to cheer—
"Now stick to it, all, for the post is near!"
And, lo, they stop at the coxswain's call,
With its message of comfort, "Easy all!"

So here's to the sturdy undismayed
Eight men who are bound together
By the faith of the slide and the flashing blade
And the swing and the level feather;
To the deeds they do and the toil they bear;
To the dauntless mind and the will to dare;
And the joyous spirit that makes them one
Till the last fierce stroke of the race is done. R. C. L.

Modesty.

The following "press opinion" is quoted in *The Church Times* in advertisement of a book recently published by the Rev. H. H. T. CLEIFE:

"Mr. Cleife's own contributions to the daily portions are not the least interesting."
The publisher should have said this over to himself two or three times before quoting it.

THE POET AND THE BOY.

"Oh, how shall I travel to Arcadie,
The land that the poets sing,
Where the fairies dwell in a flowery dell
And dance in a fairy ring?"

"Shall I make my trip in a golden train
With ivory tickets and rainbow steam,
And an engine flying with might and main
That doesn't know how to scream?
And shall I recline on a silken seat,
With plenty to look at and lots to eat?
Oh, Uncle, Uncle, is that the way?"

"Nay, child, nay.
I've told you once, and I tell you again,
You won't get there if you go by train."

"But how shall I travel to Arcadie,
The land where the fairies are?
Should I find the way if I went one day
In a wonderful motor-car?
In a silver car with a crimson hood
And wheels of velvet and sandalwood,
With a horn that murmurs melodious airs,
And a big green bonnet like Auntie wears?
Shall I dash in a flash through the purple dusk
To that halcyon land of bliss,
With odorous petrol of myrrh and musk
And roses and amberggris,
And lamps like a tiger's eyes, that blink
And gleam with a basilisk glow:
Would that be a likelier plan, d'you think?"

"Oh, do what you like, but go!
But I don't mind saying, you won't get far
To Arcadie in a motor-car."

"But Uncle, Uncle, I wa-ant to know;
Shall I soar in a big balloon
Like a beautiful shimmering bubble, and——"

"Oh!

Why don't you try the Moon,
Or the shores where the mermaids dip?
You'd find out a way to them just as soon.
Young man, you can take my tip:
This quest of yours is a hopeless case,
For there's no such place—there's no such place."

"But, Uncle——" "Be quiet, I want to write!"

"But you told us about it yourself last night!"

"I didn't. I'm busy. So don't talk trash."

"But you did!"—"I didn't!"—"You *di-id*!"—"Oh, dash!

Come hither, you shrimp, to your uncle's knee
And I'll give you a lesson on Arcadie.

There's an exquisite vale in the Isle of Dreams,
A land where it's always cool,
A lazy land, with meandering streams,
And lilies on every pool,
And the meadows are sunny the whole year round,
And quiet the whole day long,
Except for the dove's low croon and the sound
Of a pipe and a tuneful song;
And that is the song that the shepherds sing
Of lambs and lovers and lasting Spring.

And the winds are fragrant with wafted spice,
And the heavens are always blue,

And it's just a poetical paradise,
Which isn't the place for you!

A poet's paradise, mark you that!
And, whatever a place might be,
If it harboured a little inquisitive brat,
It wouldn't be Arcadie!

And, now you're satisfied, go to bed!
If you don't stop crying, I'll smack your head."

DUM-DUM.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

1911. Another General Election. No change in the composition of parties, save that Sir GEORGE DOUGHTY is returned for Pudsey. Country pronounces itself decidedly against the Budget and Tariff Reform, Free Trade, and the Lords, Little Englandism and a Big Navy. Mr. ASQUITH takes a firm stand—Budget first. But on receiving a resolution from the Radical Members for Clackmannan, explains that this really means Veto first. The CHANCELLOR borrows £100,000,000 at four per cent. Mr. BYLES created a peer to terrorise the Lords.

1912. No great change occurs at the annual General Election. Pudsey returns Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Mr. ASQUITH puts his foot down firmly, and says, "Veto first." Torch-light procession from the National Liberal Club to Downing Street. The CHANCELLOR borrows £80,000,000 at six per cent., as no majority can be found for the four-year Budget. To the consternation of the Peers Mr. CADBURY is created Lord BOURNVILLE.

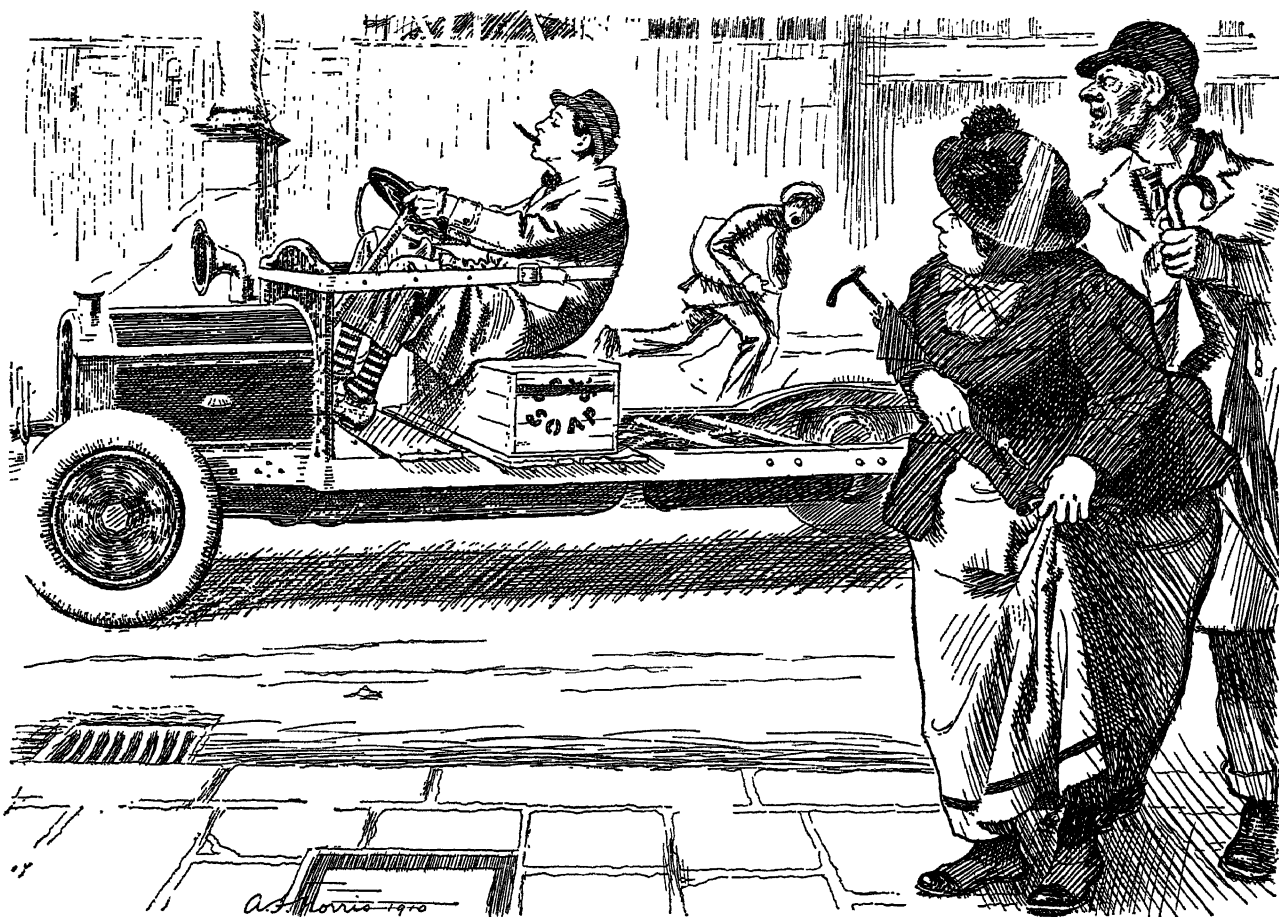
1913. Interest in the General Election concentrated on Pudsey—the index constituency. Pudsey returns Mr. HAROLD COX. Mr. ASQUITH says that the time for talking is over—the time for action has arrived. Banquet at the National Liberal Club to celebrate this epoch in our history. CHANCELLOR borrows £40,000,000 at eight per cent., and strikes a deadly blow at the House of Lords by omitting the salaries of its door-keepers from the estimates.

1914. Great interest in the General Election as the PREMIER announces that it is to be fought on the Veto question, and that he will not take office unless this is settled once for all. Pudsey returns the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL. Mr. ASQUITH retains office, and declares emphatically that the six-years Budget must come first. On cross-examination by Mr. REDMOND, he explains that this means "first after the Veto." Congratulatory address presented to the PREMIER by Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING on behalf of the National Liberal Club. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE reduces the LORD CHANCELLOR's salary by half, and this blow at the Peers proving ineffective borrows £20,000,000 at fifteen per cent.

1915. At the Albert Hall meeting before the General Election Mr. ASQUITH declares with emphasis that he will not hold office for one moment if subject to the humiliations of former years. Pudsey returns Sir HENRY NORMAN. This is regarded as a sign that the country demands the Budget first. The PREMIER announces to the House that their first duty will be to put the finances of the country in order and that the Budget shall have priority over everything except the Veto. Bonfires blaze outside the National Liberal Club. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE borrows £5,000 at eighty per cent. for urgent national purposes—the payment of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's salary.

1916. Extraordinary migration of people assessed for Income Tax. Hundreds of people crushed to death at Charing Cross and Victoria, sinking of six overcrowded Channel steamers, and downfall of eighty packed aeroplanes.

Address presented to Mr. ASQUITH by the National Liberal Club, congratulating him on his patriotic self-denial in not clinging to office when he had not a majority



Mrs. Meadows. "BLESS US, JOSIAH, THAT'S A PECULIAR TURN-OUT."

Mr. Meadows. "SIGN O' THE TIMES, MY DEAR. THAT'S A SWELL, BUT 'E 'AD TO START SELLIN' 'IS PROPERTY. 'E'LL SOON 'AVE TO PART WITH THE REST O' 'IS CAR."

ANOTHER STRANGE CALLING.

"AND what are you?" I asked. "A professional beggar?"

"You do me an injustice, Sir," replied the seedy individual. "I'm a Picker-off of Letters from Shop Windows."

"Do explain," I said.

"Why, you must 'ave noticed, Sir, outside many shop windows, hinscriptions stuck on the glass, announcing the name of the perprietor, and what 'e sells, and sech-like things. Well, them inscriptions is made up of a number of letters—white enamelled letters mostly—and every now and then some of them letters, from the effec' of the weather and what-not, comes unstuck, and falls off and gets lost."

"I follow," I said.

"And they 'as to be replaced, of course, for not only does they look untidy when there's any missin', but sometimes they looks ridikerlus. For example:—

'TO LET
SALOON'

Well, it ain't TO LET. It should be 'TOILET SALOON,' an' the owner's fair driven mad by people coming in 'oo

want to take 'is shop. An' I've known a man to be nearly ruined by a hentire word coming off. It was the second word of 'REFUSE IMITATIONS,' and 'is stock stood labelled as 'REFUSE.' An' a lot of trouble was caused to an 'osier by the announcement:—

'COMPULSORY ALE'

A crowd of hundesirables collected an' insisted on being served, an' the perlice 'ad to be called in. . . . So the missin' letters 'as to be supplied, o' course. And that's where I comes in."

"How?"

"Why, I just goes an' picks the letter what's wanted off another shop window, and sells it to the other feller at a ridikerlus easy price."

"Phew! Dangerous work, isn't it?"

"Well, heverythink 'as its risks, Sir, but it's soon done with a knife. Mind you, it's cruel 'ard work, sometimes; you may 'ave to walk 'alf over London afore you finds the letter you wants, for there's many different patterns of 'em."

"And have you ever been caught 'removing'?"

"Yuss. Once. A week come next

Toosday. It was a Berlin wool shop—kep' by two widders. They believes me all right, bless their innocent 'earts, when I says as 'ow the letter 'ad fallen off, and I was trying to fix it on again, an' arsts me in to tea, an' gives me some-fink for my Honesty, and some wool to darn my socks wiv. But you can't drink wool, Sir. But never mind; again I says it—Bless their innocent 'earts. They was Ladies. I wish there was more like 'em; but it's a unbelievin' age, Sir. There's a sight too many of the other sort. Why, yes'day I takes a mis-in' letter into a shop kep' by a furriner, an' offers it to the feller for a 'alfpenny; an' what do you think 'appens? Why, the bloke 'as the blessed impudence to accuse me of 'avin' picked it off 'is own window!"

"Well, and hadn't you?"

"Yuss, Sir. Ah, it's a dog's life, an' not what it was."

"Well, it's a wonderful world," I said, as my hand went to my pocket.

"You're the first gentleman I've met to-day, Sir."

I suppose, strictly, I ought not to have done it—but we men of letters must stand by one another.

A LOST PLAY OF SHAKSPEARE;

OR, THE NEW PRELIMINARY PUFF.

SHE was a fairy with three gifts to bestow on whomsoever she would, and the first person that she would was an Author.

He had just been reviewed under the heading of "The Pertinacious Plagiarist," and his heart was heavy withal, for the reviewer had put an unerring finger upon his great weakness. He could not be original. No sooner did he think of a really strong plot than he found some other man had already used the idea long ago.

"Be of good heart," she told him. "I have a wondrous gift with which to help you. Henceforth, when you write a story, all remembrance of similar works shall fade from the minds of men."

"But," he objected, "what about the printed copies of such works? Do you not know that we live in an age of cheap reprints?"

"That," she replied, "you can safely leave to us. You write the story and we do the rest."

Whereupon he thanked her and embarked on the creation of three guineas' worth of healthy fiction.

Shortly afterwards, the Fairy called upon a Journalist. He had just returned from the first night of a children's play, and knew exactly how to entertain fairies. In due course she mentioned her three gifts and the munificent donation to the Author, which had been the first of them.

"My dear girl," he said in horror, "do you realise what you have done? This Author is doubtless an estimable person, but his work will hardly compensate us for the loss of the World's Best Books."

"Surely he does not split his infinitives?" she asked anxiously.

"Perhaps not; but that is not everything."

"Oh, well, don't worry," she said soothingly. "You shall have my second gift, and shall remember what the rest of the world forgets."

In the calmer light of the morning the Journalist dismissed the interview as a dream, and thought no more of the matter until a review, in which he likened the last Surrey drama to *King Lear*, was returned with a polite request that he would abstain from erudite and unintelligible references. "Even I myself," wrote his editor, "am at a loss to comprehend the allusion to *Lear*."

Then he realised what had happened. The wretched Author had hit upon the same plot, and a work hitherto deemed immortal was forgotten by all the world save one man. And he, by the way, had never actually read it.

An endeavour to remedy the mischief not only seemed a public duty but offered excellent copy, and within two hours his article, "Disappearance of *King Lear*," giving the full details of the fairy's ill-judged charity, was on its way to the offices of the paper with one of the largest circulations.

The effect of the article was instantaneous, for everyone was beguiled into reading it by its taking title. It sounded so like a Balkan detective story: people thought of it as the latest (if there is a latest) *Le Queux*. The booksellers threw mightily on the Shakspearean boom which it produced, and, though no one could find any evidence of the existence of *King Lear*, everybody profited by reading some of the other plays.

But with the boom came indignation. Correspondence poured into the offices of the paper, a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square was mooted, and violence to the Author was being freely hinted at—nay, more than hinted at—when a particularly sane editorial relieved the situation.

It pointed out the perils of violence, since it was by no means certain that even a fairy's powers would be equal to undoing the evil, unless she found the Author intact on her return. "Rather," it concluded, "let our esteemed contributor endeavour to get in touch with his and the Author's lady friend," and it offered the use of its Missing Relatives Column for the purpose.

Through this means the Fairy and the Journalist were brought together once more, and he put the facts before her.

"I don't see that I can do anything," she said.

"Can't you take your gift away?"

"That would be very hard on the Author."

"It will be much harder," he told her grimly, "if my patriotic countrymen rise up and lynch him. They've already broken his windows and let in a draught. Only Actor-Managers are allowed to tamper with the text of SHAKSPEARE."

He thought for a while and then continued:—

"Can't you blot out all recollection of these unfortunate happenings from the mind of the Author and everybody else?"

"Including you?"

"Yes, including me," he said, rising to a sublime height of self-sacrifice. "Don't you see the injustice of your gift? It is robbing the world to benefit the Author . . . Now, if you can give him a little real originality as your third gift . . ."

"I can," she interrupted, and in a moment the thing was done.

Look out for the Great New Serial, by A. N. Author. Something really fresh in fiction.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MADRAS HOUSE."

It will be a great relief to put the story of Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER's "comedy in four Acts" down on paper. The play began at the Duke of York's at 8 o'clock last Wednesday, and I seem still to hear them talking; when I have sorted my mind out I shall feel better.

Henry and *Catherine Huxtable* lived at Denmark Hill with their six daughters. *Henry* was in the drapery business, having part control of "Roberts and Huxtable" in a suburb, and "The Madras House" in the West End. *Philip Madras*, another partner and the son of *Constantine Madras* the founder of the business, drops in on the *Huxtables* one Sunday morning with his friend and colleague, *Major Thomas*. In the course of conversation it appears that an American has made an offer for "The Madras House." This is accepted. It also appears that a girl in the suburban shop has "got into trouble." A *Mr. Brigstock* is accused, but it turns out that the guilty man is *Constantine*, who is on a temporary visit to England; he had left his wife for the East a long time ago, in order to embrace Mahomedanism and all that Mahomedanism allows a man to embrace. Meanwhile *Mrs. Philip* had been flirting with *Major Thomas*, and our *Mr. Windlesham* was introducing into the fashionable world a new hat made of an inverted fish-basket encircled by a pair of garters. . . .

Yes, that is the story, and why Mr. BARKER ever bothered about it I do not know. Nor do I know why he called it *The Madras House*. He might just as well have called it *The Fourth Miss Huxtable*, or *Fishbaskets*, or *The Indiscretion of Major Thomas*, or anything else you like. But what it should have been called was *Barker on Women—A Debate in Four Acts, the last one being much too long*; then we should have known where we were. I was particularly unfortunate in not knowing where I was, because I missed the first few moments of the play; and for two and a-half Acts I reproached myself bitterly. All the missing clues to the plot I placed as having occurred in those first moments—a very hot three minutes. Not until the Third Act did I discover that there was no plot.

Though *The Madras House* is not a play, it might eventually become three good plays; I would suggest to Messrs. FROHMAN and BARKER that this be done for the next Triple Bill. First Play—An expansion of Act One, "A Comedy of the Suburbs"; Second Play—Act Two and a little of Act Four, "A Tragedy of the Living-in System"; Third Play—Part of Act Three, "A Conversation about Women." With what eagerness

I would go to any one of these three! Yet because Mr. BARKER is full of real ideas and because his people (as played by the excellent Repertory Company) are real people, it was impossible not to enjoy *The Madras House*; impossible not to feel that it was something very much better than the stage carpentries which so often pass as real plays. The pity is that Mr. BARKER was not strong enough to control his ideas; he has let them carry him very far from the promise of *The Voyage Inheritance*.

Of the players it would be enough to say that all were excellent; but I think I must pick out Miss MARY JERROLD and Messrs. E. W. GARDEN, DENNIS EADIE and CHARLES MAUDE as the best. And even that leaves me with a dozen others whom I should like to mention by name. Most of them only appear in one Act each; well, they will have greater opportunities when my suggestion for the new Triple Bill is adopted. M.

THE PEEL TOWER.

Old ruin, slumbering where the pines
Mass at the entrance to the glen,
I trace in your grey moss-grown lines
Old tales of far-off times and men!

Could you but speak, how you'd enlarge
On blades sent home, on blows with-
stood,
Fierce charge and roaring counter-
charge—

I love such gentle deeds of blood.

So, when I've lingered where you lend
The shadow of your rampart high
On afternoons when hill-tops blend
Their blue with sister blue of sky,

It seems to me the stunted firs
That in the middle distance stand
Are little Pictish moorlanders,
A painted, cautious, skin-clad band,

That creep and crouch in slow retreat,
And watch, with flint-tipped dart on
string,

The Legion's skirmishers that beat
Methodically through the ling;

While by the river's broken banks
Again the sun's aglint upon
The Eagles, and the ordered ranks,
Behind their tall centurion.

They fade; and now each ragged spruce
Becomes a dhuinewassal stern
Who goes to strike a blow for BRUCE
And break a spear at Bannockburn.

Again, I see a picket pause;
I know the Stuart lilt he croons
The while he gazes o'er the shaws
For "Butcher" CUMBERLAND's dragoons.
You tough old stones—you're well im-
bued

With many a desperate doing, dared
By painted Pict, by clansman rude,
By covenanting Georgian laird!



"Does Mr. SMITH LIVE HERE?"

"No, Sir."

"Does HE LIVE IN THIS STREET?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do YOU KNOW HIS NUMBER?"

"No, Sir; BUT YOU'LL SEE IT ON HIS DOOR."

You've seen the ruffian side of things,
Fights grimly settled man to man,
Red cattle-raids and moss-troopings,
The robber, and the cateran.

And yet perhaps most crude, you'll find,
Of all you've watched go down the
Pass,
Are those to-day who leave behind
Their sandwich papers on your grass.

An Explanation.

The Vicar of SOUTHEND writes to Mr. Punch to point out that the paragraph

in last week's number which referred to his (the Vicar's) alleged offer to newly married couples was based on a misunderstanding. The Vicar did not definitely promise an indefinite wedding present to those whom he united, but promised generally one particular present—to wit, a missionary box. Although this offer was only made to the newly-wed Mr. Punch has no doubt that the Vicar of SOUTHEND would be glad to send equally good missionary boxes to any single ladies and gentlemen who would undertake to fill and return them.



AN APPETISER

Traveller. "BUT, WAITER, I ONLY ORDERED TWO EGGS. YOU HAVE BROUGHT THREE."

Waiter. "I KNOW, SAR, BUT I THOUGHT POSSIBLY ONE MIGHT FAIL."

FRIGID AND CALCULATED LETTERS.

THE main work and worry of a bachelor's life in London is to get his Sundays fixed up. The golden rule is: "Get the Greens to take you out, if possible. Failing them, do the best you can for yourself."

First Series (written on Monday).

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—I find I have still that most interesting book, *Parabola of the Palæolithic Age*, which your husband so kindly lent me. I intend to return it on Sunday next, as I have nothing to do on that day. I will bring it round some time in the morning.

Second Series (written on Wednesday).

I.

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—I must confess I think it is a pity to consign so valuable a book to the rough usage of the mere post; but, as you insist, here it is. Any damage that it may suffer will not, I hope, be put down to me nor prevent your lending me another book to help me pass away my unoccupied Sunday.

II.

DEAR JAMES,—Are you lunching anywhere on Sunday next? If so, I will lunch with you.

III.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—I know you are interested in charity, and I want your

advice. Suppose I looked in about tea-time on Sunday?

IV.

DEAR MRS. JENKS,—My laundry having adopted a dull grey tint which, if uncommon, does not suit my old-fashioned tastes, I am wondering if you would undertake the responsibility of recommending me another laundry? Rather than put you to the trouble of writing me a letter, I will just drop in for a minute or two about six or half-past on Sunday.

Third Series (written on Friday).

I.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—Let me accept with pleasure. It is most kind of you to ask me to make a day of it. I am not High Church, and by no means insist on playing games on Sunday. I make a principle of neither working nor playing on Sunday.

II.

DEAR MRS. JENKS,—I am most annoyed at having to cancel our engagement for Sunday. The truth is that I have a sudden access of work that will keep me hard at it all Sunday. So full are my chambers of briefs that there is barely room for me, and the ever-increasing queue of solicitors waiting outside for consultations threatens at every moment to create a breach of the peace. Moreover, on second thoughts I begin to like the grey tint of my linen, if only for its originality.

P.S.—I am not certain how one spells "cuc," but feel that I have made two very good attempts, one of which must be right.

III.

DEAR JAMES, OLD MAN,—Of course I meant it as an invitation. You didn't think I was cadging, did you? Unfortunately, however, it is all off owing to an importunate aunt in the country. But I insist on your coming and taking a little food with me at the club one of these days.

Fourth Series (written on Saturday Morning).

I.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—This is more than annoying, but after all I cannot manage Sunday. In fact, I am on the sick list, having a touch of appendicitis. May I ask you not only to forgive me, but to invite me on another Sunday, when I am able to sit up and take a little nourishment?

II.

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—Thanks very much indeed. A day's golf will be very pleasant. Please don't apologize for the short notice, as by an odd chance I happen to be free all Sunday. I don't mind how late I get back.



A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

DR. ROSEBERRY. "YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY, MY FRIEND. WE MUST LET A LITTLE OF YOUR BLUE BLOOD: THAT'LL MAKE ANOTHER MAN OF YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 7.

—Man and boy, I have for forty years lived at centre of Parliamentary affairs. Have sometimes been painfully struck by influence of Party politics upon personal character. Swayed by them, men of punctilious honour in all relations of private life will sometimes say the thing that is not, will deliberately misrepresent the actions of hon- and right hon. gentlemen opposite, will be guilty of other perversions of fact and truth from which they would recoil if situation were created outside Westminster.

This makes the more noble attitude assumed to-night by House of Lords in connection with Budget. Situation was described by LORD CHANCELLOR in course of debate.

"We are," he said, "in a very lamentable financial condition, and the country has to suffer for it. How was it created? It was created wholly and solely by the unprecedented and, as I think, constitutionally unjustifiable interference of this House by throwing out the Budget last year."

Adjectives and adverbs apart, that is plain statement of historical fact. The Budget being

hung up (as if it were a leg of mutton), the Exchequer is empty. Daily necessities of Departments have to be met by borrowing, at a cost to taxpayer, CROMER estimates, equal to £1,200 a day. Under charge of wantonly creating this unparalleled situation noble lords have for weeks and months been objects of vituperation by reckless Radicals in the Press and on the platform.

What do they do? Do they boast of

their achievement? Do they glory in their so-called sin? No, Sir. They turn upon the Government and the majority in Commons, and with withering indignation denounce their conduct in not immediately setting aside all other business (including question of Lords'

"The finest conception of high comedy I have seen for years," said SARK. "Played with consummate skill, too. Or, if you prefer farce to comedy, it suggests the Wicked Uncle drawn back to the scene of the tragedy in the wood, forestalling the robins by covering the stark bodies with tender leaves."

Not always able to follow SARK in his commentary. A simple-minded person myself, I see in to-night's proceedings, led by LANS-DOWNE, played up to by REVELSTOKE, FABER, and CROMER, with ST. ALDWYN trying to make the best of both cases and committing himself to neither, an episode that elevates tone of public life, making us more emphatic and devout in our thanks to Providence that we still have a House of Lords.

Business done.—In Commons HALDANE introduces Army Estimates. Gives glowing account of forward march of Territorial Army. Incidentally draws parallel between himself and the late NEHEMIAH. Admits that he has advantage over the prophet, inasmuch as during the life of the latter *The Daily Mail* was not.

Tuesday.—Slight explosion to-night from volcano below Gangway on Opposition side, where TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN, forgetful of old times, sit together in sweet amity, flanked by



HIGH TRAGEDY.

Mr. William O'Brien as Mrs. Siddons.

Veto) in order to bring in again the banned Budget.

To-night LANS-DOWNE, in unaccustomed tones of passionate entreaty, pleaded for the restitution of the lost one. Faced by mischievously smiling countenances on Treasury Bench, conscious of ominous wrestling with his wig by LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, he cried aloud for

the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

their bodyguard ten strong, every one sworn sooner or later to have JOHN REDMOND's blood. Bodyguard a little hoarse this afternoon. Yesterday MAURICE HEALY, duly elected for North-East Cork, arrived, completing full muster of Eleven of All Ireland (with extra man as usual), captained by O'BRIEN. Arranged that as soon as he, escorted by chiefs, commenced triumphal march to Table the nine left seated should raise tremendous



"THE WICKED UNCLE (LANSDOWNE) FORESTALLS THE ROBINS."

cheer. Unfortunately in excitement of moment GILHOOLY started too soon. The rest hurried up, but never succeeded in achieving fulness of chorus. Seemed to be all shouting for different men. Effect rather comical than impressive. Nevertheless Redmondites knew what it portended, and trembled in their shoes.

To-day fresh panic seized them when, questions on paper disposed of, O'BRIEN interposed with one of which he said he had given PREMIER private notice. Hush of expectancy fell over House. What was to the fore now? About WILLIAM O'BRIEN's appearance, his voice and manner there is a touch of the tragic that invests even the commonplace with awe. Tradition records how Mrs. SIDDONS, having at a repast been served by mistake with unsolicited refreshment, turned upon the servant and remarked, "I said beer, boy." According to testimony of those present, effect of voice, of gesture and flash of eye, whilst flattening out the erring servant, created unforgettable impression upon the guests. O'BRIEN's ejaculation of the ordinary phrase, "Mr. SPEAKER," sends thrill through nerves of least sensitive.

"When I look at him and hear his voice," said SARK, "I recall leading character in the *Pirate of the Porous Deep*, a moving drama cherished in childhood. Only, somehow, whilst in appearance living up to suggestion of the character, O'BRIEN subtly manages to convey impression that he is a reformed Pirate. No more sanscullotheism for him. Fully garbed, gravely spectacled, grey-bearded, deep-voiced, he in these later days essays to personify the wrongs and woes of Ireland, chiefly contributed to by JOHN REDMOND. That hapless Irishman has concentrated upon

him all the suspicion and hatred that a quarter of a century ago simmered round the rugged figure of BUCKSHOT FORSTER."

Question this afternoon seemed at first sight unconnected with his countrymen on back bench. Ostensibly related to operation of Irish Land Act of last year. Came out all right in end. O'BRIEN with SPEAKER's tacit permission conducted somewhat prolonged debate with PREMIER on working of Act; ASQUITH remaining steadfast in refusal to give day for discussing it, the seething SHEEHAN flashed torchlight on real object of episode.

"Is this decision," he sternly asked, "the result of an interview with Mr. JOHN REDMOND?"

Ha! that was it. Whilst PREMIER sat with folded arms in guilty silence, the Eleven of All Ireland, temporarily overcoming hoarseness, stridently cheered.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Thursday.—Undeterred by threatening Resolutions, undismayed by prospect of enforced self-reform, House of Lords continues to assert its domination of the Commons. Has heard something of alleged disposition of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE to avoid appearance of condensation in remarks on current topics. On Monday GEORGE WINDHAM delicately alluded to the matter when he congratulated him on having occupied only two hours in exposition of Army Estimates.



A TIP FOR RUFUS ISAACS!

With a very little "make-up," and one or two readily obtainable accessories, the new Solicitor-General could make himself an almost exact replica of his distinguished predecessor, Sir Samuel Evans, and how could he possibly do better?



WASTED LAVA.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in full eruption, tearing passion to tatters with his accustomed transpontine vehemence, was blissfully unconscious of the effect of his oratory on Mr. Joseph King, of North Somerset.

Certainly N. BONAPARTE HALDANE in his public addresses is wont to exceed length of bulletins of his famed prototype. But that is no more an affair of the House of Lords than is the Budget. Yet by carefully planned, nicely timed manœuvre it managed to bring to untimely close brief speech just opening.

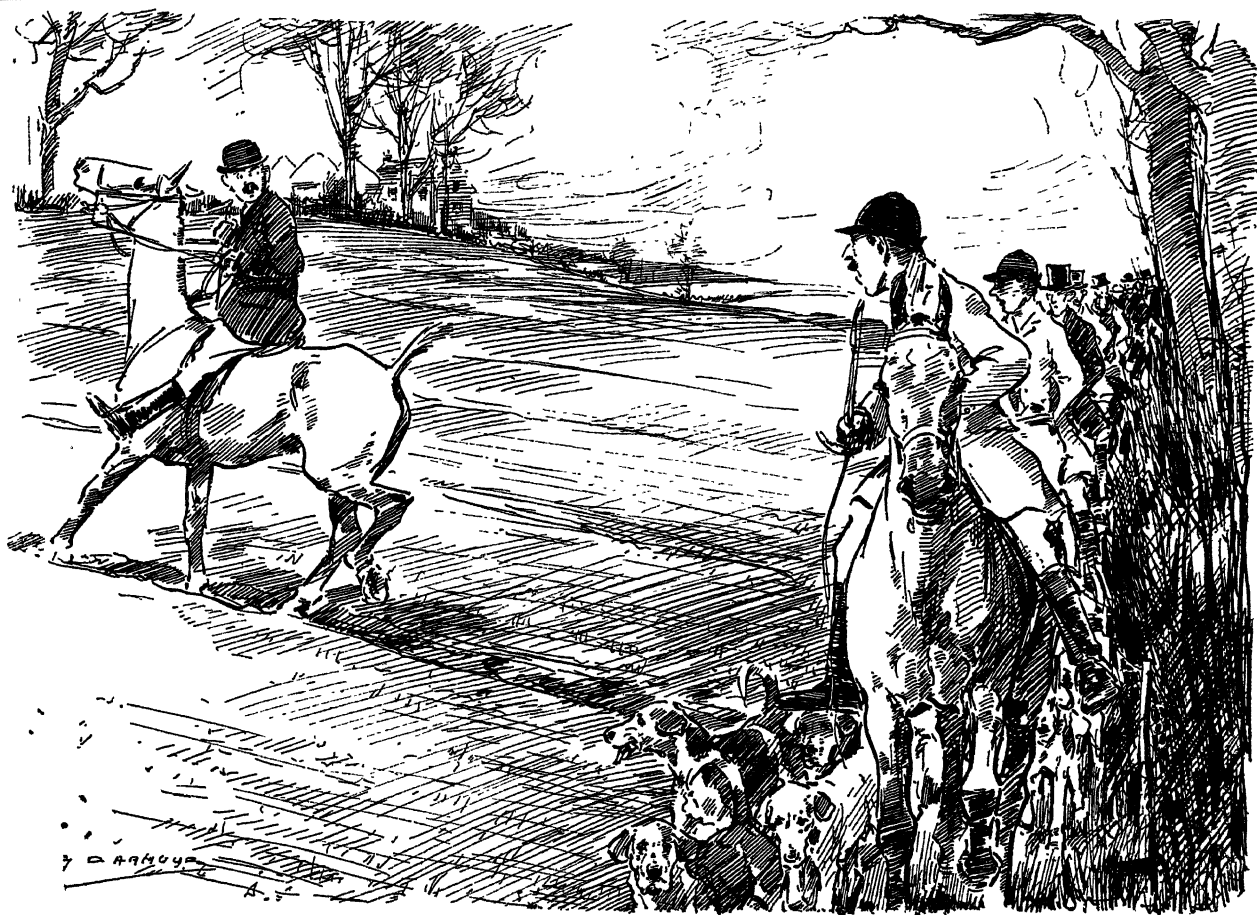
It was in reply to question about pension drawn by disabled gunner. Had just completed introductory sketch of progress of gunnery since the Siege of Sebastopol, was proceeding to enlarge on the status of the gunner then and now, when enter BLACK ROD with message from the Lords "desiring attendance of this hon. House" at the business of a Royal Commission. In the middle of a sentence, nay halfway through a syllable, N. B. H. stopped and sat back on Treasury Bench speechless, what time the SPEAKER, escorted by SERGEANT-AT-ARMS bearing Mace shoulder high, proceeded to obey the summons.

As far as immediate effect was concerned, it must be admitted the strategy was successful. But it is not the sort of thing to soothe growing feeling of irritation between the two Houses.

Business done.—Brisk breeze blows from Opposition benches on discovering that Government ask for Supply covering period of only six weeks. Denounced as shabby manœuvre deliberately designed to leave penniless possible successors to Ministerial office.

The Survival of the Fittest in South Africa.

"A very interesting hockey match was played off on the National Rink on Saturday evening, between the Spinsters and Flappers. . . . The younger girls maintained a marked superiority over their opponents, and won by some four girls to one."—*Times of Natal.*



M.F.H. "Hi! YOU SIR, 'WARE SEEDS! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT'S A SOWN FIELD?"
Sporting Tailor. "I'M ONLY RIDING UP THE SEAM."

THE FRUITS OF FRANKNESS.

[The sad result of attaching too much importance to the statement in a weekly paper that personal beauty is frequently the biggest fraud on earth.]

TIME was when, unoppressed by care,
I went my humble way
Unflinching debonair,
Incorrigibly gay.

The neighbours called me Sunny Jim
By way of playful pseudonym.

Mere beauty I accounted nil,
Or worse than nil, a sham.

'Tis gilt, I said, upon a pill,
A powder's veil of jam;
And ever I rejoiced to see
The plainness of Penelope.

Not hers the charm of vagrant curl,
Fair form and fairer face.
I never met another girl
So very commonplace.
'Twas this that won my love; but oh,
Why ever did I let her know?

Her coldness made me yearn to don
An overcoat of furs;
The ring I'd bought was left upon
My hands (instead of hers).
Now "Memory is the only thing. . ."
And mine's a perfect beast to sting.

L'Entente Cordiale.

"I hear from Paris that there is much excitement at the prospect of his Majesty's visit to 'Chantecler,' and the officials at the Opéra have been overwhelmed with demands for seats for that particular night."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo*.

Note the crowd at the Gaiety the next time M. FALLIÈRES goes to Covent Garden.

"The Cologne Gazette demanded the resignation of Lieutenant-General von Podbielski, on the ground of his flabbiness in the face of the rising prices of food."—*Ceylon Observer*.

You are implored not to stop at the word "face." That would give you quite a wrong impression of PODBIELSKI.

The Literary Touch.

"We should think that the players needed repose, that they blessed Mr. Arthur Jones when his double whistle pronounced 'adsum.'"—*The Observer*.

"'Ad enough,' is what the whistle says for most people.

Financial Notes.

(By our City Editor.)

"MADAME ALBANI the Peerless Queen of Song. To-night's programme . . . 'Ye Banks and Brass.'"—*Advt. in "Western Evening Herald."*

"Veto" Bill:—MR. WILLIAM REDMOND.

Irish Politics.

"Two candidates were proposed—Sir E. Fitzgerald and Councillor O'Flynn, and each received seven votes. Sir Edward Fitzgerald gave his casting vote in his own favour, and declared himself elected, while the Lord Mayor gave his casting vote for Councillor O'Flynn, and declared that gentleman elected. An attempt was then made to go on with the business of the Public Health Committee, but owing to the confusion and disorder which prevailed the proceedings came to an abrupt end."

It was up to Councillor O'FLYNN to straighten things out. He should have given his casting vote for Sir EDWARD, and declared the LORD MAYOR elected.

The best thing from the Bench this week:

"Mr. Justice Eve: 'It is the misfortune of being musical. You might go on playing the same tune over and over again to some people and they would not know the difference.'"

Of course there wouldn't be any difference; that's the joke.

"A six-weeks-old child found abandoned in Southwark has been named John Milton," says *The Evening Standard*. But "Paradise" would have been a better name, since it was first lost and then regained.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"WELL, are we going to do a charade?" said Gerald suddenly, in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Guess again," I suggested.

"Come on, it's great fun. You'll come, won't you, Miss Sanders? And you, Mary? Four—that will be enough; we can do anything with four."

"Yes, we *could* play Bridge," I said wistfully.

"Nonsense. Come on."

And so we found ourselves in the hall.

"I don't know if we play it the same way as everybody else," said Gerald. "You take any well-known person or place you like, say Nero—"

"But I don't like Nero—he was a bad man."

"And then you do each letter in turn. For N you act somebody beginning with N, like Nelson; for E, say Elizabeth; R, Raleigh, and so on. All in dumb show."

"I don't quite see how," said Miss Sanders, "but I shall soon."

"It's very easy," said Mary. "Now then, who'll think of a name?"

"Nebuchadnezzar," I suggested.

"That would take all night."

"And we can't spell it. We want a short, easy one."

"Jehu," I tried again.

"Why Jehu?"

"I don't know; it just came to me," I said modestly.

"All right—Jehu. Now then, what shall we do for J?"

"John," said Mary. "Signing Magna Charta. Or Joan of Arc. I'll be Joan."

"I'll be the Arc. I mean, what about Jason, and Gerald can be the Golden Fleece?"

"Jack and Jill," suggested Gerald.

"That's too easy," I said. "And too wet. No, I've got a brilliant idea—Jamshyd."

There was an anxious silence.

"Which of the many incidents in his crowded and notorious life shall we represent?" asked Mary at last.

"There is only one—"

"They say the lion and the lizard keep

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

I thought that if I were a lion perhaps Mary wouldn't mind being a lizard with me, and then Gerald could glory and drink deep for all he was worth. Miss Sanders would be the attendant who hands him the foaming bowl."

"That's splendid. How do you glory, by the way? I've almost forgotten. It's such a long time since I did it."

"Oh, you just—*glory*," explained Mary. "*Oo-oo-oo-oo!*—like that."

"We ought to do it in two scenes, really. You two go in and glory first, and then the curtain falls to denote the

passing of a few hundred years, during which the audience are requested to remain in their seats. Then Mary and I come in and keep the courts."

It was a great performance. I was the best lion outside Regent's Park, pretty well, but Mary was a little too much on one note as the lizard. Of course, if you knew she was being a lizard, then I can quite see that she was a good lizard, but anyone not in the secret might have admired her equally as a Channel swimmer. Of Gerald's glorying it is impossible to speak too highly.

"E," said Gerald, in the hall again, as he put down the loving-cup. "No, I've drunk it all, old friend. What shall we do for E?"

"There are all the Edwards. Let's do Edward VII."

"Isn't that contempt of court, or something?"

"Endymion," I said. "He was kissed by Selene. I thought we might do that scene. . . . Any competition for Selene? . . . No rush at all."

"Endymion," said Miss Sanders so freezingly that I felt quite cold, "was a very beautiful youth."

"Let's be Etukishook," I said, with a shiver, "or Little Eva, or—"

"Etukishook—good idea. I'll be Cook."

"Like Gerald to take the fat part," said Mary. "Will you be the last dog, or the North Pole?" she asked Miss Sanders.

Miss Sanders, who is rather tall, decided to be the North Pole. At the last moment I threw up the part of the faithful Etuk for that of the dying hound. They are much alike, but I act better on four legs.

"H," said Gerald, when we had discovered the Pole. "There's Hercules."

"And there's Hobbs," said Mary. "He's really been more in the public eye lately."

"Hamlet. 'Tis not alone me inky cerloak, good mawther.' I saw an inky cloak somewhere."

"Hero and Leander," said Miss Sanders.

"They'd think it was Holbein and the keeper of the Calais lighthouse," I objected. "Some people are so dull. What about Hengler? Then Mary and I could be animals again. We can keep on coming in as different ones."

Hengler was a great success. Gerald played the name part with a whip and an eyeglass—obviously Hengler to the life. I was in turn an elephant, a land crab, and a white ant. Mary was a lizard again (she fancies herself at this apparently), a humming bird, and Mrs. Hengler. Miss Sanders thought it was rather silly, but didn't mind being a flamingo. She was a perfect flamingo.

"Una," we all said, as soon as we were outside again. "That's the only one."

"Except Ulysses and Uncle Tom's Cabin," we added.

"We could do Ulysses all night," said Gerald. "He was simply made for this game. Let's do something harder. Una's the boy. I'll be St. George."

Well, there we were. Mary, of course, with her weakness for reptiles, was the Dragon, I was the Lion, and Miss Sanders was Una. It was a spirited scene, not at all marred by the fact that we were all rather vague as to the plot. The great point to bring out, it seemed to me, was the docility of the Lion. I was very docile.

"Now we'd better do Jehu himself," said Gerald, "or they'll never guess."

"They're bound to guess if we do," said Mary. "Can't we make it awfully difficult?"

"Jehu drove furiously," I said. "I'll be Jessop, Mary is Strudwick, Gerald is Lees, and Miss Sanders is in the deep. Then I'll drive like anything. That might give them a hint, which is all they want."

* * * * *

"Splendid," said Mrs. Gerald, when we had brushed our hair and come in again.

"Did you all guess?"

"Oh, rather. Kent, of course."

We looked at each other blankly.

"The first," went on Mrs. Gerald, innocently, "was Miss Kellerman, the swimmer."

"I told you so," I murmured to Mary.

"The next was Etukishook."

"I'm glad you guessed that," said Mary. "That was me."

"The third was Noah; and the fourth Thomas à Becket."

"How—how did you guess the fourth?" I asked.

"You, chiefly. The penitent king, after Becket had been murdered. You looked so penitent; it was a delightful bit of acting."

(Penitent, indeed! Can't they recognise docility when they see it?)

"And the last of all," said Mrs. Gerald, "was of course obvious. You were Hutchings."

Do you know, I think it was that that hurt me most. My numerous lions and Mary's lizards may be misunderstood; well, let them go. But that a grown-up person should be unable to distinguish between Jessop and Hutchings at the wicket—

"Yes," we all said sadly, "it was Kent."

A. A. M.

"Lady wishes to sell her daughter's clothing,"
The Lady.

But this is not the act of a real lady.



Little Girl. "MOTHER, THAT'S SUCH A NASTY LITTLE BOY; WHENEVER HE PASSES ME HE MAKES A FACE."
Mother. "VERY RUDE OF HIM. I HOPE YOU DON'T DO IT BACK."
Little Girl. "OH DEAR, NO! I SIMPLY TURN UP MY NOSE AND TREAT HIM WITH DESPISERY."

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

WHILE there's one on his feet with a tale to repeat, and
 another is sampling a drink,
 The eager First Flight have a girth to draw tight and a
 chain to let out by a link;
 While the boisterous laugh in that circle of chaff the opening
 music has drowned.
 You will hear the First Flight as they whisper, "That's
 right!" to the note of a favourite hound.
 When a holloa makes sure that his flight is secure and
 dispels every doubt of a run,
 When the crowd gallops straight to the obvious gate with
 the latch that is never undone,
 You will see the First Flight cram a topper on tight, catch a
 willing old nag by the head,
 And, clapping on sail at the blackthorn or rail, take the line
 of the robber in red.
 They thunder away over stubble and clay, over roots or the
 level o' lea,
 The gallant First Flight that are soon out of sight while the
 slow ones are sadly at sea.
 The crash of a rail in the deep of the vale is to them but a
 matter of mirth,
 And the avalanche fall of a hoof-rattled wall but the merriest
 music on earth.

There are gaps, there are gates, for the coward who waits;
 there are roads for the fellow who fears;
 Not to left nor to right go the gallant First Flight, save to
 veer with the chase as it veers.
 No field has a fence so dark-looming and dense, or a rail
 so unyielding and stout
 But if once the First Flight have got in it all right you may
 trust them to find a way out.

Now the men who ride first may be frequently cursed as
 they press on the faltering pack,
 But we're all of us loth to pull up for an oath when it comes
 from a field or two back,
 And the Master may blame and the jealous declaim, but the
 weakest must go to the wall,
 And it's plain the First Flight have the premier right if the
 hounds may be hustled at all!

Come, drink with me, then, to the big-hearted men who have
 pluck to sit down and go straight!
 Whether farmer or squire, may they keep out of wire and
 be spared a lift home on a gate!
 Fill your glasses to-night to the gallant First Flight! Let
 us wish them the luck of the line,
 And to-morrow's recall to the best game of all and the wind
 that is better than wine!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is a hard thing to lose one's cherished romances, but harder still to have one's favourite bugbears destroyed; and this latter blow I have very narrowly escaped in the case of WILLIAM OF ORANGE. I never liked the fellow, I don't know why, but four-fifths of MARJORIE BOWEN'S *I Will Maintain* (METHUEN) had made me a red-hot convert to the House of Nassau, and I was on the point of breaking my pen and handing it respectfully to JAMES THE SECOND when the terrible deaths of JOHN and CORNELIUS DE WITT (whom the Stadtholder could easily have saved) opportunely damped my enthusiasm. The authoress of *The Viper of Milan* has accomplished a great deal in this book, and possibly attempted a little too much. She has written, entirely without love interest, an historical romance that is absolutely thrilling (wait till you come to the part where they open the dykes), and the contrast of the splendid pride of the young prince with republican idealism on one side, and the swaggering insolence of the French and English Courts on the other, is very finely maintained (to use the hero's word); but to glorify both WILLIAM and the GRAND PENSIONARY (as she undoubtedly does), and to ask us to divide our sympathies equally between them, is to demand almost too much of the emotions. The canvas is very big (as large as one of DUMAS') and includes two battle-scenes, besides the figures of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, MONMOUTH, ARLINGTON and BUCKINGHAM; and if one or two infinitives got split during the raking broadsides of Solebay, and a rather unnecessary use was made of the present tense when the flooding of Holland was discovered, I was much too excited to care. But was that mutilation of the brothers *de Witt* at the end necessary to the scheme, I wonder? However, it saved me a broken pen, as I say, so perhaps I oughtn't to complain.

THAT might be raight, and all be vair
 In makin' love and wagin' war,
 Be trew enough, but have a care
 Unless it's grief you 'm huntin' vor;
 Leastways that's how it happened out
 Wi' Varmer Philip Ouldsbroom, one
 Whom EDEN PHILLIPOTS tells about
 In the last tale he've took and done.
 It's Dartmoor, be it understood,
 Zo there's no call for me to go
 And zay *The Thief of Virtue's* good,
 For all his Dartmoor tales be zo.

It's packed with gert good sense and wit,
 Like those he've written back along;
 JAN MURRAY be a-zellin' it,
 And I should zay it's goin' strong.

The loss of an election is always due to the bribery practised by the other side. Similarly, when our distinguished amateurs take to the stage, they fail only because of the jealousy of the Profession and the chicanery of agents. This I take to be the suggestion of HORACE W. C. NEWTE in *Calico Jack* (MILLS AND BOON). "*Calico Jack*," *Miss Cellini*, *Lilly* and others are mere "pros," panto and legitimate. Their merits are few and accidental, their faults overwhelming and innate. *Gisburne* and *Susie* are gentlefolk (the latter "surrounded by an intoxicating atmosphere of amorousness") driven on to the boards by force of circumstance. Their virtues are glaring, their only failing an excess of loyalty and unselfishness. Together these all experience

the vicissitudes of theatrical life and demonstrate to the reader in minutest detail how the artiste has his being, his board and his lodging. Indeed, the tale of *Gisburne's* engagement to *Lilly* and marriage to *Susie* (had the law been more accommodating he would clearly have preferred to marry them both) is only an excuse for the publication of the author's studies in Bohemian circles. I only wish that they could have been expressed in a style less disconnected and made in a spirit more sympathetic. I confess to a sneaking affection for real actors, good fellows on the whole, who

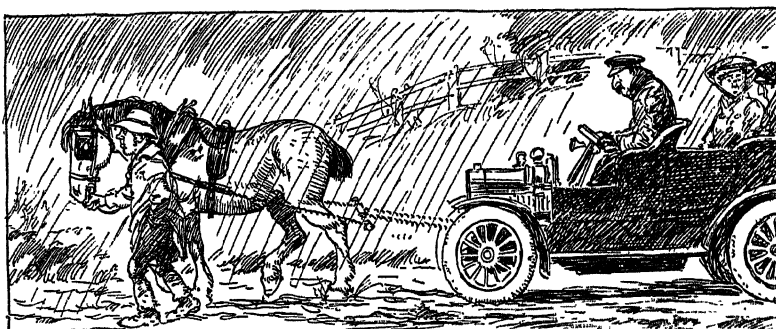
take the rough with the smooth and do much to add to the cheeriness of things: I own to an intense dislike for the gifted amateur, usually a tiresome creature who has all the fun and none of the hardship and does everything to exhaust the pocket and patience of the all-important play-goer. Mr. NEWTE, however, thinks differently.

"As we expected, the release of the deportees is considered to be a 'sop in the pan' by a certain section of opinion in Bengal."—*Indian Daily Telegraph*.

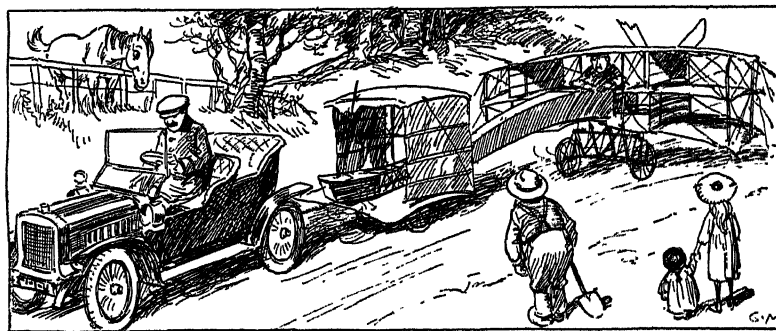
It should never be forgotten that a sop in the pan is worth two in the bush, besides being a mere fleabite in the ocean.

"Oh! how vividly I remembered my conversation with the bridegroom who was a mere lad of five years. I queried him 'My dear, why do you marry so soon?' At this he looked piquet at me, and retorted in a shrill tone, 'Why what the devil do you mean by such a nonsensical query? I must marry? I must have a wife.'"—*Lahore Tribune*.

It was rather soon, but we don't wonder he looked piquet, rather than let the lady look old maid.



1900



1910

NATURE FOR NATURE'S SAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am aware that you have kept pace with your contemporaries in giving to the world an occasional column of "Nature Notes," but are you sure that they have been written in the right spirit? Do you look upon the subject from the correct point of view? Are you *really* kind to dumb creatures, or have you not rather, on the contrary, still some pitiful, sneaking regard for human convenience in this connection?

In the event of your conscience smiting you at all in the matter, Perilla and I would be glad to offer ourselves as the humble instruments by whose means a nobler gospel could be promulgated from time to time in your pages. I am a nature lover, Perilla is a nature maniac, and our friends consider us both in this respect perfect naturals. We start, therefore, mentally well equipped for the crusade, and my immediate object in writing this letter is to satisfy you that we have also the necessary experience.

I may say, then, that I have always been devoted to animals. So has Perilla. Perhaps I like them best in the right place, and Perilla in the wrong, but the distinction is trifling, and, at any rate, the result is animals everywhere—which is just what the curate said when he fell over the mastiff on to the hedgehog merely because the porcupine brushed against his leg in the garden. Our garden is not large, and Perilla always fretted lest we were keeping the young emu short of exercise; but to me it seemed to sprint over the flowerbeds with frequency and zest, whilst the way in which it habitually ran at and chased the small boy who brought the gardener's dinner was enough in itself to acquit us of any such charge of inconsiderateness.

And talking of emus reminds me of Reckitts, our blue-tit, who is so tame he will bathe in the slop-basin at breakfast and shake himself over the omelette afterwards; but Perilla did not of course succeed in training him to this all at once. "If you only keep quite still for long enough," she had said on the first morning she opened his cage, "you can get any wild thing to come to you." Presumably a short December day did not afford the requisite scope, for I remember it was not Perilla's immobility, marked though that was, but a butterfly net and an acrobatic feat of my own which ultimately retrieved

him from the cernice before we went to bed.

Retrieving is one of the keenest of the pleasures one derives from animals. If Perilla yearns in summer to show the tortoise to a friend, the five minutes which I get in the nasturtium tangle under the monkey-puzzle makes spillikins seem comparatively tame; whilst, in the event of disappointment there, the corner where you squeeze between the laurels in your clean flannels is certain to produce a result of some kind. I never grudge the time spent in this pursuit, for, as Perilla says, the only real thrill you get from a tortoise is in finding him, and, as she has invariably gone back into the house before this happens, I get the thrill all to myself, and can furthermore take the first

command and blind to the proximity of fragile articles—she can still enjoy her nights in the servants' bedroom, to which her raucous snuffle and stertorous sleep have necessitated her relegation.

In insects I must admit one failure. We secured a number of cockroaches with our lease, but they did not answer: they never learnt to come to me, and Perilla never learnt to go to them. They are almost the only animals we have ever had which did not worship the ground Perilla trod upon, but this may have been partly because she never trod on the ground at all if she thought there was one within sight.

I hope I have said enough to convince you of our fitness to expound the humane in terms of the relative unim-

portance of the merely human: and I subscribe myself,

Yours to command,

LUCAN LOVEITT.

THE BEAR-GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

THE house is full of Teddy bears;

They creep upon me unawares;
They catch my feet upon the mat

And make me think I've squashed the cat;
I sit upon them during meals
And shiver at their long-drawn squeals;

I find them in my bed at night,
But luckily they never bite.

The house is full of woolly rabbits;

One never masters *all* their habits;

They seem to have their little holes
In sofa-backs and china bowls;
I find them in the queerest places
With woolly smiles upon their faces,
But they are quiet as a mouse
And gentle-mannered in the house.

The house is full of golliwogs
In rather loud and baggy togs.
They follow me with button eyes
Unbuttoned in a mild surprise.
Their hair is black and very sleek;
They always seem about to speak,
But change their minds when I come by
And fix me with that button eye.

The house is full of funny things,
And every week some new one brings;
I'm never certain in the least
When I may meet some savage beast.
But though I growl a lot about them,
I couldn't bear to do without them;
For all these bits of rag and fur
Are tried and trusted friends to Her.



"IT SAYS 'ERE THAT THERE'LL BE ANOTHER GENERAL ELECTION AFORE THREE MONTHS IS OUT."

"WOT! DON'T YOUNG LORD 'ENRY GIVE SATISFACTION THEN?"

step to another by losing him again at once.

We have several dogs, but none, I can assert, whose dispositions have been spoiled by repression. Even the mastiff, under a promise which I made to Perilla when she first purchased him at the Dogs' Home because he was suffering from rickets, is never confined to the yard, but has the run of the drive—or at least, if he is in high spirits, he and the more timorous of our visitors have the run of it between them. Our terriers impress everybody with their implicit trust in mankind, and the manner in which they will fearlessly leap into the laps of afternoon callers who are balancing their tea and cake, is a standing testimonial to the humanity of our methods. Perilla never spares trouble with her pets, and by unremitting care we have kept our dachshund to a phenomenal old age, in which—though in the daytime she is deaf to

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. III.—THE BLUE-PETER PAN-BIRD.

[We understand that this play was written by the well-known Scotch-Belgian dramatist, J. Maurice B. Brislink.]

Characters.

PANTYL, a Boy.
MYLPET, a Girl.
GRANDPAPA.
GRANDMAMMA.
TYLNA, an Aberdeen Terrier.
NANO, an Ostend Bull-dog.

SCENE—The chief room in a cottage in the Belgian Lowlands. Grandpapa and Grandmamma are seated in easy-chairs, with plaids of the best Brussels tartan over their knees. Grandpapa has just finished a solo on his Antwerp bagpipes. As the curtain rises Grandmamma is discovered weeping.

Grandpapa. That was good, wasn't it?

Grandmamma. Ay, that it was. I always said you were the best p'ayer on the pipes in all the country round.

Grandpapa. But if you thought it so good it is surely strange that you should weep.

Grandmamma. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Grandpapa. How wonderful that you should say that! For it seems to me that I have heard the words before.

Grandmamma. In a dream it may be you heard them, but as for me I have not used them before.

Grandpapa. Perhaps in a dream I heard them; but our life, is it not a dream?

Grandmamma. Our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Grandpapa. That, too, I have somewhere heard before.

Grandmamma (to herself). The auld yin's bletherin' the day. (Aloud) It is time our life were ended.

Grandpapa. I am not sure; I dinna ken. There may be happy days left for us. Wha can tell?

[The door opens, admitting Pantyl and Mylpet. They kiss Grandpapa and Grandmamma.

Pantyl } (together). Good morning, Grandpapa; good morning, Grandmamma.

Grandpapa } (together). Good morning, dears.

Grandmamma } (together). Grandparents, we have made up our minds.

Grandpapa } (together). The children have made up their minds.

Mylpet. We have decided to travel.

Grandpapa } (together). They have decided to travel.

Grandmamma } (together). Pantyl. We shall visit the Hall of Dreams in the Good City.

Grandpapa. That is the place from which Grandmamma obtains her beautiful sayings.

Mylpet. Yes, indeed, we shall find them all there.

Grandmamma. And will you not take with you Grandpapa's bagpipes to cheer you on the way?

Pantyl. No; for what will Grandpapa do when he has an attack of rheumatism? But we will take the dogs to guard us.

[He whistles. The two dogs enter fighting.

Grandpapa. They must not bite my legs.

Grandmamma. Nor must they bite mine.

[The dogs stop fighting and assume an attitude of attentive guardianship.

Grandpapa. They are faithful creatures. And now, children, good-bye.

The Children. Good-bye, grandparents; we shall not be long.

[They kiss their grandparents and exeunt with the dogs.

The Grandparents. And now we shall have some peace.
Curtain. [They go to sleep.]

ACT II.

SCENE—The Hall of Dreams in the Good City. A sense of vastness is imparted by rows of pink colonnades extending far into the distance. Dim shapes flit from pillar to pillar. The two children enter apprehensively, followed by the two dogs.

A Voice. Dogs and smoking are not permitted here.

Pantyl. But we are not smoking.

A Voice. But you have dogs.

Mylpet. They have come with us to look for their dreams.

[At this point Tylna finds a rabbit and Nano a large mutton-bone. Each retires to a corner and grouls over his treasure.

Pantyl. There, you see they are quite good.

A Voice. Well, let them remain. But what has brought you here?

Mylpet. Grandpapa has rheumatism.

Pantyl. Yes, Grandpapa has rheumatism.

A Voice. There is no rheumatism.

Another Voice. No, there is no rheumatism.

More Voices. No, there is no rheumatism.

Pantyl. Can we tell Grandpapa that?

A Voice. Yes, you can tell Grandpapa that.

Mylpet. Oh, Grandpapa will be so glad.

Pantyl. And he will never have to play the pipes again.

Mylpet. And that will make Grandmamma glad, too. We will go home now.

A Voice. Yes, you can go home now.

Curtain.

[They go.]

The remaining Acts develop the story to the point where Grandpapa and Grandmamma begin to live happily ever afterwards on being informed that there is no rheumatism.

PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

CIMIEZ, thou charming foster-child of Nice
(Taller than mother but without her bulk)—
Where luckless gamblers can repose in peace
And sulk;

Where they may bask beneath a peach-hung wall
(Provided by the latest thing in "Palaces"),
Lamenting that the subtlest "systems" all
Have fallacies,

Striving in orange-gardens to forget
The croupier's rasping accents (so metallic,
So droningly monotonous, and yet
So Gallic),

The Trente-et-Quarante and its fearful cost,
The "Little Horses" and the wobbly ball,
And how one staked a thousand francs and lost
Them all;

Thine, caseful Cimiez, is the grandest coup:
To soothe the fevered gamester, when he sickens,
And stop him hurling all his louis to
The dickens!

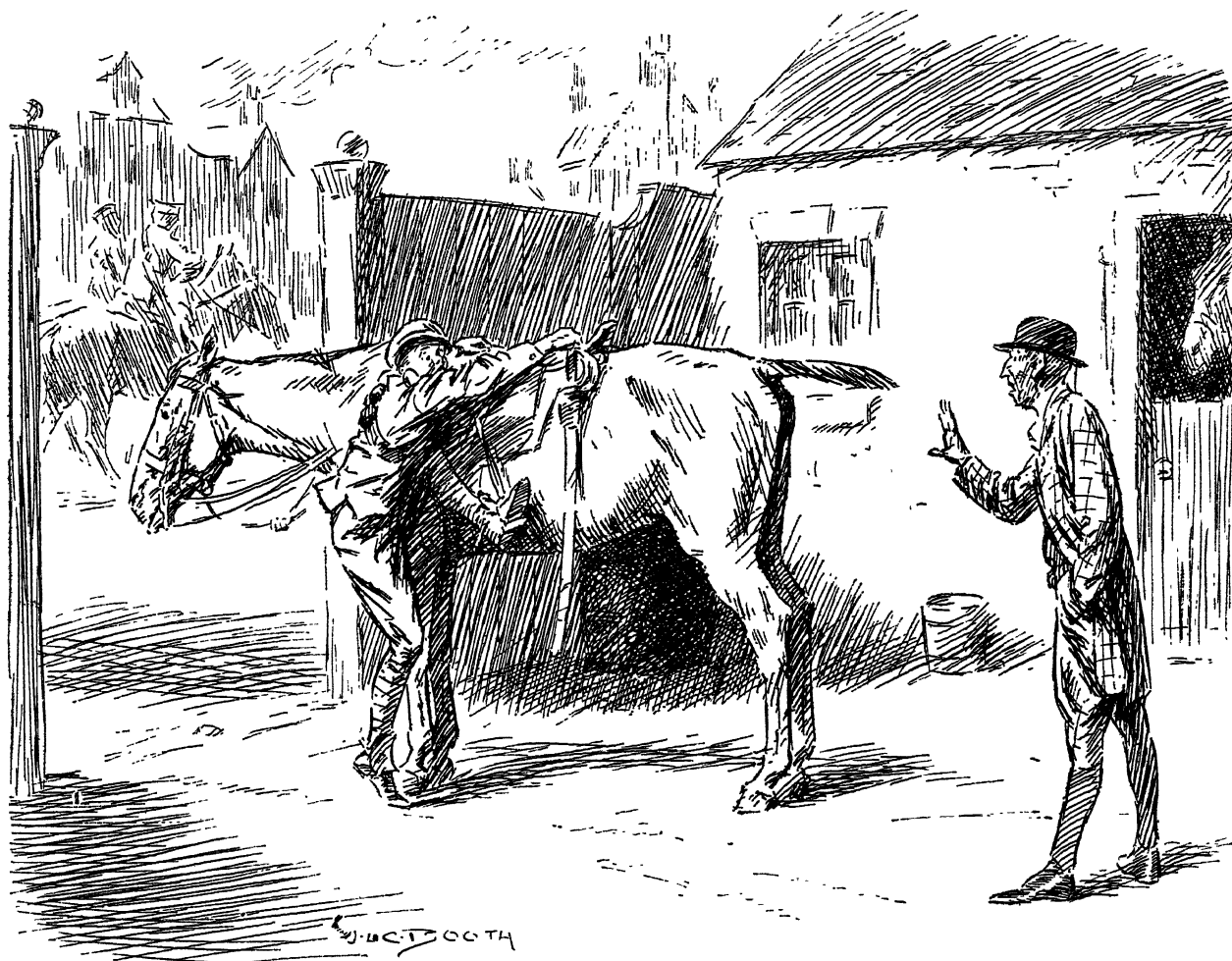
"The canon, who had served under six archbishops, expressed the opinion that one of the recipes for old age was to avoid alcohol. 'Nothing,' he added, 'is more calculated to shorten life than intoxicating drink.'"

Six archbishops! Dear, dear! And the canon, by avoiding their evil habit, has outlived them all!



A SITTER; OR, BIG GAME TO THE LAST.

MR. ROOSEVELT. "STEADY, KERMIT! WE MUST HAVE ONE OF THESE."



OUR THRICE-PRECIOUS STEEDS.

Livery-Stable Keeper (to Yeoman). "NOW, DO BE CAREFUL OF THAT YOUNG 'ORSE, AN' DON'T OVER-RIDE HIM, 'COS 'E'S WANTED FOR THE FIELD GUNS THIS AFTERNOON, AND THE HAMBILANCE WAGGONS TONIGHT."

HINTS TO HOUSE-HUNTERS.

By an obvious Amateur.

At this season of the year many people are looking out for new homes to move into at the approaching quarter-day. It is hoped that to those who are unable to afford the advice of a qualified surveyor the following hints may be of some use:—

1. Avoid a house which advertises "Ancient Lights." They may be picturesque, but they are sure to lead to litigation in the long run.
2. Never think of taking a house with "Dilapidations." Tell the landlord that you propose to bring your own and ask him to remove his.
3. Make a careful note of the thickness of the walls, more especially if the house is one of a row. Where your prospective neighbours are in the habit of giving parties, an extra thick, or "Party Wall," as it is called, is essential.
4. Beware of "Picturesque Rough-cast Villas." Remember what SHAK-

SPEARE says about jerry-built villas, "rough-cast them how we may."

5. If you are a lover of dogs and purpose taking your pets with you to your new home, make a point of ascertaining whether the walls have ever had "distemper."

6. Never take a "beautiful Elizabethan half-timbered house" without first ascertaining what the other half is.

7. Do not be allured by the house which is advertised to be "within a stone's-throw of the station." Most railway companies have now a by-law against this pastime, and charge 40s. per shot.

Tragedy in the Fish World.

From a catalogue:

"Old Line Engraving, 'The Rape of the Sardines.'"

"Moscow.—HOTEL BERLIN.—English home up-to-date. Swiss proprietor."

Advt. in "Evening Standard."

Just the place in which to practise Esperanto.

Chastened Youth.

The Globe is responsible for the following statement:—"It is further proposed, in conjunction with the Board of Agriculture, to encourage the breeding of horses suitable for Army purposes, and to buy the foals at three years old instead of four. These are steps in the right direction, and are to be commended." We understand that the War Office has decided also not to purchase calves for the food supply of the Army at a younger age than four years, nor lambs younger than three years. It is also in contemplation that no boys shall be taken into the Government Service at a lower age than thirty-five.

"Any Member may at any time determine his Membership by notice in writing to that effect, sent to the Secretary not later than the thirty-first day of December in any year."

This is "By-Law 14" of the Society of Chemical Industry. By-Law 15 certainly ought to announce the granting of a day's grace in leap years.

THE DAILY ROUND.

Being extracts from *Mr. Punch's* new daily edition, published simultaneously in London, Manchester, Peebles, Windermere, and Ealing; price one halfpenny; date as postmark.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

(By our Special Correspondent underneath the Mace.)

THE political situation is increasing every day. Although it is now certain that the Budget, as such, is dead, it is possible that the Veto, as which, may survive. If this is so we shall see some very interesting developments shortly. The crucial date will be May 13, when Supply gives out. Thereafter the programme is expected to be as follows:—

May 14. No money for the Civil Service. Indignation meeting at Post Office. Rising of the Parcel Bangers. Massing of the Postcard Readers.

May 16. Somerset House in arms. The Inland Revenue Irregulars mobilise. Forced march to Gaiety Restaurant.

May 17. Mr. ASQUITH refused safeguards, guarantees, injunctions, rules nisi, and *statu quo's*. Resignation of the Government. Mr. BALFOUR sent for.

May 18. Mr. BALFOUR refuses to take office; Mr. REDMOND sent for. Mr. REDMOND refuses to take office. Mr. HAROLD Cox sent for. Mr. GARVIN sent for. Lord NORTHCLEFFE sent for. Mr. C. A. PEARSON sent for. Mr. L. J. MAXSE sent for. Mr. MAXSE refuses to take office.

May 19. Deadlocks.

May 20. The Grand Army of Civil Servants muster in Trafalgar Square. After interval for usual siesta they march upon Downing Street. Mr. HALDANE captured by a detachment of Telegraph Boy Scouts and held for ransom.

May 21. Mr. ASQUITH receives parcel containing Mr. HALDANE's ear. Unfortunately there is twopence to pay upon it. Mr. ASQUITH is greatly shocked and consents to assume office again.

May 23. Dissolution of Parliament.

Should events shape themselves after this fashion our readers will know what to expect. As far as can be seen there are only two ways out of the threatened deadlock. One is that the House of Lords should hastily pass a Home Rule Bill, and the other is that the Government should introduce a large and comprehensive scheme of Tariff Reform.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Such a variety of places immediately suggest themselves to the eager tourist in need of rest that it may safely be said that the choice becomes harder every year. Owing to the enterprise of our great railway companies many places formerly out of reach of the week-end are now within easy distance. Penzance on the Cornish Riviera, Weymouth or (as it is generally called) the English

Naples, the Northern Nice (Blackpool), the British Vienna (Sheffield), and the Palestine of the West (Maida Vale) may all be reached by the holiday-maker in a minimum of time.

A glance at our advertisement columns will reveal to the reader the opportunities for a pleasant stay at these and other delightful spots which are now placed at his disposal. We might, for instance, call attention to the promise of comfort contained in this:

"SOUTHEAST.—Board res. lib. tab. bth. pmo. enry. sth. asp. inc. tms. Th. to Tu. crt. extr. mgufe. vws.—Mrs. Hggus. Wvart."

Without wishing to influence our readers' minds unfairly, we feel it our duty nevertheless to point out that, should a holiday at the delightful resort of Southeast be meditated, Mrs. Higgins (or Huggins) of Wavecrest appears to offer a boundless hospitality. Take this again:

"HERNE BAY.—Hme. frm. hme. suprf. ckz. no frgrs. kp. t. th. rght. mnd. th. stp. afr. y. wth. th. meatsaw hs. anbdy. hr. sn. Kly."

How delightful to be made so welcome, even after the comparatively short journey in the luxurious carriages of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway! (see p. 7).

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

To-day for the 395th time representative crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will meet in friendly rivalry on the historic course from Putney to Mortlake. The race has not always been rowed upon this course—indeed upon one occasion it was from Mortlake to Putney, but the spirit of good sportsmanship has always been the same. Our "special correspondent under the thwart" sums up the chances of the respective crews in another column (another nine columns, to be exact), and all we need say here upon that point is that two more evenly-matched eights have not been seen upon the Thames since the last occasion. We append statistics of the race for the last few years, together with some interesting facts about some of the crews.

Previous Results.

Year.	Course.	Result.
* 1909	P. to M.	Oxford won.
† 1908	P.M.	Cambridge won.
‡ 1907	M.P.	Cambridge won.
§ 1906	L.C.C.	Cambridge won.
** 1905	R.S.V.P.	Oxford won.
†† 1904	P.T.O.	Cambridge won, I think.
— 1903	P.P.C.	I've forgotten.

* Rowed in a typhoon.

† Rowed in a simoon.

‡ Bow lost his oar.

§ Bow lost his head.

** Stroke wanted his hair cut.

†† Last race on the old P.T.O. course.

— Both boats sank.

Some Interesting Facts.

One of the most notable Oxford crews was that of 1732, all the members of which ultimately sat on the Bench; with the exception of the cox, who fell overboard during the race, never recovered the entire use of his faculties, and eventually became a Bishop.

A curious coincidence occurred in the historic race of 1806. "Seven" in the Oxford boat was twenty-one years old (3 × 7), had seven letters in his Christian name (Herbert), and eventually married a Miss Isabel Wordsworth, said to have been a relation of the WORDSWORTH who wrote that famous poem, "We are Seven." What makes it more remarkable is that this athlete only obtained his seat in the boat at the very last moment.

LATEST FROM THE LOBBY.

THERE are rumours of a new "Fourth Party" in the House of Commons, consisting of Messrs. ASQUITH, A. J. BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, W. O'BRIEN, BELLOC, BYLES, and Lord HUGH CECIL. The officers have been chosen as follows:—

Chairman and Hon. Col. of the Safeguards—Mr. ASQUITH.

First Whip—Mr. REDMOND.

Master of the Trufflehounds (without portfolio)—Lord HUGH CECIL.

Groom to the Camel Corps.—Mr. BYLES.

Deputy Inspector of the Ice Tank—Mr. O'BRIEN.

Pergola Surveyor and Warden of the Sponge—Mr. BELLOC.

Keeper of the Outlets—Mr. BARNES.

Cover Point—Mr. BALFOUR.

Though they do not propose to take any action at present which may embarrass their leaders, they will at the same time keep a sharp eye upon the situation.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for to-day.

1. England, N.—Same as 3.
2. England, E.—Same as 4.
3. England, W.—Same as 2.
4. England, S. (including Hampstead).—Hot to cold. Some rain, some snow, some sleet, some fine. Wind, calm, sun, fog—à la carte or table d'hôte.

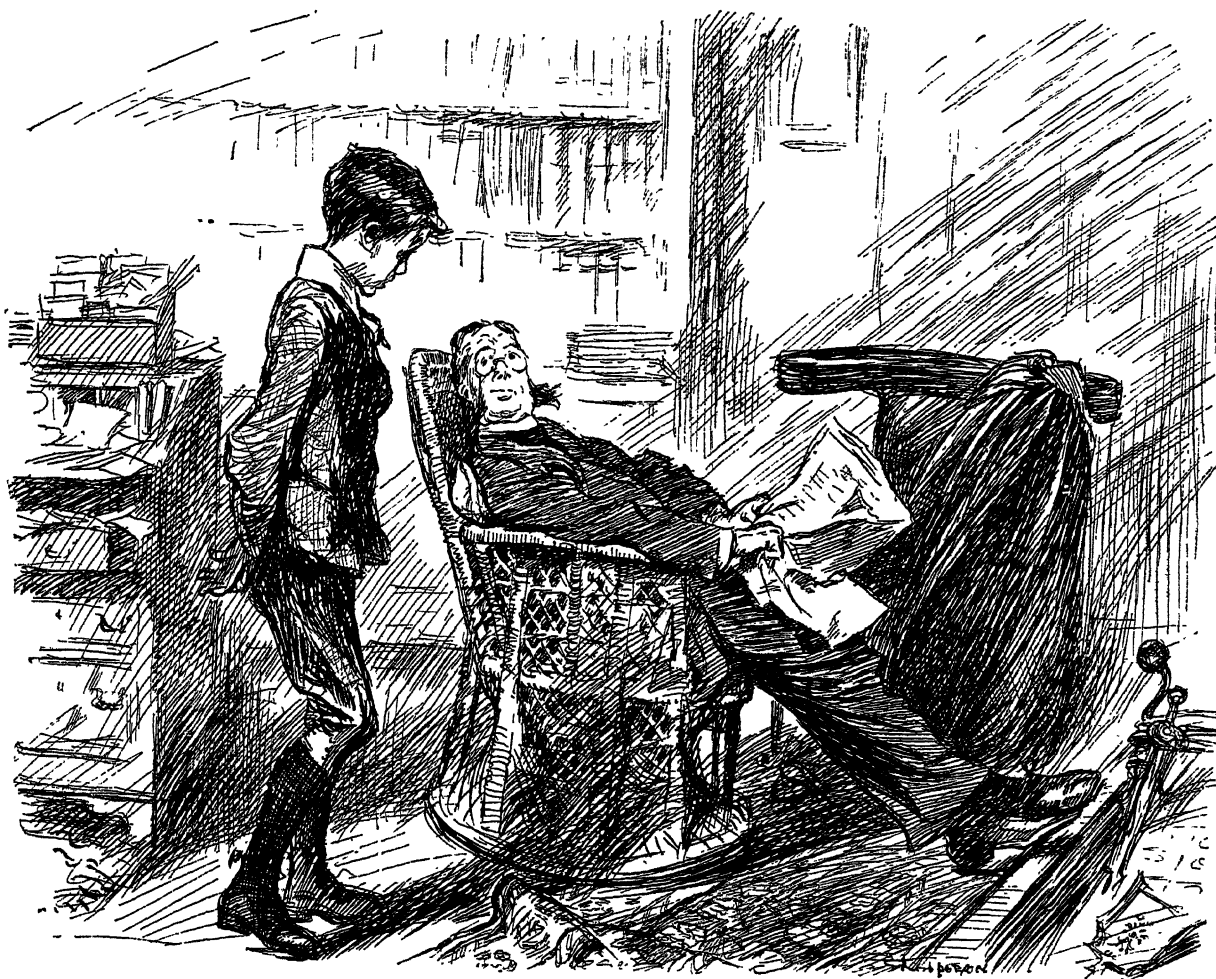
Barometer.—Lowest on grass, 27.

Highest on roof, 87.

Our special correspondent at Brighton telegraphs at enormous expense, "Weather lovely." Other reports from the chief seaside places are, "Lovely," "Lovely," "Beautiful," "Lovely," "Grand," "Lovely," and "Beautiful."

We are unfortunately compelled to hold over our usual map of Europe, owing to a shortage of arrows with which to indicate the track of the customary depression.

A. A. M.



SCENE—Schoolmaster's Study.

Master. "WHY WERE YOU LATE FOR EARLY SCHOOL, WRIGHT?"

Wright. "PLEASE, SIR, I MUST HAVE OVERWASHED MYSELF!"

THE MODERATION OF MANCHESTER.

[Mr. J. H. PATTEN, the Chicago wheat-king, who is suspected of designs on cotton, has just been mobbed on the Exchange at Manchester. The same city recently prohibited the performance of Miss MAUD ALLAN within its boundaries, and is held up to ridicule on posters as having tabooed LA MILO.]

Tows of the mules that work by steam,
To which our ways are so abhorrent,
Tell me the blushing thoughts you dream
There by the Irwell's silvery torrent:
Why do you flout the pagan fair
Whereon our halls of music batten,
Why did you spurn the millionaire
And place your feet upon a PATTEN?

Is it perchance (as I divine)
That filled with equal rage you view it,
When mortals overstep the line,
And when they merely underdo it?
Is it your aim to steer between
The twofold vice, and practise what'll
Exactly fit the golden mean
So much admired by ARISTOTLE?

Thus when the living statue stooped
(Compare the ads.) to aid our culture,

You not unnaturally swooped
Down on the notion like a vulture:
Art you adored in any guise;
With none at all it seemed improper,
And so you veiled averted eyes
From marble hoax and classic hopper.

Not otherwise you deem the man
Who, fearless of the frown of Nemesis,
Collars and pinches all he can,
Meet to be hooted off the premises:
You mobbed the Transatlantic bull
Who hoped, maybe, to corner cotton,
Showing your intellectual pull
O'er Liverpool (where life is rotten)!

This is the purely moral side:
But all things have commercial issues,
The best of creeds may be applied
To raw materials and tissues:
And types that make the market mad
No doubt inspire the selfsame loathing
In spots that spin, as those whose fad
Is chucking up all kinds of clothing.

EVOE.

Little Girl (to Father, who has done his one performance, that of saying the alphabet backwards). "Now say it sideways."

Cause and Effect.

"All this needs hourly care, for neglect may cause the infant, not only an illness, but its life."—*Mother and Home.*

Yet even to be kept alive by neglect is preferable to being killed by kindness.

From *The Mystery of the Green Heart*:

"Now appeared upon the scene . . . that courtly old gentleman, Dr. Philippe Morenceau, of the University of Paris.

"You are Dr. Philippe Morenceau, of the University of Paris . . . ?"
"The doctor bowed gravely—his English was almost without accent."

Later on he shook his head in French and gave the whole thing away.

Describing paper mills in Newfoundland, the prospectus of a new company states:

"The mills are claimed to be the newest, largest and most scientifically equipped in Europe or the Continent of America."

Newfoundland appears to be fond of travel.

AS IN THE BEGINNING.

In the very far beginning, when our fathers lived in caves,
 And the glacier rolled and shuddered where to-day you
 roll the lawn,
 Then the forests and the rivers, and the mountains and the
 waves
 Were the haunts of troll and kelpie, gnome, pishogue and
 leprechaun;
 Long ago—oh, long ago,
 Little feet went to and fro
 In the hushed and solemn moonrise, or the silence of the
 dawn,
 Weren't they just the prowling otter or the fox-cub or
 the fawn?
 If the panting hunters plodded on the hairy mammoth's
 trail,
 Till the flint-tipped lances laid him in the twilight stiff and
 stark,
 If the yelling tribesmen lingered at the stranding of the
 whale
 Till the sledges were benighted in the demon-haunted
 dark,
 Each untutored scalp would rise
 At mysterious woodland cries,
 And they'd glance across their shoulders, with a shudder
 and a "Hark!"
 Though 'twas probably the screech-owl or some startled
 roebuck's bark!
 If the neolithic lover in a neolithic June
 Met at nightfall, 'neath the hawthorn bough, a neolithic
 maid,
 Then, despite the ministrations of a full and friendly moon,
 As it caught the clumps of blossom in a net of light and
 shade,
 They would hear with knocking knees,
 Come a kind of grunting wheeze,
 For they'd think some spook had spied them, and their
 cheeks would match their jade,
 But they never saw the badger rooting truffles in the glade!
 Go you out along the chalk downs, and you'll see our fathers
 yet
 (Cairn upon the thymy hill-top, tumulus of tribal kings!)
 Yes, and in the sun-warmed quarry find perhaps an amulet,
 Such as kept them from the kobold, or the beat of goblin
 wings;
 Then your sympathy shall stray
 To our sires of feeble clay,
 With their little local godlings and their foolish fairy rings,
 Though you know—for science says so—that there never
 were such things!
 For yourself—you've sometimes hurried when the mayfly
 cease to rise,
 With your rod inside its cover and your cast around your
 hat,
 When the beetles boom like bullets, and the bats are hawking
 flies,
 And the night is in the meadows, and the mists are on the
 flat,
 Past some darkling belt of pine,
 While you've felt all up your spine
 Run a sort of icy shiver, and your heart's gone pit-a-pat—
 Yet 'twas only just the night-jar, just the plopping water-rat!

Our Fashionable Artists.

"PAINTER and Paperhanger (Good) wanted; must be society man;
 wages 9d. per hour."—*Daily Chronicle*.

CONTEMPT.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Forgive me making a guess at it, but, during the fifty-seven seconds over which our acquaintance, I might almost say our intimacy, extended, I had not the opportunity of enquiring what actual name your god-parents had originally deemed most suited to your peculiar merits. If I have made a bad shot and you do not like the "James," I feel that you cannot but be flattered by the "Sir."

It was, you will remember, at the Booking Office of the Charing Cross Underground Station at about 7.15 P.M. on March 18 that we ran or rather walked up against each other. Over that booking office there are the words "IN" and "OUT," and I confess freely that I, with some six other intending passengers had entered by the "OUT" side and showed every sign of going out by the "IN" side. You alone were entering by the "IN" side and passing out by the "OUT" side. You alone were gloriously and monumentally right.

You were, I think, putting yourself to unnecessary exertion in trying to compel me to pass out by what was at any rate the unfashionable, though technically correct, way. Confess, in your cooler and less florid moments, that, whether the credit be due to the elasticity of the barrier or to the adaptability of my—shall I say diaphragm?—I performed a notable feat in forcing my mere 10 st. 5 lbs. past your 13 stone odd.

Now let me explain my motives. Firstly, on general grounds, I am a member of a large but not incorporated society pledged to resent actively all deeds of public interference committed by fussy middle-aged gentlemen who, we feel sure, have no other qualification for managing other people's business save that they have grossly mismanaged their own. Secondly, I am by profession a barrister, and have been informed and verily believe that I must get into the habit of not being bounced by anybody, whether I am in the right or in the wrong. Thirdly, lastly and most importantly, I believe and hope that you were a judge.

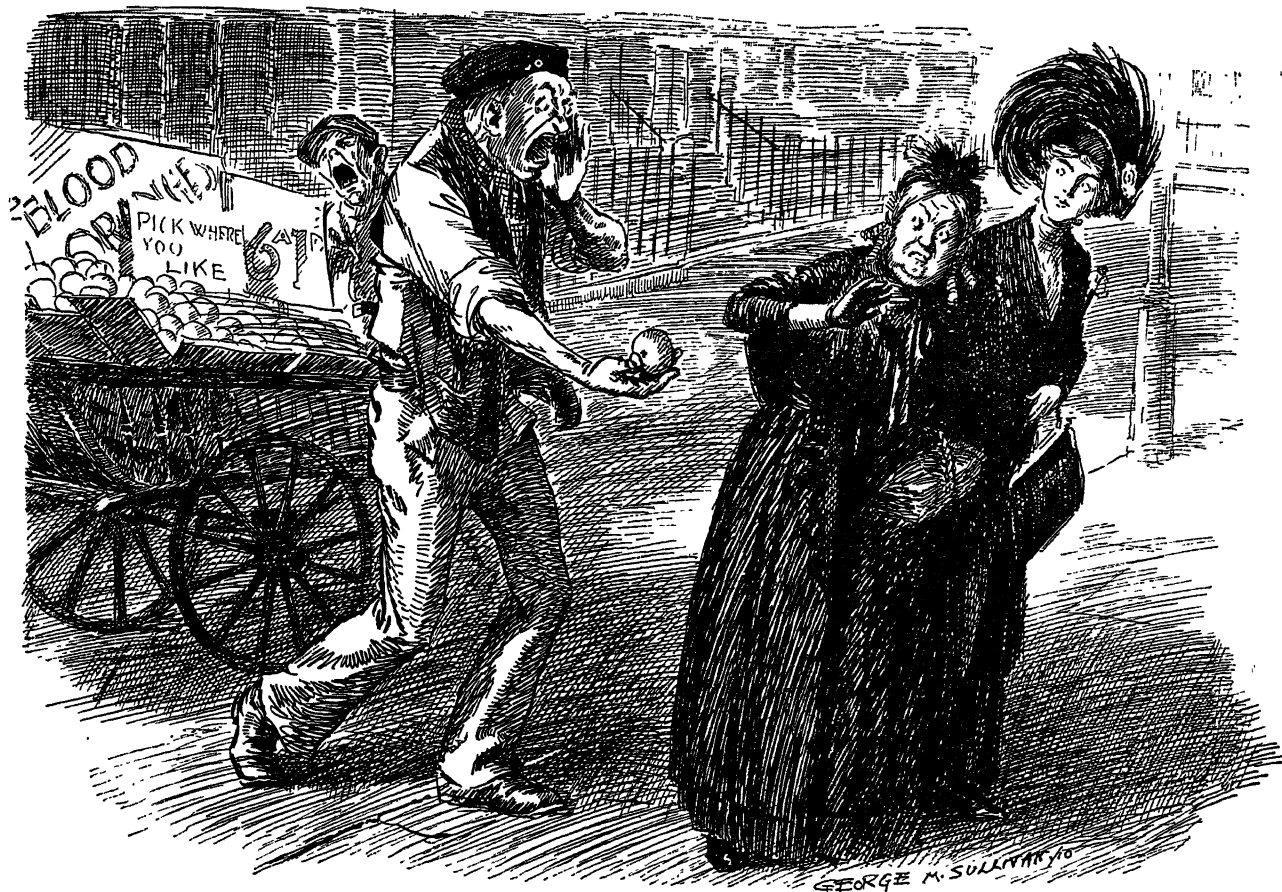
Even in my very short and insignificant career I have suffered sufficient snubs and rebuffs from the Bench to make me long for the opportunity of meeting a judge in an open field and no favour. Had I been in a position to see less of your back and more of your face, I could have spoken with more certainty as to your judgeship, but there was ample evidence of it in your manner of commanding me and never doubting but that I should obey you unquestioning. My Lord, I could then and there have addressed to you a learned argument directed to the point that in Underground Railway Stations you had no jurisdiction, that you were *functus officio*, that you were almost that thing which you are so fond of calling other people, a man of straw. I could have whispered, "*Ultra vires!*" in your ear in such jocular tone as would have made your blood boil over. I think I did better than that merely by flouting silently but deliberately your order and making you wish—you!—that you had the judicial powers and authority of a mere railway inspector. Though you spoilt my shirt-front and did not improve my left lung, though I appeared to the bystanders to be something of an ass, I feel that as between judge and counsel, counsel is avenged.

In my young breast I cherish much satisfaction and two distinct hopes—one, that you appreciated then and will never forget that if I was squashed physically, you were squashed morally; the other, that at the decisive moment you saw as little to recognise of me as I did of you, and that that little is the part that will be hidden by my wig when I next have the honour and misfortune to appear before you in the High Court, or in whatever Court (if any) you control.

I subscribe myself, if your lordship pleases,

Yours, till our next merry meeting,

JUNIOR NATU MINIMUS.



Coster (to Old Lady somewhat overwrought by a course of the Sicilians). "ERE Y'ARE, LADY. BERLUD ORANGE!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that all the Musical Comedy Actresses who married sons of Peers under the impression that they were future legislators, are about to combine with a view to taking steps to protect their vested interests.

By-the-by, it is rumoured that there is trouble between Lord ROSEBURY and his elder son. It is said that his lordship put forward his scheme for the abolition of hereditary peers without consulting his heir-apparent.

"Moderate Impudence" was the title given by *The Daily Chronicle* to its account of the decision of the victors in the L.C.C. election in the matter of the Aldermen. We are glad to see our contemporary showing at last a little restraint in its epithets.

The recent boycott of our prisons by the Suffragettes has had its effect. The HOME SECRETARY now announces that he has made arrangements for additional comforts for them.

There is some excitement in Calcutta because the Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL has ordered the confiscation of a

quantity of waist-cloths having on their borders a seditious Bengali poem. The order was made under the powers given by the new Press Act, and the natives are declaring angrily that this was never intended to be a Clothes Press Act.

The Reichstag has passed a resolution in favour of a Bill making the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR responsible for all political acts and omissions of the KAISER. The question now arises: Will one Chancellor be sufficient for the job?

"Most flattering, I am sure," President TAFT is reported to have remarked on reading in a Khartoum cable that Mr. ROOSEVELT's figure is now slightly more burly.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, and Mr. JOSEPH BEECHAM, his father, have, we are told, been hinting at other great surprises in store for opera-goers. Not so long ago, it may be remembered, we prophesied that it might be possible, with the aid of Mr. BEECHAM, to obtain for a shilling a box worth a guinea.

Dr. WALDO, the City Coroner, in his annual report, points out that at the City Mortuary there has now been established something similar to the old Paris

Morgue. Those persons who were in the habit of going abroad for their amusements will kindly make a note of this.

"All the worst-conditioned horses," says *The Daily Mail* in an article on the disused horse scandal, "are taken from the various British ports to Belgium, where the conditions they have to face are much harder than those in Holland. The animals sent to Holland are of a slightly better class, and are mainly sold for butchers' meat. The Belgian consignments for the most part find their way to the sausage factories." But, seriously, we would ask, Do horses care tuppence about their future after death?

A barge containing 300 barrels of beer sank on the 12th inst. in the Medway. Many plucky attempts at rescue by local toppers are reported to have taken place during the week.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH, in sentencing a billiard instructor at the Old Bailey, let him off hard labour on the ground that the effect on the prisoner's hands might make it difficult for him to follow his calling after his release. Pickpockets, to whom lightness of fingers is an essential, are now complaining bitterly that they never meet with consideration like this.



TACTICS.

The gentle reader is asked to understand that one morning Harold, having been over-corrected, ran away from home in order to teach his parents a lesson; but, with the approach of night, he changed his mind and slunk back, reckoning on a fine salted-calf welcome. To his disgust his absence has not been noticed, and after some thought he draws attention to his desperate and disciplinary measure by remarking, "I SEE 'YOU'VE STILL GOT THE SAME OLD CAT."

SELF-PHOTOGRAPHY.

"With a new portrait of Mr. Shaw, photographed by himself"—*From a Publisher's Advertisement.*

THE famous playwright entered the famous photographer's room, and, standing before a mirror, began to chat with him.

"I am beginning to think it is time for me to have another portrait taken," he said.

"I certainly think so," said the photographer. "Some of the public would like it, and the rest ought to like it; and you know as well as I do that it pays to give the public what it wants and what it ought to want."

"There is nothing in the world that accomplishes that end so successfully as SHAW. Whether on the platform or on the stage, or on the printed page, give them SHAW; and when they're tired of listening to SHAW and reading SHAW, let them look at SHAW."

"But I do not like to think they weary of listening to and reading me," said the famous author-dramatist.

"Anyhow, it won't do any harm to get out a new portrait for them to look

at. And, by Mephistopheles! it is a face worth looking at,"—and the famous photographer gazed admiringly at his *vis-à-vis*, turning his head and moving his position to catch different aspects of his features. "My boy" (it should be explained that the photographer was on the best of terms with the playwright), "it is a face in ten million. Let me photograph it! A splendid idea—a great man photographed by a great man! Won't that fetch the Shavians!"

The dramatist smiled at the notion, then briskly assented, helping with the camera.

"Now, I wonder whether it would be best, for once, to assume a natural pose," mused the eminent photographer.

"No; on the whole, I think an unnatural one suits me, and will please the Shavians better," was the opinion of the other.

The camera was ready. The distinguished playwright was again before the mirror practising varieties of facial expression. "Please look as unpleasant as possible," was the injunction of the photographer; and when an expression suitably weird was found, the popular

author hurried to the chair before the strange light in his eye died away.

The ball was pressed, the pneumatic shutter did its work, and the great author-dramatist shook hands with himself—I mean with the photographer—congratulating him on the achievement of another scoop.

Benefit of Clergy.

"An appeal by one Dean against a sentence of five years' penal servitude for house-breaking was allowed to the extent that the sentence was reduced to three years' penal servitude."

The Times.

The Liverpool Courier reports Lord ROSEBURY as follows:

"What an aspic had this Cleopatra been nourishing in his bosom!"
It sounds a very cold amusement.

The following advertisement was recently inserted in *The Pioneer*:—

"NEW FOREST—Cottage residence . . . fishing, boating, and New Forest Hounds."
"Dear Sir," wrote a native enquirer, "kindly inform me where the New Forest is, and also if it would be necessary to take over the New Forest hounds, as I have an aversion to dogs."



TERRA INFIRMA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.—Nothing less like a lonely furrow could be conceived than appearance of House to-night when ROSEBERY, quitting his seat on Cross Bench, advanced to the Table. The red leather benches, ordinarily a wilderness with here and there a rose in person of a stray peer, thronged to fullest capacity. Bright eyes rained influence from side galleries whence Peeresses looked down. The Commons fought for places in congested districts allotted to them in corners of Gallery over the Bar. Steps of Throne flooded with Privy Councillors. The brilliant scene presented striking testimony to a commanding personality. Only ROSEBERY could have created it. Since the MARKISS passed away he is sole possessor of magic wand whose waving draws together eager multitude to House of Lords.

His theme was reformation of what is distantly alluded to as the Second Chamber. Whilst majority of Commons are eager and resolved to depose the Lords from position of supremacy, ROSEBERY would have them put their House in order with their own hands.

To that end proposes abolition

of heredity. A bold suggestion to make in its very stronghold. Noble lords of Victorian era shake their heads in grave dissent. What is to become of the country if they, their sons and heirs, no longer assist at moulding its destinies? HALSBURY has great esteem for ROSEBERY, more especially when he engages in active opposition to policy of former Cabinet colleagues. But blue blood (in this respect only), like murder, will out.

Alluding to recommendations of Select Committee appointed two years ago, ROSEBERY described them as unanimous and spontaneous in favour of abolition of hereditary right to sit in Parliament.

"Not unanimous," growled HALSBURY, from front bench before which the apostle of hara-kiri stood. ROSEBERY hastened to make reparation.

"My noble and learned friend," he said, "a valued member of the Committee, opposed all our proceedings without any exception whatever."

HALSBURY glowed with just pride at this tribute to his high character. Bad enough for inheritors of the position of the Saxon Witenagemot, "descendants of the men who wrung the Charter from JOHN on the plains of Runnymede," to be threatened with disestablishment. Too much to have it stated that he, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TRIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, had been accessory to anything favouring such Revolution. ROSEBERY's prompt disclaimer, his adroit adulation, smoothed over what threatened to develop into angry incident. Thenceforward HALSBURY suffered in silence outburst of heresy that threatened to undermine foundations of ancient Constitution.

Most significant feature of situation was the chilling reception of magnificent speech. During earlier portions, devoted to scornful treatment of Ministerial plans in respect to Veto, cheers were frequent from overflowing Opposition benches. When it came to recommendation of specific Resolutions, enthusiasm subsided. After speaking for two hours, the orator concluded amid faint tribute of applause, which



No "HARA-KIRI" FOR HIM!

Lord Halsbury. "Why, if you tried for a century you couldn't produce a more perfectly impartial political tribunal than myself! Sayonara!"

subtly conveyed acknowledgment of intellectual pleasure received as distinct from approval of the cause pleaded.

Business done.—Lord ROSEBERY proposes Resolutions for reform of House of Lords on basis of abolition of Hereditary Right to sit and vote.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—ANEURIN WILLIAMS is still new to Westminster, coming hither for first time at General Election. That event fruitful in WILLIAMSES. Six bear the honoured name. But there is only one ANEURIN, and the SPEAKER, who knows most things, is not certain how to pronounce the word or what it means when uttered. When, as happened to-day, he has to call upon the Member for Plymouth, he judiciously hedges, naming him "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

A great occasion for ANEURIN. Has balloted for place with scores of others. Chances at least twenty to one against his turning up in group of most favoured three. Anyhow will see the business through. Finds a seat on furthest Cross Bench. Favourable position for viewing the scene. Whilst others flank it, he commands it. Almost immediately faces the SPEAKER. Can look down the parted hosts—Liberals to left of him, Unionists to right of him—with absolute impartiality. Wouldn't be at all a bad thing, now all corner seats are appropriated, to mark this one as his own.

(Forgets, or never knew, that being beyond the Bar it is technically out of the House. No Member seated there may catch the SPEAKER's eye, nor, rising thence, may address him.)



THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE.

Lord Rosebery. "Well, it's plain that we're pretty unpopular in some quarters, so there's no help for it—some of YOU chaps have got to go!"



CROMWELL LOOKS UP RIBBLESDALE.

The Shade of Oliver. "Look here, old man, if I haven't haunted Gisburn up to now, it's just about time I began! So look out for squalls!!"

("He did not propose saying anything about Oliver Cromwell, although Oliver Cromwell slept for two nights in his house"—*Laughter*)—"and he was proud of the fact"—(*More laughter.*) . . . "It was just as well to remember what was written of him by a great historian, namely, that he could govern neither with nor without Parliaments"—(*Laughter*).

Lord Ribblesdale in the House of Lords.

Ballot opened. Clerk at Table thrusts hand in lucky bag containing numeration of Members taking part in it. Calls out the figure from first paper abstracted. The SPEAKER holds in hand a list of Members balloting, each numbered. At second dip into lucky bag, out comes number corresponding with that attached to name of Member for Plymouth. It was then the SPEAKER called upon "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

With a start ANEURIN jumped up; hastily produced from breast pocket a scrap of paper.

"I beg leave to give notice—" he said in the profoundest bass voice that ever rumbled through the reformed Parliament.

Instantly half-a-dozen brawny arms thrust him forth from Cross Bench. Would enquire later into meaning of this outrage. Meanwhile must get along with business. Standing outside the Cross Bench a good stride in rear of the Bar, he began in basso more profondo than before,

"I beg leave to give—"

Straightway found himself bodily bundled across the Bar. Voices explained to dazed ear that he was out of bounds and out of Order. Anyhow he was safe now. Steadying himself with left hand on back of Front Cross Bench, he, in voice that began to show signs of breaking down, began again. "I beg leave to—"

Once more there was a rush. A Member seated on Front Bench below Gangway in proximity to Cross Bench hastily surrendered his place, and before ANEURIN knew where he was he found himself standing by it. His third attempt to address the Chair had been made from space outside the thin red line beyond which Members addressing the SPEAKER may not stray.

Really safe at last; no mistake about it this time. Mopping his brow, casting hurried glance behind as one who did not know what a moment might bring forth, ANEURIN spread out the crumpled paper on which his notice was written

and began for fourth time his recitation.

Lo! a strange thing happened. Next to interest in watching the gymnastic process by which the new Member was brought into ordered line, lookers-on were struck by remarkable profundity of voice in which fragmentary sentence was declaimed. Now it heard quite another voice, a faltering falsetto, a piping treble, remark: "I beg leave to give notice that upon this day fortnight I will move a Resolution in favour of a more perfect representation of electors in this House and other public bodies."

Business done.—McKENNA, after able fight, defeats by rattling majority the Little Navyites and carries Vote for wages of officers and men.

Thursday.—Memory of SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON still cherished in modern House where such eccentricity of moderation is unknown. But what was SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON compared with NINE-BILLED McLAREN?

The noble Baronet has beaten the record. Sudden eruption the more striking since it comes from unexpected quarter. A busy man of affairs, constitutionally modest, the MEMBER FOR BOSWORTH FIELD rarely thrusts himself upon attention of House. Confines himself to speaking on subjects of which he is master. On such occasions is equally lucid, considerably briefer, than was his illustrious uncle, JOHN BRIGHT. All of a sudden, without other notice than is imposed by Standing Orders, he descends upon amazed House with both



WOMEN'S MAGNA CARTER (-PATERSON).
(Sir C. B. McLaren.)

arms literally full of Bills, for which he asks first reading.

A glance down the list suggests that they are designed as component parts of a woman's Magna Charta. When they are added to the Statute Book, Woman, single or married, will be delivered from that galling, worse than Eastern, condition of inequality under which, as we all know, she labours. She will find herself elevated to the legal and social status of a man and a brother.

PREMIER feels his position a little embarrassing. Has declared several times that, pending settlement of Veto question with the Lords, he cannot promise to introduce legislation on any subject. And here is a Private Member bringing in at single sitting no fewer than nine Bills of far-reaching consequence.

Business done.—Lords decide to go into Committee on ROSEBERY'S Resolution. HALSBURY, in delightful speech overflowing with unconscious humour, remarked, "I am concerned at present to show that in voting for the noble Earl's propositions I am not committing myself to any one of them."

INDIVIDUALISM.

["Modern conditions have created a keen Socialistic movement. We are all agreed that riches are not so fairly distributed as we should like, but all present are agreed that the kind of distribution some people propose is not one on which any society can exist."—Mr. HAROLD COX.]

O reader, I approach with stealth
The trite but touchy topic "wealth."

I, pulling up my poet's socks,
Proclaim the praise of Mister Cox.

I dot my p's and cross my q's,
And advocate Childe HAROLD'S views.

I thump my tub and shake my fist
And cry, "I am no Socialist."

You ask me, Sir, to tell you why?
"I don't," you say. "You do," say I.

You need not sneer: you need not scoff,
You simply cannot put me off.

Don't yawn or look the other way.
Be kindly good enough to say:—

"With Socialism there would be
More wealth for you: more wealth for me.

"The present state of things is such
That neither of us have as much

As we should like." I tell you flat
I have no fault to find with that.

I'm open, I admit, to more,
For wealth's a thing which I adore.

It's when you press for more for us
That I presume to make a fuss.

The object which I have in view
Is more for me but less for you.



Irish Groom (to Sportsman who has been mounted by his master). "You'll HAVE TO SHUT IT TIGHT TO THAT MARE, YER HONOUR, OR SHE MIGHT BE LAVIN' YE."

At last you take some interest,
And even venture to suggest

A doubt "if you could do with less."
That only shows your selfishness.

"If an umbrella is rolled in this same fashion until it is old enough to look rusty it will look as if newly bought."—*The People's Friend*.

This is one of a number of "Helpful Hints." It sounds as though it would take too much time.

"STAYS AT THE HOTEL CURZON"

announces an advertisement in large print. Of course it's not peculiar in this respect. There are some in Bond Street.

"The epidemics of serious illness which from time to time have been known to attack communities accustomed to eat this bread have invariably been due to contamination of the rye grain with a poisonous fungus which is prone to infect rye.

There need be no doubt, then, as to the nutritive value of rye-bread."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Likely as not there will be some low-down people even now who aren't convinced.

"The vessel left Barry with board lifeboat and flange ventilator, carried hundred miles off Scilly, on Friday, she experienced a heavy sea, which smashed the star-Wilkie, who took the part of the sailor's wife."—*Cornish Echo*. Any part in a storm, even the Widow Twankay.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE immense success of *Elektra* and the triumphant vindication of the principles it embodies has encouraged the composer and librettist to take another momentous step in the emancipation of the lyric drama from the fetters of an effete formalism. We understand that Hugo von Hofmannsthal has already completed his new version of *Othello*, and that STRAUSS has sketched out his score, which the great modern Greek critic, *Pósepros Makaríðys*, pronounces to be the most magnificent piece of *σπουδός* that the world has ever known.

How just this criticism is will be readily admitted when it is stated that in the new version *Othello* is not a man at all. *He is a colossal gorilla. Desdemona* is a superb chimpanzee, and *Iago* is a supple and sinuous orang-utan. Again, in Hugo von Hofmannsthal's improved rendering of SHAKESPEARE'S crude and unconvincing narrative the play ends in a tremendous fight between *Othello* and *Iago*, in which the latter is torn literally limb from limb and the bits are scattered not only over the stage but throughout the auditorium. The episode of the suffocation of *Desdemona* is quite superbly repulsive. Indeed, in the happy phrase of Dr. Schweinfleisch, of Munich, "anything more magnificently beastly it is impossible to imagine."

The text of the libretto marks a most astonishing advance upon anything that even Hugo von Hofmannsthal has yet perpetrated. With a view to getting down to the absolute bedrock of elemental passion, he has eliminated all intelligible phrases or words, and confined himself exclusively to phonetic transliterations of the bellowings, howlings, trumpetings, snortings, squealings of wild animals as recorded by him at various zoological gardens and menageries.

By the kind permission of Mr. Zamrock, the eminent music publisher, we are enabled to present our readers with two lines which, in the opinion of STRAUSS, are the most beautiful and inspiring that he has ever heard:—

Gach! Udefuchma! Jabelubeli,
Amawacker, lauten, sthlafunas, slelethcarri!
They form the climax of the touching scene in which, after dilaniating *Iago*, *Othello* execrates SHAKESPEARE for blackening his (*Othello's*) character as well as his complexion.

As at present arranged, the parts will be played by human beings, made up to

resemble the splendid simians whom they will be privileged to simulate. But it is the earnest and confident hope of both composer and librettist that in a very short time it will be possible to have the opera *entirely performed by animals*. In this hope they are strongly encouraged by Professor GARNER, who is at present conducting some interesting experiments with a view to teaching baboons how to play the double-bass.

The volume of sound which Professor GARNER'S pupils already produce is quite



ONE OF THE THINGS WHICH THE SPRING WEATHER
WILL REMOVE FROM OUR ACHING VISION.

remarkable, owing to the prodigious strength of their arms, and is likely to satisfy even STRAUSS'S exorbitant demands for intensity and sonority of tone. Human performers on wind instruments have always been unsatisfactory owing to their lack of lung power. Experiments are accordingly being conducted by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who for some time past has been engaged in instructing a school of right-whales how to blow tubas, double-bassoons, saxophones, sarrusophones, dinosaurophones, and other instruments of tympanoplectic enormity.

We are informed by the Secretary of the Anti-Beethoven Society that the membership has enormously increased during the past month. At the last

meeting a vote of censure was unanimously passed against Mr. HENRY J. WOOD for the "monstrous obscurantism" displayed by him in framing the programme of the last Symphony Concert, which was entirely devoted to the compositions of "the Bonn impostor"—that being the title by which BEETHOVEN is habitually referred to by members of the Society.

Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, is shortly about to publish his reminiscences. As he has more than once been round the world, and on three separate occasions has been captured by cannibals, his book ought to contain much appetising reading.

"PURPLE, GREEN AND WHITE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think politics are silly things, and I don't want a vote; but in spite of that, the way I have been forced into touch with the Suffragettes lately has been most painful, and might have ended in tragedy but for the intervention of the public. To start from the beginning, I must tell you that being always hard up and short of credit, I can only afford one toilette at a time, and have to wear that or nothing till next quarter. My spring costume, however, was quite *chic*—one of the new foulards, you know, shot with emerald and amethyst, with a broad knee band and back panel of blue and white violets embroidered on eau-de-nil cashmere-de-soie. You can guess how duckie it looked; but you can hardly picture my misery when, wherever I went, my own sex shrank from me, while the other one glared at me with repugnant curiosity, and the street boys, almost without exception, shouted, "Votes for Women" when I passed, and I realised, too late, that my costume was a subtle manifestation of Suffragette opinions in purple, green and white.

I bore it for three days, then I kept indoors and wrote an account of my impossible position to our leading daily paper. Whether the public most wished to relieve a deserving case or to show their antagonism to the Suffragette movement, I cannot say. What I *do* know is, that I have received fifteen new frocks from unknown sympathisers, and I hope you will let me say, through the medium of your columns, that I don't want any more, as I've no pegs left to hang them on, and to add, in your private ear only, that though purple, green and white may be unpopular colours, I at least owe them, indirectly, a debt of gratitude.

Yours sincerely, "Srock Size."

PULP!

OUR readers are, we trust, alive to the extraordinary change which is to be observed between the paper on which the present issue of *Punch* is printed and that in use hitherto. With the aid of a magnifying glass of quite ordinary power they will see that the new paper contains a fibre totally distinct from that of the old. Sensitive fingers and thumbs will also detect a marked difference in surface texture. In fact, it is a new paper; *Punch*, for the first time in its history, is being printed on a product of the woods instead of a product of rags. Heretofore we have at great expense used a paper manufactured solely from the old clothes of peers. But times are changing; peers are becoming out of date; and we have now fallen into line with other journals and acquired forests of our own.

At first we tried to get an island, and our special commissioners examined and reported upon enough of these things to make an archipelago. But in the end we purchased an immense tract of land in the neighbourhood of Punctestown, in Ireland, and at once set about planting it with trees. Here again was a difficulty: what tree to plant? The spruce, the larch, the Norwegian pine, the Beerbohm, the Christmas tree—all came under the attention of experts. The araucaria, or monkey-puzzler, was considered too, but dismissed as being disrespectful to our readers; the chestnut was discarded as offering too easy an opening to this world's Plowdens. In the end the plane-tree won it, partly because we want to be unambiguous and crystal clear, and not a little because *Punch* is not coloured.

The next thing was to secure the rapid growth of the plantation, and this was done quite easily by rubbing into the roots day and night the world-famous preparation "Grohare," so familiar on our hoardings.

It is, indeed, a romantic story—that of the progress of the tree to the copy of *Punch* in your hand. The felling, the hauling, the sawing, the pulping—all are processes which deserve treatment from eloquent pens, and get it. We have at this moment an army of descriptive writers and photographers hard at work at Punctestown doing their best; and the results will be terrific.

But this is not all. No journal of to-day can leave the matter there. We are not only makers of paper, but ameliorators of the lot of woodmen and pulpers, carters and clerks, the sailors who make the perilous voyage across the Irish Channel bearing our precious commodity, the railway men who have to get it to Bouverie Street, the people who

see it pass by—in fact, everyone. This revolution in paper has also made a revolution in our character: we are now philanthropical busybodies. We have built Institutes and Reading-rooms, Lecture Halls and Athenæums (golly, what buildings!), gymnasia and swimming baths. We have a staff of lecturers and instructors, a football ground and a polo ground, a Bridge Club, and several restaurants. There is nothing that we deny our pulpers, for we know that the man who pulps the forest rules the world.

Some of these details may strike the reader as superfluous, but we assure him that experience teaches that this is a subject on which no amount of trumpet-blowing is *de trop*; and we are making arrangements for a much wider publicity of what the peers, not unnaturally, call our "high treeson," by means of supplements to the illustrated papers, animated photographs, and so forth. The world, in short, cannot be too much instructed in the art of paper-making. It has got to listen.



Sadie. "DO TELL US THE JAPANESE FOR 'HOW DO YOU DO,' MR. KATSU."
(Noise like foot being pulled out of swamp.)

Sadie. "ARE YOU SURE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds is the title of a thirty-shilling book, published by HEINEMANN, beautifully printed and got up, and illustrated by the most wonderful photographs imaginable. Observe, for instance, the rhinoceros on page 6. He was "snapped at a distance of fifteen feet in the act of charging the author and his companion." When you look at him, his tail and ears well up, you will be thankful that you were somewhere else at the time. "Hippopotamus and a crocodile" is another cheery picture; and so is the flashlight photograph of a lioness, taken when she was facing the camera, and only ten yards away from it. The intrepid author and photographer (if anyone so far from the Pole may be called "intrepid") is A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE, and many people will prefer Mr. DUGMORE as a sportsman to—well, to others whom it would be inopportune to mention. His main object was not to kill, but to study; I hope I may say that I am glad of that, without being called a pro-rhinoceros. Of course, some animals "sat" to him better than others, and occasionally it was necessary to shoot a bad sitter in order to save the camera (not to mention the photographer); but this was done only in self-defence—never in anger because the subject failed to keep the expression. Mr. DUGMORE's account of his adventures is nearly as exciting as his numerous pictures, and his book is certainly one which should be in the library of every sportsman and nature-lover.

I fancy *The Cumner's Son* (MILLS AND BOON) was among other South Sea folk whose acquaintance Sir GILBERT PARKER made when he lived and worked in Australia, not dreaming of the House of Commons, much less of Westminster Abbey. He is fortunate in having at an impressionable age found his lines cast in pleasant places in the rich lands of Canada and Australia. Continent and island share the advantage, since one does not recall any writer who possesses in larger degree the gift of being able to reproduce glowing scenery by a few strokes of the pen. This quality is supplemented by a greater one, the power of creating and describing human character. Sir GILBERT is indeed the BRET HARTE of the South Seas, telling in a few pages moving stories of the rough-and-ready folk who people its islands. It is probable that these vivid sketches were his earliest efforts in literature, were published in Australian papers and magazines, and have now been collected for the edification and pleasure of gentlemen (and ladies) of England who live at home at ease. However that be, it is a charming volume, full of life and light and colour.

Two heads and but a single tale,
Two ready hands that write as one
(For METHUEN): these never fail
C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.

Lord Loveland (who's a peer that needs
Money to help his ancient name)
Discovers—so the title reads—
America, in quest of same.

His plan is just to find a mate—
No matter whom, so long as she
Can enter the connubial state
Equipped with boundless £ s. d.

The scheme goes wrong; pride has a fall;
His lordship humbly bites the dust;
But things come right at last, as all
Good novel readers know they must.

"I have simply tried to draw the men and women I have



FORGOTTEN SPORT—DASHING THE HABER.

(From an illuminated missal in the Library of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers.)

known, with all their perplexities and imperfections," says STELLA M. DURING in a preface to *The End of the Rainbow* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); and I think that her book would have gained in attractiveness if she had treated her heroine a little more mercifully. *Lilith Somers*, who furnished most of the "perplexities," began by being expelled from school, although in this incident both she and *Lady Nora Mansfield* (who also uses an alias—*Lady Mansfield*) have my sympathy. I can-

not, however, sympathise with *Lilith* when she returned home and made what I must call matrimonial hay of her kind, vulgar family. Her sisters' "young men"—a dissenting minister and a shop-assistant (pomatumed)—worshipped at her shrine, and it seemed strange that she did not guess what they were doing. She lived in an orgie of unsatisfied longings, and her flights in search of religion had such peculiar results that *Mrs. Somers* was quite right to be alarmed by them. The author has drawn a most difficult character with considerable skill, but I can well understand that the many "imperfections" of *Lilith* may be an offence to those who prefer their heroines to be of the first water. Anyhow, I never read a truer preface.

"The impasse continues. Mr. Asquith is indisposed to eat the Irish leek."—*Times of Ceylon*.

He would certainly be indisposed if he did eat it. Much better try the Welsh shamrock.

"The School of Tropical Medicine has awarded J. L. Todd, of McGill, Montreal, a medal for valuable contributions to the science of tropical medicine."—*Manitoba Free Press*.

It is not much, but he should choose dinner and make the most of it.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BUXTON has informed the House that an "Unemployment Insurance Bill" has been prepared. This must not be confused with the Budget. That is the "Bill for Ensuring Unemployment."

The writing on the wall? "Mr. ASQUITH's private house, 20, Cavendish Square, which has not been occupied except by a caretaker for some time, is now being redecorated and painted."

"I should greatly regret," said Lord LANSLOWNE, "any alteration in the name by which the Second Chamber might be known." His lordship is evidently unaware that in Liberal circles that institution is sometimes called "Lansdowne House."

Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, by the way, are advertising in their Zag-Zaw Puzzle Series:—"The House of Lords—a Magnificent Picture containing 250 Historic Figures—cut into upwards of 1,250 pieces." We can imagine no more acceptable gift for a Liberal politician than this.

Sir JOHN BIGHAM, the late President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, has taken the title of Baron MERSEY. This is as it should be—Justice combined with Mersey.

The choice of the Hon. IVON GUEST does not strike us as being quite so happy. He has become Baron ST. LEDGERS—a title which might well have been left for a successful merchant or an owner of race-horses.

The Eltham Golf Club has presented a Japanese mantelpiece to the KING. The KING, it is stated, intends to present it to the QUEEN. It is not known yet to whom the QUEEN will present it.

Rumour has it that our Admiralty, which was never more alert than now, has at last decided to adopt and even improve on the German policy of secrecy. Statements, it is said, such as the following, will be issued from time to time:—"H.M.S. *Leviathan* was launched yesterday." "H.M.S. *Goliath* successfully took the water on Tuesday." "On Wednesday last H.M.S. *Awful* and H.M.S. *Terrific* were added to the British Navy." "H.M.S. *Tremendous* left the slips on Friday." As no mention will be made of the fact that these vessels are merely dispatch

boats, the effect on our rivals will be terrifying.

The mystery of the famous Flora bust tends to become deeper. Dr. BODE declares that the wax which Dr. PRINKE asserts proves the modernity of the work of art was taken from the outside of the bust, and this may very likely have been worked on by LUCAS. Now the inside of the bust was shown to consist of a Victorian bed-quilt. What, then, is left for poor LEONARDO?

There is, we hear, a strange mis-

lishers, for instance, is announcing, at considerable expense, that "Everyone is reading" a certain novel which he has just issued. Surely, if everyone is reading the book, it is sheer waste of energy and money to attempt to increase the number of readers.

And a certain City firm is advertising itself as "Artists in Gentlemen's Hat Wear." Now, if "foot wear" is what the foot wears, and "neck wear" is what the neck wears, please what is "hat wear"? It must be the ribbon round the hat.



A GLASS OR TWO.

Voice from the Smoking Room. "WELL, HOW IS IT, MAJOR? STILL RISING?"

The Investigator. "No, NO. STEADY'S A ROCK, M'BOY!"

understanding in Notting Dale as to the effect of the Police Rest Bill. In consequence of this misunderstanding many criminals whose religious scruples do not forbid it are making arrangements to work in future only on Sundays.

"I did not know where to look when the Classical Dancer appeared," wrote a modest lady critic in a lady's paper. With commendable enterprise a well-known firm of publishers is said to have promptly sent her an advertisement of their little book of reference, entitled, "Where to Look."

By-the-by, the ways of some advertisers are strange. One of our pub-

And "—'s BLACKLEAD MEANS MORE TIME IN BED," declares an exceedingly subtle advertisement which caught our eye the other day. We can only imagine the meaning of this to be that, if you black your face and hands, you need not wash in the morning.

A USEFUL FORMULA.

"It claims kinship with *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, *The Golden Age*, *The Lady of the Decoration*, and others which have charmed thousands, but it has an individuality all its own."—From a recent publisher's prospectus dealing with various forthcoming works.]

Messrs. Odder and Thynne will shortly publish a book of fantastic adventure entitled *Thirty Million Miles through Space*. Though betraying a striking resemblance to the romances of the late JULES VERNE, it nevertheless has an intrinsic originality which justifies its existence as an independent work of genius.

Mr. Anthony Faith will shortly publish through the firm of Jones, Younger & Co. a thrilling story entitled *The Captive of Brenda*. As unthinking critics may be led to associate the work

with similar effusions from another pen, it is as well to state, that though a strong family resemblance is noticeable, the names of the characters and of the country in which the scene is laid are the exclusive invention of the author, who, we have the best authority for asserting, is a man of such pronounced and aggressive originality that he has never read the works of SCOTT, DICKENS or THACKERAY.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Huntingdonshire Post*:—

"A SUFFERER.—Take a hip-bath as hot as can be borne before the pain comes on."

The pain will come on then, anyhow.

THE MINOR POET ABROAD.

"Lay down," they said, "that tinkling lyre;
Relax awhile your weary nerve;
And take the rest that you desire
And we, your patrons, well deserve;
Go, seek the Côte d'azur, and there,
Tonic for wits grown rather weedy,
Imbibe the balmy sort of air
Associated with the *Midi*."

A kindly thought, yet breathed in vain!
There lurks within this seething breast
(Habitual haunt of toil and strain)
Something that will not let me rest;
Others may taste relief from strife
Once they have sheathed the pen or sabre,
For me there is no peace in life
Save such as comes from change of labour.

My mind, I own, is not distraught;
This tideless blue I have to thank
That in my so-called brain is wrought
(Witness these lines) a perfect blank;
But in another sphere I've earned
Réclame for most amazing vigour,
For where my appetite's concerned
I labour like a very nigger.

And not alone at private shows
Have privileged spectators seen
What energy my waistcoat throws
Into my host's superb cuisine;
But where all ways in Monte meet,
Amid the flower of Europe's heroes,
Full many a gastronomic feat
Has got me fair renown at Ciro's.

Not for myself I aim so high
In realms of pure Lucullan art;
For England's sake my best I try,
Changing my heaven, but not my heart;
For this I gladly stretch my frame
In frequent orgies at the *Paris*—
That you may win reflected fame,
My *Punch* ("The London Charivari")!

Cap Martin, March 21st.

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. IV.—ASSASSINAZIONE.

[Freely translated, with the exception of certain sounds of rage,
from the original Sicilian.]

Characters.

GRASSO FURIOSO.

BRAGAGLIA PASSIONATA.

THE SYNDIC.

Priests, Villagers and Policemen.

SCENE—A ground-floor room in a Sicilian house. The rising
of the curtain discloses Bragaglia struggling in the arms
of The Syndic.

Bragaglia. Unhand me. This is, indeed, a fine thing.
And you claim to be the friend of Grasso. Unhand me, I
say. (She smacks his face violently with both hands at once.)
Hah! That has made your face redder than ever. Help,
help! What, no one? Let go, you monster! Grastogolino,
grasto, gushi garozzo gruff gurozzo! (She frees herself.)
At last!

The Syndic. What ails you to-day? Why this sudden
modesty? Yesterday you laid your head on my shoulder,

and to-day you beat me in the face. But remember, I too
have the feelings of a man, and I will not bear to be
insulted too much. [A female villager rushes in.

The Female Villager. Bragaglia, Bragaglia, he is coming.
He is but a short distance away now. He will be here soon.

[She rushes out.

The Syndic. What does she mean? Who is coming?

Bragaglia. Have you not heard? And you a Syndic too!
Grasso is coming, my Grasso, whom I lost ten years ago.

The Syndic. What!! Grasso, who killed Cesare and
Umberto?

Bragaglia. Yes. There is only one Grasso.

The Syndic. Thank the saints for that. But ten years
of prison and work in the sulphur mines will have tamed
him. Pooh! I snap my fingers at Grasso. He is a poor
man. I am a rich man. I will win you in spite of Grasso.

Bragaglia. Take care. You little know him if you think
he will abandon me.

The Syndic. Let us sit down and reason out the situation
before he comes. [They sit down at a table.

Bragaglia. Now say what you have to say quickly.

The Syndic. Bragaglia, if I swear to be content henceforth
to be no more than a brother to you, will you give me one
last kiss?

Bragaglia. Yes, a last one—but make haste about it, for
Grasso will be here directly.

[They kiss. As they do so a human eye comes flying in
through the open window and lands on the table,
unnoticed by Bragaglia and The Syndic. The eye
is shooting out flames of rage and jealousy.

The Eye (aside). I am the right eye of Grasso. He has
sent me in advance, for he is detained by the villagers. But
he will be here directly. Let me dissemble. [It dissembles.

The Syndic. Bragaglia, that was a most pleasant kiss. May
I have just one more?

Bragaglia. Hurry up, then.

[They kiss again. At this moment there is a loud noise
as of several lions and tigers outside the house. The
kissers fly apart, and Grasso, with a crowd of vil-
lagers in attendance, bursts into the room.

Grasso. At last, then, I am back with those who know me.
You at least are not deceived. I had to kill them.

A Villager. That is true. Any one of us would have acted
as you did. But you have suffered terribly.

Another Villager. Yes, you are blind in one eye.

Grasso (aside). Where can that eye have got to? (Aloud)
Ho there, Bragaglia, the polenta!

[She brings the polenta in a bowl, which she places on the
table, covering the eye.

Bragaglia. Here it is, Grasso. You remember me, then?

Grasso. Yes, yes, I remember you. (Aside) Where can
that eye have hidden itself?

The Eye (from under the bowl). Help! help!

Grasso (aside, as he turns to the bowl). Hah, it is there. (He
lifts the bowl and replaces the eye in its socket.) Gooroo!
Iaminaraggio! Diabolissimo! Gizzardo! Stiletto! Ruggiero!
Rugg—Rugg—Graggiolento!

A Villager. What is the matter with him?

Grasso. I see all now. Bragaglia, prepare to die. Some-
one hold The Syndic till I'm ready for him.

Bragaglia. I am innocent.

The Syndic. It was her fault.

Grasso. You must both die. Gizzardo, ma non troppo!

Bragaglia. Spare me!

[He rushes at her, seizes her by the hair, severs her head
from her body, kicks it round the room, and then
cuts her into forty separate pieces.

Grasso. Now for The Syndic.

[He chops him up.

The Villagers. Justice is done.

[The police enter, and Grasso kills them all.



THE PROBLEM PICTURE.

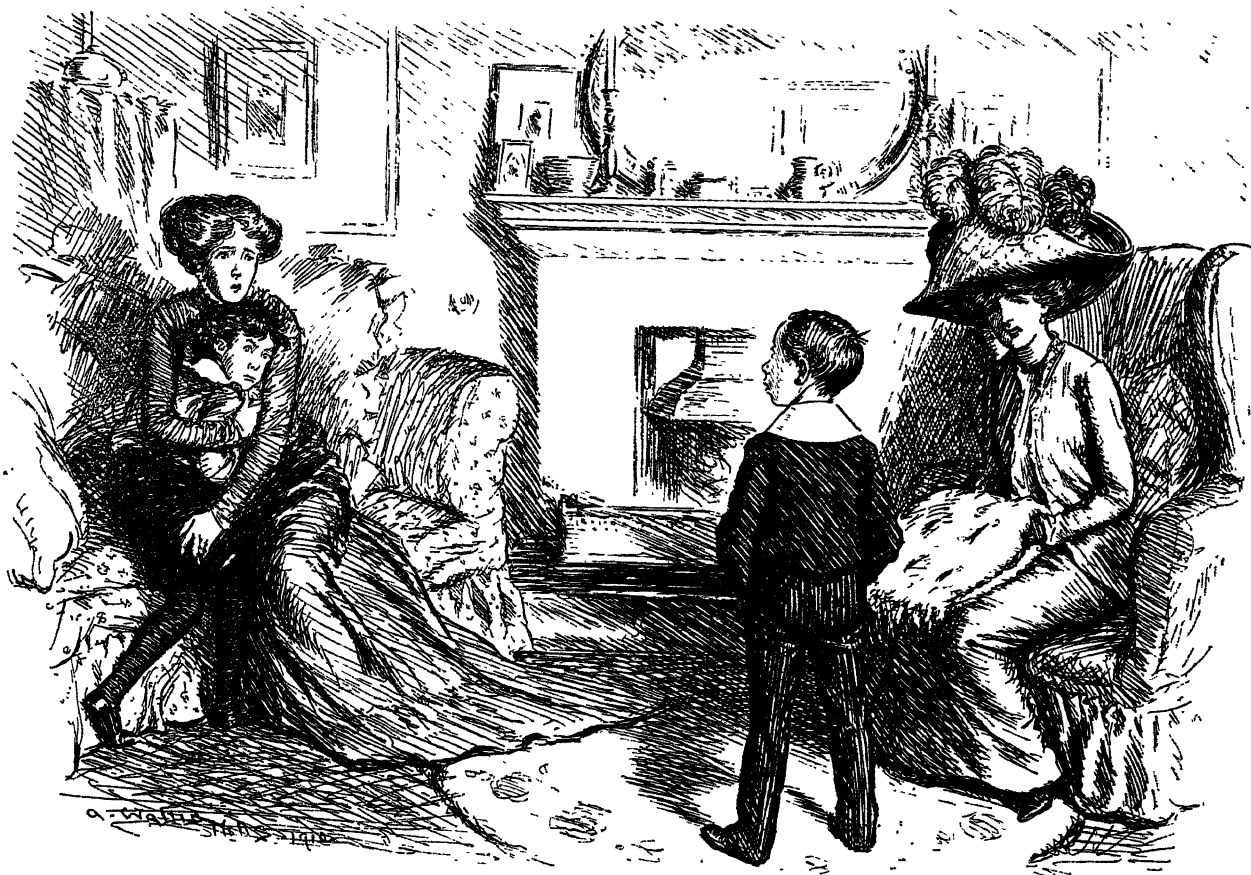
SCENE—*Selecting Committee's Room at the Peers' Royal Academy.*

LORD ROSEBERY. "THAT'S MINE. PRETTY GOOD, EH?"

LORD LANSDOWNE. "H'M, I CAN'T SAY I QUITE——"

LORD CURZON. "I'M SURE I COULD IMPROVE IT."

LORD HALSBURY. "TAKE IT AWAY!"



Fond Mother. "I DIDN'T SEND TONY TO SCHOOL THIS TERM BECAUSE OF THE INFLUENZA, BUT I THINK HE 'LL GO NEXT TERM." (*To small Schoolboy*) "LET ME SEE, CHARLIE, WHAT IS NEXT TERM?"
Charlie. "GENERALLY MUMPS."

Grasso. Next, please. [*Two priests enter.*
First Priest. Grasso, you have been overdoing it.
Second Priest. But certainly you were greatly provoked.
Grasso. Ouf! grouf! grrrrr! [*He kills himself.*
Villagers. And now let us celebrate our yearly festival.
 [*The Church bells ring without. All troop out.*
Curtain.

THE COUNTER-REJECTION.

BELINDA, when I dumped the other day
 My heart before your fashionable boot-tips,
 And you replied with an immediate "Nay,"
 But then bethought you of the love-god's cute tips,
 And asked me kindly to remain
 Your brother—the request was vain.

I have conferred this boon (whene'er I could)
 On those who thought to ease my bosom's blisters
 With friendship's balm; but be it understood
 I have no vacancy just now for sisters,
 No opening at the present date
 For prayerful "followers of my fate."

Dot has been that for ages, so has Joyce;
 There's Laura too (though her demand was weaker);
 But, goodness! had I failed to use my choice,
 Had I bestowed a berth on every seeker
 To serve as my Platonic chum,
 There would have been a fine old serum.

Besides, Belinda, though your queenly brows,
 Your perfect elegance, might prove a treasure
 Regarded from the standpoint of a spouse,
 I scarcely think you'd satisfy the measure
 Of friendship's untempestuous throb;
 That is a rather brainy job.

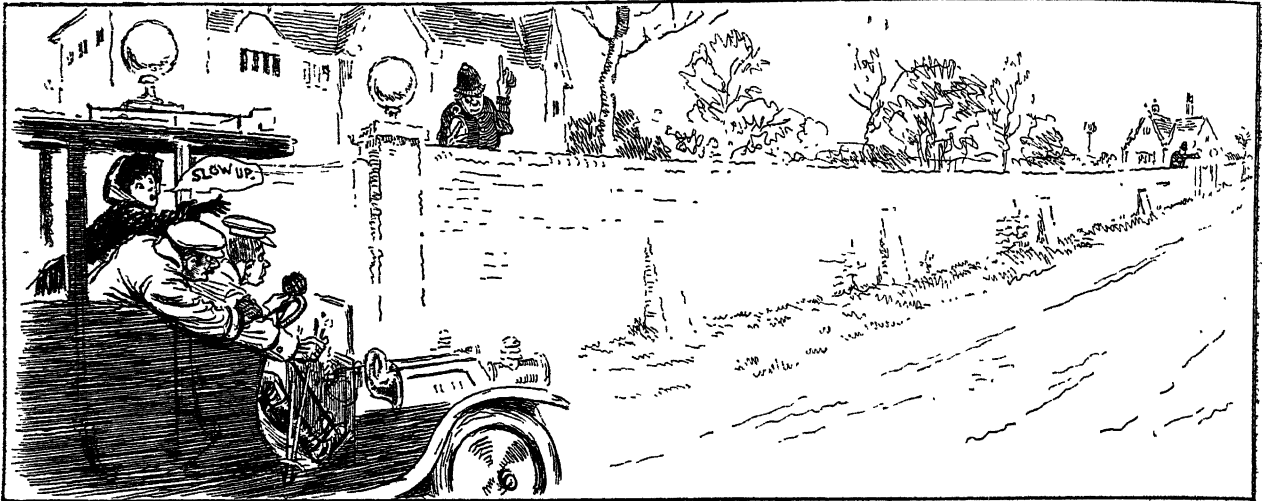
You'd have to laugh at all my lightest jokes,
 To pen the warm encouraging epistle;
 Bless you, not every face in furs and toques
 That dooms me to devour the leek (or thistle)
 Is fit to join that little band
 Who help, who praise, who understand.

No, when the bard is searching for a wife,
 The careless feet of hundreds of enslavers
 May pound his soul and prance upon his life;
 But when they proffer him a sister's favours
 He has a right to pick and choose,
 And yours, Belinda, I refuse.

EVOR.

Extracts from a breezy article on Dark Rooms in Photography:

"At night, unless we resort to artificial illumination, all rooms are dark . . .
 As is well known by most people, the photographer's dark room is not actually dark, but is illuminated by red light only. The best way of getting the right sort of red light for the purpose is by means of a red lamp. . . .
 There are many ways of darkening a window . . ."



MR. R., WHOSE CHARMING RESIDENCE ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD WAS UTTERLY UNINHABITABLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE MOTOR DUST, HAS

SUPPLEMENTARY CRITICISM.

A RECENT issue of *The Pall Mall Gazette* initiates a new and fruitful method of dramatic criticism. Under the head of "Theatrical Notes" we read the following:—

"The following extracts from the letter of a very experienced and shrewd playgoer giving his impressions of a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre to see *Justice* will perhaps be of interest:—

'If, as I suppose, Galsworthy thinks weak criminals should be treated as patients, I do not agree with him but it is a horribly difficult question and I think he sets forth his case with admirable moderation. Falder, alas! . . . could never have been any good. The play left me with a feeling that an alteration in prison discipline was most desirable. The trial scene was finely managed. Eadie was very fine, though I think there was too little difference between the boy before and after imprisonment. Boucicault, Hersee, and Bryant I thought li'elike. . . . Cokeson appeared to me a blot on the play. He was a weak imitation of a character out of Dickens, and a Dickens' character in twentieth century surroundings must be a caricature. The part was theatrical, and I thought Gwenn played it very theatrically.'

In the same letter the writer gives his impressions of *The Tenth Man*, concerning which he is I think, in agreement with most critics in declaring his George Winter the best thing Mr. Bourchier has ever done. 'He was the man,' he writes, 'and his technique was a delight.'

We venture to afford some further specimens of this various criticism in which the impressions of the anonymous but influential outsider are quoted to supplement or correct those of the regular representative.

From "*The Daily Telegraph*."

A famous athlete and ex-'Varsity Blue thus summarises his impressions of the performance of *Othello* by the Sicilians. The freshness and originality of his point of view will better be understood

when it is explained that he had never read or seen a representation of SHAKESPEARE'S version:—

"What the show was about or what the actors were driving at, of course I hadn't the foggiest notion whatever. I always thought *Othello* was an Italian, but it seems that he was a black man with a very bad temper and absolutely no knowledge of the Queensberry rules. He had a scrap with a Johnny called *Iago*, a most decent quiet sort of chap, and mauled him shockingly. And finally he had a row with his wife, a quiet sort of woman, strangled her, and then killed himself. Personally I can't understand why people want to see this sort of a play. I only know that it took away my appetite, and I couldn't eat a bit of supper afterwards at the Savoy."

From "*The Times*."

We offer no excuse for laying before our readers the subjoined vivid appreciation of the latest Levity success from the pen of a distinguished Greek Professor:—

"What ARISTOTLE would have thought of *Our Miss Dibs* is a rather difficult question to answer. But if it be the function of tragedy to purify the soul of the spectator by pity and terror, so, it may be urged, musical comedy ought to elevate the intellect by refinement and wit. And I am certain that HOMER would have appreciated the all-pervasive smile, the ἀνιρθμον γέλασμα, of Miss Goethe Schiller in the name part. Compared with the score of *Elektra*, it is true that the instrumentation of *Our Miss Dibs* betrays a certain tenuity of texture. But the melodic charm of the songs is undeniable, and when we come to the lyrics—the joint work of Mr. Harry Plance, Lionel Greenwood, Hadrian Boss, Peter Epstein, and Orlando Meldon—it is not too much to say that

they equal, if they do not surpass, the αἰσχρολογία of ARISTOPHANES in his most unbridled mood. All things considered, then, this is a very rare and vital entertainment, in which topical allusiveness, temperamental vivacity, and a sumptuous *mise-en-scène* combine to titillate the auditor with superlative success."

From "*The Nation*."

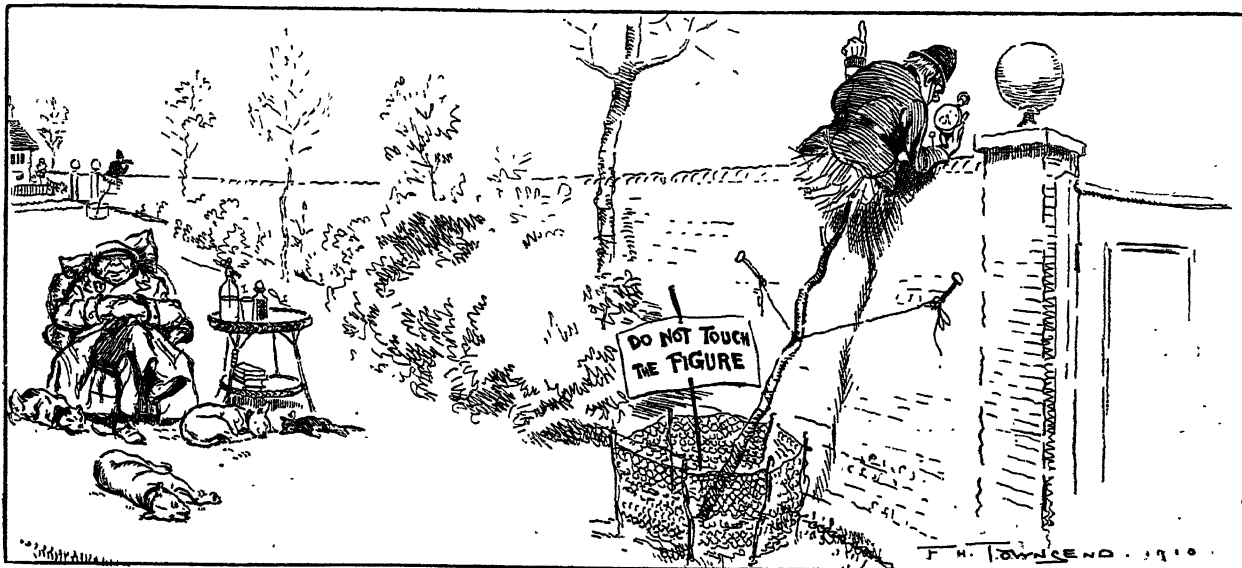
A distinguished member of the Cabinet has kindly furnished us with the following interesting comments on Mr. SHAW'S *Misalliance*:—

"The true significance of Mr. SHAW'S brilliant satire has so far been entirely misapprehended. In the first place: it shows the danger of prolonged political discussion without resort to a more drastic application of the closure than is at present possible. Secondly it is an overwhelming condemnation of the hereditary system as illustrated by a neurotic youth and an anarchic girl. Lastly it is a superb indication of the sanity and wisdom of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission and foreshadows the speedy establishment of a model city organised on the eugenic system, and bearing the inspiring name of Webbville."

From "*The Morning Post*."

The greatest living Imperialist—we had almost said the greatest man since NAPOLEON—has generously placed at our disposal these poignant observations on *Elektra*:—

"No one who has witnessed this magnificent work can have failed to notice the extraordinary political parable which underlies the contest between *Elektra* and Clytemnestra. *Elektra*, sustained throughout all the years of servitude and misery by the thought of retaliation, typifies the cause of Thrift Reform, while Clytemnestra, plastered



RID HIMSELF OF THE NUISANCE BY A SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE DEVICE.

with cheap jewellery 'made in Egypt,' is a living incarnation of the cruelty, the vulgarity and the corruption inherent in the system of Free Imports . . . The figure of Orestes, I may note, reminded me curiously of Lord MILNER, while the exultation of the crowd at the close was strongly reminiscent of the enthusiasm displayed by the Tariff Reformers in the recent East Marylebone election."

PERILLA PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Under the heading "Nature for Nature's Sake," you printed the other day a letter from Lucan, evidently intended to convey the impression that he and a certain Perilla named in it had carried the worship of animals to a point when it became a nuisance. Now, Mr. Punch, I am the Perilla concerned, and I know I need only mention that fact to scoure from your well-known gallantry the opportunity of putting things in the right light.

So far from animals being any nuisance here, we suffer from the want of them. We actually still cut our tennis lawn with a horrid noisy mowing-machine because of Lucan's refusal to buy the dear little baby donkey with which I fell in love in Connemara two years ago, though it would have grazed it beautifully, and could easily have stood in the knife-house whilst we were playing. Moreover, I have had to fill our dovecote with the pigeons, which all our neighbours say damage their gardens so much, because Lucan would not bring home the four young cormorants we found in their nest in Skye. He didn't deny they would be perfectly sweet in the garden if we re-built the pigeon-loft and sank the sitz-bath in the tulip bed, but he made excuses about the

difficulty of transportation—as if he could possibly have forgotten the parakeets we brought right across Europe from Vienna (such much nicer little darlings than those at the bird-fancier's round the corner here), or the tarantula we should certainly have got safely home from South Africa if Lucan hadn't suddenly refused in the Red Sea to keep it any longer in the corner of his berth. Of course I know he was feeling ill at the time—I mean Lucan was, not the tarantula; that must have been perfectly right and healthy, poor little thing, for it bit a sailor's bare foot only the next morning, and the cruel wretch killed it. Then there was the pelican we saw at Jamrach's, which was a perfect duck and would have been really useful too, for the man said he would only eat absolutely fresh fish, so that if you offered him what the fishmonger sent for your dinner, and he ate it, you could be sure it wouldn't have done you any harm. And there was the baby alligator, the *sweetest* little mite, which I had on approval from Cross's one day, until Lucan happened to come home hot and dusty in the evening and got into the big bath with him in the dusk—but, as I said at the time, you must put alligators in water, and where else was there?

The fact is, most people get cross with animals if they don't behave better than Christians; like Aunt Caroline, who annoyed the parrot every Sunday for five years by wagging her horrid false front just outside his cage, and then altered her will because he took it in at last.

I had heaps more to say when I sat down, but Dicky is singing so gloriously I can't remember it; and if I don't soon take Lucan's book of artificial flies away from the puppy I'm afraid he'll

hook himself. I think if one keeps animals at all one ought to look after them, don't you?

Yours confidently,
PERILLA LOVEITT.

"RINKING, RINKING, RINKING."

WITH Stella cool and very smart
At double turns on rollers,
I fain would skate; she's won my heart;
I'm anxious to cajole hers.
But when the maid my signal sees
She "two-steps" by like winking;
I follow, though I'm not at ease—
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

My feet feel rather out of hand,
Half measures don't content them,
They leave me even when I stand
Nor can I circumvent them.
Their treachery results in spills;
My dear avoids me, shrinking,
She finds no fun in thuds and thrills
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

When other maids I would induce
To skate with me and chance it,
They spurn me with a cold excuse
As cutting as a lancet.
And so my secret hope grows weak,
As to the ground I'm sinking,
Of rousing Stella's jealous pique
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

"PUBLIC BAND.—The attendance on February 13 was 733, and on February 20, 766. On both occasions the Hall was emptied in 4 minutes."—*Shanghai Municipal Gazette*.
We have heard bands like that in England.

"Mention should be made of the accompanist and prompter, both of whom were heard to distinct advantage."—*Eastern Daily Press*.
In amateur theatricals the prompter generally is.

REAL REFORM.

[This article was apparently intended for *Halsbury's Hecdomadal Review*. Having mislaid that paper's address and not knowing where the offices of *Wemyss's Weekly* are, we print the article ourselves.]

THE news that Lord ROSEBURY's "reform resolutions" are purely academic, and that in any case his indictment of the hereditary principle didn't mean what you thought it meant, has been received in the country with feelings of relief and thankfulness. Our reputation as a nation of sportsmen would be gone for ever if once our faith in the House of Lords as an impartial revising body were shattered. The urgent business before us now is that reform of the House of Commons to which more than one noble speaker in the Upper House has called attention. Let us see what can be done in this direction.

It is obvious in the first place that any extreme difference of opinion between the two Houses must result, as things go at present, in a deadlock, which is bound to bring about a considerable disturbance in the business of the country unless one or other side gives way. For the House of Lords to give way would be to render its labours null and void, and it is doubtful if their Lordships would consent to give their services to the country if these were to be spurned at the first moment of crisis. For the House of Commons to give way appears at first sight to be the natural solution of the difficulty, and it has worked perfectly well for hundreds of years; but we must move with the times, and the times are ripe for a change. What change, then, is possible?

Plainly it would be better to prevent the deadlock than to set about curing it when it had arisen. That is to say, we must bring the two Houses more into line with each other, so that differences of opinion may be made impossible. The Socialist (and Anarchist) would do this by altering the composition of the House of Lords: that House which saved the Empire only a short time ago by postponing the construction of tram lines along the Embankment until the country was ripe for the extraordinary innovation. He would attack the hereditary principle, and by so doing strike a blow at the Throne itself. That is the Socialist remedy; but the great heart of the country would not tolerate it for a moment, particularly when it sees before it another remedy, delightful in its simplicity.

It is simply this: *Alter the composition of the House of Commons, so as to bring it into line with the House of Lords.*

How shall this reformed and impartial House of Commons be constituted? That, of course, will have to be a matter

for careful thought by a Select Committee of the House of Lords; but we may venture to draw up a rough plan.

The House of Commons should consist of 555 members; 250 to be nominated and 300 to be elected, together with 5 life members.

The nominated members should be chosen as follows:—

Selected by the House of Lords	100
Specially nominated by Lord HALSBURY (counting four each on a division)	50
Nominated by Lord ROTHSCHILD.	30
Nominated by Lord BURTON ...	30
Nominated by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY	20
Nominated by Lords CURZON, MILNER, and CROMER (six each)	18
Nominated by Lord ROSEBURY ...	1
Nominated by Lord CREWE ...	1
	250

These 250 impartial members should sit in the House of Commons for a period of twenty years; that is to say, for two Parliaments. Every ten years 300 members will be elected as follows: One hundred special qualified members, commanding the confidence of the country, will be elected by the House of Commons. These will be chosen from

- (a) Municipal Reform Aldermen.
- (b) Defeated Unionist Candidates.
- (c) The Stock Exchange.
- (d) The Trade.
- (e) Brighton.

Two hundred will be elected by the constituencies in the ordinary way; a Redistribution Bill having first been passed by the House of Lords, by which England will be divided into 197 constituencies—Scotland, Ireland and Wales returning one member apiece.

Five Life Members will be chosen by some high and impartial authority (e.g., the Duke of NORFOLK). These would be moderate and independent men, belonging to no party. The first five might be:

- The Editor of *The Times*.
- The Secretary of the Navy League.
- The Secretary of the National Service League.
- The Secretary of the Property Defence League.
- Lord TORPICHEN (if he'll be good).

We venture to say that a House of Commons constituted on these lines would receive the approbation of all right-thinking men in the country. It would also act in harmony with the House of Lords—that House which for its impartiality is the pride of every true sportsman in Britain and the admiration of the whole world. Were the House constituted thus, there would be no putting of party before country, indeed

no considerations of party at all. Can it be doubted that such a state of things would commend itself to the nation at large? Can it be doubted that such a state of things will only be decently brought about by a true and patriotic reform of the House of Commons?

A. A. M.

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS.

[“The bell-ringers of ——— set up a fresh record last Thursday evening, when they rang ten million changes of Treble Bob major (and as many more of T. B. mi.) in 2 hrs. 22½ mins.” —Any local paper.]

PEERLESS—nay, *unapproachable*—Quartette,

You hold the record? Well, that *must* be ripping!

My! and the exercise you fellows get!

The sweat

You set

A-dripping!

For golf, of course, you never cared a pin;

You left (quite rightly) cricket in the lurch, too;

But, oh! what fun to usher evening in

With din;

And in

A church, too!

Yet, tell me, now (accepting from a scamp

Who swings a pagan brassie, due apology),

What moved you first, disdainful of the clasp,

To ramp

At camp-

anology?

Was it that your too solid flesh might melt

And you become as nimble as a pup with it?

Still, you must often (though it made your belt

So *svelte*)

Have felt

Fed up with it.

Or lurked some magic in the Treble Bob,

Some anti-toesin, good against satiety?

Or did you dream that at the belfry's sob

The mob

Might throb

With piety?

Ah, that result were fine, if it were real;

No doubt, it's added virtue that you wish us.

And yet, oh dear! each time I hear your peal

I feel

A deal

More vicious!



The Vicar. "WELL, GILES, DID YOU FIND MY LECTURE DRY LAST NIGHT?"

Giles. "WELL, SIR, I WOULDN'T GO SO FUR AS TO SAY THAT, BUT WHEN YOU STOPS IN THE MIDDLE TO 'EV A SWIG, THOUGH IT WAS ONLY WATER, I SES TO MY MISSUS, 'EAR, 'EAR!'"

SINE QUA NON.

I AM, dear Madam, in receipt of yours,
And note you ask me for the second prox.;
This I accept upon the following terms:—

I.

You shall dispose me as it seemeth best,
Upstairs, down-stairs, inside or out of doors.
Outside, to fish or hunt or feed the chickens:
Inside, to read or bridge or stroke the dogs.
To sleep by night on linen or on straw:
To rise at six, or nine, or not at all:
To shave in boiling, cold or tepid water:
To feast on peaches or to starve on cheese:
To live, in short, just as it suits yourself.
(This, on the whole, an easy term for you.)

II.

Myself, to make myself no sort of nuisance;
To come by trains which footmen cannot meet,
To bring my bag upon my private back
From station up to house and there unpack it:
To make myself of use about the place,
To do the seemlier of the menial tasks,
Then bribe the menial persons heavily,
And make my exit, carrying bag to station.
(This not too lenient a term for me.)

III.

You not to speak to me, unless you want to,
But I to talk or listen as required,
And entertain, if wished, the dull and plain.
(This a.s.o not too hard a term for you.)

IV.

Yourself to use and lose my knives and pencils,
But I to pay for articles I smash.

It has not yet appeared where I come in,
But now it shall. For reasons of caprice,
Of greed, or health, economy or sin,
I take my tea with neither milk nor sugar.
The fifth condition:—I to have my tea
Severely neat, and not a question asked,
Nor one suggestion made, however apt. . . .
This last requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Five thousand times I've made that small request,
Five thousand exclamations of surprise
Have greeted it; and, when they were exclaimed,
Five thousand lumps of sugar have occurred,
Five thousand drops of milk have wandered in.
Then, when at last the hand that rocks the pot
Had been induced to carry out instructions,
It has been put to me five thousand times
That I should take my tea in Russian fashion
(Alleged) from tumblers with a slice of lemon.
When I had heard this jest, say, fifty times,
I tried the process, much against my will,
And found the combination simply horrid.
And now the bare suggestion nauseates,
And makes my living insupportable.

I hope you gather that I stipulate
My fifth condition to be paramount.
Which, if agreed, I bind myself to come,
And sign myself, Yours more than faithfully.



Age! Inhabitant (as a motor suddenly goes past). "EH, DEARIE ME, THE PLACE GROWS MORE LIKE LONDON EVERY DAY!"

THE FRENZY IN THE FORCE.

[A case—the second of its kind—is reported from Bristol of a policeman who paints when off duty and has exhibited pictures.]

EVER we knew them firm but kind,
Keen, when a row arose, to whelm it,
But not till lately looked to find
The artist underneath the helmet;
But now the facts are guaranteed,
The coat of blue, the buttons argent
May hide a CONSTABLE, indeed
A veritable SARGENT.

And not the painter's art alone,
I like to feel, is represented
Amongst the lads of eighteen stone
By leathern cinctures circumvented;
Somewhere, I ween, perspiring hard,
Because they will not let him go it,
Behind the tunic silver-starred
I have a brother poet.

He does not prance adown Pall Mall,
No wave-like curl his forehead borders,
He does not wear the vocal shell,
For these would be against his orders;
But far away, on fancy's beat,
His spirit still is fain to follow,
With tramlings of tremendous feet,
The lute-string of Apollo.

Oft, when he takes his note-book out
To write some mystic screed upon it,
That which you dimly deemed no
doubt

The cabman's number, was a sonnet;
And whiles, when duty bids him lug
From Downing Street obstreperous
maidens,
He modifies the march to jug
With dithyrambic cadence.

And sometimes I may dare to hope,
While slumber holds our earthly
senses,
But up the Orient skyline's slope
The usual business recommences,
That, heedless of convention's whims,
The scowls of his inspector scorn-
ing,
He stands upon his toes and hymns
(Like *Chantecler*) the morning.

Forgive me if I go too far
By fond imaginings transported,
But, if I ever face the Bar,
If ever to the beaks escorted,
I have to hang the shamefaced head
With types that come disgraceful
croppers,
May my melodious charge be read
By Tennysonian coppers.

The Critic.

"The Moody-Manners' company brought to a close its visit on Saturday night with Wallace's 'Maritana,' the rendering of which was decidedly clever. Mr. John Child as Don Caesar de Bazan was exceedingly clever, and Mr. Graham Marr as Don Jose, and Mr. William Anderson as King of Spain were also very clever. The title role was excellently taken by Madame Beatrice La Palme, and Miss M Gaythorpe was clever in the role of the Marchioness."

What's the matter with Madame LA PALME that she shouldn't be called clever too?

"The present indifference of game b'rds to danger, early bees, hedgerows in the house, the cunning habits of the wake-robin plant, and the quarrelsomeness of cock pigeons, are dealt with in 'In the Country.'"—*Daily Express*.

There's simply no pleasing game birds—they don't seem to care about *any-thing*.

Another Contortionist.

"Either manner, or the possession of what Meredith described in Sir Willoughby Patterne as a 'leg,' seemed to shut out from Mr. McKenna's eye any mental view of the party behind him."—*The Nation*.

Mr. McKENNA must do this again.



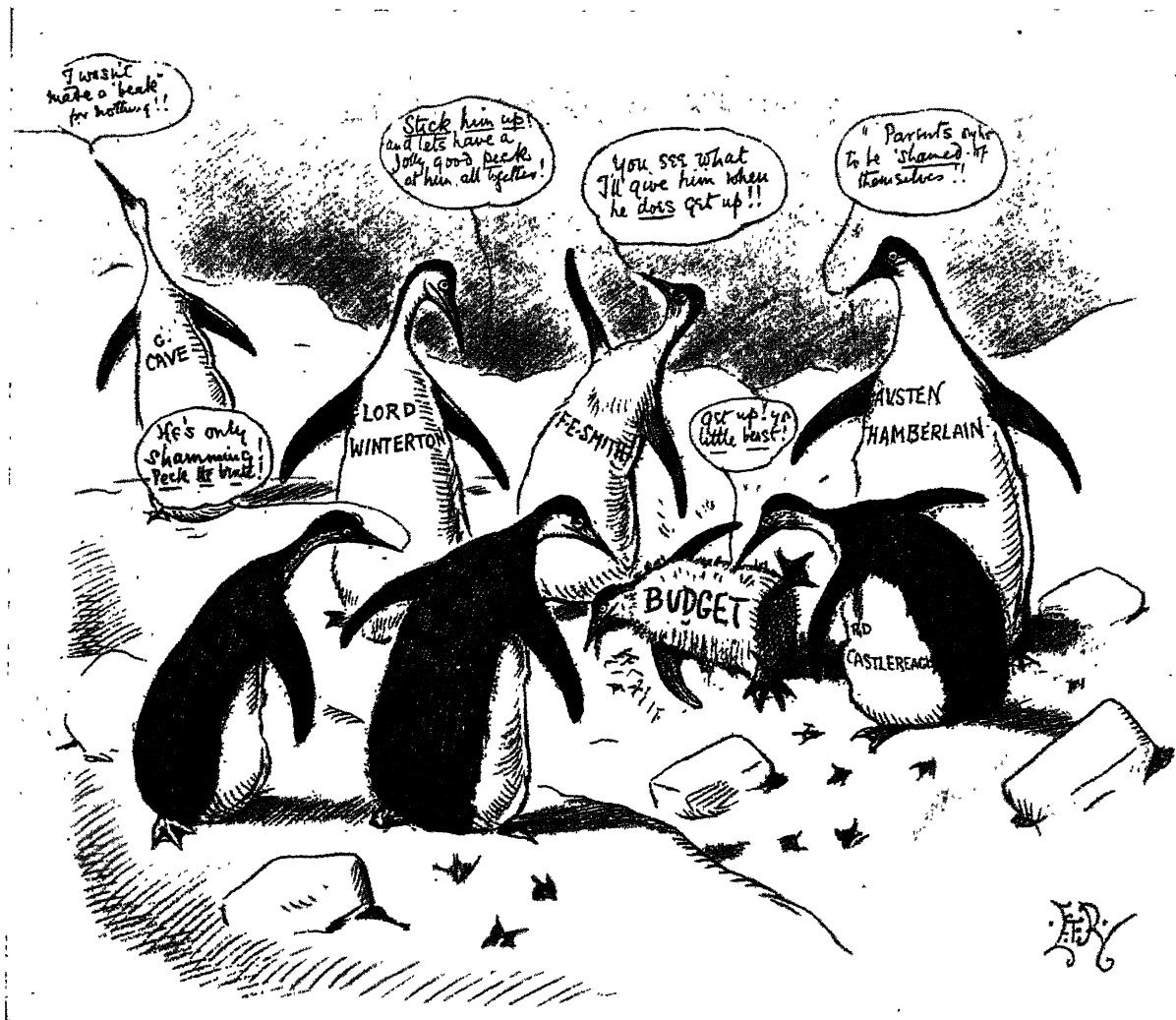
“THE BLAST OF WAR.”

KING HENRY (MR. ASQUITH). “ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE!” . . .
FLUELLEN (MR. LLOYD GEORGE). “UP TO THE BREACH, YOU DOGS! AVAUNT, YOU CULLIONS!”

King Henry the Fifth, Act III.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE PENGUIN THAT FELL ON ITS MARCH!

(A tragic picture suggested by the simile of Mr. Lloyd George.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—In Lords to-night discussing ROSEBURY'S Resolution for reform of House, RIDLEY in fine sentence declared, "It is necessary that we should march with the times and have a fresh current of air."

In the Commons this hygienic desire was lavishly realised. Current of air, in fact, amounted to brisk breeze. Began to blow on motion for second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. STEEL-MAITLAND began it with indictment of Government for financial chaos following on rejection of Budget by Lords.

Special feature of lively debate was its wealth of literary allusion. STEEL-MAITLAND likened action of Government in matter of additional spirit duty to the incident of JACOB wrestling with the

Angel. LLOYD GEORGE, he said, had wrestled with the distillers, refusing to let their spirit go until they had stumped up the added three-and-nine.

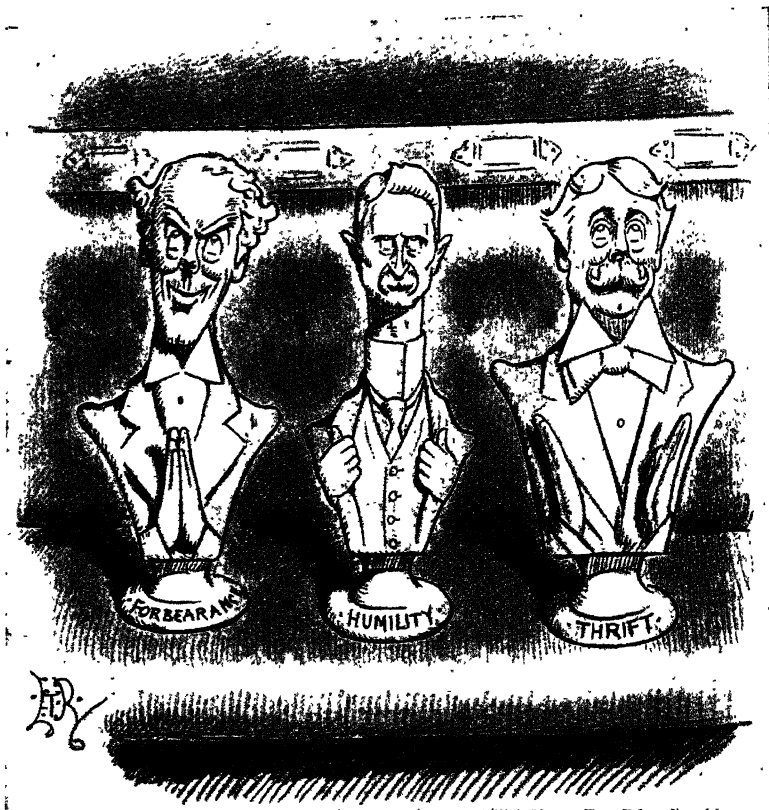
FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE went to SHACKLETON'S book for his parallel. The almost-discoverer of South Pole tells how, when penguins carry their young, if one falls on the march, all the rest tumble over it, and in their anxiety to set it on its legs, tear the little one to pieces.

"That is what is happening now," said FLUELLEN, ever apt at parallels (you remember Macedon and Monmouth). "The poor old Budget has fallen in its march, thrown down by a cruel House of Lords, and all the penguins are pecking at it. There is one," he cried, pointing at SON AUSTEN seated on t'other side of

Table. "And I can see another lying in wait," he continued, indicating blameless COUSIN HUGH below the Gangway wringing his hands in ill-subdued indignation.

When COUSIN HUGH'S turn came he found his illustration in "Jackanapes," which tells how a perverse little boy sat in a puddle with deliberate design to soil his trousers.

"It is the same with the Government," said COUSIN HUGH, performing his favourite trick, at which Labour Members never cease to wonder, of seizing his left wrist with right hand and turning it completely round. "They are anxious to sit in puddles and make as much dirt as possible, so that they may charge the House of Lords with having spoiled their fine clothes."



THREE PLASTER BUSTS OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

A collection of sculpture which the imagination of Mr. Gibson Bowles refused to conjure up. (Messrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Bonar Law, and George Wyndham.)

Next to this profusion of literary lore was notable the directness of personal attack. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY, following STEEL-MAITLAND, rammed him with declaration that he was "wrong in every fact he asserted."

BONAR LAW likened Government to a beaten fox.

"What is the use," he asked his hon. friend behind, "of trying to discover the principle on which the Government is acting? The Government has no principle. Argal it cannot be found or stated. It would be unreasonable to ask a fox to give an explanation of the twistings and turnings to which it had recourse before its strength was exhausted and the hounds were upon it."

FLUELLEN retorted that BONAR LAW was "always positive and always inaccurate."

As SPEAKER heard all this without interposition, it follows that two interesting additions have been made to catalogue of what are known as Parliamentary words. You may not call hon. Member from whom you differ a goose; but you may without rebuke from the Chair allude to him as a penguin. Similarly, if BONAR LAW called CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER a wolf he would instantly be called to order. He may with impunity speak of him as a fox.

Business done.—Consolidated Funds Bill read a second time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Not since the gentle LOCHIEL received his fateful warning ("For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight") has there been such thrilling episode as that which to-night shook the House of Lords. It followed close upon speech by HALSBURY, of itself calculated to unnerve the most reckless Backwoodsman. Instinctively, probably unconsciously, throwing his lithe figure into attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR besought the Peers to ponder ere they committed suicide at the instigation of ROSEBERY.

Then came BATHURST, hitherto an unfamiliar figure in debate, henceforward assured of warmest welcome. He joined in melancholy prognostication of collapse of the Constitution imminent on destruction of "the one place where the right of free speech exists, the one place where we respect the rights of property." Regarding with pained suspicion ROSEBERY seated on Cross Bench holding on with both hands to the back of his head, discovered Socialism at the base of his Resolution. Then came the peerless peroration.

"My Lords," said BATHOS—I mean

BATHURST—with tears in his voice, "what will the children of the second and third generation of noble lords now sitting in this Chamber say if their inheritance be lightly given away? Beware, my lords, lest your descendants of the third and fourth generation turn and rend you."

Business done.—Division on ROSEBERY's third Resolution declaring that possession of a Peerage shall no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote. AJAX HALSBURY, with that other young thing WEMYSS as co-teller, led seventeen



ONE OF THE RISING HOPES OF THE UNIONISTS.
"Steel-Maitland began it."

men into the Not Content Lobby, ROSEBERY bringing up a motley brigade 175 strong.

Wednesday.—Parliament adjourned for Easter recess.

Sinister.

"The directorate [of the new shipping concern] will include Lord Pirrie . . . and probably Mr. David Jones."—*Shipping Gazette*.

Not Davy of the Locker, we trust.

"Coach wanted for intermediate B.Sc. Address G. G."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

The Coach and Geegee together ought to pull through.

"Very charming pet bullfinch; comes out of cake; most interesting."—*The Lady*.

Just the thing for the pudding next Christmas.



Little Girl. "THAT BUN YOU SOLD ME YESTERDAY HAD A FLY IN IT, AND MUVER SAYS YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER ONE."
Baker. "I CAN'T DO THAT; BUT TELL YOUR MA THAT IF SHE'LL LET ME HAVE THE FLY BACK I'LL GIVE HER A CURRANT FOR IT."

THOUGHTS IN BED.

To a bird outside the window.

SING, bird, if you insist:
 Certainly sing if that's the way you feel.
 Myself, I do not find my tepid zeal
 Inspired by morning mist.
 Despite your merry chant
 I have no wish to rise with you and dress.
 Apart from inclination, I confess
 Quite candidly—I can't.
 Talk of my sloth, call me what names you please;
 Really you do me wrong.
 I have a delicate throat, one sudden sneeze
 Would spoil your song.
 Still I quite see your view;
 If, as you say, the Spring has really come,
 You cannot well be dumb,
 Although the subject is not—well, quite new.

Proceed: you seem in form.
 I really loved that last long-drawn-out trill.
 I can appreciate more subtly still—
 Oh, much—if I keep warm.
 Sing on; it is not waste,
 Not scattering pearls before a sleepy swine.
 I'm something of an expert in your line,
 I have an ear and taste.
 Strange how we differ! You with ardent strain
 Welcome the birth of light,

While like the lobster I would sleep again
 If so I might.
 I see why you're so brave;
 Though early you must rise to catch your worm,
 You do not have to squirm
 In icy tub, nor need the grisly shave.

I wish I had your luck.
 When I go townwards, you in airy flight
 Scatter your notes by flood and field. That quite
 Explains your present pluck.
 My life's a sordid round,
 And yours apparently one long romance.
 But why to-day such marked exuberance?
 Or have you proper ground
 For all that noise? When I pull up the blind,
 Will that for which I've yearned
 At last reward my patience? Shall I find
 The Sun returned?
 I'll do the desperate thing,
 I'll look— You little liar! Same old rain
 Blurring the window-pane.
 Clear out. Still, if it's Spring, by all means sing.

"The bride, as she stood at the altar revealed the proportions of a Jumbo."—*Local Paper.*

Yes, it's a misprint, of course, but it is what the local paper generally means when it talks of the "proportions of a Jumbo."

STORIES OF GREAT CRIMES.

I.—HUGH WOTNOT'S GUILT.

CHAPTER I.—*I Introduce Myself.*

READER dear, I will lay before you my soul in all its naked candour. You shall know all my innermost feelings, all my self-doubtings, my self-suspicious, my self-loathings, as upon a day in November last I went into the Bank to cash a cheque.

I am a tall man with light wavy hair. My nose is aquiline (whatever that may be), and my mouth is just about perfect, fitted with a supply of teeth and every modern improvement. On second thoughts, I don't think that I will be a tall man with light wavy hair. I will be a short man, with black straight hair and not too much of that, and a figure inclining to stoutness. I will stick to the original nose and mouth. On third thoughts I will be a plain, ordinary Englishman, just the sort of man who would be going into a bank to cash a cheque.

CHAPTER II.—*The Dedication.*

This sad story is dedicated to all who have suffered as I have in the matter of cashing innocent cheques in a suspicious manner. The dedication should have come earlier, but the drayman who brought the 1,897 miles of paper on which this periodical is printed got the rolls out of order. The 1,895th mile got in before the 1,894th; hence the confusion.

CHAPTER III.—*Finance.*

The milkman, the coalman, my servant, the breadman, the cigarette-man and the man at the desk to whom I confide daily and with shame what I have eaten for lunch, and who then demands off me one-and-sixpence for hush-money—all these agreed that I wanted more cash. "Fourpence," they remarked, "is not enough to keep you in milk, coal, service, bread, cigarettes and hush for a day." How right they were! It was the work of the moment to sit down and write a cheque.

CHAPTER IV.—*Black Suspicion.*

The position was this:—I was Hugh Wotnot, and the Bank had £75 of my money. I wanted five pounds of it back, so I had written on a suitably coloured piece of paper, "Pay Self, if you please, five pounds. (Signed) H. WOTNOT." Immediately upon entering the Bank I was a suspected person. Moreover, I was only too glad that they did not call upon me to defend myself then and there, for I could not have asserted my innocence with any emphasis. To con-

fess the truth, I had no very great belief in it. Do you ever believe that you are entirely innocent of everything when you go into the bank to cash a cheque?

I came to the conclusion, after some thought, that I must be guilty of fraudulently, maliciously and goodness-knows-what-else-ly impersonating Hugh Wotnot. The defence that, "Dash it all, I am Hugh Wotnot," did not, it seemed to me, deserve consideration. No wonder all the nice rich men on the other side of the railings looked at me askance!



Student. "I WANT SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE BRONZES. I SUPPOSE I HAD BETTER WRITE TO THE KEEPER?"

Attendant. YES, MISS; OR YOU MIGHT SEE HIM VERBALLY!"

CHAPTER V.—*The Plea.*

I selected the man with the least railing and askancity about him. To him I addressed my plea. "I want to cash this cheque, please. I swear to you that I am not naughtily impersonating Hugh Wotnot. I beg you to believe that I am Hugh Wotnot. I am trying hard to believe so myself. . . . If you are going to make a fuss, please, please have me arrested as quietly as you possibly can."

I may add that I said all that with my eyes. My tongue was too parched to be of any real use.

CHAPTER VI.—*The Depths.*

"Will you kindly endorse it, Sir?" he said with mock politeness. A trap!

He intended to compare the signatures! I took up the pen, and, when he was not looking, I deliberately copied my signature from the other side. Oh, yes, I am a criminal all right now. I have forged my own signature, and forged it very badly, too.

CHAPTER VII.—*The Escape.*

This is how I escaped. After examining the signature for, I should say, two hours and forty-five minutes, he thrust five golden sovereigns at me. I could have told from the way he did so, if I had not already known, that I had done something wicked. Burning though I was to bolt before the police came, I yet stayed and counted the money slowly. I even stood and brushed my hat deliberately on my sleeve before I sauntered to the door. The police had not yet come. The porter was off his guard. I looked him in the face and, feigning an expression of I-am-only-going-now-because-nobody-seems-to-want-me-but-I-shall-be-coming-back-in-a-minute, I passed out into the open. I wonder when they will come and arrest me?

II.—THE CRIME OF LADY LINNET.

The question was, whom had Lady Linnet murdered? It could not have been Hugh Wotnot, because he was the hero of our last story and this is the beginning of our new one. Lord Linnet was suspected, but not the keenest cross-examination could shake him in his sworn statement that he had not been murdered. Who then was it? That is a question which must ever remain unanswered. Frankly, we do not know.

A SURPRISE DISTRIBUTION.

We were talking of the most surprising thing we had ever known or seen: such things as come into the observation or experience of ordinary stay-at-home people, not lion hunters or polar explorers or special correspondents.

"Well," said I, "one of the most surprising things I ever saw, I saw last evening. It was in a third-class carriage, into which came a soldier. He was a tall handsome fellow, with some stripes, and from his conversation with another soldier at the door, until the train started, I gathered that he was a bit of a dog, among the ladies too. Well, no sooner had the train started than he produced from somewhere or other about his person a spectacle case, took out a pair of spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, put them on, and began to read the evening paper.

"I have always said that a British

working man with a single eye-glass would be one of the most extraordinary possible sights that could be imagined; but an English soldier in spectacles runs that very close."

"My surprise," said Eastlake, "was like this. It was all the more surprising because I was surprised by myself. I must tell you that I have an unfortunate habit—I try to fight against it—of appearing to be more interested in a subject about which someone is talking to me than perhaps I really am. I did not know this formerly. I know it now. If, for instance, I met the Dean of Arches at a dinner-party he would probably—if I did not take due precautions—go away under the impression that my hobby, apart from my profession, was ecclesiastical law. Similarly an owner of racehorses would suppose that in my spare moments my thoughts ran entirely on the Turf. This weakness is strongly emphasised, I'm afraid, by the fact that, being a journalist, I have been trained to make the best strategic use of my information.

"Well, when I was staying once in Wiltshire I had a most agreeable conversation about birds in a house where I had been invited to luncheon. My host was full of information, and I threw such light as I could on the subject by telling him about birds I had noticed in my own county of Cheshire. You understand that I know very little about birds, except that robins are pugnacious and kill one another, and that cuckoos generally prefer hedge-sparrows' nests, and such commonplaces as that. A day or two later, this host I am telling you about asked me to luncheon again—quite a pressing invitation. When I arrived, he said, 'I am delighted that you could come. This is Mr. — [introducing me to a well-known ornithologist], who particularly wished to meet you. I told him about our conversation the other day. He is most anxious to compare his notes with yours on certain points of detail. In fact he has long been trying to meet with an observer of the Cheshire birds—' It was terrible. I can see now the penetrating, ornithological glances of that man through his spectacles. And he had come half across the county to meet me."

"But, my dear Eastlake," I said sympathetically, "this might happen to you again any day."

"Too true!" he said. "But, as I have told you, I take precautions. It has almost become a habit with me to say 'I am intensely interested in this subject, but I really know nothing about it.'"

"My pet surprise," said Latimer, "occurred about two years ago, and nothing has happened since to beat it. We had been asked to dinner at a neighbouring



ENTHUSIASM.

Anxious Messenger. "SAY, FIREMAN, THERE'S ANOTHER FIRE BROKEN OUT UP THE STREET."
New Recruit. "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP; KEEP HER GOING TILL WE'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

country house occupied by very swagger people. We got a lift there in a friend's motor, but arranged to be fetched at half-past ten in the village fly—one of the finest extant specimens of a vehicle which will soon be in existence only in museums. Everybody for miles around knew it and its octogenarian horse; but there was nothing else available.

"Very well: the dinner passed off as such things do: I was between a Countess and a Lady: my wife was hedged about by peers. Then came an hour or more of hard talk in the drawing-room, all very strange to me. And then, to my profound relief, I heard the sound

of wheels as the venerable fly arrived, and a footman with powdered hair flung open the door and announced, 'Mr. Latimer's car!' Car! The unexpectedness—the grotesque unsuitability—of that word—its impact on my brain—has still to be beaten."

Fruit!

"The First Fruit of the Year—Some Novel Ways of Preparing Rhubarb," says *The Daily Mail*. The great thing, we take it, is to remember to remove the pips after peeling. (P.S.—We hope we have not misled people by saying "we take it." We don't.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To err in the direction of reprinting in book form miscellaneous articles that have first seen the light in a magazine is human. Occasions when the procedure is justified are rare. One presents itself in *To-day and To-morrow* (JOHN MURRAY), a volume in which Lord ESHER preserves flotsam and jetsam rescued from the Dead Sea of monthly magazines that long ago ran their course. An expert on military topics, a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, over which the PREMIER presides, his *dicta* on military concerns will receive respectful consideration in the quarters most nearly concerned. The general reader will be attracted by the chapters on Queen VICTORIA's Journals, in the editing of which Lord ESHER shared; by the essays on GORDON, PARNELL's downfall, Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. PITT. In the first the writer is a little constrained by the awesomeness of touch with royalty. In the others, giving full play to his pen, he is entertaining and instructive. The article on GORDON, long time a personal friend, is one of the most attractive tributes to the memory of that heroic man I remember having read. Very ingenious is the parallel established between PITT and Lord ROSEBURY in review of the latter's monologue on the great Commoner. On page 193 there will be found an artlessly veiled reference indicative of peculiar personal circumstances in Lord ROSEBURY's first and only

Administration, which from its birth doomed it to a troubled life and an early death.

Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE, having his laugh at journalism in general, chips the race of reviewers upon their accustomed use of "the good, round, eulogistic sentence, readily detachable for each book's publisher to quote in his advertisements." Merely personal reasons, therefore, prevent me from calling *A Hind Let Loose* a brilliant novel, a most readable book, one of the destined successes of this publishing season. Without prejudice, I may say that it concerns itself with the newspaper enterprise of a big provincial town, and introduces Mr. Pinn, of *The Stalwart* (Liberal), and Mr. Brumby, of *The Warder* (Tory), the one priggish, the other pompous, both revelling in a vicarious reputation for literary ability. The shocking truth is that the stirring leaders of both are written by deputy: the humour of it, that their deputy is the same wild Irishman. Of the discovery of this fact, the righteously indignant dismissal of the double deputy, the shamefaced but inevitable re-installment of him in both editorial sancta, it is less to be said that they are well told than that they happen in the most natural and laughable way in the world. True, there is little love interest, but that only shows that one can be merry and

bright and even interesting without being in love. In other circumstances I would have said with all solemnity that the reader would not put the book down until he had finished the last page. Instead, I point with meticulous care to a fault of affectation on page 154, but add that this one fault is too trivial to be worth the finding. I hope Messrs. METHUEN will find that last sentence detachable and eulogistic enough to quote, if a book of such merit stands at all in need of advertisement.

Unreserved praise could be given to *Quaker Robins* (STANLEY PAUL) if Mr. WILFRID RANDELL had laid less stress upon the love-story, and had allowed *Ethelberta* (the cat) and *Quintus Horatius Flaccus* (the dog) to remain dumb. One feels that the book has been puffed out with some unnecessary and inferior padding; for Mr. RANDELL's real business is with engines, and when he is writing of them his descriptive powers are undeniably fascinating. *Quaker Robins*, although he looks on the cover like a Yankee "boss" on a holiday, was an engine-driver by trade, and when he was separated

from his engine he seemed to me to be incomplete. Full marks in domestic virtue can without hesitation be awarded to him, but, pattern husband as he was, I am bound to say that I liked him best when he was at work. There are incidents in this book which are not only to be recommended to engine-lovers, but also to anyone who likes stirring narrative; and for my own part I can add that since reading it I have regarded engines as if they were human beings,



FORGOTTEN SPORT: SNAPPING THE DRAGON.

and all railway-men with an increased sympathy and interest.

I hope that Mr. T. A. COOK will pardon me for saying that his book, *International Sport* (CONSTABLE), is a hotch-potch, when I add that I found it a delightful one. Mr. Cook disarms me when he says in a preface, "This modest volume has no pretensions to be a very serious contribution to the history of sport or travel;" but as regards sport, at any rate, I venture to say that he has no cause to be so apologetic. For its variety of information—given in a manner far from pedantic—*International Sport* is both useful to read and valuable as a book of reference. Not only do we get the history of the Olympic Games and the names of those who won wreaths of olive in 1906, but also we are given a list of "all the winners" in the Games of 1908. In these days, when one hears so much groaning over our athletic decadence, it is a pleasure to meet an author who has a whole-hearted enthusiasm for amateur sport, and some very pertinent remarks to make about it.

"WANTED, a Gardener. Any windmill pump experience appreciated. Able to drive. Abstainer and Christian. State reference. 700 feet high."—*The Lady*.

What an exceptional man a gardener has to be nowadays.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to the fact that Good Friday and Quarter Day synchronised this year, a large number of clergymen, with a sense of the appropriate, preached moving sermons. * *

The Rev. J. MORGAN GIBBON, a prominent Welsh Nonconformist minister, has told an interviewer that he has no doubt as to the identity of the anonymous author of *The Perfidious Welshman*. Said he: "He is a Welshman sure enough. Of course the whole of his charges is a tissue of lies." The "of course" seems to us a wee bit unfortunate. * *

In an article on the "Immutability of Egypt" Mr. H. HAMILTON FYFE mentions that in a museum he was assisted by a smart, English-speaking native attendant, who, having answered enquiries, sat down, took his boot off, and proceeded to chiropody. Here is immutability indeed. There is still corn in Egypt. * *

"At Cairo," states a carelessly-edited contemporary, "Mr. ROOSEVELT" was met at the station by a large crowd of the better class of Egyptians in European dress with tar-brushes." While Mr. ROOSEVELT's pro-British views have undoubtedly caused a certain amount of irritation among the natives, this suggestion that an attempt was made to tar and feather the Ex-PRESIDENT is not strictly true. * *

"Bidding farewell to Lord SELBORNE, the Bechuana chief KHAMA said that he and his people were in tears at the departure of his Excellency." A worthy representative of the Yellow Press is said to have given to this item of news the sensational heading:—

FLOODS IN BECHUANALAND.

German discipline is a very fearful and wonderful thing. A soldier who attempted to commit suicide the other day was charged with stealing the bullet with which he shot himself; and a marine who dropped a treasury chest into the sea has been accused of theft, although he only attempted to float a loan. * *

Following on an impassioned harangue at the Independent Labour Conference by an Indian friend of his named PAL, Mr. KEIR HARDIE has been advocating

the establishment of a similar party for India. The wisdom of the new move seems doubtful, for it will probably mean that funds will be diverted from England to the East. KEIR would seem to have forgotten the invaluable advice, "Never introduce your Donors to a Pal." * *

M. JOSEPH CHAILLEY's book on British India, just published by Messrs. MACMILLAN, makes it quite clear, by the way, why our Labour Members have so much sympathy for the Hindus. In India, our author tells us, "at first sight everybody seems to be taking part in some common toil; as a matter of

habitual convicts at Parkhurst Forest, Isle of Wight, will comprise a billiard-room and a fine recreation ground. At this rate the time of our Criminal Court of Appeal will soon be taken up by appeals against acquittals. * *

Wholesale reforms in the law relating to Coroners' Inquests are proposed by the Departmental Committee which has been inquiring into the question, and many persons have decided to postpone their suicides until the improvements are introduced. * *

Some coroners, it transpires, are paid by fees—£1 6s. 8d. for each inquest. This arrangement, it is proposed, should be abolished. The temptation to kind-hearted friends of the coroner to help him when he is not doing well should undoubtedly be removed. * *

Hearing that the Royal Zoological Society is now showing a number of Sugar Birds at Regent's Park, an enterprising German firm is said to have offered the Society a number of Marzipan animals on sale or return. * *

A contemporary publishes an article drawing attention to the many uses to which a handkerchief may be put. It omits to mention, however, that for small boys, when playing Pirates, one of their handkerchiefs will generally form an admirable black flag. * *

Mr. LEADER's picture, *Surrey Hills*, has been stolen for the second time from the Wellington Art Gallery, New Zealand. So far no clue has been found to the thief, who, if there be anything in the saying, "*Ars est celare artem*," would appear to be a more successful artist than Mr. LEADER. * *

Under the auspices of the Agricultural Organisation Society a special poultry and egg train is to run, later in the month, from Paddington through South Wales. It will be accompanied by a staff of expert lecturers. A proposal that these learned men, with a view to rivetting attention, shall wear *Chantecler* costumes, is said to be under consideration. * *

The Liberal members of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial are delighted to hear that an attempt is to be made towards the end of the month to resuscitate the Budget. * *



THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

Little Girl. "LOOK, AUNTIE, THERE'S A POOR MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG. CAN'T I GIVE HIM A PENNY?"

Aunt. "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. I HAVE NO DOUBT HE'S AN IMPOSTOR."

fact, several persons are looking on at the labour of one. Out of five people who seem to be working, one is doing nothing, one is resting, one is looking on, and another is helping the previous three." Here, without doubt, we have our British Workman's long-lost brother. * *

Interviewed by a representative of *The Express* on the subject of Mr. SINCLAIR's article, the Editress of *The Herald of Health* mentioned the case of a swarthy foreigner who lived for fifteen days on water only, with the result that at the end of that time his skin was much fairer. Was it, we would respectfully ask, water only, or was there not perhaps a mixture of soap with it? * *

It is said that the new prison for

A QUIET HOUR.

"HUNDRED up?" suggested Frank, linking his arm in mine.

"No, thanks, old chap," I said. "I'm going to have an hour's quiet reading."

Frank disengaged himself, gazed at me sadly, and went his way.

There are authors who resemble certain winding roads or dangerous hills—if you try them at too great a speed you come a cropper. For the safe negotiation of their works I am in the habit of retiring to my hermitage. It is a delusion in the household that nobody dares interrupt me there. In an easy-chair I settled myself comfortably and read for five splendid minutes; then it occurred to me that a cigar would be particularly pleasant. My case was in the pocket of an overcoat downstairs. I fetched it and resettled.

"George, dear," enquired a clear voice (the cigar had a half-inch of beautiful white ash), "have you seen Dorothy's doll's deck-chair?" I turned to confront the usually delightful person who peered at me from the half-opened door.

"I have not seen Dorothy's doll's deck-chair," I replied formidably. "Nor have I perceived the pen-wiper of the lamp-lighter's nephew. Really."

"But you mended it only this morning."

"I never touched his pen-wiper in all my life."

"Oh. . . . Are you reading?"

"No; I am papering the room, darling. The room needs papering. Do you like the paper? The husband of the gardener's wife has not any paper in his room, poor chap—not even *The Daily*—"

"The curate's just called. Shall I send him up?"

"Leave me!" I exclaimed—but the door had already closed.

Particularly fine was the ensuing paragraph of the volume, and greatly proud was I, as I sank into the deep cushions, of having grasped its main idea. A serene glow of satisfaction took possession of me. What grand fellows these old philosophers were! What anchor-chains of thought they forged from their white-hot conceptions! Listen to this:—

"Got a stamp, old boy?"

It was the lady who is popularly known as Auntie Nell. Marking my place, I set the book aside.

"Helen," I said, "I will not deny it; I have a stamp. Do you want one?"

"No. I came in for the fern-pot." We regarded each other steadily.

"Shall I lick it?" I enquired meekly. "And affix it for you?"

"Yes, please."

"Would you like me to run to the post, Helen?"

"No thanks. Pay you to-morrow."

"Numerous considerations," observed my author, when I had regained the sense of the argument and become calm, "pointing towards deep, unfathomable regions, present themselves here." The consideration which presented itself to me, after a few minutes had passed, was that one of my fingers was sticky. You can't read decently with sticky fingers. I rose, sought the bath-room, and washed my hands. Returning, I made to replenish the fire, and discovered that there was no coal. Ringing the bell, I waited until fuel had been fetched.

"Nature does not make all great men," pursued the luminous unturned page, "in the selfsame mould. ADDISON says—"

"Daddy!" (This must have been ADDISON's earlier manner.) "Daddy! You don't know what I've got." Dorothy climbed on my knees and sat on the book.

"Go away," I said austere.

"Open your mouf and shut your eyes," commanded Dorothy. . . . It was a sugar-almond, and I nearly swallowed the thing.

"Let me look at it." (I opened my mouth.) "O-oh! The pink's almost gone. Now suck hard and you come to the nut. Is it nice? Put your cigar away, or you can't suck proper."

"Dorothy," I said, "I want to read."

"Why?"

"Because—h'm—because it improves my mind."

"Don't you ever want to play wiv me?"

"I played with you this morning."

"But that was hours and hours ago. Can you feel the nut yet?"

"No. Call Mummy. Where's Miss Smith? She ought to put you to bed."

"She's teaching Unky Frank to play billiards." (Ah, Frank!) "Just one game." I smiled, sighed, succumbed.

"What shall it be?"

"Bli'man's—buff. You be bli'man first."

"In all times and places," my author murmured between the shut pages, "the Hero has been worshipped." Am I not a Hero? Dorothy worships me; and Dorothy's mamma once said—

"George, have you seen Dor— Oh, you darlings!" Being bli'man, I couldn't dodge the kiss.

"Good night, daddy, fankyou. Is the nut froo?" And, as the nut *was* through, and I seemed by now to have mislaid the thread of my author's argument, I went off to relieve Miss Smith.

"The Recorder ultimately adjourned the case to enable the Crown to have the law involved by senior counsel."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

How often this happens.

TOO MANY DAYS AGO.

(With apologies to the author of "*A Few Days Ago*" in "*The Spectator*.")

If any of my readers—if I have readers—should feel surprise at the remarkable antiquity of some of the paragraphs in this column I hasten to assure him that it is no fault of mine. I hold myself guiltless of a system which makes it necessary for a writer to pen on the 16th, say, of the month, the article which his readers will not see until the 25th. That is one of the penalties of demanding pictures along with text.

One of the most interesting episodes in connection with Queen ANNE's funeral, which I could not help witnessing, as my taxi was held up for an hour by the procession (at great expense to me), was the unhorsing of one of the officers. Why it should be so humiliating to be thrown from the saddle I leave to psychologists to decide. Enough for me that I felt, and knew that every one else was feeling, a mortification and grief equal to the rider's own: surely a remarkable example of sympathy.

To return to the question of taxis, surely some day a taxi-cab builder will arise with enough brains to devise some system of communication with the driver less clumsy than opening the door and less awkward than speaking, like *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* through a hole in the wall. My own habit—and, as my readers know, I now live entirely in these vehicles—is to arrange with the driver (before I get in) a code of taps on the glass; and then all is well. One tap = turn to the right; two taps = turn to the left; three taps = stop; and so on.

When are we to be provided with a lift at the National Gallery? It is a scandal that in this treasure-house of art the visitor should be expected to put one foot before the other to climb the steps. Art that is worth seeing is worth seeing in comfort.

The cricket season is, thank heaven! upon us again, and the boring pursuit of the football will cease for a while. None too soon. But how pleasant it would be if someone in authority could assure us that at Lord's it would be possible to get something to eat at lunch-time on the big match days, and that the tea interval was to be abolished for ever. Has Mr. Fry chosen his new county yet, I wonder? W. W. W.

"MATRIMONY. A young gentleman wishes to meet a young lady."—*Scotsman*.
Yes, that's how it begins.



THE TRYST AT THE WALL.

PYRAMUS (PRESIDENT TAFT). "I SEE A VOICE: NOW WILL I TO THE CHINK,
TO SPY AN I CAN HEAR MY THISBE'S FACE.
THISBE!"

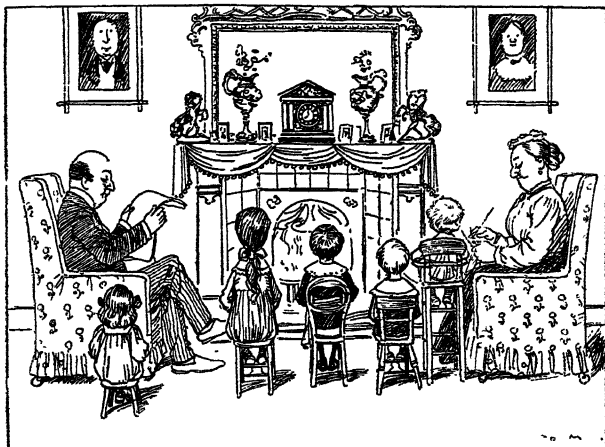
THISBE (SIR WILFRID LAURIER). "MY LOVE! THOU ART MY LOVE, I THINK."

PYRAMUS. "THINK WHAT THOU WILT, I AM THY LOVER'S GRACE."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

MR. PUNCH'S IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

FOUR SELECTED EXAMPLES IN WAX.



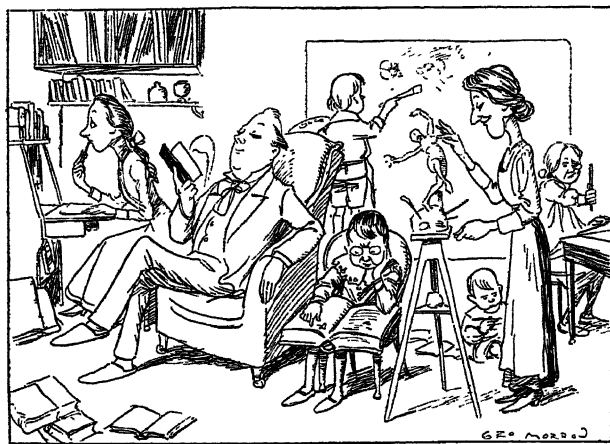
THE DOMESTIC HOME.



THE MUSICAL HOME.



THE SCIENTIFIC HOME.



THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC HOME.

"THE GRIP."

CONCEIVING that the wit and wisdom of MESSRS. GRANVILLE BARKER and BERNARD SHAW are as undeniable as their inability or reluctance to introduce movement into their dramas is regrettable, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has, we are delighted to learn, arranged with Messrs. RALEIGH and HAMILTON in the next great Drury Lane production. Of the wonderful quadruple masterpiece that will result, and is now in process of construction, we are privileged in being able to give the following advance synopsis. The play will be entitled *The Grip*, in four Acts.

Act I.—A desolate strip of the L. and N. W. Railway line between Berkhamsted and Tring. There are four sets of metal tracks, and between each pair of rails is an armchair, on which are seated *Lieut.-Col. Robinson* (an ex-officer now in the hardware business), *Mrs. Brown* (his housekeeper), *Miss Brown* (her daughter), and *Mr. Thomas Jones*

(her fiancé). The quartette proceeds to discuss

Socialism,
The Canals in Mars,
Plural Voting,
Confucianism,
Bedspreads.

In the middle of Bedspreads the Carlisle express (real) arrives suddenly and carries off *Mrs. Brown*. (*Curtain*.)

Act II.—A peak in the Alps. The survivors of Act I, accoutred with axes, alpenstocks, ropes and spectacles, are scaling a difficult pitch, and continuing the adjourned discussion on Bedspreads. From this they drift naturally into

Anti-vivisection,
Vegetarianism,
Christian Science,
Bimetallism,
Japanese Art.

During the last topic the *Lieut.-Colonel* is seized with vertigo, and plunges into a bottomless abyss (real). (*Curtain*.)

Act III.—A tight-rope over the Niagara Falls (real water). On this the two protagonists are balancing. After

some brisk repartee on Tariff Reform and the Sex question, during which the fire-proof curtain is twice lowered and raised rapidly, *Miss Brown* invites *Mr. Jones* to chase her. This he proceeds to do, but misses his footing and falls. In an agony of remorse she plunges after him. (*Curtain*.)

Act IV.—The interior (profusely decorated) of St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The two lovers, both with bad colds after their recent wetting, and in convict's dress (they have been imprisoned, as it transpires, for giving an unlicensed acrobatic entertainment within the boundaries of the British Empire), are about to be married. They wrangle for some twenty minutes on Eugenics and the Divorce Law, and the ceremony proceeds. Just as it is over and they are on the point of being conducted to separate solitary confinement by the prison warders, a King's messenger arrives up the aisle in a motor-car with a free pardon from His Majesty. Rejoicing and National Anthem. (*Final Curtain*.)

MR. ROOSEVELT IN ENGLAND.

(Extracted from the "Heddomadary Journal of the Roosevelt Round-Trip.")

I.

TO-DAY (Monday) Mr. ROOSEVELT, having arrived at Charing Cross on the previous night, addressed the members of the London County Council at the County Hall in Spring Gardens. Mr. ROOSEVELT was received in state by the Chairman and the Aldermen, and was conducted to his place by Mr. HAYES FISHER and Sir JOHN BENN. In an impassioned speech, which occupied two hours in delivery, he adjured the Council to neglect party, not to bother about the rates, and to sound the death-knell of municipal trading of all kinds. What, he asked, did a tram-line more or less matter, and why should not all needy parents of at least twelve children be fed and clothed at the expense of the ratepayers? At this stage Mr. HAYES FISHER and Sir JOHN BENN left the Hall; but Mr. ROOSEVELT, nothing daunted, continued his address. Eventually the meeting adjourned in confusion after an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the distinguished visitor had been passed by a majority of one on a total vote of three.

II.

TO-day (Tuesday) Mr. ROOSEVELT paid his long-promised visit to the Houses of Parliament. Members of both Houses had assembled in Westminster Hall to do him honour, a mixed guard of honour being furnished by the 1st Regiment of Life Guards and the Middlesex Yeomanry. The SPEAKER of the House of Commons and the LORD CHANCELLOR led Mr. ROOSEVELT to the brass plate commemorating the position of STRAFFORD during his trial; and Mr. ROOSEVELT then began his harangue by dwelling in scathing terms on the contrast between the material splendour of an Archbishop and the needy wretchedness of a labourer out of employment. No Archbishop, he thought, should receive a stipend of more than £100 a year paid quarterly in advance, and both of them ought to be compelled by law to pass at least eleven months of every year in a slum dwelling. At this point the Archbishop of CANTERBURY was unfortunately called away by a long-standing previous engagement. Mr. ROOSEVELT, continuing, poured scorn on such efforts as might from time to time be made by the Bench of Bishops to preach and enforce the superannuated doctrines of peace amongst mankind. Having thus cleared the Hall of all the Bishops, Mr. ROOSEVELT went on to deliver a glowing panegyric on War as the reinvigorator of nations. He was himself, he said, no supporter of the obsolete privileges possessed and exercised by the House of Lords, but at the same time he felt bound to commend that House for throwing down the gauntlet to an upstart and ignorant assembly like the House of Commons, who, for their part, deserved nothing but praise for the way in which they had determined to assert their privileges against a most unwarrantable encroachment. Both these Houses ought, he thought, to wield a perpetual Veto against one another. They might then combine to build ten *Dreadnoughts* a week and to make every man, woman and child a soldier—a course which he himself had determined to pursue when, if ever, he returned to the United States. Let them use the big stick on one another and on foreign nations and all might yet be well. Finally Mr. ROOSEVELT shook the hand of his remaining audience (a deaf peer whose name did not transpire), and left Westminster in a taxi-cab.

III.

Unfortunately, Mr. ROOSEVELT's promised lecture at Windsor Castle on "The Duties and Rights of Royalty" has had to be postponed, Mr. ROOSEVELT having been summoned to Berlin by the KAISER and the Imperial Chancellor to settle the vexed question of the Prussian franchise.

THE GILDED PILL.

(A SORROW OF THE FIRST TEE.)

[One result of the rubber boom has been to raise the price of the best golf balls from 2s. to 2s. 6d.]

BANG in the blessed spinney there he goes!

(Was ever round so rottenly begun?)

The last survivor of my "silver crows,"

He shall not leap into the morning sun,

He shall not through the bristling bunkers roam,

Nor gambol in the furzes any more;

Now he has journeyed to his long, long home,

Peace to his hand-made core.

We shall not look upon his like again,

That pallid face with cicatrices marred,

That sometimes in the reedy swamp has lain,

And sometimes in the meadow primrose-starred

All but an inch or so has tucked away,

And answered nothing to the niblick's call—

What? Did you speak, my caddie? Yes, you may

Put down another ball.

But not his equal, Edward, not his mate;

In former days I might have dared indeed,

Cheered by the rosy chance of hitting straight,

To sacrifice a second of his breed.

Silvanus only knows what flowery nooks

Have stifled, ere to-day, the dying throb

Of countless unremembered "daws" and "rooks"

Costing the bard two bob.

But now the skyey brutes have grown more dear

And vendors hope to rush me half-a-crown,

I draw the line; there is no patent sphere,

No airy creature of approved renown

For whom I mean to pay that famine price.

The good old tax I'll bear, but naught above,

Not for a glittering bird of Paradise,

Not for a Paphian dove.

Pile me the mound again; and let us place

A feebler victim on the altar-top,

Some poor concoction of a hybrid race,

How slow to move, how resolute to stop!

See where the wretched thing has gone and rolled!

You say the party next behind us swears:

Ah well, it may be just: perhaps they hold

A heap of rubber shares.

Appropos of the newly revived "Parade of the Black Knight," at Ashton-under-Lyne, *The Daily Mail* says:—

"The Black Knight was a tyrant in the fifteenth century who lived at the Old Hall, Ashton, now demolished. He was notorious for the large number of wives he had, and his summary method of disposing of them by rolling them down a hill in a spiked barrel. Left to individual enterprise, the custom had of late years fallen into decay."

Perhaps it was as well. In the hands of a really enterprising individual it must have been a very unpleasant custom for the wife.

"In all the churches in Ipswich, including those of the Nonconformist bodies, Eastertide was observed. Many of the Episcopalian churches were more or less elaborately adorned; this custom, indeed, is becoming general."—*East Anglian Daily Times*.

Heavens, how Ipswich is going ahead!

"SWEDISH gentleman (21) wants to exchange language with an English lady or gentleman."—*Scotsman*.

Shame! (And only twenty one!)

THE DEPARTMENTAL SYSTEM.

(By the Solicitor's Clerk.)

I sit in a vast marble hall, filled with electric light, heated to a nicety by the most expensive heating apparatus, supplied with lifts and every modern convenience. I am in the Land Registry Office, and asking myself, "Where does the money come from?" I am also wondering whether the Client, who is by a gracious legislature compelled to patronise this institution every time he wants to transfer his London property, is a wealthy man. I hope he is, because he has to pay for the conveyance of his land by the good old system which works well, and the nice new system which does not. This imports variation into life; it is an effective bar to monotony; but it is costly. Yet he must be wealthy, or how could he be a client?

I am ushered into the Official's room. There is a nice fire in the grate, and the Official is just about to read his morning paper. I have come to see him over a matter of a 7s. 6d. stamp. We converse about stamps generally, this Official and I. By a natural and easy process we get from the abstract to the concrete, and I am informed bit by bit that there is something about my stamp that only Somerset House can properly appreciate.

Somerset House and I are old friends. We understand each other. I have no difficulty in gathering, during the course of conversation, that the Land Registry, modest creature, is really the connoisseur of this particular stamp. Let the Land Registry only condescend to initial the stamp, and Somerset House will then do the dirty work.

The walk between the two places is pleasant and bears repetition.

The Official is stoking his fire when I enter. I explain what Somerset House want, and explain it again. The Official summons another Official. We are introduced; we pull our chairs up to the fire, and for the third time I explain. They at once grasp the outline of the idea, and pencils are produced. The second Official returns to his nest, the first to his paper, and I to Somerset House.

There is another man at Somerset House. He is proud, and cannot conceive what his colleague was up to. He feels that Somerset House ought to have done the initialling and the Land Registry the dirty work. But, as I have said, the House and I are old friends, and I know how to take a joke.

The fire in the Official's room is getting, perhaps, a little too hot. However, "How are you getting on with



Mother (visiting son at preparatory school). "WELL, MY DARLING!"

Son. "I SAY, MOTHER, DON'T LOOK SO GHASTLY PLEASED BEFORE ALL THESE FELLOWS."

that stamp of yours?" says the Official. I explain that, having made a little investigation of my own, I have discovered a special Stamp Department in this very building. I have left it there for a week, so that they may see if they can think out something for me. "Do you know," says the Official, "I am becoming quite interested in that stamp of yours. What exactly is the matter with it? I am afraid I did not listen very carefully when you first told me about it." I explain that I want it cancelled and the 7s. 6d. back. Why do I want it cancelled? Because it ought never to have been put on. Then why, if he may ask without seeming rude, was it put on? Because he, the Official, told me to. "Did I really now?" he says. "How very interesting! But tell me, how did you ever come to find out that it ought never to have been put on?" "They told me so at Somerset House." "Ah," he said. "Well, they probably know."

The week has elapsed. The Stamp Department have thought the matter

over. The Land Registry has exchanged messages with Somerset House. (I have been the messenger.) There has been no hurry, no hustle, no bickering, no ill-feeling. Once only the Official intervened, courteous and quiet as ever. Consideration has shown him that Somerset House was quite right. The stamp ought never to have been put on the registration. How he knows this is because the registration on which the stamp was put ought never to have been made. Finally I sign several documents and get the seven and sixpence back in penny stamps.

I say good-bye to the Official, wondering whether the Client is possibly rich enough to stand it. The Official says good-bye to me, wondering whether to put another lump of coal on or not.

Consolation.

"Chills caught on the football field have often proved fatal, but it must be borne in mind that consumption might have killed them had they never taken part in football."—*Tit-bits*.
Luckily there is always a something.

NAPOLEON AT WORK.

WHEN I am in any doubt or difficulty I say to myself, "What would NAPOLEON have done?" The answer generally comes at once: "He would have borrowed from Henry," or "He would have said his aunt was ill"—the one obviously right and proper thing. Then I weigh in and do it.

"What station's this?" said Beatrice, as the train began to slow up. "Baby and I want to get home."

"Whitercroft, I expect," said John, who was reading the paper. "Only four more."

"It's grown since we were here last," I observed. "Getting quite a big place."

"Good; then we're at Hillstead. Only three more stations. Hooray!"

I looked out of the window, and had a sudden suspicion.

"Where have I heard the name Byres before?" I murmured thoughtfully.

"You haven't," said John. "Nobody has."

"Say 'Byres,' baby," urged Beatrice happily.

"You're quite sure that there isn't anything advertised called 'Byres'? You're sure you can't drink Byres or rub yourself down with Byres?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, we must be at Byres."

There was a shriek from Beatrice, as she rushed to the window.

"We're in the wrong train—Quick! Get the bags!—Have you got the rug?—Where's the umbrella?—Open the window, stupid!"

I got up and moved her from the door.

"Leave this to me," I said calmly. "Porter!—porter!!—PORTER!!!—Oh, guard, what station's this?"

"Byres, Sir."

"Byres?"

"Yes, Sir." He blew his whistle and the train went on again.

"At any rate we know now that it was Byres," I remarked, when the silence began to get oppressive.

"It's all very well for you," Beatrice burst out indignantly, "but you don't think about Baby. We don't know a bit where we are—"

"That's the one thing we do know," I said. "We're at this little Byres place."

"It was the porter's fault at Liverpool Street," said John consolingly. "He told us it was a through carriage."

"I don't care whose fault it was; I'm only thinking of Baby."

"What time do babies go to bed as a rule?"

"This one goes at six."

"Well, then, she's got another hour. Now, what would NAPOLEON have done?"

"NAPOLEON," said John, after careful thought, "would have turned all your clothes out of your bag, would have put the baby in it diagonally, and have bored holes in the top for ventilation. That's as good as going to bed—you avoid the worst of the evening mists. And people would only think you kept caterpillars."

Beatrice looked at him coldly.

"That's a way to talk of your daughter," she said in scorn.

"Don't kill him," I begged. "We may want him. Now I've got another idea. If you look out of the window you observe that we are on a single line."

"Well, I envy it. And, however single it is, we're going away from home in it."

"True. But the point is, that no train can come back on it until we've stopped going forward. So, you see, there's no object in getting out of this train until it has finished for the day, as it were. Probably it will go back itself before long, out of sheer boredom. And it's much better waiting here than on a draughty Byres platform."

Beatrice, quite seeing the point, changed the subject.

"There's my trunk will go on to Brookfield, and the wagonette will meet the train, and as we aren't there it will go away without the trunk, and all baby's things are in it."

"She's not complaining," I said. "She's just mentioning it."

"Look here," said John reproachfully, "we're doing all we can. We're both thinking like anything." He picked up his paper again.

I was beginning to get annoyed. It was, of course, no good to get as anxious and excited as Beatrice; that wouldn't help matters at all. On the other hand, the entire indifference of John and the baby was equally out of place. It seemed to me that there was a middle and Napoleonic path in between these two extremes which only I was following. To be convinced that one is the only person doing the right thing is always annoying.

"I've just made another discovery," I said in a hurt voice. "There's a map over John's head, if he'd only had the sense to look there before. There we are," and I pointed with my stick; "there's Byres. The line goes round and round and eventually goes through Dearmer. We get out at Dearmer, and we're only three miles from Brookfield."

"What they call a loop line," assisted John, "because it's in the shape of a loop."

"It's not so bad as it might be," admitted Beatrice grudgingly, after studying the map, "but it's five miles home from Dearmer; and what about my trunk?"

I sighed and pulled out a pencil.

"It's very simple. We write a telegram: 'Stationmaster, Brookfield. Send wagonette and trunk to wait for us at Dearmer station.'"

"Love to mother and the children," added John.

Our train stopped again. I summoned a porter and gave him the telegram.

"It's so absurdly simple," I repeated, as the train went on. "Just a little presence of mind; that's all."

We got out at Dearmer and gave up our tickets to the porter-station-master-signalman.

"What's this?" he said. "These are no good to me."

"Well, they're no good to us. We've finished with them."

We sat in the waiting-room with him for half-an-hour and explained the situation. We said that, highly as we thought of Byres, we had not wantonly tried to defraud the com, any in order to get a sight of the place; and that, so far from owing him three shillings apiece, we were prepared to take a sovereign to say nothing more about it. . . . And still the wagonette didn't come.

"Is there a post-office here?" I asked the man. "Or a horse?"

"There might be a horse at the 'Lion.' There's no post-office."

"Well, I suppose I could wire to Brookfield station from here?"

"Not to Brookfield."

"But supposing you want to tell the station-master there that the train's off the line, or that you've won the first prize at the Flower-show in the vegetable class, how would you do it?"

"Brookfield's not on this line. That's why you've got to pay three shill—"

"Yes, yes. You said all that. Then I shall go and explore the village."

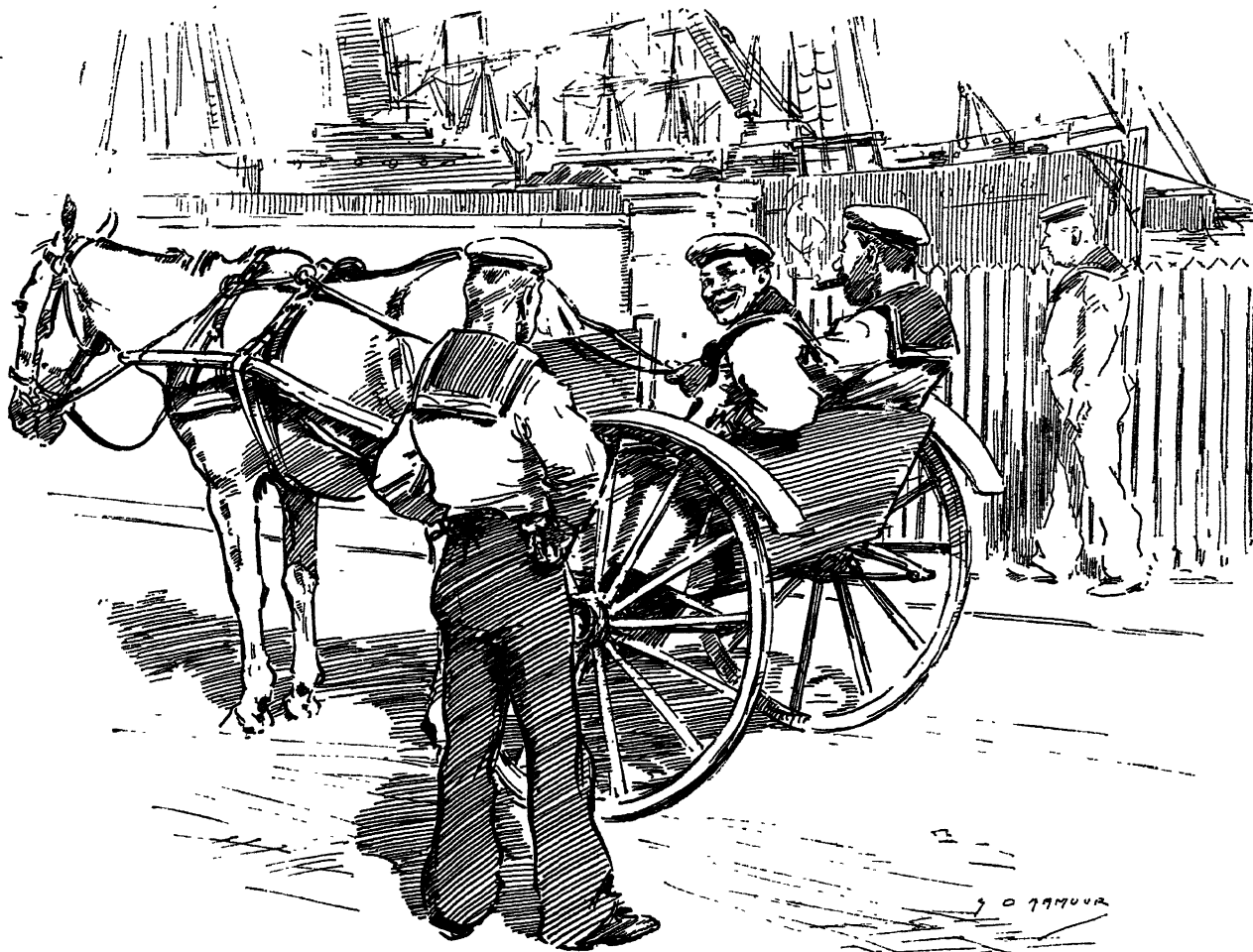
I explored, as NAPOLEON would have done, and I came back with a plan.

"There is no hor-e," I said to my eager audience; "but I have found a bicycle. The landlady of the 'Lion' will be delighted to look after Beatrice and the baby, and will give her tea; John will stay here with the bags in case the wagonette turns up, and I will ride to Brookfield and summon help."

"That's all right," said John, "only I would suggest that I go to the 'Lion' and have tea, and Beatrice and the child—"

We left him in disgust at his selfishness. I established the ladies at the inn, mounted the bicycle, and rode off. It was a windy day, and I had a long coat and a bowler hat. After an extremely unpleasant two miles something drove past me. I lifted up my head and looked round. It was the wagonette.

I rode back behind it in triumph. When it turned up the road to the



First Jack Tar (to shipmates, who have hired a very small cart and a very large horse). "'OW ARE YE GOIN' TO SEE WHERE YE'RE GOIN' WITH THAT THERE ELEPHANT IN FRONT OF YE?"

Second Jack Tar. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE. BILL 'E'S GOIN' TO KEEP A LOOK OUT TO STARBOARD, I'M GOIN' TO LOOK OUT TO PORT, AND TH 'OSS 'A GOT TO LOOK OUT AHEAD."

station, I hurried straight on to the "Lion" to prepare Beatrice. I knocked, and peered i: to rooms, and knocked again, and at last the landlady came.

"Er—is the lady——"

"Oh, she's gone, Sir, a long time ago. A gentleman she knew drove past, and she asked him to give her a lift home in his trap. She was going to tell the other gentleman, and he'd wait for you."

"Oh, yes. That's all right."

I returned my bicycle to its owner, distributed coppers to his children, and went up to the station. The porter came out to meet me. He seemed surprised.

"The gentleman thought you wouldn't be coming back, Sir, as you didn't come with the wagonette."

"I just went up to the 'Lion'——"

"Yessir. Well, he drove off quarter of an hour ago; said it was no good waiting for you, as you'd ride straight 'ome when you found at Brookfield that the wagonette 'ad come."

'And now I ask you—What would NAPOLEON have said? A. A. M.

OUR MISTER GIBBS.

["Here and there, still, are men and women who do wild delightful things in the true spirit of folly, and who have learnt the secret of the laughing heart, caring not a hang for what the world thinks, or their next-door neighbour. I have known middle-aged men, and one an 'eminent educationalist' (as he is described in the Press), who have played leap-frog on the village green, to the great delight of the villagers. I have seen a party of distinguished 'adies and gentlemen (a ce a two-step across Trafalgar-square at midnight. I have seen a drawing-room full of 'intellectuals' silent for two hours while they played at jig-saw puzzles. I know half-a-dozen like any men who have challenged each other to walk to Brighton, though some of them have never walked further than Balham. Oh, gay-hearted Fools! Oh, noble Folly!"—*Mr. Philip Gibbs, in "The Daily Chronicle," April 1st.*]

I've seen an Archimandrite dance a cake-walk in the Strand;

I've seen a maddened 'bus horse charge into a German band;

I've seen upon a Scottish moor three German Jews in kilts;

I've seen a tame gorilla caracoling upon stilts;

I've seen a Major-General bowl his grandson with a lob;

I've seen a Plymouth Brother riding barebacked on a cob;

I've seen a Senior Proctor playing polo in a wig;

I've seen a piebald whippet running races with a pig;

But life was dull as ditch-water and flat as cocoa-nibs

Until I read the joyous japes of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS.

Generosity.

"Exchange first-class cigars against good stamps. Give for 2s. worth of stamps 1s. worth of cigars, Colonials preferred."—*The Bazarr.*

A good way of getting rid of half-a-dozen Tasmanian cigars.

"Last March there was only one instance of a day without rain (and only three in the whole month)."—*The Times.*

Solutions (accompanied by a sixpenny postal order) should be sent to this office.



FILIAL PIETY.

Shopman. "WHOSE BADGE IS THAT YOU'RE WEARING, MISSY?"

Missy. "IT'S MR. HOSKINS'S. HE'S UP FOR THE ELECTION FOR THE DISTRICT COUNCIL."

Shopman. "BUT IT'S THE WRONG MAN."

Missy. "YES, I KNOW; BUT IT'S FATHER."

OUR POET PEERS.

THE newspapers have been full of the contributions to a bazaar-book of maxims prepared by the Garelochhead (Dumbartonshire) Golf Club. These included a rhymed eulogy of golf by the Duke of ARGYLL, which opens with the noble lines:—

"It gives to the bad the sleep of the just;
It lays the proud low in the bunker of dust;
It raises the humble to sit in the lap
Of fortune made kind by a fair handicap.
For the man of adventure 'tis balm to his soul
To get himself happily into a hole. . . ."

The same high level of achievement is maintained in the melodious verses of Lord PENTLAND, the Secretary for Scotland:—

"So I said it, and think not I said it in jest,
For you'll find it true to the letter,
That the only thing old people ought to know
best
Is that young people ought to know better."

VISCOUNT GLADSTONE OF LANARK, the new Governor-General of South Africa, sends:—

"Fear not for the future;
Weep not for the past."

This couplet, we believe, has since been expanded to a stanza by a brilliant addition from the pen of Lord DUNEDIN:—

"On the Scottish lute, Ure
Cannot be surpassed."

Amongst later delightfully humorous contributions to the bazaar-book is the following from Lord CARRINGTON, the gifted President of the Board of Agriculture, whose serious speeches are always listened to in the most awestricken silence in the House of Lords. It is surely not too much to say that this exquisitely pathetic *morceau* combines the poignancy of CATULLUS with the simplicity of HEINE:—

"I'd like to be a Viceroy
And with the Viceroys reign;
Home Agriculture gives no scope
To my colossal brain."

"I'd like to be a Viceroy,
In fact, I'm quite prepared;
But the dear old *Daily Chronicle*
Asserts I 'can't be spared.'"

Lord PIRRIE, K.P., evinces his wide culture in the subjoined brilliant impromptu:—

"NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.
The scholar versed in classic Greek
May be unskilful with his cleek.
The smartest, best set-up Bimbashi
May be a duffer with the mashie.
Lloyd George, that very gifted Taffy,
Is not a flyer with his baffy.
E'en I, who write these deathless rhymes,
Have missed the blooming ball sometimes."

Another amazingly coruscating contribution is the following quatrain from the polished pen of Lord EVERSLEY, who, as Mr. SHAW-LEFFVRE, was known as the wittiest of our ædiles:—

"Though never partial to the Muse,
Your kind request I can't refuse.
I therefore beg you in these lines
'Make hay while good old Phœbus shines.'"

Lord COURTNEY originally forwarded an epic poem on *Proportional Representation*, but afterwards generously substituted this dainty little stanza:—

"In my youth men studied
Commerce, letters, law;
Now they spend the live-long day
Over the Jig-saw."

Lastly, the Earl of GRANARD sends the following pithy distich fraught with a world of wistful meaning:—

"If life's sometimes a burden to a baronet,
Uneasier lies the head that wears a coronet."

"A camel corps was in waiting, but Colonel Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt . . . elected to travel to-day in a dog car. Others of their immediate party mounted horses or donkeys."

Boston Transcript.

The COLONEL modestly waving away the herds of camels, horses and donkeys, and selecting the humble dog—what a picture for a Landseer! (By the way, you did recognise him as "Colonel," didn't you?)



NERVOUS WORK.

PEER (log.). "WELL, I SUPPOSE THEY'LL GO ON MISSING ME AS USUAL; BUT I MUST SAY IT'S GETTING RATHER WARM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 29.

—To-day House preserved its unique record as the place where the unexpected happens. At length Lords and Commons have actually come to grips on question Who shall be predominant partner. The ring is cleared. Round the roped enclosure gathers crowd eagerly watching. Natural to expect that the champions would comport themselves in manner suitable to historic occasion. They were the pick of the fighting men. Now we should see some pretty play, some swift attack foiled by smart manœuvre, feigned retreat leading up to sharp attack.

To tell the truth there was nothing of the kind. Had the matter at issue been an ordinary amendment to commonplace clause, the manner of PREMIER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION could not have been less emotional, the passion of the opposed hosts less deeply stirred. ASQUITH struck keynote by studiously restrained manner, unbroken moderation of phrase. Throughout he was frigidly argumentative. Made no appeal to passion or prejudice.

FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE, seated next to him, dumbly marvelled. How different would have been the scene had



COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Asquith's speech in moving his Anti-Veto Resolution, while a powerful and eloquent indictment, was voted a shade too "frigidly argumentative."

he been standing at the Table on such occasion! Before he had reached his fifth sentence this decorous crowd would have been transformed into a seething, shouting mass of humanity.

PRINCE ARTHUR, fresh from southern sea and sunlit clime, was in lighter mood. House gratefully laughed when he spoke with high scorn of "these piebald Resolutions," "this harlequin scheme." No one listening, otherwise ignorant of real state of affairs, would have conjectured that the House was entering upon battle round a great constitutional question, the issue fraught with the fate of the Government and the making of history.

Only time PREMIER really stirred an audience to which the United States, France, Austria-Hungary and Japan contributed the presence of their Ambassadors, was in the final passage, where he dealt with position of the Crown in respect of the Veto. Recalling how Queen ELIZABETH in a single Session vetoed 48 out of 91 Bills that had received the assent of both Houses of Parliament, he emphatically declared "That royal veto, then and for long afterwards an active and potent enemy of popular rights, is dead as Queen ANNE."

All eyes were turned upon the Heir Apparent to the Throne of the Tudors

and the Stuarts, who, with elbows leaning on front of gallery over the clock, intently listened to this lesson in history.

And has monarchy suffered? The loudest cheer of the sitting greeted the PREMIER's answer to his own question.

"There is not a man among us, in whatever quarter of this House he sits, who does not know that the Crown of this realm, with its hereditary succession, its prerogatives adjusted from generation to generation to the needs of the people and the call of the Empire, is held by our gracious Sovereign by a far securer tenure than ever fell to the lot of any of his Tudor or Stuart ancestors."

Cheers broke forth again, rattling with fierce energy along the crowded Ministerial benches, when the PREMIER, pointing the moral of his story, roundly declared, "The absolute Veto of the Lords must follow the Veto of the Crown."

This was the one flash of fire in the long night's talkee-talkee.

Business done.—PRIME MINISTER moved House into Committee to consider relations between the two Houses of Parliament.

Wednesday.—COUSIN HUGH inadvertently put his foot in it just now. Learned, if he did not know before,

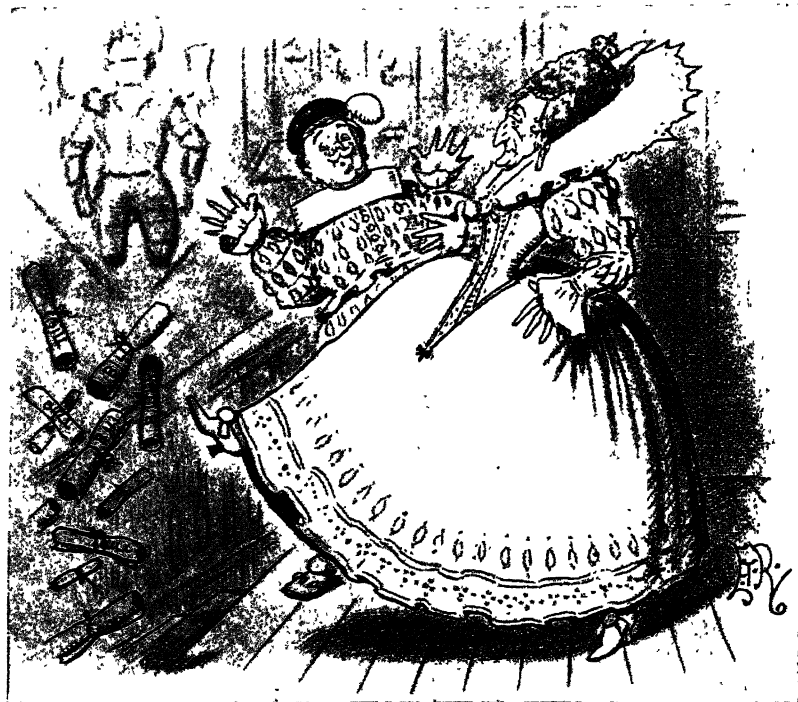
THE FLIPPANT "ARISTO."

"Ah, my dear Asquith! so *this* is your Revolution! Most interesting, and so impressive—what?!"

["The Leader of the Opposition made an attempt in a flippant manner to laugh these Resolutions out of court."

Mr. Winston Churchill.]





QUEEN ELIZABETH EXERCISES HER ROYAL VETO.

"Queen Elizabeth in a single Session vetoed forty-eight out of ninety-one Bills that had received the assent of both Houses of Parliament."

that the House is exceedingly sensitive about attack on any one of its sacred Membership whose constitutional modesty habitually withdraws him from the front of the stage and whose gentleness of manner indisposes him to withhold his right cheek from the hand that has smitten his left.

Episode strayed into delivery of speech against PREMIER's proposal to go into Committee on Veto question. Picturing the dreadful state of things that would accompany realisation of Ministerial scheme, COUSIN HUGH genially remarked: "There is no greater hypocrisy than to represent the House of Commons as a free assembly."

This fell a little flat. Everyone knows COUSIN HUGH's stinging epigrammatic way of putting things; accepts it as a matter of course. This disappointing. COUSIN HUGH out for a shindy; not to be disappointed.

"Everyone knows it is not," he asserted.

Still no one moved to tread on the conveniently outspread coat-tail. COUSIN HUGH grew desperate.

"Does any hon. Member deny it?" he asked, looking searchingly along Labour ranks.

It's a painful story, but must be told. Nobody moved. The coat-tails flapped unregarded on the unsympathetic floor.

At this moment COUSIN HUGH's flaming eye fell upon the winsome WINSTON seated on Treasury Bench smiling in innocence of middle-aged youth. Here

was his chance. Citing case of HAROLD COX, driven from House, as he said, because he was too independent to please its prejudices, he, casually as it were, remarked, "The HOME SECRETARY had not courage and high principle enough to stand up in Mr. Cox's defence."

Then the storm burst. If such wanton attack had been made on FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE, he might have been left to repel it unaided. But WINSTON! It was, as J. WARD remarked from under the eaves of his brown felt hat, like hitting a woman.

Instantly uprose angry cries of "Order! Order!" "Withdraw! Withdraw!" COUSIN HUGH, quickly perceived he had made a mistake.

"I did not," he inconsequentially said, "mean to throw any doubt on the right hon. gentleman's moral character," of which nobody had been thinking.

"What did *you* do for Mr. Cox?" asked the voice from under the roof-tree of J. WARD's hat.

"I wrote a letter," said COUSIN HUGH, "publicly and openly defending him."

Then came JOHN DILLON's opportunity and his triumph.

"That killed him," he said.

This is the shortest speech J. D. ever addressed to the House of Commons. The fact that it was also the most effective suggests a useful moral.

Business done.—Debating Veto Resolutions.

Thursday.—RUNCIMAN, though young

in years as Scotchmen count, has had a varied, always distinguished, career in the Commons. Little more than ten years since he entered the charmed circle. Today is a Cabinet Minister in charge of important Department. Sits at the Council Table close by WINSTON, who, before he found salvation, routed him out of Oldham and for a while seemed to have wrecked his Parliamentary career. Two years ago, in charge of the latest Education Bill he seemed within an ace of succeeding where BIRRELL first, McKENNA after, failed. On a certain afternoon, over tea and muffins in the parlour of Lambeth Palace, the westering sun looked upon the preliminaries to signing and sealing a concordat that would finally settle this long-vexed question. The sun set; so did the fortunes of the Education Bill. The concordat proved to be a mirage.

Of late MINISTER OF EDUCATION relegated to background. Enjoying period of well-earned leisure. Suddenly dragged to the front and (in Parliamentary sense, of course) beaten insensible by question from Mr. CLOUGH. The Yorkshireman, gloomy of countenance, stern in attitude, wants to know, "What is the portion of any expenses incurred by the Lindsey County Council, in respect of capital expenditure on account of the provision of any public elementary school, charged on the parish served by that school in accordance with Clause 18 (1) (c) of the Education Act, 1902?"

Read this backward and forward and see what you make of it.

RUNCIMAN gallantly stood up to reply. Murmured words inaudible across the Table and dropped back in his seat.

"Will the right hon. gentleman," asked the implacable CLOUGH, "let me have a copy of that answer?"

"Yes, Sir," feebly answered RUNCIMAN, glad to be let off so cheaply. Let to-morrow look after itself. Sufficient to the day is the question thereof.

Business done.—WINSTON nails colours to the mast once more.

"Mr. Byles asked the Premier if any treaty existed between this country and France by which there was assured to *both* countries in case of conflict the absolute mastery of the Mediterranean."

Mr. Asquith.—No treaty of convention of the nature specified exists between this country and France."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, don't blame the Government hastily. It's a difficult sort of thing to arrange off-hand. (N.B. The printer has, with our connivance, put one of the words in what are technically known as italics, with the object of making the joke leap more swiftly to the eye.) We are always ready to do anything like that for you.)

WHO'S WHERE.

MR. PUNCH'S LIST OF ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES :—

ALABASTER.—Mrs. ENAMELINE ALABASTER has arrived at the Hotel Rouge-mont from Paris.

BLAUBART.—Mr. CARL BLAUBART, of Eiferstein, has arrived at the Hotel Cassel.

CRACKER.—Mr. BILL CRACKER, of Whitechapel, has left Bow Street for Holloway.

DORDLE.—Mr. WALLABY P. DORDLE, of Seattle, Wash., has arrived at the Hotel Bonanza.

EPSTEIN.—Sir EMMANUEL EPSTEIN has arrived at the Hotel Brummel from his ancestral seat in the Beak country.

FROHMAN.—Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, of New York and London, is in one of those two places at once.

GOLOFINO.—The Cavaliere GOLOFINO has arrived at the Hotel Stincadoro from Wiggsville.

HARDTMUTH.—Mr. HARDTMUTH has arrived from Bavaria at the Hotel Poyntz per R.M.S. *Pennsylvania*.

IKEY.—Mons. and Madame OVIDIUS IKEY have arrived at the Hotel Prodigue per R.M.S. *Nasonic*.

JOPE.—Sir. FELIX and Lady JOPE have arrived at the Hotel Mosaic from Jericho.

KATANGA.—Prince DORIA KATANGA has arrived at the Hotel Bibendum from Leopoldville.

LOGNE.—Herr ODICO LOGNE, the Hungarian violinist, has arrived at the Queen's Hall from Buda-Pesth.

MENOT.—The French poet and critic, Mons. FORGET MENOT, has arrived at the Savoy Hotel.

NOBBER.—Senator JULIUS P. NOBBER, of Tipperusaleam, Oklahoma, has left the Hotel Hussell for Ballybunnion, North Kerry.

ONDERWATER.—Mr. and Mrs. JAN ONDERWATER have arrived at the Hotel Perrier from Dubbeldam.

PONTOPPIDAN.—Professor HOBOPONTOPPIDAN has arrived at the Hotel Goluptious from Brandyvine, U.S.A.

QUAYLE.—Lord QUAYLE and the Hon. GLORY QUAYLE have left Heinemann's Hotel for Castle Boomster, I. of M.

RITZ.—Mr. E. RITZ, of Paris, has arrived at the Waldorf Hotel.

SMITH.—Mr. JOE SMITH, of Clovent Garden, has left Lockhart's for Pearce and Plenty's.

TITTERS.—Sir JEROBOAM and Lady TITTERS, of East Grinstead, have sailed from Liverpool per C.P.R. Co.'s R.M.S. *Sardonic*.

UMBER.—Mr. RAFAEL B. UMBER, of Siena, has left the Hotel Herkomer for Cobalt.

VERGIL.—Mr. CICERO VERGIL, of



Simkins (aged 12)—producing picture-postcard of favourite actress). "I HAVE A COLLECTION OF A HUNDRED AT HOME."

Williams (aged 11). "I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED PHOTOGRAPHS OF ENGINES."

Simkins. "SOULLESS BEAST."

Smyrna, Ky., has left the Hotel Milton for Mantua, Italy.

WALDORF.—Mr. E. WALDORF, of New York, has arrived at the Ritz Hotel.

XANTHOPOULO.—Mr. XANTHOPOULO, of Bilkeston Hall, Newmarket, has left the Hotel Cambria for Pentonville.

YAW.—Miss VANESSA YAW, of Winnipeg, has sailed from Liverpool to Halifax in an open boat.

ZANCIG.—Professor ZANCIG has returned to Birmingham University after a prolonged tour in Tibet.

Pedestrianism.

"2.45 p.m. 100 miles race (final).

3.0 p.m. 5 meter race (final)."

Egyptian Daily Post.

All distances come alike to them out there.

"On April 7th or 8th he hoped the members of the Society would be able to listen to Mr. Lewis Wilkinson lecture on one of the English poets."—*Aldeburgh Post*.

Of course, if they simply can't bear it, they must leave as quickly as possible.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

[The body of RA-NEFER, a high official in the Court of SNEFERU, of the fourth dynasty of Egypt, is six centuries older than any known mummy, and dates from about 3700 B.C. On the other hand, the skeleton of the palæolithic man recently discovered in the Dordogne may be 20,000 years old.]

THAN Time and his ravages tougher,
Immune as a gherkin from waste,
O antediluvian buffer!—
Embalmed in a resinous paste,
Or ever the sistrum of Isis
Was shaken (for all that I wot),
Aware of the world and its vices,
And up to a lot.

If the fates had permitted your bogey
(Surviving along with the clay),
And by now a respectable fogey
Of fifty-six centuries, say,
To be gummed with the spice of your
cerements,
My word, it would roll me a log
Of fightings and feasts and endearments
(RA-NEFER, you dog!)

And I ween, like all elderly parties,
The changes of Time you'd deplore,
For the truth of what love and what art is
Was sacred to Dynasty IV.;
And the feeble and spiritless flavour
Of notions that afterwards grew
May have started, perhaps, with some
shaver
Like RAMESSES II.

"Long years," you would say, "ere a
varlet
Invented your pyramid style,
The Red Sea was something like scarlet,
We did have some floods of the Nile;
In days when no suitor was craven,
What amorous sighs we would mix!
What letters of love would be graven
On barge-loads of bricks!

How absurd are these mummified minxes
Compared with the maids I have met;
We knew how to answer the sphinxes
When Egypt was Egypt, you bet;
I wonder where SNEFERU's column is:
You call that a scarab, good lawk!
The PTOLEMIES! Who are the PTOLEMIES?"
—Yes, that's how you'd talk.

But, my boy, you are merely a stripling
Compared with that stony antique,
Who had done with his toils and his
tipping
Some cycles before you could squeak;
For an era of peace and of plenty,
When all things were fair, let us go
To some fossilised graybeard of twenty-
Two thousand or so. EVOE.

"As head nurse, or baby, good needlewoman;
disengaged."—*Advt. in "Devon and Exeter
Gazette."*

So, you see, it's no good your making
the excuse that you haven't got a baby.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER, having been an English thief and a French thief, is now (in Mr. PAUL ARMSTRONG'S play at the Comedy) an American thief. Neither *Raffles* nor *Lupin* was captured, but the heroic *Valentine* is introduced to us first in Sing Sing Prison, New York, where he is serving a ten years' sentence for bank robbery. Fortunately, just before he was put away he had earned the undying gratitude of *Miss Rose Lane*, the niece of the Governor of New York. Some man had insulted her



Lee Randall ... MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Red Joclyn ... MR. C. M. HALLARD.

"My friend Mr. Joclyn and I will now do our great feat of opening the keyless safe. I have taken off my coat so that my fingers may be unhampered, while he has also discarded his waistcoat and collar to enable him to strike matches with ease and comfort."

in the train between Buffalo and—I can only remember Buffalo, whereupon *Jimmy* came up and threw him out of the window. She repays him by persuading her uncle to grant him a free pardon, and her father to give him a post in his bank. *Valentine*, I must say, had always sworn that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted; so emphatically, indeed, that he quite deceived *Miss Lane*, and the Governor, and me, and *Mr. Lane*, and, in fact, all of us.

But *Doyle*, the detective, knew all about him, and wanted him for another little job done years and years ago. Three years after *Jimmy's* release, *Doyle* tracks him down to Springfield (Ill.), where he has become (under the name of *Randall*) a reformed and diligent assistant cashier at the bank, and the promised husband of *Rose*. *Jimmy* is ready for him with a most convincing alibi, which includes a faked photograph of himself (*Randall*) at a public dinner taken when

Valentine was in prison. Then, just as *Doyle* is reluctantly admitting that he is mistaken, the watchman dashes in with the news that *Rose's* little sister has got locked in the new safe, and they don't know the number which opens it.

This was *Valentine's* speciality: opening safes by the sense of touch. (Don't ask me to explain—I can't.) Shall he do it and betray himself, or do nothing and let little *Kitty* die? Well, of course you can guess which he does. *Doyle* watches him go through his performance, arrests him, sees his parting from *Rose*, and . . . lets him go. "Her need is greater than mine," so to say.

Of the three burglar plays, Mr. ARMSTRONG'S contains most play and least burglary. Had the scene been laid in England I should have probably called it unreal; but I am always able to believe anything I am told about America. Consequently I had an extremely pleasant evening, for which I have chiefly to thank Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER. But his was not the only acting which was good. Messrs. D. J. WILLIAMS and FRED CREMLIN gave extraordinarily clever little sketches of old gaol-birds; Mr. C. M. HALLARD came out with an inspired rendering of a part quite strange to him (*Red Joclyn*, no less): Mr. GUY STANDING as the detective was very effective in the typical quiet American way, and Master FRANK THORNDIKE proved himself to be the most delightful stage-boy. The last-named I should like to see playing *John Napoleon Darling* next Christmas now that GEORGE HERSEE is "Master" GEORGE no longer. M.

HINTS ON BIRD'S-NESTING.

THE time is now drawing nigh when the birds of England make their nests and lay their eggs in them, and it behoves every manly boy to be up and doing, lest these feathered creatures, which already do so much damage to buds and fruit, and even the mortar between the tiles, multiply excessively and do much more.

Exactly how much damage is done by each bird I cannot say; but gardeners and farmers will assure you that they are a pest, one and all; while as for nightingales, it is notorious that they are the best friends to that insidious malady, insomnia, father of madness and despair. Plovers do not perhaps work much evil, but is it reasonable that a wise providence would have made their eggs exceedingly good to eat if man was not to eat them? Rooks disfigure the neighbourhood; owls shriek in the night with disastrous results; hawks kill young chickens (or so it is said); and wrens and robins increase holes in the wall, which leads to expense. In short, the bird's-nester

can very easily, if he tries hard and has any gift for sophistry, come to look upon himself as a national benefactor; and what is pleasanter than that?

Birds build in all kinds of places, even on the ground. Plovers, for example, and the irritating lark (so difficult to see in the sky and so easy to lose again) lay their eggs where anyone can step on them. How much better to remove them and place them in the collection (or, in the case of the plover, in the cuisine) than to leave them to be smashed beneath the foot of man or beast! Thrushes and blackbirds build in hedges, and take almost no precautions to prevent discovery. Treat them, therefore, as they deserve. They ask for no quarter: give none. After all, the young birds, if allowed to hatch out, would merely become only so many more tiresome flutters and whistlers at evening and consumers of worms and slugs.

Sparrows build in gutters and pipes or under the roofs, and often their nests cause stoppages and overflows, but since the eggs are not pretty and very common, you need not trouble to take them. Concentrate your energies rather on the rare birds and the singing birds. The nightingale, for example. You can get a shilling each for these eggs, so take all you can find and ensure quieter nights. Swallows again—these are not English birds, any more than the nightingale; they are emigrants who settle here (like the Germans) and eat our food. You know, being an honest English boy, how to deal with foreigners.

So get your climbing irons out, my brave young fellow, and your cotton-wool, and your box, and your blowpipe, and start forth on the great annual adventure. And particularly remember what I have told you about nightingales.

OUR CLEVER PETS.

THE frequent records in our daily Press of the enthusiastic fecundity of certain fowls, together with sundry notes concerning conversational starlings, loquacious parrots, beavers who beave, and other remarkable members of the animal kingdom, have incited *Mr. Punch's* special envoy to undertake a little research into what may be termed abnormal developments of natural history.

In several out-of-the-way spots he unearthed items of such genuine interest that they may well be presented in their curt catalogue form. What a smart and conscientious sub-editor could make of them may perhaps be left to the imagination of our readers:—

(1) BEE (St. Ives).—Name Teddy. Chirps when tickled. Can hum the alto to several easy songs. Stings tax-collector and gas-man. Sleeps on mat. Occasionally brings in another bee to tea.



Master. "I SEE YOU 'VE GOT A HORSESHOE UP THERE, PAT. I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THAT SUPERSTITION."

Pat. "SURE AN' I DON'T, SIR. BUT I HAVE HEARD THAT THEM AS DON'T BELIEVE IN IT GETS THE BEST LUCK."

(2) WELSH RABBIT (Haresfield, Glos.).—Can tell time by ordinary watch. Fond of cheese. Goes to the post every night.

(3) CANARY (Birdlip, Cheltenham).—Smokes cigarettes and barks like a dog. Good at figures.

(4) PARROT (Polperro, Cornwall).—Laps up milk, and reads daily paper every morning; refuses to be put off with *Spectator* and other weeklies. Collects stamps, and has asked for vote.

(5) LIMPET (Sticklepath, Okehampton).—Purrs loudly when stroked, and comes out of hutch when called. Very affectionate, and quite a pet with all the youngsters. Age unknown.

(6) RAT (Mousehole, Cornwall).—Loves music, and often whistles simple hymn-

tunes. Does odd jobs about the house, calls the maids, and answers the door. Will drink tea, but prefers lemon-and-dash. Non-smoker.

Mr. Punch will be pleased to hear of any instances of animal (or vegetable) sagacity, carefully substantiated, which exceed in curiosity the above examples of advanced intelligence in unexpected quarters.

The Expert.

"It was at Scarborough that a score of bathers, including four ladies, were observed yesterday. The figures on the whole were well up to the average of previous years."—*Bradford Daily Telegraph*.

They seem to have been observed very carefully.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS threatens to grow a little too easily satisfied with his fluency. He began well with some excellent historical fiction, and then seems to have got caught in the fringe of New York society and lost his head over it. He deplores its decadence, but always with a sneaking pride in the luxury that makes its vices so easy. In *The Fighting Chance* (a good story), *The Younger Set*, *The Firing Line*, and last (and least) his new book, *The Danger Mark* (APPLETON), he has drawn pictures of this society with an impressive air of authority which is just good enough to impose upon the foreigner, but can hardly be taken quite seriously by his fellow-countrymen. Not content with choosing four titles which all scan alike, he has now returned to the theme of *The Fighting Chance*, which may be briefly described as the struggle between Love and Alcohol. This time it is a young and innocent girl, as in Mr. BARRIE'S *Old Friends*, who suffers from hereditary taint—never a very pleasant subject. The book is overloaded with characters sketchily occupied in being rich and conducting little contemptible flirtations; the narrative is desultory; the dialogue thin. Yet Mr. CHAMBERS has in him the stuff of a maker of tales, if he would only wait till he has something to say, and give himself enough time and trouble to say it well.

The struggle between a woman of mature age and a callow schoolgirl for the affections

of a man who is unworthy of either is no new theme for the novelist. Indeed, the plot of Mr. EDWARD H. COOPER'S last book, *A Newmarket Squire* (SMITH, ELDER), if not actually as old as the hills, is at least as old as that famous hill at Epsom, which in many respects it resembles. Like that popular eminence, it forms the basis of a kaleidoscopic series of those vivid race-course scenes so dear to the heart of every Briton. As Englishmen we must all feel (or simulate) a deep interest in that noble animal the horse, whether regarded merely as a channel for losing fortunes on the Turf, or in its more domestic moments as a means of exercise or beast of burden. No lover of horses can peruse *A Newmarket Squire* without his love being stimulated and intensified. As he lays the book down his thoughts revert with more than usual tenderness to the book-maker to whom he is accustomed to remit his Monday cheque with such commendable regularity; he even regards the Club tape with kindlier eyes. It is devoutly to be hoped that *Frank Vaughan* is not typical of his class. He vacillates so persistently between *Mrs. Landon*, the wealthy widow with whom he has long philandered, and *Peggy Estcourt*, the pretty girl with whom he has fallen in love, that it depresses rather than surprises us to find him proposing to the former and marrying the latter. We turn with relief to the charming

portraits of that pathetic pair of Royalist exiles, the *Duc* and *Duchesse de Lille*, patiently awaiting at Newmarket the restoration of their beloved monarchy.

It is not, however, given to everyone to share Mr. COOPER'S enthusiasm for the Turf. The sainted Lord SHAFTESBURY, who unwillingly attended Queen VICTORIA to Ascot in 1841, summed up his experience in a few words: "It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless." Thirty years later the Shah of PERSIA'S criticism of Ascot Week was no less crushing. "That one horse can run faster than another is certainly true," he wrote, in that account of his visit to England which he compiled for the edification of his subjects, "but why make a journey to see it?" Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL recalls these comments, together with much else that is entertaining and interesting, in his latest volume of essays, *Sketches and Snapshots* (SMITH, ELDER). It would be a dull publishing season indeed without some new book of anecdotal memoirs from Mr. RUSSELL'S prolific pen. Happily, the store of his recollections seems inexhaustible; his acquaintanceship with the illustrious living and the mighty dead is so wide and

varied that it provides him with a boundless fund of reminiscence upon which to draw; upon each he discourses in that brilliant, leisurely, "across-the-walnuts-and-the-wine" fashion in which he excels.

Piano and I (ARROWSMITH), by GEORGE GROSSMITH, is not a dialogue as the formula might suggest. It is not a history, an essay, nor even a Treatise. It is just chatter, and any who have heard Gee Gee vocally



FORGOTTEN SPORT—HUNTING THE UNICORN.

indulge in that method of conveying information or amusement, know it is exceedingly good. Like the Brook we wot of, he chatters over stony ways in little sharps and trebles; he bubbles into eddying bays, and babbles on the pebbles. To put the case more completely in prose, he jots down any odd reminiscence that may occur to him. There is happy deliverance from sequence, more than compensated for by constant flow of genial humour. And all for a shilling; but, mind you, net.

Commercial Candour.

The motto of a certain hotel in Munich is
"SIE WERDEN GUT BEDIENT."

A very proper sentiment. Unfortunately for the benefit of English visitors it has been translated as
"IT SERVES YOU RIGHT."

From the list of new books in *The Athenaeum*:

"Gangopadhyaya (Saradakanta). Conic Section's Made Easy, 8 annas." It doesn't sound as though it's going to be very easy. The "dakanta" part we understand, of course.

"A wag cried 'Bis!' (which is the French for encore), and there was a shout of laughter."—*Johannesburg Star*.
Ha ha! (which is the Italian for spaghetti).

CHARIVARIA.

It has been decided that King Lud shall not be represented in the London Pageant. The Luds seem to be in for a run of bad luck just now.

In spite of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S statement, the Government, it is asserted, has decided to withdraw a few commas from the Budget, realising, apparently, that the only alternative would be a full stop.

"The Master of Elibank is a great success as a money-finder for party purposes," says a contemporary. This will scarcely surprise the French newspaper which refers to the Chief Whip as "Le maître de la Banque d'Eli."

President TART, after having shaken hands with 1,700 visitors at the White House the other day, refused to proceed further with the operation. This was, we suppose, the only way to save his valuable sunny smile.

Fifty-two million ladybirds, a New York cable tells us, which were reared in the State Insectary, Sacramento, are being transported free of charge in special railway carriages to Californian melon fields to keep down certain insect pests. We like the idea of "special railway carriages"—with notices, we imagine, above each bench: TO SEAT 10,000 LADYBIRDS. Indeed, one can almost hear the gruff voice of the harassed guard crying: "Now then, ladies, move up on that seat, please: there's room for one more."

The *Daily Mail* has published an account of what it describes as a "prosperous butterfly and moth farm" at Bexley, Kent, and now we are simply longing to see a prosperous butterfly—though we think we can just picture the *blasé* creature, slightly given to *embonpoint*, lolling at full-length on a convolvulus, in blissful ignorance of the Budget, and calling for a small honey with a head on.

It is rumoured that the Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery is of the opinion that the lady in the painting ascribed to VELASQUEZ is not Venus, but merely an artist's model. It is certainly significant that she stubbornly refuses to turn round and face the public.

We would have given a good deal to be present at the National Gallery when

the eight grave and reverend art experts, armed, we imagine, with magnifying-glasses, telescopes, and opera-glasses, examined the Rokeby Venus. The scene must have been strangely reminiscent of the incident of Susannah and the Elders.

The Meteorological Office has decided to issue forecasts of the weather for several days ahead. We must confess that as a rule we would rather not know too much on this matter.

The remarkable absence of London fogs during the fog season which ended in March shows that our atmosphere is now undoubtedly less polluted with smoke

is up in arms because *Le Matin* has called that city the "little" port of Hull. We trust, however, that it is not a fact, as *The Daily News* states, that the Mayor has written to the Parisian editor objecting to the description "*le petite*," and calling on him to make the *amende honorable*. It looks as if the amendment should come from this side of the Channel.

The following advertisement caught our eye in *Bradshaw* the other day:—"Nottingham. Flying Horse Hotel. Established 1483. *Under new management.*" How the centuries bring their changes!



SOCIETY GOSSIP.

"BIZNESS IS VERY SLACK, 'ERR—NOBODY ABAHT—W'Y IS IT?"
"W'Y, DON'T YER KNOW, 'LIZA? 'OUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES, O' COURSE!"

than formerly, and Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL'S wisdom in abolishing the small boy's cigarette is more apparent than ever.

The Sour Milk diet for prolonging life is making such headway that our economical Government is said to be thinking of making it a condition as regards the pensions of all civil servants that the recipients shall undertake not to adopt this elixir.

The Metropolitan Police have issued a regulation providing that all new taxicabs must be fitted with horns of a uniform nature. This knocks on the head Dr. STRAUSS'S proposal that a complete taxicab orchestra should be formed.

Hull, we learn from *The Daily News*,

With reference to the letter in *The Daily Mail* from a gentleman who complains that, while seated in the stalls of a theatre, he was stabbed in the back by a hat-pin which a lady had thrust through the back of his chair in order to fix her head-gear there, a fair correspondent writes to us to point out that such accidents could easily be avoided by men wearing a steel plate, instead of a flimsy lining, at the back of their waistcoats.

"The MULLAH," said Lord CREWE, in replying to Lord CURZON'S complaint that we were proving ourselves the good friends of our enemy, "is a sort of successful freebooter." As a freebooter is, we take it, a near relation of a freefooder, one can understand the Government's attitude.

During the trial of the Countess TARNOWSKA, it was related that on one occasion, at a theatre, the lawyer PHILUKOFF leapt, at her instigation, from his box to the stage. An enterprising music-hall manager is reported to have at once booked this turn.

"The Household Brigade Steeplechases take place at Hawthorn Hill on Wednesday and Thursday. Special trains will run from Paddington to Taplow, and motor-omnibuses will be in waiting at Taplow to convey them to the course."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This is luxury: from Paddington to the paddock without changing.

From a *Pall Mall Gazette* poster:—

"FOLLOWING AN ELOPING WIFE.

REMARKABLE SPURT IN . . . RUBBERS."

We have often said that goloshes make the best running shoes for this kind of work.

TO MR. HALDANE IN MUFTI.

[The War Minister was put up to introduce the first of the "Veto Resolutions."]

As when a man with breast of steel,
Who many a time through seas of blood,
Sabre in hand and spur at heel,
Has dealt the foe a fearful thud;
Alone in dongas, after dark,
Has mown the rebels down in batches,
And been the object of remark
In various picturesque despatches;—

As when a warrior such as that
Puts off his military gear,
Assumes the sombre suit and hat
That fit a plain civilian sphere,
And, posted in a clerky pew,
His task to check accounts and file 'em,
Subsists as secretary to
A club, or lunatic asylum;—

Reared in a sternly virile school,
Where discipline comes first and last,
He does his duty, as by rule,
But oh, his dreams are with the past;
Visions of gore that will not wash
Smile from the blood-red office blotters;
His heart is still at Stellenbosch
Tracking De Wer's elusive trotters;—

So I have seen you, Dog of War,
Shin down from off your fiery barb,
Undo your trappings, aft and fore,
And don an academic garb;
Have seen you slough your martial pride
As though I saw a lion doff its
Pelt for a lamb's civilian hide—
HALDANE among the Veto prophets!

Those "Resolutions," doomed at birth,
Like "good intentions," graven fair,
Which form, to make Olympian mirth,
The paving-stones of we know where—
How could you join this paper feud
Which members of a party gang wage,
You with your figure stoutly thewed,
Your soldierly command of language?

Indeed, on such a doubtful case
Your lips were never meant to speak;
You have the warrior's open face,
Your soul is stamped upon your cheek;
Stick to your game—the clean, bright blade—
"R. B. for England!" on your banner,
And leave the politician's trade
To men who lack the Army manner!

O. S.

From *The Calcutta-Gazette Extraordinary*:—

"Whereas it appears to the Lieutenant-Governor that certain *dhotis* (waist-cloths) having on their borders a poem entitled "Farewell Mother" . . . contain incitements to violence. . .

"And whereas . . . the said *dhotis* (waist-cloths) are documents within the meaning of section 2, clause (b) . . .

"Now therefore . . . the Lieutenant-Governor hereby declares all copies of the said documents wherever found in Bengal . . . to be forfeited to His Majesty. . ."

We can imagine an indignant Bengali explaining volubly to a policeman that it didn't mean "Farewell Mother" at all, but "All wool, unshrinkable."

MR. ROOSEVELT IN PARIS.

RAPTUROUS WELCOME.

(From our Special Representative, Signor Piccolo Magico.)

MR. ROOSEVELT'S tour, as it goes on, fully justifies my description of it as a unique tribute to a personality which has deeply impressed the whole world, vegetable and animal, as well as human. His reception in Paris has been something pyramidal. As for the scene at the Comédie Française last night, it was such as I have neither seen nor heard of before. The house was largely filled with students from the Latin Quarter, and between the Second and Third Acts of *Frou-Frou* loud cheering was heard. Happening to notice that Mr. ROOSEVELT was not in his place, I left my box and quickly hurried along the corridor. I found him making a speech to the students on the Latin genius as exemplified by the histrionic profession. One passage which struck me as singularly impressive was the following:—

"The energies of the actor, if they are continuously devoted to the realistic portrayal of mean, ignoble or undesirable characteristics, cannot but react disadvantageously on his moral fibre. Contrariwise, if the actor, or actress, exclusively devotes his or her best talents to the impersonation of such characters as are only noted for their integrity, honesty and piety, it is more than probable that in the long run his or her soul will be braced and toned up to a higher level of moral achievement."

The students were hypnotised by Mr. ROOSEVELT'S vehemence, and by his sledgehammer sincerity. Strong women wept like men; several fascinating *soubrelles* were reduced to hysterics; and a young French nobleman, renowned for his command of English slang, observed in my hearing, "Golly! What a corker!" Mr. ROOSEVELT wound up a speech which lasted for thirty-five minutes, and contained sixty thousand words, by a poignant and soul-shaking appeal to the students to be true to the ideals of the ancient Romans. "Rome," he said, "was not built in a day, and the Latin Quarter cannot be adequately described in a quarter of an hour." As the Third Act of *Frou-Frou* was now approaching its conclusion Mr. ROOSEVELT reluctantly returned to his box.

Friday morning.—I have just returned from witnessing one of the most beautiful and touching sights that has ever fallen to the lot of a modern journalist. I refer to the visit paid this morning by Mr. ROOSEVELT and his son to the *Jardin des Plantes*. Never since the memorable preaching of St. FRANCIS to the birds has a great man exhibited such gracious condescension to the brute creation. In such circumstances some men would have gone armed to the teeth, but Mr. ROOSEVELT did not take with him even a revolver. The note of perfect friendliness towards the inmates was set at the very beginning of the proceedings when Mr. KERMIT ROOSEVELT was lowered into the bear-pit, climbed to the top of the pole, and ate several buns with an exquisite courtesy and grace. Confidence being thus established, Mr. ROOSEVELT went the round of all the cages and enclosures, addressing a reassuring sentence and in some cases a pithy and stimulating exhortation to each. What, for example, could have been happier than this genial address to the giraffe?—

"Your height exposes you to great danger, for, as a witty writer has said, giants are generally their own killers. Console yourself, however, with the reflection that the possessors of long necks are seldom subject to apoplexy."

Very felicitous, again, was the mode in which Mr. ROOSEVELT introduced his son to the oldest lion in the gardens:—

"Monarch of the forest, allow me to present to you my cub KERMIT."

Great satisfaction was expressed in the monkey-house at the friendly admonitions which the Ex-PRESIDENT addressed to its agile occupants:—



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BUDGET BILL. "WELL, FATHER, AREN'T YOU PLEASSED TO SEE YOUR CHE-ILD AGAIN?"
ENTHUSIASTIC PARENT. "OH, IT'S YOU, IS IT? Welcome Home!"



(On the last green—a ficer on the match.)

First Stockbroker (having just holed out). "WHAT ARE YOU DOWN IN?"

Second Stockbroker. "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOWN IN?"

First Stockbroker. "I ASKED YOU FIRST."

"Some unthinking critics have compared you to man's poor relations. It is not your poverty, however, that is a legitimate object of criticism. It is your dangerous indulgence in the practice of mimicry which exposes you to the charge of a vulgar obsequiousness." Mr. ROOSEVELT also specially appealed to the chimpanzees to avoid excessive indulgence in tobacco and spirituous liquors.

"For sale 9 h.p. 2 cylinder Clement, tonneau body for 4 . . . Owner getting larger."—*Exchange and Mart.*

Owner must take it in time with plenty of fresh air, sponge baths, and no sugar.

"A woman calling herself Jane Warton was sentenced on January 14th to a fortnight's imprisonment in connection with the Liverpool suffragette disturbances. The authorities have just discovered that she is really Constable Lytton."—*Wanganui Herald.*

Now he knows what it's like, he won't be so ready to arrest the next deputation. (But didn't anybody miss P.C. Lytton?)

"THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.

"John Trotter, B.Sc. Thesis — 'Bis-p-methoxybenzylidenedimethylpyrone, and some of its Derivatives.'"—*The Scotsman.*

Lucky that the "bis" didn't come at the end of the word, or he might have had to say it all over again.

"SUFFOLK.—You are not correct; Nelson, the great British Admiral, was born on September 29th, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk."—*Evening Star and Daily Herald.*

All the same, we would bet that "Suffolk" made as good a shot as that.

A CUP TIE EPISODE.

[A weekly paper recently advocated weeping for men as "the true elixir of energy and the greatest of Nature's restoratives."]

On our football aspirations fortune very seldom frowned,
For our wings were very speedy and our centre very sound;
And the total of our victories went gaily mounting up,
Till we figured in the final of the Gutta-Percha Cup.

I remember every incident connected with the tie,
How the trams were running crowded and our hopes were running high.

We had youth and skill and backers of a sort that seemed to me

Quite sufficient to intimidate the boldest referee.

Now it may have been our nervousness at such a stringent test,

Or it may have been the subtlety the other side possessed;
But, at any rate, the fact remains, when half the game was done

They were actually leading us by three good goals to none.

When we went to the pavilion for a breather and a rub,
We were sad at such a blot upon the 'scutcheon of the club;
And we felt the sorrows people feel when every hope departs,
So we busted out a-weeping fit to break our little hearts.

And the tears were so effective that the match's latter bit
Saw our eyes a little reddened but our feet exceeding fit;
And, before the final whistle put a limit to the score,
We had vigorously walloped them by seventeen to four.

CITY CHAT.

"I WANT to be rich," said Charles thoughtfully.

"Then buy rubber," said Algernon from behind his evening paper. "Sell your holding in Tapiocas and buy rubber."

"How do you buy it?"

"I don't know. I'm a child at business. I think you go to the telephone and just buy it. You don't want any money—only a loudish voice."

"Have you ever made money on the Stock Exchange or anywhere?"

"Never. Oh, well, I once made a penny on the Post Office Savings Bank. My father, with the idea of encouraging thrift, put in a pound for me when I was fourteen. Nothing further happened until I was fifteen, when I drew it out again. Interest of a penny had been accruing all this time . . . but I never applied for it."

"In a thousand years that penny will come to—to—to quite a lot at compound interest."

"Yes, we used to work it out at school. It was about four million billion pounds. I shall leave it to you, Charles; and in the event of your death to the Middle Classes Defence League. I trust that they will spend it wisely."

Charles was silent for a long time.

"I don't understand," he said at last, "what this rubber boom means. Why should rubber keep on going up in price so much?"

"Because so many more rubber trees are being planted," suggested Algernon. "No, that must be wrong," he admitted generously.

"What is rubber used for except for tyres and golf balls? There's no new demand for it, is there?"

"Mats with 'Welcome' on them are always made of rubber. I'm ordering one with 'Good-bye' on it. It will be placed just inside the door where it catches the eye at once, and will be made entirely of rubber."

"There are goloshes, of course."

"And sandwiches. 'A thin slice of india-rubber and two pieces of dry bread, please, Miss.' Yes, there are plenty of ways of using it."

"But these are all the same old ways. That's what worries me."

"Why be worried about it at all?" asked Algernon. "All you've got to do is to take advantage of it, and buy shares in the"—he referred to his paper—"in the Burra Burra Development Company, Limited."

"Oh, is that a good one?"

"The very best. Our old friend Colonel John Tench, late of His Majesty's Indian Army, and now of Ravenscourt Park, is a director. Also Lieutenant Wilbraham of the Royal

Navy and Addison Road. Also Mr. Fritz Oppenstein. Those names always inspire me with confidence."

"I've never heard of them before."

"Neither have I. But they sound exactly right. Probity and shrewdness simply ooze from them—probity from the first two, and shrewdness from the other."

"Yes, but how much rubber oozes from them? That's what I should want to know."

"Dear Charles, you are very hasty. How can rubber ooze before the trees are grown up? How can trees grow up before they have been planted? How can they be planted before the estate has been cleared? How—"

"But if there's no rubber—"

"I hadn't finished. How can the estate be cleared before it has been bought? How can it be bought before you, Charles, have come out with the money? Now you see."

"Then it will be years before any rubber is ready for sale at all?"

"Years. But what a harvest when it comes. In 1920, it says here, they expect to produce 500,000 lbs. of rubber. Putting the net profit on rubber at four shillings a pound—"

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Well, they must put it at something. Putting the net profit at four shillings a pound, you get—well, there you are, that's what you get."

"But I can't possibly wait till 1920. Hang it, that's an awful long time. I always thought one made money on the Stock Exchange much more quickly than that."

Algernon looked at him compassionately.

"My poor friend, how little you seem to know. You talk as if you really wanted a piece of india-rubber, and would have to wait ten years for it. Never mind about the rubber; you buy the shares."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I don't want to *spend* money, I want to *make* it."

"Quite so; and I didn't say you *pay* for the shares, I said you *buy* them."

"And then what do I do?"

"Then you wait. To-morrow, perhaps, some refreshment contractor lays in a new stock of sandwiches, or there is a great demand for wedding-cakes, or I buy my mat; naturally the price of rubber goes up. Naturally, also, the price of your shares. Next day the Burra Burra manager cables that they've been having perfectly glorious weather out there, with just a few nice showers to bring up the rubber trees if they had been planted. So sensitive is the Stock Exchange that the shares shoot up still further. Next morning there is a

photograph in *The Daily Mirror* of a man who has made £10,000 in three weeks over rubber; of course, hundreds of its readers rush in to do the same; up go your shares again. In the afternoon somebody discovers that there really is a place called Burra Burra, and that rubber trees have been known to survive there. Once more the shares go up. At the end of a week or so you sell—and there's your money."

"There's the money," echoed Charles.

"And not only the money, my dear Charles, but the feeling that you have earned it nobly, that you have done something for the Old Country with it. You have helped to expand the Empire; you have served your time as a captain of industry; you have been a landed proprietor and an employer of labour. Ah, Charles, Charles, it is men like you who make the world go round."

"Y-yes," said Charles doubtfully. "Er—could you lend me five pounds now?"

A. A. M.

"WAIT AND SEE!"

[Vide Mr. ASQUITH'S answers, *passim*.]

SCHEMES are shattered, plots are changed, Plans arranged and re-arranged!

Words are eaten; every day

Broken pledges thrown away;

Here the riddle—where the key?

Wait and see!

Does his wandering course reveal
Only love of Britain's weal?

Does he toil through heavy sand

Seeking how to keep his land

Clean and prosperous and free?

Wait and see!

Is it that he turns his eyes
To a goal that needs disguise?

Just a paltry party score,

Checked by some about him, more—
More particular than he?

Wait and see!

Is he one whose wavering mind
Lightly veers to every wind,
Hither pitched and thither tossed,
While the country pays the cost
Of his flaccid vertebrae?

Wait and see!

Be it not that he has sold
All the faith that men should hold
Sacred; that he walks his ways,
Flogged by those whom he obeys,
At whose word he bows the knee—

Wait and see!

Wait and see, and wait again:
But the country waits in vain.
Waits for order—finding none;
Sees but duty left undone.

* * * *

What will Britain's verdict be?

Wait and see!

DUM-DUM.

A PLEA FOR GREATER VARIETY IN THE BALLROOM.

WHY NOT ADAPT TO PRIVATE USE SOME OF THE DANCES WE HAVE BEEN RECENTLY SHOWN AT THE MUSIC-HALLS? FOR INSTANCE—



THE "CONSTANCE" COTILLON.



THE "APACHE" POLKA.



THE "SALOME" LANCERS.



THE "VAMPIRE" VALSE.

A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM OUR OWN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

HOMER AND THE MODERN SPIRIT.

No man, least of all a Scotsman, is at all times aware of the depth of his own ignorance. I did not know until last week that there existed in the Saxon kingdom of Saxony—a town named Naseweis; nor become conscious of the University of Naseweis. Naturally enough, therefore, the existence and the activities of Pro-



Afternoon tea in Trinidad.

For instance, I did not know until last week that there existed in the Saxon kingdom of Saxony—a town named Naseweis; nor become conscious of the University of Naseweis. Naturally enough, therefore, the existence and the activities of Pro-

haut en bas. He is like the village umpire who, when asked for "middle"



HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN THE MOLASSES.

From left to right:—H.H. The Shugar of Khandi; General Sir John Beet, K.C.M.G. (Governor); Colonel Cane, V.C.

by a player in a rival team, promptly gave him out leg before wicket. It was



REPORTED DEATH OF THE EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY. Typical Street Scene in Adrianople.

magnificent, but it wasn't cricket. In the same spirit Dr. B. puts HOMER aside.

The Professor, in fact, is very short with poor HOMER. He does not show him even the ordinary courtesy of the South Sea Islanders, who, before they

monies. Dr. B. simply brings his book down on HOMER's head and makes an end. I don't know how the learned world will regard this inhuman treatment, but I am fully convinced there is at least one it has caused when that power on prevent getting on like golf balls.

I am all for politeness towards Professors, and even when they launch



Mr. Winston Churchill on his way to Bond Street.



THE DUCHESS OF DINGWALL IN HER CELEBRATED DRYAD DANCE.

fessor Hildebrand Bummelstecher of that University, have been, if I may say so with all respect, a sealed book to me. My own fault, of course.

Dr. Bummelstecher, like most German Professors, has strong views of his own (on HOMER in this case), and has written a book all about and about them, as the little girl said. Why should German Professors write so much about HOMER? Why is there nobody to ask them, as Lord MELBOURNE once asked somebody, if they can't leave it alone? However, we must take things as we find them, and as Dr. Bummelstecher's book on HOMER runs to 2,059 closely printed pages, exclusive of preface and notes, I need hardly say I found it solid, and, in its own way, highly German.

Dr. B. treats HOMER very much de

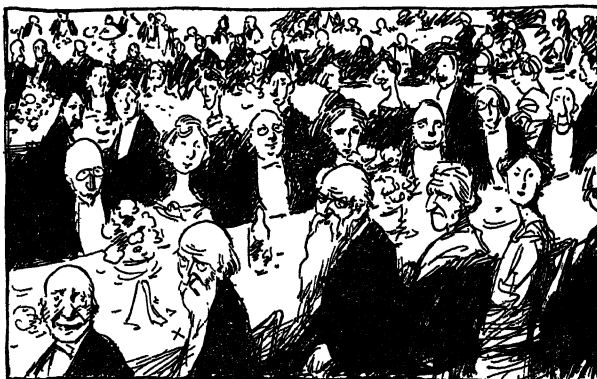
club their aged relatives to death, invariably ask them whether they would prefer beads or banana skins as a head-dress for the impending funeral cere-



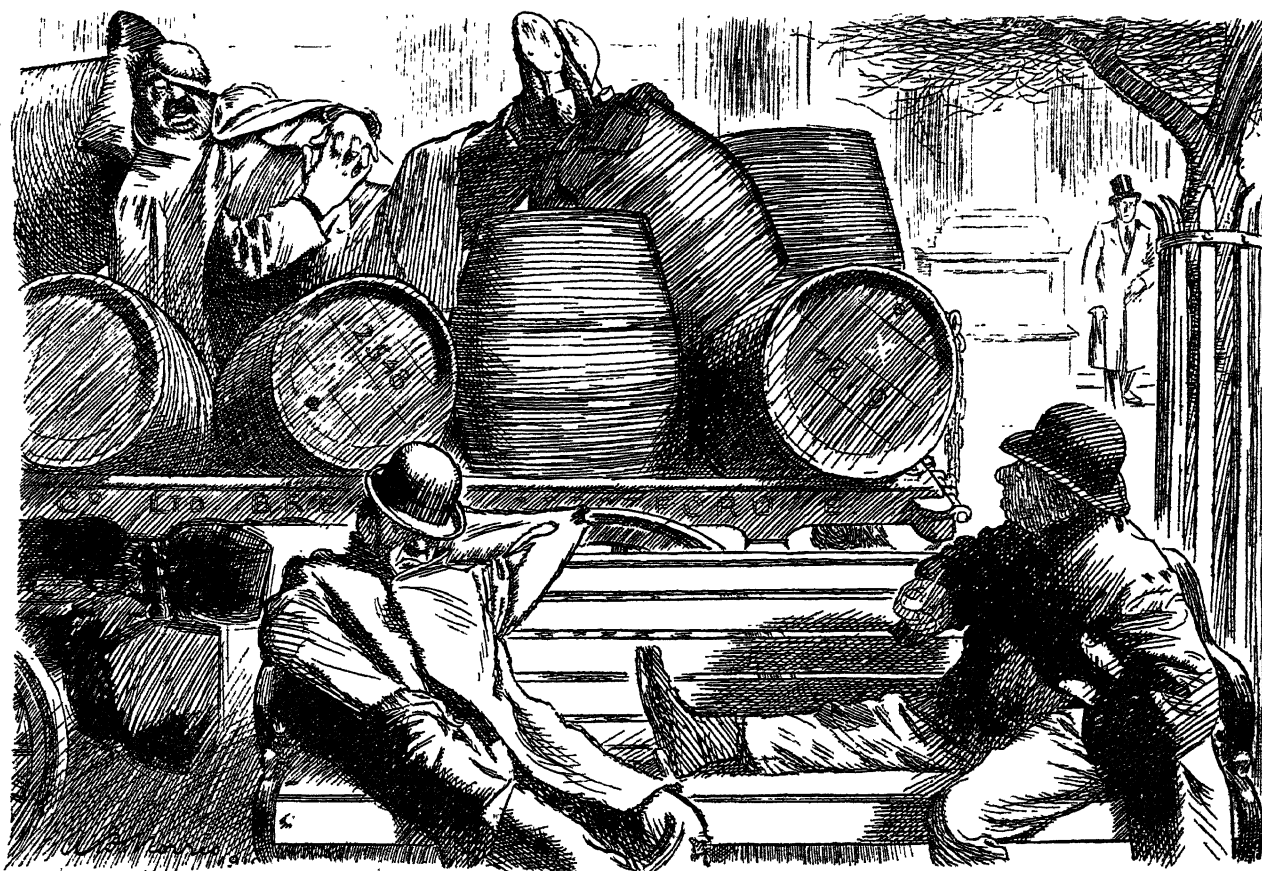
A PRETTY SOCIETY WEDDING. Mr. Walter Jones and Miss Phyllis Tattlewell at St. Mark's, Peckham.

literary *Dreadnoughts* at me I refuse to proceed on the principle of two keels to one. One small torpedo will settle the Professor's hash well enough. If he is still dissatisfied after that I may refer him to the remark of the headman to the Laird of Dalwhipple who had complained that the axe did not look sharp—"It'll carve your heed, my man," was that amiable functionary's reply.

After all, HOMER's *Iliad* is still the best, and so is his *Odyssey*—much better than Bummelstecher's. That is the long and the short of it, as the Cambridge scholar said when they asked him to define a trochee. Professor Bummelstecher is a spondee, and a German spondee at that. He is all length—2,059 pages, exclusive, as I have said, of preface and notes. He has a rod and a line, but he has forgotten his fly.



BIRTHDAY OF BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST CENTENARIAN. Mr. James Wilson and his descendants dine together at Royston.



Unemployable Gentleman (on seat). "WOT O, BILL! GOT A JOB? 'OW D'YER LIKE IT?"

Ex-Unemployable. "So so, CHARLIE—IF ONLY THE SUDDEN CHANGE DON'T PLAY 'AVOC WIV MY CONSTITOOTION."

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

WE were in the compartment next to the engine and there were five of us. There was myself (first always). There was the Old Man, who looked as if he owned a large estate in Herefordshire, but probably did not. There was the Daughter, who despised her father but was not going to let you despise him. There was also the florid Business Man, who was trying to look as important as his despatch case. We were strangers, but we felt we must be talking, so fell to abusing the Great Western Railway Company. I love the old G.W.R.! I abuse and abuse and abuse it, and it gets fatter and redder in the face and more prosperous every day.

This time it was the heating of the carriages. Personally I had been thinking that ours was much too hot already, but the Daughter was as headstrong as she was handsome, and insisted that it was not hot enough. The Old Man obviously had no feelings of his own; I sank mine in the good cause, and it never transpired what the feelings of the Business Man really were. It was clear that he had very strong feelings, and that was enough for us. So we set to, and said whatever occurred to us;

and any other railway company but the G.W.R. would have just stopped its train then and there, and have gone and wept in its goods-yard before we had finished. But the old G.W.R. merely rushed through Warwick shrieking and rocking with laughter, and that just about finished the Business Man. He started with insinuations of gross carelessness, went on to impute dishonest motives, and concluded with a shout that steps must and should be taken in the matter. At that we all puffed ourselves out and determined to make the most of ourselves by fair means or foul.

The Business Man had the first go, because it was his idea. He said he knew the Traffic Manager of the District (I have no reason to suspect that he was telling the truth), and would let him have a piece of his mind. Being a man in complete control of his temper, he had only done this once before, and on that occasion the traffic had been completely reorganized in the railway universe, and the manager in question had taken to his bed for three critical weeks. The Business Man would have liked to develop the incident, but we all wanted our turns, and the Daughter showed signs of getting hers by force. So he briefly recapitulated the circumstances

and bound himself to raise—what I must not mention—in influential circles. His speech could not have been more interesting had we even known whether he was complaining of the heat or the cold.

The Old Man began muttering about the station-master at Leamington, whose intimate friendship he was just about to claim, when the Daughter started in. I could not help being curious as to what official she was going to know. He was, I do not doubt, a carriage-cleaner of sorts to begin with, but I saw the lucky fellow being promoted all the time the Business Man was talking. He ended by being something vague but imperial, the reigning monarch at Paddington. She would send George (George came as a blow to me) round to Paddington the first thing on Monday morning, and we need not have any doubt that reigning there would become at once quite a different affair. She was not going to be put upon in this disgraceful way. George would see to that all right. I felt when it came to my turn that I must go one better. I must know a Director. But why confine myself to knowing one? Trying to look as much like a person used to Directing as possible, I said, "I am myself a



A CRISIS.

Village Organist (to new Vicar). "WE MUST 'AVE SUMMUT DONE TO 'UN, ZIR. WHEN I DO PLAY THE AMENS THAT THEE' NOTE DO HANG ON TO 'UN TILL I HAVE TO PRIZE 'UN UP WI' A ZHUT KNIFE."

Director. "I will sack everybody. This shall not occur again." That took all their breaths away but did not otherwise affect the temperature. Nevertheless we were all proud and contented with ourselves till the fifth passenger intervened.

You remember I said there were five of us. I did not tell you who the fifth was because it was not worth while. You have forgotten all about him? So had we. He was just a man in a corner, a poor labouring man who could not be expected to know the Chairman of the Board, and, apart from Royalty, there was no one else left. But wasn't there? As the train came to a standstill in Oxford station, he poked his head out of the window and shouted to the engine-driver:

"Bill, old man," he said, "we're perished in 'ere. Put us a bit o' steam through the pipes."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THUS far the books of the Spring have been somewhat lacking in personal interest; but this reproach will be removed by the publication of Mr. Thody Lyon's *Reminiscences of the Upper Ten*. It is a remarkable fact that the only commoners mentioned in this charming narrative are Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BALFOUR and ROBERT BROWNING. The *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, include two emperors, seven kings, thirty princes and

seventeen dukes, and one chapter has the significant and impressive heading, "Ego et reges mei."

THE WORLD'S WORTHIES.

Famous luminaries of the past coruscate in the pages of the numerous new memoirs and historical books promised by the famous firm of Scriven and Scoop. *Fascinating Fairies* is the bewitching title of a volume from the vivid pen of Mr. Paul Corporal, in which the inner life of Byzantine Society beauties is set forth in glowing colours. Mr. Peter Prior has edited the *Diary of Semiramis*, and Mr. James Tibbitts has written a monograph on CLEOPATRA, showing the deep interest evinced by the Egyptian queen in social reform and the emancipation of women. A fantastic sociological romance, entitled *Blue Beard's Wives*, by Miss Clarissa Richardson, is also imminent, which the publisher's reader pronounces to be teeming with ineffable *bonhomie*.

GIANTS AT HOME.

Dr. Gabriel P. Dreffler writes of *The Patagonians at Home*, in a book shortly to be published by Messrs. Odder and Strange. As a colonist in that country, Dr. Dreffler has enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying its inhabitants and noting their ways, and he has embodied his observations in a thrilling volume telling us how the Patagonians play and fight, what they eat, how they dress and dance. The volume will be enriched by an appendix on Patagonian music by Mr. BAMBERGER, and a photograph of a giant sloth listening to Mr. BAMBERGER playing the violin in a captive balloon.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Mr. Alexander Nibbs has completed a novel which he quaintly and effectively christens, *Hindhead Let Loose*. A famous man of letters who has read the manuscript pronounces it to be "at once scintillating, contumelious and abysmal." Messrs. Flathers and Bluff are the fortunate publishers of this impending masterpiece.

Following on *The Mystery of Barry Ingram*, by ANNIE SWAN, which Messrs. CASSELL announce, we note the promise of *The Enigma of Clement K. Longman*, which Miss Charlotte Wuthering will shortly publish with Messrs. Esher and Fisher.

"Gibraltar, Tuesday.

"The annual mobilisation of the fortress began last night, and will end on the 14th inst. The Artillery will occupy positions on the upper level of the Rock, and the Infantry will occupy positions on the upper level of the Rock, the Infantry being on the lower level." *Newcastle Daily Journal*.

"This is the very level," said the Infantry, when it knew what it had got to do.



THE CONSTITUTION IN THE MELTING-POT.

THE THREE WITCHES. "DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE!"—*Macbeth*, Act IV., Scene 1.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.

—In old Fourth Party days there was a Parliamentary game much in vogue known as "drawing" GLADSTONE. Three or more could take part in it. As a rule GRANDOLPH led off, putting to the PREMIER highly controversial question more or less subtly devised in form of commonplace search for information. Mr. G. having replied, WOLFF nipped in with supplementary query. This also met with painstaking courtesy. Then up gat JOHN O'GOURT, who, with profuse acknowledgment of the great goodness of the PREMIER to humble Members of the House, made engaging appeal for further enlightenment.

In this way some minutes of valuable time were lost. Occasionally Mr. G., beginning to smell the rat which everyone else saw moving through the air, grew angry. Then followed a scene which crowned the achievement of obstruction.

As compared with current opportunities the Young Men of the 'Eighties were hampered by the wholesome restriction, then and for many years later operative, strictly limiting the range of supplementary questions. The old barrier removed, we may, as appears at every sitting, have a brisk little debate on any question that appears on the Paper.

This afternoon, by concerted action in which no fewer than fourteen Members



NEVER TOO LATE TO MAKE AMENDS.

Citizen Asquith (to M. le Condamné). "Ah! Monsieur le Marquis de Lansdowne! Your friends complain that I disregard the decencies, the decorums (pour ainsi dire) of the Revolution. Alors! I come now to give you the details the most minute of the tumbril in which you will do me the favour to travel, of the guillotine which will have the honour to interrupt a career the most distinguished; tout—everything!! That will be all-a-right, hein?"

"They (the Government) disregarded even the decencies and decorums of a great revolution."
—Lord Hugh Cecil.

took part, some interposing half-a-dozen times, elaborate attempt at "drawing" ASQUITH was watched with amusement by crowded House. The morning papers brought their readers to tiptoe of expectation. "Awkward Questions to the Premier" was a common headline pointing to anticipated dilemma.

But HENRY HERBERT does not lend himself to this game with the enthusiasm that marked the acquiescence of emotional Mr. G. He underwent the process with the equanimity that marks a duck's submission to ablation by water. In crispest tone, shortest sentences, chillingly matter-of-fact manner, he replied in succession to the fusillade.

"Will the next Vote on Account be taken before the Parliamentary recess?" asked EVELYN CECIL.

"Yes," said the PREMIER:

"Arising out of that answer"—and CECIL went on to put another poser.

"I do not think that arises out of my answer," remarked the imperturbable PREMIER. "I said, 'Yes.'"

What's to be done with a Minister

who thus strictly conforms to the injunction that your conversation be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay? Once, almost laps-



"Winterton popping up."



"Occasionally Mr. G., beginning to smell a rat... grew angry."

ing into verbosity, the PREMIER met persistent curiosity with the remark: "The hon. gentleman had better wait and see."

This such a success that he from time to time repeated it, till the performance developed into what HALSBURY would call "a sort of" duet. COUSIN HUGH, STANLEY WILSON, LONSDALE, HOPE, WINTERTON and CASTLEREAGH popping up in succession chanted a query to which came from Treasury Bench the bass refrain, "Wait and see."

The phrase thus accidentally evoked stuck. Has already established itself amongst small wits as a catchword. Nothing new under the sun. The MEMBER FOR SARK recalls a curious coincidence. Twenty-four years ago, the eternal Irish Question breaking out in fresh place, OLD MORALITY, not yet Leader of the House, was despatched by the MARKISS to make personal investigation at Dublin. During his absence the Government were pestered in the Commons with enquiry as to what course they intended to pursue. The stock reply from the Treasury Bench developed into the formula: "Wait till we hear from Mr. Smith." ASQUITH characteristically puts it with fewer syllables. But it's the same thing.

Thus doth history repeat itself.

Business done.—By majority of 106 in House of 608 members Opposition amendment to proposal to go into Committee on the Lords' Veto defeated.

Tuesday.—Having what FABER called "a very nice Tuesday afternoon." Nothing but tea and muffins lacking to domestic charm of gathering. Suddenly bolt falling out of the blue tumbled into the teacup and there was deuce of a storm.

It was the WINSOME WINSTON who launched it, apparently without design. Supporting motion to suspend Eleven o'clock Rule in order to get forward with the Veto Resolutions, he dropped hint that as soon as Resolutions are carried through Commons they will be introduced in Lords.

Arrangement, as more than ever meaning business, enthusiastically cheered from Opposition Benches. Corresponding depression in Ministerial camp. The House, half empty whilst WINSTON spoke, began to fill. GEORGE WYNDHAM on his legs, lamenting subjection of Government to Irish masters. PREMIER sent for. PRINCE ARTHUR hurried in. Informed of new turn of events, plunged into fray. COUSIN HUGH followed with shrill demand to "have done with this foolish mystery-mongering."

Effect upon CARSON almost heartbreaking. As forty years ago, citizens gathering in the streets of Paris cried aloud, "*Nous sommes trahis*," so the EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL with a sob in his voice re-



"Mr. Speaker! There's no doubt about it, we're bein' hombogged!!—hombogged!!"

Sir Edward Carson.

peated the plaint, "We are being hombogged." In vain PREMIER explained it was a business arrangement which



COUSIN HUGH WRITHING IN THE DEADLY COILS OF AN IRISH "BULL!"

"The Government desired to kill one Assembly by a blow, and to destroy the other Assembly by the slow poison of the guillotine."
—Lord Hugh Cecil.

obviously carried recommendation of saving time. What was the use of introducing a Bill in the Commons? After spending weeks upon moulding it into shape it would go to the Lords and be rejected. Let the Lords fire first.

CARSON, weeping at fresh evidence of Ministerial duplicity, would not be comforted.

"We are being hombogged," he crooned, as if he were assisting at a wake; "hombogged."

Business done.—House sat up late with Veto Resolutions.

Thursday.—The long, occasionally dragged debate on first Veto Resolution closed amid turbulent scene. Arranged that at half-past ten knife of the guillotine should fall, lopping off amendments and speeches. PREMIER spoke early in sitting. FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE before the dinner hour contributed to the making of the salad the necessary quota of oil. To the new SOLICITOR-GENERAL was left the honourable task of winding up the debate, sending the majority off into Lobby in high spirits. Fine opportunity, of which RUFUS ISAACS was safely counted upon to make the most.

Sat with growing impatience whilst the Member for Swansea Town spoke for *tout le monde*. After him came TERRELL.

Then DON'T KEIR HARDIE, with his pompous, judicial air, his habit of saying nothing particular, in long sentences delivered with slow intonation, so that no one should run risk of missing a precious syllable.

When he sat down finger of the clock seemed almost to touch the half-hour. As matter of microscopical accuracy, three minutes were left to spokesman of the Government.

RUFUS ISAACS undismayed. Adjusting an impalpable wig, pulling over his shoulder an invisible gown, he remarked: "In the three minutes which remain, I will undertake to explain the difference between the two sides of the House."

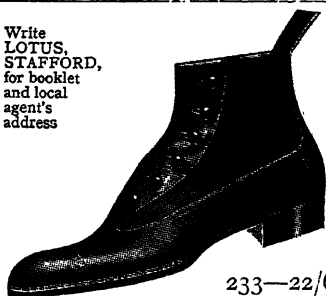
He might have done it, too, but for SON AUSTEN. His interposition signal for outburst of angry shouts of "Order!" from Ministerialists, answered by strident cheers from Opposition. Above the din SON AUSTEN stood at the Table voiceless. SOLICITOR-GENERAL refused to give way. Pointing a hand to the clock, he dumbly pleaded that he had only two minutes and could not spare one for SON AUSTEN, who had earlier in debate enjoyed full fling. Thus they stood, divided by "the substantial piece of furniture" Dizzy once publicly thanked Heaven separated him from GLADSTONE.

Shouts of "Order!" and strident cheering continued. Steadily the hand of the clock moved on. When it passed the half-hour the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES rose, and the speechless orators, glaring

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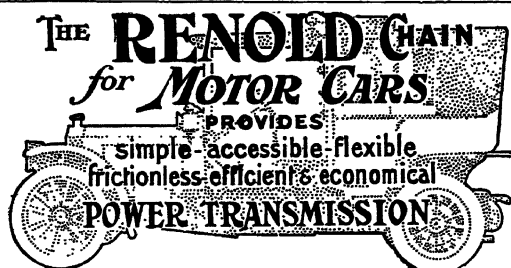
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THE ANTIQUITY OF GOUT AND ITS MODERN TREATMENT.

Gout is one of the most widely prevalent of the ailments from which the people of this country suffer. There is no doubt that climatic conditions render the inhabitants of the British Islands peculiarly susceptible to gouty disorders. Exposure to cold and to damp, and the sudden changes of weather that occur, tend to develop the latent gout that is in the system of a very considerable proportion, if not, indeed, of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom.

Gout seems to have been equally common in ancient times. It was described by the old Greek physicians under various names. Hippocrates and Galen, Ovid, Pliny, and Seneca all wrote of gout, denouncing the high living of their time as being responsible for the disease.

The old doctors had a fair conception, too, of the cause of gout, as the name given to it indicates. This name (from gutta—a drop) has reference to the doctrine then held, which is essentially the correct one, that gout is caused by the dropping of some foreign material from the blood into the joints. It has been demonstrated beyond all doubt that gout is caused by an excess of uric acid in the body. This acid, which should not be allowed to remain in the body at all, finds its way into the circulation, is carried right through the system, dropping here and there on its way in the joints, muscles and other tissues, deposits in the form of solid urates, which, if left undisturbed, set up the painful affection we are now discussing. Although the ancient physicians were well acquainted with gout, it is evident from their writings that they could find no remedy for it.

An Effectual Remedy.

It was left for the scientists of the present day to discover a remedy that is at once effective, rational, safe, and simple. The only real remedy for gout, and for all gouty affections is, of course, one that will act directly on their cause—a remedy that is a powerful uric acid solvent and eliminant. Bishop's Varalettes combine all the desiderata of an ideal gout remedy. They contain the most powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants known to modern therapeutics, and in addition they possess the great advantage of being absolutely harmless, so that they may be taken for a prolonged period without any fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action is specific and direct, going right to the root of the matter, destroying the cause and so removing the effect.

Gout takes on many and varied forms—rheumatic gout, gouty rheumatism, gouty eczema, gouty heart, gouty digestion, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, stone, and gravel, but no matter by what name it is known, nor what part of the body is affected, the common origin of all the trouble is the overplus of uric acid in the system.

But gout comes also in other, and more insidious, and consequently more dangerous forms, because it is not generally suspected that gout has anything to do with the symptoms we are about to mention. The premonitory symptoms of gout are frequently dyspeptic troubles, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, pain in the region of the liver, capricious appetite, depression, and irritability. If you are troubled with these symptoms at or about middle-age, it would be wise to suspect gout and to take measures to get rid of it before it obtains a firmer hold upon your system. A short course of Bishop's Varalettes at this stage will confirm your suspicions as to what the symptoms mean by their disappearance. Bishop's Varalettes prove a perfect insurance against gout; they will drive it out if it has already obtained a foothold, no matter how chronic the stage. The medical profession show their confidence in the ability of Bishop's Varalettes to combat and to conquer gout and gouty affections by prescribing them daily, and gouty subjects make it a point to fly to Bishop's Varalettes the moment the first threatening symptom shows itself.

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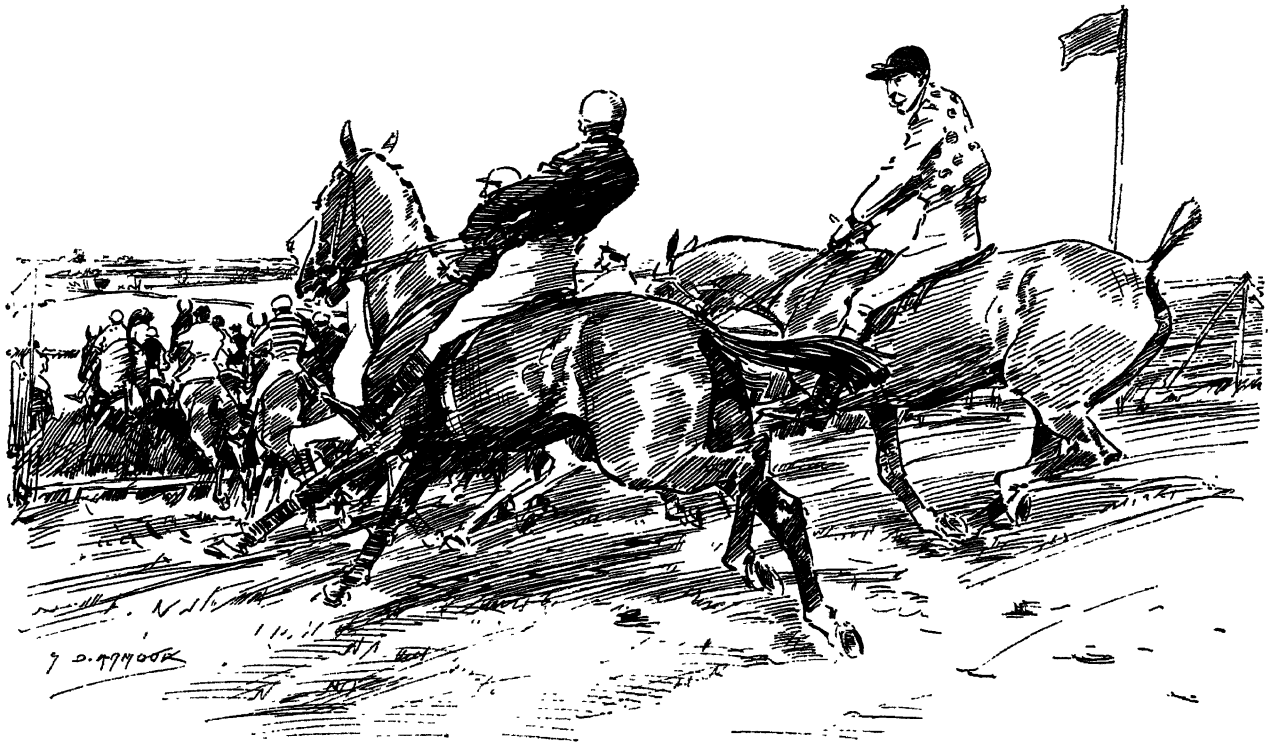
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THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

First Horseman (bringing up the rear of a large field). "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE PACE FOR US?"

Second Horseman. "NO FEAR, OLD CHAP! IF ONE OF THAT CROWD IN FRONT COMES DOWN, I'D RATHER BE ON TOP OF THE HEAP THAN AT THE BOTTOM, THANK YOU."

at each other across the Table, resumed their seats, neither having had opportunity of saying what he thought of the other.

Strangers in crowded Gallery looked on pleased and proud at this method of conducting business in the home of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—First Veto Resolution carried by 339 votes against 237.

A SPRIG OF EDELWEISS.

THE sun was setting; the snow mountains were pink in the glow. In the valleys the pines came down to the edge of the lake, whose surface was smooth as a mirror. In the distance came the thud, thud of a lake steamer homeward bound.

Suddenly the door opened and the Count entered my room. He was radiant. He struck an attitude denoting triumph. The Count was a tall lean man and quite frank about his appearance. He knew he was lean. He revelled in it. He said that without leanness his poses would be absurd, and without poses life would be unendurable. He sometimes stood outside himself, and laughed at the figure he cut. But usually he remained within and supervised all the important features of the pose. "A successful pose," he used to say, "always trembles on the verge of disaster." At

the very height of the dramatic one may touch the ludicrous, and there's an end of it."

The Count was triumphant but calm. I saw it was the Napoleonic pose, the strong will and terrific personality. I offered him a chair. The Count relaxed so far as to smack me on the back. "My friend," he said solemnly, "it is done. To-morrow I introduce you to the future Countess de la Croix."

I congratulated him warmly, but with all the deference due to the dignity of the situation.

"What a woman," he murmured, "what spirit, and yet what tenderness!"

He mused a moment in silence.

"Don't say romance is dead," he cried, and glared on me.

I hurriedly deprecated any insinuation whatever. The Count softened. The curtain had dropped on the Napoleonic pose. He was now the ardent lover, ready to face anything. He lit a cigarette and blew rings airily.

"Listen, my friend," he began; "I went to her yesterday morning. She received me kindly, but not as I had hoped. I offered her my heart, my title, my very life. She asked the last. Ah, you may well start. What a woman! What a mother of lions! I too was taken aback. 'Mademoiselle,' I cried, throwing myself at her feet, 'it is a poor thing, but take it when you will.' My

friend, I was magnificent. And she—she was superb. Quite calmly she said no man could win her hand who could not win her admiration.

"What shall I do?" I cried. I was ready to swim the lake, to do anything.

"There is edelweiss on the mountains," she said quietly, and hummed a tune.

"But, Mademoiselle," I gasped.

"Since you are afraid," she began coldly.

I rose with dignity.

"It is certain death," I said with admirable composure, "but it is nothing. It is already done. Mademoiselle, goodbye."

That I think you will admit was a fine scene. If I had closed the door and gone away at once, it would have been unequalled, but I could not resist a little glance back, so I reopened the door and peeped in. She was reading the newspaper. What a woman!

I hired six guides and started. "Where you will," I cried. It may have been the Matterhorn. Possibly it was only Mont Blanc.

"Ach," they said, "it is dangerous."

I frowned gloomily on them.

"Ach," I replied, "the edelweiss I must and shall have at all costs."

"Schaffhausen!" they cried; "the lean gentleman has the courage of ten chamois."

I bowed.

We started.

I carried an alpenstock, an umbrella, and her photograph. It is a large portrait, so I strapped it on the back of the guide in front, and it gave me courage. With stern faces we took the road. How the crowds cheered! They love a brave man, these Swiss. Would my Angela could have seen me. And then the silence of the Alps! For thousands of feet I did not speak, and when I did it was only to cry, *Courage, mes braves*, and prod the guide before me with my umbrella. I slipped. Death seemed inevitable. I hooked the nearest guide with my alpenstock. Saved—at least I was. But I will not weary you with all the details of that perilous journey. Besides," added the Count as an afterthought, "modesty forbids.

At last I saw the edelweiss pure and white as newly-fallen snow. I unconsciously struck an attitude full of simple dignity. I expected the guides to burst into song. They would not meet my eye. I admit it was a grave risk. 'Cowards,' I shouted, 'who will come with me?' Not a man moved."

There was a dramatic pause. The Count shrugged his shoulders. "What would you?" he said. "I went alone, yes, I, Rupert de la Croix went—alone."

I took his hand, unable to speak. With an effort he continued, "At last I touched—I held it in my grasp. I hate to talk of these exploits. Some of us will do anything for the glory of it."

I squeezed his hand.

The Count was now the bored hero of a hundred fights.

"Let us speak of something else," he said wearily.

"The Countess," I murmured, "what of her?"

He was again the ardent lover.

"Ah, my Angela, *ma petite*! Tired and travel-stained though I was, I hastened to her. I slowly opened the door. I began to feel weak with the strain. She rose to greet me. On my knees I took her hand and in it laid the sprig of edelweiss.

'You've brought it,' she cried and paled.

'Yes, Mademoiselle,' I answered quite quietly, 'you mentioned your desire, *n'est-ce-pas*?'"

She stared at me in a daze. I rose, and looked down into her eyes that can gleam like cold steel, but were now as soft as a deer's.

'Angela,' I whispered, 'it is nothing. Believe me, I would do more, much more; only, when you look at it, think sometimes of the risks it took to win, of the solitary heights in which I sought it before it came to this fair Lucerne.'

She burst into tears. It may seem strange, but I too wept like a child."

"And then?" I queried.

The Count raised his eyebrows and smiled quite naturally.

"My friend," he said, "what could I do but take her in my arms?"

* * * * *

There is a little shop in Lucerne that has had four sprays of edelweiss in the window for many weeks. As I passed it next day with the Count, I observed that there were only three. I turned to my companion.

But the Count at that moment was preoccupied.

AN INN SCENE.

It was a longer walk from Hendon than I had expected, and I was not at Hampstead till half-past eleven; and it was therefore with satisfaction that I noticed the words, "Hot Suppers," on a strip of paper in the window of the "Crown." That was exactly what I wanted and should be too late for by the time I reached London.

While I was sitting in the friendly bar, reading the evening paper, the door opened and an inquiring head was thrust in. A body followed, lurched a little, and leaned against the wall. It was a tall man of forty or so, plainly but well dressed. His right hand clutched a stick, his left waved a cigar. A good-natured weak face, regular enough to be called handsome by a poor judge. Black bright eyes. After looking at me for a few moments with the benignity of the slightly unmanned, the stranger asked, "Are you the boss?"

"No," I said.

"Then," he inconsequently replied, "give us a tune." (There was an automatic melodion in the corner.)

Before I could answer, the host appeared, bringing supper, and stood in the middle of the room watching my approval.

While he was waiting the stranger crossed the floor unsteadily until he was within two feet of him. "Are you the boss?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Freeman, I'm the boss," said the landlord.

The man was puzzled, as his face showed.

"Mr. Freeman!" he repeated. "How d'you know my name?"

"Ah, I know more than that, Mr. Michael Owen Freeman," said the landlord inscrutably.

"Why, who are you?" the stranger asked.

"Ewell," replied the landlord. "Cheedle's farm. The Blue Posts."

The stranger's mental feelers grasped vainly at these hints, and the landlord smiled the smile of a clever sober fellow with a tippler at his mercy.

"Emily," said the landlord.

The name was illuminative. "What,"

cried the stranger in a warm flush of recognition—"what, you're not Harry Evans?"

"Yes," said the landlord, with a touch of embarrassment, for it is difficult to share this kind of effusion.

"Not Harry Evans of Ewell—old Harry!" (He pronounced the first syllable of "Harry" as though it rhymed to "bar.")

"Yes," said the landlord, almost wishing he wasn't.

"Then give us your hand," said the stranger.

They shook hands.

"Straight?" the stranger inquired a little suspiciously.

"Straight," said the landlord.

"Then give us your hand."

They shook hands again.

"You're not kidding me?" the stranger asked in another visitation of doubt.

"Honour bright, I'm not," said the landlord.

"Then give us your hand."

They shook hands again.

"Well, I'm dashed," said the stranger.

"What'll you take?" suggested the landlord, perceptibly eager to end these demonstrations. "Say the word and you can have what you like—champagne, port, whisky—"

"A drop o' Scotch, cold," said the stranger, adding, "Is it really old Harry Evans? Well, I'm— Here, shake hands once more."

But the landlord had gone for the drinks.

Mr. Freeman rocked insecurely from toe to heel for ten seconds; then he turned to me. "'V' you read *DICKENS*?" he asked.

I said I had.

It must have sounded curt, for "You're not cross, are you?" he asked, with a touch of anxiety.

"No, I'm not cross," I replied.

"Then give us your hand," he said.

We shook hands.

"*DICKENS* is full of take-backs, isn't he?" he remarked.

"Full," I replied.

"You're not cross, are you?" he asked again.

I said I was not in the least cross.

He appeared satisfied, and resumed.

"Well, of all the take-backs in *DICKENS* there isn't one to beat this. . . ."

He was silently ruminative.

"To think," he began again—"to think of meeting— You're not cross, are you? You didn't mind me mistaking you for the boss?"

I satisfied him again, and we shook hands on it.

"To think," he continued, "of meeting old Harry Evans. After all these years too. We used to court the same girl. That was at Ewell. And to think

of him landlord of the 'Crown' and me with thirty bob a week. You're not cross, are you?"

"Cross? No," I said with emphasis.

"Then give us your hand."

We shook hands again.

Mr Freeman looked at me cunningly and began once more. "He owes me four shillings," he said softly. "He lost it to me at Nap twelve years ago, and I mean to have it. And now I know where he is, I'm going to work this place for all it's worth. I haven't used a bad word to-day, but, if you'll excuse me, I don't mind saying that I'm going to give this place blanky socks. Old Harry Evans, the landlord of the 'Crown,' is he? All right."

He became more confidential. "I don't mind telling you," he said, "that I've had too much to drink. In point of fact, I'm drunk. But I shan't let old Harry know. O crikey, no! I mean to do him for that four bob. Every penny of it. You see."

He wandered out, and the landlord came back with the glasses.

"That's a rum thing," said the landlord to me. "I haven't seen that man for these twelve years, and we used to be always together. We courted the same girl. Strangely enough, she's coming to tea to-morrow with my wife. He was as sharp and clever a young fellow as you'd meet. An architect doing his five hundred a year easily. But he took to drink and flung his money about. Treated everybody. And then he was sacked—he was surveyor to a Local Board—and disappeared."

Here Mr. Freeman returned and shook hands with the landlord again and talked of old times. They recalled larks together, lark after lark, until very skillfully Mr. Freeman led the conversation to cards, and suddenly remarked, "By the way, Harry, do you know you owe me two-and-eightpence?"

The landlord was incredulous.

"Yes," said Mr. Freeman, "at Charley Perrott's one night, Number 13, Hamilton Crescent. When we left off you owed me two-and-eightpence. Ask Charley."

"Very well," said the landlord, "I always pay my just debts. Here you are," and he counted out two-and-eightpence.

Mr. Freeman drew himself up with dignity, and, standing as steadily as might be, fixed an offended eye on his companion. "What!" he said, "do you think I'm a man that takes paltry gambling debts twelve years after they're made? No, Sir. I may be low, but I'm not so low as that. Put it in the box." (There was a hospital collecting box on the mantelpiece.) "I don't want the money. I'm poor, but I've always got enough for a drink for a pal. But



"AND WHERE IS YOUR SAILOR SON NOW?"

"WELL, I DON'T RIGHTLY MIND, MUM, IF HE BE GONE TO GIBRALTAR IN THE JUPITER, OR TO JUPITER IN THE GIBRALTAR, BUT IT BE SOMEWHERE'S IN THEM PARTS."

I like to see debts paid. Put it in the box."

The landlord acquiesced, and Mr. Freeman sat down again and drank some more whisky.

"I like you, Evans," he said; "I like you and I like your house. And I'm coming here often. And not alone, mind. The next time I come I shall bring a gang of the boys with me, and we'll do you proud."

The landlord was grateful. "Have another drink," he said.

"All right!" said Mr. Freeman. "I'm on the ran-dan to-night."

The landlord rang for more whisky and they talked on. Five minutes before closing time Mr. Freeman felt strong enough to mention his old love. "Do you ever see Emily?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the landlord. "She's

coming here to-morrow to have tea with my wife."

"Still unmarried?" asked Mr. Freeman.

"Yes," said the landlord.

Mr. Freeman finished his whisky and threw away his cigar. Then he stood up and buttoned his coat and turned towards the door.

The landlord waited. I waited.

Mr. Freeman braced himself for an effort. "Tell her," he said, "that I'm twelve years older, and I've only got thirty shillings a week instead of ten pounds, but if she's agreeable she can have me still. Good night." And he staggered to the door and out into the street.

The landlord reached up to turn out the gas as I rose to go. "Drink is his ruin," he said comfortably. "Good night."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE scheme of two pairs of lovers who execute a *chassée croisée* has already been used by ANNE SEDGWICK in her remarkable book, *Valerie Upton*. In *Franklin Kane* (ARNOLD) she makes a variation on this well-established manoeuvre by re-distributing her couples, and so restoring the *status quo*. The process is not really so absurd as it sounds; for the author is almost painfully sincere in her analysis of motives, and allows no one to speak or smile, or even breathe, without so many good reasons that you are sure it must be right. And, if she had seen well to extend her story—rather too long as it is—and arranged a re-redistribution, I am convinced she would have found means to persuade me that everything was still all right. For, to be frank, I take her word for the behaviour of types which I never quite realise. *Gerald*, with his contented egoism, is the easiest to believe in, being the least complex; yet I have my doubts of a man of quick intelligence who, all his life, can keep up the closest of friendships with a woman of his own kind without once suspecting that she wants something closer still. *Helen*, again, child of the moors and mists, who nurses her unspoken passion, and drifts desolately and cheaply about the continent without any taste for its attractions, her heart being in the Highlands all the time, is a character that appeals warmly to the heart but coldly to the intellect. *Althaea*, with her Bostonian "standards" and her terribly healthy interest in Europe, "in everything that is of the best—pictures, music, places and people" (she reminds me a little of the unassailable *Imogen* in *Valerie Upton*), is a type which I am certain that ANNE SEDGWICK has drawn with authority, yet I can only accept her blindly on trust. Finally, with *Franklin Kane*, admirable creature that he is, the author has not quite succeeded, as Miss SINCLAIR succeeded in *The Divine Fire*, in converting a ridiculous object into a figure of high romance. Probably this was not her intention, for she can do most things that she wants to. But if she has failed in this or any other purpose I confess I would choose her failures rather than the success of a hundred others. She is, of course, in the first rank of modern novelists, and nobody who cares for good work can afford to miss one line that she writes.

When, upon the second page of *The Island Providence* (JOHN LANE), an experienced reader finds the warning, "Now this is no milk-and-water tale, but a tale of salt seas," he will probably think that he can give a fair guess at what will follow. "STEVENSON!" says he to himself, already scenting blood. By-and-by, however, he will find, with some natural bewilderment, that though Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN hints at battles and murders in plenty the leader he follows is not R. L. S., but rather MEREDITH, or even perhaps JAMES (HENRY). The result, as I say, is confusion. An introspective pirate, however possible, is so little what usage has led us to expect as to be by no means easy of belief. Further, *John Upcott* strikes one as unconvincingly modern

for a hero of 1645, the date of the tale. Having slain his disreputable father in a wrecker's brawl, he runs away to sea, takes part in the sack of Cartagena, is made a slave, liberated, becomes the beloved of a Spanish dame, then a refugee again, and finally a successful buccaneer—from which last phase he returns to Devonshire, flinging his ill-gotten gains overboard, and landing as poor as when he left. A life so crowded with incident would have (one thinks) small leisure for the moods and subtleties and the yearning for "self-realisation" from which we are told that *John* continually suffered. Anyhow, I like my pirates simpler, and would sooner walk the plank to an accompaniment of oaths than of philosophy. But for all this I have my prophetic eye upon Mr. NIVEN, of whom I think to hear more in the future.

Accomplished master of the matrimonial hunt as Mr. PERCY WHITE is, I wish that intriguing men and women could be protected from him by a close time. In *An Averted Marriage*, an extremely outspoken tale which gives the title to his volume of short stories (MILLS AND BOON), the author devotes eighty pages to an old gentleman in search of a young wife; and I don't think it was worth while. One

fears that Mr. WHITE found this story very easy to write, and as an admirer of his I should like to add that I found it very difficult to read. I am tired, in fact, of Mr. WHITE's characteristic vein, and my thankfulness to him is great when he gets away from it, as in some stories here which make ample compensation for "An Averted Marriage," "Abdoolah," "The Model" and "The Canary" are pathetic and haunting, and to-day, when an unmarried political candidate would seem to be incompletely equipped for the fray, "The Stockings"



PROBABLE SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT IN THE EVENT OF A
• REPETITION OF THE BANQUET TO THE DESCENDANTS OF POETS.

Mob of Descendants of "Anon" claiming admittance.

comes as a delightfully humorous warning to tactless wives. But it is "The Swimmers" which really has my vote, and makes me certain that Mr. WHITE is something more than a rather flippant and clever novelist.

Among the convenient realities which form the stock-in-trade of romantic novelists the Foreign Legion occupies a position of very much the same value as the Sargasso Sea. As to this may drift all marine derelicts, so to that may drift all human ones. With the writer of fiction nothing, in its kind, is too extraordinary for either; and, so far at least as one of them is concerned, Mr. ERWIN ROSEN's book, *In the Foreign Legion* (DUCKWORTH), proves that the writer of fiction is amply justified in giving himself a good deal of rope. For Mr. ROSEN's book is not fiction. It is a fascinating, vivid record of actual experiences. In a brief "Prologue," curiously strained and self-conscious compared with the remainder of the work, he explains how, having led a roving, eventful life, he lost "the jewel happiness," and decided to enlist. The Prologue off his chest, he gives a wonderfully illuminating account of the existence of the legionaries, and of the training, quite cheap, which produces splendidly efficient mercenaries who march well, shoot well, use common sense, and are able to act independently. It is a fine book, and to novelists who wish to follow, say, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, it should be as useful a volume of reference as *Debrett* to the tuft-hunter.

CHARIVARIA.

"Two brothers of Luton, named OSBORN," *The Express* tells us, "claim that they have discovered the secret not only of perpetual motion but of perpetual power." This must be the recipe for which the Liberal Party has been searching for so long.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has admitted that there are differences of opinion in the Cabinet. The Liberal daily which declared, the other day, that "the Cabinet are now at one," evidently did not go quite far enough in its statement. It should have been "at one another."

Pursuing their policy of secretiveness, the German naval authorities are now, we hear, insisting on their sub-marines performing evolutions under the water.

Dr. BODE, who purchased the Flora bust, has been the recipient of a presentation from Berlin art dealers to mark their appreciation of his judgment. One can understand this. It is not every day that dealers can find a gullible art expert.

A little boy, on hearing that Mr. ROOSEVELT's bag comprises over 10,000 animals, said that he pitied the poor devil who had to carry it in that awful African heat.

We do hope that Captain SCOTT is not going ahead too quickly. He has ordered three motor sledges for his expedition; but how does he know that the local authorities in those outlandish parts will not insist on each of these vehicles being preceded by a man on foot with a danger flag?

With reference to the newspaper heading:—

"PROFESSOR LOWELL

ON THE CANALS IN MARS," we are requested to state that the Professor has never been on them. However, if the suggestion should meet the eye of Dr. COOK . . .

In the discussion on Prison Reform the question of the most suitable books for prison libraries has been raised. Surely the most desirable must be volumes of the "Raffles" type, which tend to give a burglar a proper pride in his profession.

Although England beat Switzerland at football the other day, the Swiss team, as might be expected in view of their training ground, played a good up-hill game.

We would draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to the fact that Mr. GODFREY P. COLLINS, who was elected M.P. for Greenock and became a father the same day, has named the helpless little mite "Grianaig," which is Gaelic for Greenock.

"To plant a kiss on a woman's lips is

The fact that a motor-cyclist who was charged at Guildford with exceeding the speed limit was discharged on pointing out that the cigar which he was smoking at the time had nearly an inch of ash on it when he was stopped has, we hear, given a bright idea to an enterprising manufacturer of cycling and motor accessories. He will shortly place on the market a counterfeit cigar with permanent ash.

"A thrush," says a contemporary, "flew at a cat which had designs on its nest in Victoria Park, Dover." The Vandal! Unless, of course, the "designs" on the cat's nest were Art Nouveau.

The fashion for a bride to be accompanied at her wedding by a "best girl" has now been inaugurated, and promises to become popular. Let us hope that it may never lead to an unpleasant scene when the bridegroom decides that, after all, he would be a fool not to marry the best girl.

Each ounce of a new lactic cheese which has just been placed upon the market contains, it is said, an army of 57,000,000,000 germs. The careful housewife, however, will, we imagine, before parting with her money, say, "One minute, please, while I see if they are all there."

"Rinking is one of those amusements in which there is risk of accidents, and a skater must take the risk himself," said Judge LUMLEY SMITH in refusing to grant damages to an injured skater. Besides, a man ought to be content with the damage he has already received, and not ask for more.

The manners of some omnibus conductors leave much to be desired. A lady wearing a fashionable hat entered an empty omnibus. "Hon you go, Bill! Full up!" shouted the conductor to the driver.

Many persons are of the opinion that, in ordering the release of CHARLES BULBEOK, who was found guilty of stealing coal, the HOME SECRETARY did not go far enough. The popular little hero ought to have received a reward of some sort.

To Intending Heirs.

"Lady recommends Boy Attendant of her deceased uncle to any gentleman wanting such." *Dublin Daily Express.*



YET ANOTHER!

(A suggestion has been put forward for the formation of a "Motor Party" in the House of Commons.)

Independent Motor Candidate. "GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOUR SUPPORT IN THE GREAT CAUSE WE ALL HAVE AT HEART—THE ABOLITION OF THE POLICE VETO!"

a great privilege," says Judge WILLIS. It is indeed one of the most popular phases of intensive culture.

"The new school of professional photography," says Mr. HOPPE, "aims to show the sitter as he is, blemishes and all, instead of giving him a face that might be a new-laid egg." This still leaves us wondering as to what the new school does with bald sitters.

A contemporary's pardonable misprint:—"The prospectuses of several new Robber Companies will be found in our advertisement columns."

POLITICS AND THE POSTER.

[The coloured announcement of the Army Pageant, to be held at Fulham in June, represents a Union Jack borne by what appears to be an ancient Briton, if one may judge by his state of partial nudity.]

HORSEMAN on your charger sitting

Practically "in the buff,"

Save for socks and loosely-fitting

Wherewithals of homely stuff—

Pelt of wolf or other vermin rudely tailored from the rough;

So of old you faced the weather,

Fought the best that Rome could raise,

In the almost "altogether"

With CARACTACUS's Greys,

Or with BOADICEA's Cow-boys kept the streets on levee days.

Thus I fancy you, my trooper,

Turning foes and nursemaids pale;

But what fills my brain with stupor,

Makes my shattered reason quail,

Is the Union Jack you carry in a ninety-knotted gale.

I allow it helps the picture

With its pattern nicely spread,

Yet if I may pass a stricture

Based on books that I have read,

You are previous: you are eighteen hundred years or so ahead.

Was your second-sight so nimble

You could clearly visualise

Yon superb heraldic symbol,

Could foresee those sacred ties

Which the REDMOND-ASQUITH bargain beautifully typifies?

Could you adumbrate O'BRIEN

Letting LLOYD beside him lie,

Cheek to muzzle, lamb and lion,

In the blessed by-and-by,

With the common flag above them in a perfect pageant sky?

No, my brave but early Briton,

No such dream occurred to you;

'Twas the artist's head that hit on

This sublime prophetic view,

Showing in a simple poster what Creative Art can do.

Still, I hope to see your circus

On the Fulham Palace track,

But if you attempt to burke us,

If you chuck your Union Jack,

I shall call upon the Bishop and demand my money back!

O. S.

"PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS 1/; WITH GAS 3/6."

Advt. in "Eastern Daily Press."

Or, of course, for 2s. 6d. you can have the gas alone. The only thing is that you must consume it on the premises.

From the instructions given away with a certain "Lightning Cough Cure":—

"Take — Cough Cure every two hours for six doses, then every three hours until completely cured." [Pause here by the way and observe the "lightning."] "Keep yourself warm and free from draughts and before retiring take hot onion gruel, and put your feet in hot water and mustard for a few minutes. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected."

Our own "Lightning Broken Leg Cure" is now on the market. Take it every two hours and have your leg well set by a good surgeon. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected.

MAXIMS OF THE MONTH.

[In the Leonine manner of *The National Review*.]

It would not be easy to describe in adequate language the condition to which Great Britain and Ireland and the Overseas Dominions have been reduced by the incompetent aggregation of shouting charlatans and molluscous mountebanks who are at this moment masquerading as Ministers of the Crown. There was a day, from 1895 to 1905, when patriot statesmen, earnestly devoted to the public welfare, strove to make their country glorious without regard to their own interests. Our readers can remember as well as we do the magnanimous galaxies of genius, marred here and there, it may be, by a few examples of talent, that succeeded one another on the Treasury Bench. Most of them still live and are only too anxious to serve their King once more. How long will the country tolerate the criminal ineptitude of the Cabinet of Cowards which now hangs like a millstone round the exhausted neck of the Empire?

Take, for instance, the prolonged debate on the so-called Veto Resolutions which the Government, with their usual arrogant disdain of the democracy, cut short by the most disgraceful use of the guillotine known to history. Those who listened to the superb and convincing eloquence of a BALFOUR, the ardent and generous invective of a CHAMBERLAIN, the sustained and tremendous philippics of an ANSON, or the glowing and decorative periods of a LAURENCE HARRY, and then contrasted them with the shuffling inefficiency of an ASQUITH, the limping and lamentable efforts of a SAMUEL, and the contemptibly brazen balderdash emitted by the self-seeking demagogue at the Home Office, must have realised the pitch of degradation to which we have sunk under the rule of the hucksters and traitors who for the ruin of their country draw large salaries, for which they never did an honest day's work, from the long-suffering purse of the public.

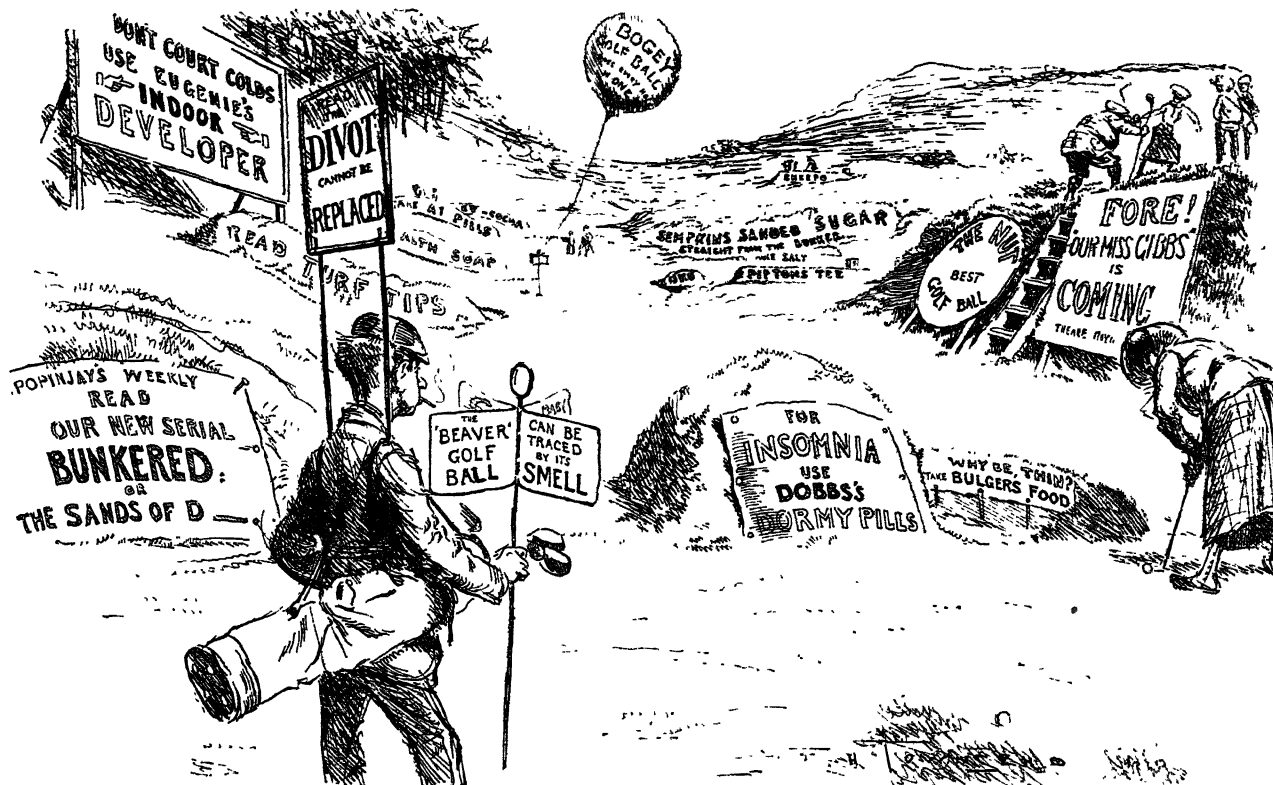
If the contrast between the two front benches was striking, what word can be used to express the difference between the rank and file on the two sides? It may be said without the least exaggeration that the records of Parliamentary oratory may be searched in vain to find parallels for the massive and magnificent speeches made by men on the back benches to the left of the SPEAKER. One of these—we regretfully forget which—soared to an all but unsurpassable height of constitutional splendour. On the other side we had nothing but the raucous bleatings of pot-house politicians and the "kept" party who happen for the moment to be leagued with them for the abolition of honest dealing between man and man, though, for their own interest and that of the country which they continue to misrepresent, they would be better advised if they frankly accepted the predominance of the Unionist party and joined its members in promoting a policy which holds a promise of untold benefits for Ireland and the Irish.

It may be true—we have never sought to deny it; indeed, we have affirmed it in so many words—that the House of Lords contains some of "the most blatant bounders on the planet;" but we have yet to learn that Canada has faltered in her firm offer of a preference which, by banishing unemployment from our midst, will cause the sun of prosperity to rise upon a distracted and misgoverned land. Sooner or later the Radicals themselves will recognise this, in spite of the ravings of the Cocoa chorus. There is in all Englishmen—we wish we could include Scotchmen and Welshmen—a natural spirit of fairness which makes them suspicious of those who employ abuse in the place of argument. They will thus, in spite of themselves, be drawn into association with the great Unionist Party, which can alone offer them a conjunction of courteous amenity of manners with sound and permanent political views.



L. RAVENHILL

THE KILKENNY MINSTRELS; OR, ALL FOR IRELAND.



GOLF LINKS "DEVELOPED." AN ANSWER TO THE BUDGET.

"To BILL-POSTERS, &C.—The Secretary of the Alnmouth Golf Club is open to offers for Advertisements on Hoardings, in Bunkers, and about the Course."—*Alnmouth and County Gazette*.

MORRIS ON, MORRIS EVER.

It is *Beatrice*, is it not?—in *Much Ado About Nothing*—or *Much To-do About Nothing*, as the programme boys outside the Lyceum in its great days used to call—who says that a star danced and—under that was she born. What then of the members of the Espérance Club, who, with Miss NEAL as their moving spirit, have been working so hard and gaily for several years now to bring about a revival in England of the old songs and dances? Were they not born under dancing stars too? Surely. And if they had their way this planet of ours might look to the other planets and stars as if it danced too.

Miss NEAL has just compiled *The Espérance Morris Book* (CURWEN AND SONS), with a history of the movement since 1905, when the girls' feet first began to be too much for them as they danced and sang while ordinary dull persons walked and talked, down to the present time when they have to their credit hundreds of villagers all over England in whom the old melodies and happinesses have been implanted. This admirable achievement is recorded; instructions as to the songs, dances and singing games are given; and a selection of them follows, arranged for the piano. Thus any one possessing the book has, so to speak, a

tourist's ticket for Merrie England and a complete outfit while there.

May it find many possessors and more readers!

COALS OF FIRE.

["It will be wise of the men to capitulate at once, and no longer insist upon male superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly over. And if, in the see-saw of human events, they should in the future be placed in a subordinate position, we must accord them more generous treatment than they have given us. We must not retaliate. On the contrary, we should resist all attempts to degrade them, and let equality be our motto then as now."—*Lady Cook*.]

SISTERS-IN-ARMS, the fight is done,
The glorious cause of Woman won,
And conquered Man now quakes to feel
Upon his neck the high French heel.

Yet, in our great triumphant hour,
Shall we, like Man, abuse our power
And make of him the hapless victim
He made of Woman ere she licked him?

Nay, sisters, be it our desire
To heap his head with coals of fire
And let him find a foe in us
Not merely just but generous.

The vanquished tyrant sees at length
That we possess the giant's strength;
But, if he do not prove defiant,
We will not use it like a giant.

The light and tender touch, the heart
Of mercy—these are Woman's part,
And in the age that dawns to-day
All thoughts of vengeance shall away.

We will not, in vindictive spite,
Degrade the foe, as well we might;
But let us rather in the sequel
Treat him as though he were an equal.

We don't propose to bar the spheres
Of all professional careers,
But unto men shall be committed
The work for which we find them fitted.

The Church between us we'll divide,
An equal share for either side,
Apportioned in the proper way—
The rectors we, the curates they.

So, also, will we leave ajar
The door that leads one to the Bar
And freely let them take their places
As devils unto us, the K.C.'s.

The world of business, too we'll throw
Ope to our conscience-stricken foe,
And leave who can to make his mark
As office-boy or junior clerk.

Motto for Mr. ROOSEVELT when he arrives in England—(or for CHARLIE BULBECK or Mr. O'BRIEN or anybody else you like): "*Who is it in the Press that calls on me?*"—*Julius Caesar*, I, 2.

ANTI-STARVATION LEAGUE.

GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

AN indignation meeting of London restaurateurs was held at the Mansion House on the 18th to protest against the advocacy of starvation as a means to perfect health in an article by Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR in the current *Contemporary Review*. The Chair was taken by the Prime Warden of the Butchers Company, and the audience included Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE and some of the best nourished members of the Stock Exchange.

The Chairman in declaring the meeting open said that they were met as rational human beings and as business men to put on record their extreme hostility to any movement that might depopularise the pleasures of deglutition. The Roast Beef of Old England was in danger, and they were there to protect it. (*Tremendous enthusiasm.*) He would first read a little correspondence which had been collected by their indefatigable hon. sec.

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Royal Society, stating that every member of that body—which included some of the most learned men in the world—ate. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Asinaum Club to the effect that no fasting man had ever been a member of that distinguished and sapient club. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the private secretary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which the writer said that the PRIMATE often had meals. (*Cheers.*)

The President of the Royal Society of Dental Surgeons wrote to urge upon the meeting the need for energy and venom in its attack upon the new heresy.

LORD COURTNEY OF PENWITH wrote to say that in his opinion a carnivorous diet was not incompatible with adhesion to the doctrine of Proportional Representation.

The first speaker was M. GUSTAVE, of the Savoy Hotel, who riddled the SINCLAIR theory with shafts of Alsatian wit. "Look," he said, "at the Savoy: the size of it, the beauty of it, the cost of it; and then consider the sanity of a man who suggests that we are better without banquets. (*Applause.*) And an American too! After what the Savoy has done for Americans, this is indeed base. (*Hear! Hear!*) No doubt if the ideal man was to be a scarecrow the starvation doctrine was sound. But was it? He asked them, was it? (*A voice: "No!"*) No, certainly not. The ideal man was well nourished, a man whose edacious

triumphs a mathematician would indicate with a curve. (*Loud laughter.*) Very well, then, let their motto continue to be, 'Eat on, eat ever.'"

Mr. EUSTACE MILES said that, though he did not hold with hippophagy, he was a strong supporter of eating something and therefore wished to record his opposition to the SINCLAIR doctrine. If he had be-

she give us teeth but to tear good food apart with?—and where could you get better or cheaper food, without the irritating impost of tips, than at— (*Cries of "Order!" "Order!"*) Nature, he said, did nothing without a reason, and why did she give us elaborate digestive systems but to digest? If he might venture upon a witticism, Nature said digest, and Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR said just die. (*Loud grief.*) He begged to move that *The Contemporary Review* be called in future *The Contemtable Review*. (*Applause, followed by "For he's a jolly good Joseph."*)

Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS begged to support Mr. LYONS. What he said about Nature was true. Nature would not have packed a sheep full of ten-ounce chops if she had not meant them to be devoured by hungry men. Pigs, too. Nature made the flesh of pigs with an eye to the sausage, because she knew that the sausage was a sustaining article of diet to human beings. Speaking not as one of the uninitiated but with all the weight of a Sausage King, he said that Mr. SINCLAIR, when he recommended starvation, talked nonsense. (*Cheers.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE having delivered an impassioned eulogy on beef-steaks as the cure of every ill, a resolution in favour of founding an Anti-Starvation League was passed with acclamation, and the vast audience dispersed in a mood of voracious enthusiasm.



THE ADVANCE IN ELEMENTARY CULTURE.

[The lady visitor has just asked Henry whether he enjoyed his recent birthday party.]

Henry. In the impression retained by the memory, shades have ceased to count: it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than, nebulously, for a swarm of possibilities. I cut the silhouette, in a word, out of the curious confusion of it all, I save and fix the outline, and it is with my eye on this profiled distinction that, as a critic I speak. It is the function of the critic to assert with assurance when once his impression has become final; and it is in noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion upon the merits or attractiveness of the entertainment so generously provided for the diversion of myself and friends.

[Lady visitor before swooning has sufficient presence of mind to ring the bell for assistance.]

lied in starvation he would have opened a Starvation Salon, where it could be done with tact and refinement, under the personal superintendence of Mrs. EUSTACE MILES. But he did not believe in it; hence his salons were for other purposes, but were no less under that lady's control. (*Wild enthusiasm.*)

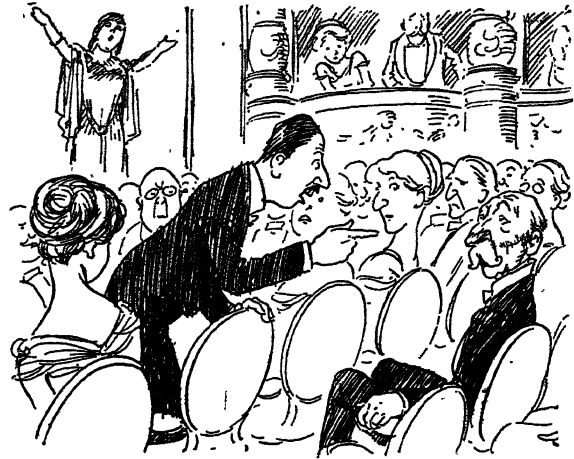
Mr. JOSEPH LYONS stigmatised the doctrine of starvation as both cowardly and crude. Nature, he pointed out, did nothing thoughtlessly; why did

"Many years ago, when an insurance case was being argued before a bench of seven judges, the late Lord Craighill remarked, in answer to something said by counsel: 'But 2 and 2, you know, don't always make 4.' 'If 2 and 2 don't make 4,' snorted Lord Young, 'I don't know what we are sitting here for.' Whereupon, to the great relief of Lord Craighill, Lord McLaren replied, 'If the things don't belong to the same denomination they don't make 4; 2 candles, and 2 tons of coal don't make 4.'"

This story appeared in *The Westminster Gazette*, on April 11th, and again on April 13th. We understand that it will only appear once more . . . and then . . . if the House of Lords remains obdurate . . . it will (ter-remble!) be placed upon the statute book. (What we really meant to say was that, even if 2 and 2 don't make 4, once and once makes twice, with the very best story.)

"The Commissioner exonerates the police from the charges of impartiality preferred against them by the Protestant party."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Of course!—an absurd charge!



GEO. MORROW.

THE INOPPORTUNIST.

HINTS ON THE LORDS' VETO.

"SIR,—Whilst on a tram this morning I was asked what was the meaning of the Lords' Veto. I fully explained what it meant. But may there not be many who do not thoroughly understand this question? I invariably raise discussion whenever opportunity arises, and I hope that some good result may ensue from keeping the serious question of the Veto before the public:—Yours, &c."—*Morning Leader*.

CRICKET CHAT.

[Just to encourage the weather.]

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE possibility that there is to be a new method of scoring points for the Championship has aroused general interest and not a little criticism. The suggestion is that draws and losses should equally be ignored, and the percentage taken of wins to matches played. Most of you know by this time what "percentage" means, so I need not go into that; but I should like to point out what a ridiculous system this new one really is. The futility of it will become obvious to the meanest intelligence (*e.g.*, yours) if I take an imaginary example of the records of two counties:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.
Kent	26	1	0	25
Surrey	26	10	8	8

Under the new system Kent would be below Surrey, although all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in its favour, and only brought about by rain! This is absurd. On the other hand, under the old system Kent would have been above Surrey, even though all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in favour of its opponents! This is still more absurd. The futility of this or any system, in fact, becomes ridiculously clear. What, then, is the remedy? Obviously—but I must leave this for another week.

By the way, have the authorities considered what would be the position of a county with the following record?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Abandoned
Lancashire ...	28	0	0	0	28

Or this?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Ab.	Tie
Somersetshire	18	0	0	0	0	18

No. And yet, unless every possible result is brought under consideration, how can a fair system of scoring possibly be arrived at?

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

The changes which have been decreed by the sartorial experts of the Strand this year in gents' cricketing outfits are as usual very slight, but no well-dressed man can afford to disregard them. Flannels will, if anything, be worn whiter than ever, the trouser being shaped a little closer to the leg, and the shirt cut full. Messrs. H. and O. Willis are showing a very smart blazer in red and yellow vertical stripes which looks particularly well upon short stout figures, and is sure to be generally popular. The price is reasonable and well within the reach of all.

Bats are again having a splice, and though the varnish on the back certainly gives them a dressy appearance, it will not this year be absolutely *de rigueur*.

A correspondent writes to ask me if it is a necessity to have a set of bails of one's own. It is not a necessity, any more than it is a necessity to carry about one's own soap; but it will certainly be found in the bag of every man who wishes to be thought really smart. The same remark applies to the leather gauntlets and buckskin safeguards which are indispensable to the well-groomed wicket-keeper-about-town.

ETIQUETTE OF THE GAME.

The success of the player depends (undoubtedly) a good deal upon what he does, but it depends, at this time of the year, even more upon what he says. On the cricket field, more than anywhere else, it is necessary to say the right thing. Speaking for myself, I have always found that the following conversations carry me through the first match without loss of dignity. At the beginning of a new season every young player should commit them to memory.

As a Batsman.

"No, sixth wicket down. . . . Well, it's my first game this season. In fact, I asked Bill to— . . . No, haven't touched a bat at all. . . . Yes, I was seeing them rather well at the end of last season. . . . Oh, I never keep my average. I always think— . . . Well, no, not quite so much as that. . . . Hallo, there goes Gerald! What did he make—ten? . . . Hard luck, Gerald. I don't wonder at anybody getting out to-day. . . . Ah, well, I haven't touched a bat this season, you know. . . . By Jove, Robinson's out. . . . Bad luck, Robinson. I expect we shall all get out pretty quickly to-day. . . . Perhaps not you others, but I haven't touched a bat myself, you know. . . . You in, James? Mind you make some. . . . No, take mine. It won't matter much what I have; you see, this is my first— . . . No, not for a long time. . . . Oh, I asked Bill myself. . . .

"Yes, I'm in next. . . . Oh well, I shan't keep you waiting long. . . . No, last season I did pretty well. But I always think that in one's first game— . . . No, simply haven't touched a bat. . . . It is rather absurd, only Old Bill wanted me to play. . . . Oh no, I don't expect to—it's just for the fun of the thing. . . . Hallo, Brown's out. . . . Well, see you again soon. . . . Hard luck, Brown. You know I haven't touched— . . . One leg, please. . . . Yes, we are going out rather quickly. We don't get much practice, you know. I simply haven't touched a bat myself. . . . Is that right, umpire? . . . Jove, that was a good ball. . . . Yes, it must have come back a lot. . . . The bowling's awfully easy, George—I only want hitting. Of course not

having touched— . . . Oh, you ought to make a lot. . . . Sorry, Bill, but I warned you, didn't I?"

As a Bowler.

"Me? . . . Oh, all right. I don't suppose I— . . . No, two slips. . . . Yes, another in the deep, I think. . . . No, I must have an extra cover. . . . James, just take one down. . . . Sorry, Brown, but you shouldn't go to sleep. . . . That's all, thanks. Jove, how stiff one's arm gets! . . . Oh, sorry, Bill. . . . Absurd, it was nothing like a wide. . . . Awfully sorry. . . . Gerald, get round a bit more. . . . I think I'd better have one slip. . . . Sorry, Bill; I haven't got any nails in my boots, you know. . . . Yes, I used to bowl a good deal, but this year I haven't played— . . . Stay there, Gerald, will you? . . . Catch it! . . . Why, he simply didn't try."

As a Field.

"Sorry, Bill, I lost sight of it altogether. . . . Awfully sorry, Robinson, I slipped. Sorry, Bill. . . . Mid on? Right O! . . . I never much mind where I field; do you? . . . Bad luck, Robinson. If the sun hadn't been in my eyes, you'd have had that man. . . . No, didn't see it at all. . . . Oh, awfully sorry, Bill. . . . Square leg? Right O. . . . Did you ever see an easier catch than that? . . . Haven't the faintest idea. Thought I had it stiff. . . . Oh, sorry . . . sorry . . . sorry, Bill. . . . Point? Right O."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHelsea.—(1) It is not true that Derbyshire have bought Lord Hawke at a record price and have arranged to draw both matches with Yorkshire. (2) Write to Mr. BENTLEY of the Football Association.

CARSHALTON IV.—It is immaterial whether you oil your bat in the mornings or evenings. Your position at the wicket, as shown in the photograph you send, is extremely sound. No, you can only score when you hit the ball yourself; I agree with you that it is hard lines to run the other man's runs and then find that the scorer has given you nothing, but that is the rule.

STEEPLE PUMPTON.—(1) If the ball when bowled disappears down a rabbit hole, the other side could certainly claim six wides for lost ball. (2) Brown cows make the best screens. (3) If the Little Hagley policeman had money on the match, it was extremely bad form for him to arrest your fast bowler in his first over, even if he had a warrant. A gentleman would have waited. (4) Certainly parsons can be leg before.

TOM.—It's no good asking for a "two-eyed stance" at GAMAGE'S—they don't stock them. You keep your left shoulder forward now, and the language will come afterwards.

A. A. M.



Scout of Lion Patrol stalking Buffalo Patrol (suddenly to old Gentleman partaking of wayside luncheon). "BEG PARDON, SIR, HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BUFFALOES ABOUT?"

CULTURAL HINTS FOR APRIL.

(By "HIGHLY COMMENDED.")

WATERING.—During a dry April the garden requires at least one thorough soaking. A little ingenuity will enable you to effect this without incurring the arbitrary exaction which the water companies impose upon the use of a hose-pipe. Open the back door; remove the stair carpet; and by means of a small chip of wood (a match will do very well) wedge down the ball which automatically controls the bath-cistern tap. In the course of an afternoon the water will find its way into the most remote corners of the garden, thus not only saving you many hours of laborious work but affording a very pleasing spectacle in its descent.

TO MAKE A HOT-BED.—The simplest way is to pour a kettleful of boiling water over the selected bed. The treatment should be repeated as long as it is desired to keep the bed hot.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The vogue of "natural gardening," which has revolutionised the flower department, need not stop there. I continually practise it in the kitchen garden with the happiest results. Discard all formal beds. Purchase a guinea collection of vegetable seeds and without reading the labels pour the contents of all the packets into

an old hat and mix thoroughly. Sow broadcast over the entire kitchen garden, rake well in and light roller. By this process the ingredients of a mixed salad can be gathered in the dark. New combinations of unsuspected piquancy are being daily reported. Insects, too, are completely baffled by an arrangement which they cannot understand, and they invariably leave the garden in a body.

MULCH.—I have frequently come across this name in gardening manuals, but I have never grown it. Possibly it is an implement. If an insect, strong gas-lime would certainly be effective.

NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.—*The Theodore*: a new pumpkin; a sport of the old *President* stock, with a tendency to revert to type every four years. Throws out immense shoots, which continue to increase if they are encouraged. A sound cropper, if rather crude in colour; it should be cut back repeatedly or it covers too much ground to be effective.

"Water fell to 36 feet 4 inches on the lock sill. On Monday the height was gauged at 38 feet 4 inches, a difference of six feet. During the height of the flood the water measured fully 35 feet, so that there has been a fall of 9 feet in 4 days."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Go on; don't be downhearted; "guage" it again.

TO THE NEW VIOLA.

[Miss PHILLIDA TERNON, at His Majes'y's.]

Viola, with your namesake's air—
Woodland sweetness, fresh and fair—
When you walk and talk and sing
'Tis the very breath of Spring.
Dowered at birth and gently trained,
Yours the charm of youth unfeigned;
Art is yours, but Nature first,
Which can never be rehearsed.
Though your note was brave and gay,
Now as man and now as may,
In the hush of laughter's part
We could read within your heart,
And—a grace beyond your years—
Guess the rarer gift of tears.

Take my homage how you will,
I've the same opinion still:
Still must tell you, dear Miss TERNON,
You're the most engaging person
I have ever made a verse on. O. S.

"Smart Salesman required immediately for van trade, applicants must be used to horses and total abstainers."—*South Wales Echo*.

After this no applicant can complain that he wasn't warned as to the company he was expected to keep.

MOTTO FOR A PREMIER WHO IS NOT HIS OWN MASTER.—They also serve who only "wait and see."



THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION.

Edith (breaking into a hop). "HURRY UP, MABEL; YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THE TRAIN IF YOU KEEP ON TRYING TO RUN."

GOOD NEWS FOR STUTTERERS.

[Miss MARIE ILLINGTON says that the more nervously and awkwardly a proposal is made the more difficult it is to refuse gracefully.]

No stammering marked my fond request;
I did not say the same thing twice;
My mien was wholly self-possessed;
My words impassioned but precise;
I've seldom felt so much at ease
As when I dropped upon my knees.

But when she firmly answered "No,"
And brought my wooing to an end,
Then, somewhat softening the blow,
Trusted she still could be a friend,
I own I felt a little hurt,
Having esteemed the thing a cert.

Later we met—'twas at a dance—
And, though her language had been plain,
At rather less than half a glance
Hope promptly roused itself again,
And whispered—"Re-assail the fort.
Just have another shot, old sport."

I engineered a tête-à-tête;
The lady's scorn I duly dared;
But, feeling I was in a state
Inevitably unprepared,
Scarcely imagined she would be
Moved by my incoherency.

Yet—wondrous change—upon her face
The love-light soon began to shine.
She could not negative with grace
This nervous second shot of mine.
With joy my heart leapt wildly, as
She swore to marry me. She has.

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

(A rosy anticipation.)

WHY look at living actors? Why
bother about personalities on the stage?
Come to the Cinematophone Theatre
instead.

It has long been the great drawback
of English drama that plays are written
around the figures of popular actor-
managers, to the detriment of true art.
The Cinematophone Theatre will change
all that. When the player no longer
appears before his audience in the flesh,
the desire for individual ovations will
naturally cease.

What is the Cinematophone? It is
an ingenious combination or rather
correlation of the cinematograph (which
has already abolished the necessity of
going to see races and motor accidents
in person) and the gramophone. The
former flings the movements of the
drama on a screen, whilst the latter,

placed in the wings, reproduces the
voices of our very best actors and
actresses. The standard of these voices
will be higher because none but the
best will be used. A couple of picked
voices, one for the men's parts and one
for the women's, can, with various
modulations, speak the whole play into
the instrument. Dramas need only be
acted once, and that before the camera,
when nobody will be nervous. Every-
one, in fact, will be benefited—the
actor, because he will have plenty of
time to spare for more useful avocations,
such as politics and philately; the
public, because they will get more for
their money, for the Cinematophone can
be made to go twice as fast as the
original performance; the playwrights,
because they will write better plays
(there will be no one-part pieces now);
and the Cinematophone Theatre, because
the box-office will be beleaguered all
day. There can be no doubt that the
Cinematophone Theatre has come to stop.

"Mr. O'Brien seems to have blundered into
the wildest inaccuracies and indiscretions, some
of which even the Chancellor of the Exchequer
has had to correct."—*Manchester Guardian*.
"Even" is good, for a Radical paper.



THE LITTLE DOTARD.

REGISTRAR JOHN BULL (to bearer of venerable infant). "WELL, WHAT CAN I DO FOR IT—BIRTH CERTIFICATE OR OLD-AGE PENSION?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 11.

—Just before the clock pointed to quarter to four, signalling automatic closing of series of debates that daily arise upon process of questioning Ministers, PRINCE ARTHUR strolled in. At sight of him storm of cheering burst from Irish camp. Echoed from below Gangway on Ministerial side.

This really very nice. An old Parliamentary hand, hardened to varied emotions of Parliamentary life, PRINCE ARTHUR not prone to display emotion. But at this spontaneously hearty reception a faint blush crimsoned his still fair cheek, a pleased smile illuminated his countenance. Not quite clear what it all meant. Natural to suppose that his late arrival, blooming with health and gaiety after week-end spent in the country, had relieved apprehension. They thought he wasn't coming, and here he was. Hence these cheers.

As he dropped into seat on Front Bench, cheering uprose again, continuing to interruption of business. Very odd. Must be more in it than met the eye or the ear. Whispered enquiry addressed to LONG solved the mystery. Just before his arrival there had been animated examination and cross-examination of PREMIER with respect to literary exercise of Sir ROBERT ANDERSON, sometime head of



THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE!

A blood-curdling little ballad of the Proletariat by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Writing in a monthly magazine, he casually mentioned—as who should say, “On such and such a day I bought a horse or a house”—that he had contributed to epoch-making series of articles published twenty-three years ago entitled “Parnellism and Crime.”

Irish Members naturally wanted to know what a trusted confidential Government servant was doing in what printers might call this galley? In reply PREMIER did not mince matters or phrases. Denounced excursion into field of journalism as “gross breach of official confidence,” “action contrary to rules and traditions of the Civil Service.” All done without consent or knowledge of his chief.

Even whilst these words of stern reproof rang through House, PRINCE ARTHUR, with unconscious dramatic effect, lounged in. At the period in question he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was under his régime that the contributor to venerated *Maga* had been engaged by the Castle authorities on Secret Service work. Putting two and two together and making five, quick-witted Irish Members saw their opportunity, and by inarticulate accusation associated the blameless LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION with the old unsuspected scandal that had just leapt to light.

As to a blind horse a nod is as good

as a wink, so to the alert House of Commons an ironical cheer is, upon occasion, as expressive as an explanatory speech.

Business done.—Second Veto Resolution moved.

Tuesday.—According to Orders of the Day and general expectation, debate of sitting will wander round Veto Resolutions. Actually that highly respectable but, as it turns out, somewhat stolid business plays a part that WILLIAM O'BRIEN, alluding to his friend JOHN REDMOND in relation with his esteemed compatriot JOHN DILLON, calls “a very cracked second-hand fiddle.” As hinted above, in these days of a still young Parliament it is what is ironically called the Question Hour that produces liveliest debate, increasingly attractive by reason of variety of topic. Time was when, in deference to spirit and letter of Standing Order, Questions addressed to Ministers might be put only after due notice. In rare cases it was permitted to seek elucidation of answer by further enquiry. What are called supplementary questions, calculated to place Minister in embarrassing position upon probably delicate matter of state, were sternly repressed by the Chair.



A BUDDING PRIMROSE.

Mr. Neil Primrose delighted the House of Commons (and Lord Rosebery in the Peers' Gallery) by delivering an admirable maiden speech.



“THAT YOUNG SEA-DOG MCKENNA.”



"GERMAN CRANES AND OTHER STRANGE BIRDS."

(Discovered by Mr. Bottomley.)

Bottom. "Find out Moonshine, find out Moonshine."

"It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

To-day, under new ordinances, succession of skirmishes swept the House in its opening hour. First to come under fire was SEELY. Catechism about the MAD MULLAH brief compared with fusillade of questions re-opening old controversy touching Chinese and Kaffir labour in South Africa. SEELY has not been to the wars for nothing. With his back to the wall, attacked by hon. friends below Gangway and hon. gentlemen opposite, who fire at each other through his body, he comes out of scuffle not only alive, but kicking.

That young sea-dog McKENNA next taken by scruff of neck with intent to shake him. ADMIRAL (of the Blue) BURGEOYNE and ADMIRAL (of the Red) MIDDLEMORE bear down upon him from different quarters. CHARLIE BERESFORD chips in with enquiry as to what Austria is doing on the Danube in the way of launching *Dreadnoughts*? LEE hauls to leeward and fires shot across bows of Admiralty yacht. Then BOTTOMLEY comes alongside with searching questions about German cranes and other strange birds. He is permitted to fire right off a volley of six arguments or assertions thinly veiled in form of question.

Far away on the port side roar of the voice of Mr. BELLOW (South Salford) for a moment dominates sound of miscellaneous firing. Additional effect given to this interposition by its suddenness, its

irrelevancy, and its deafening blast. SEYMOUR FOSTER, *à propos* of nothing, slips in a hit at "unpopular Cabinet Ministers," and MACVEAGH, readiest, wittiest of Redmondites, gets back a nasty one about "Company promoters in the City."

Now and then in comparative pauses of the turmoil sounds a shrill "Hear! hear!" from under Gallery immediately behind REDMOND *aimé*. This is Mr. REDDY giving vent to overcharged feelings. He doesn't mean anything, whether in the way of approval or dissent. But excitement must find vent, and it is quite Parliamentary to cry, "Hear! hear!" However grave may be the business to the fore, however high angry passion may have risen, Mr. REDDY's piping falsetto "Hear! hear!" with its undercurrent of almost childish delight is answered by roar of laughter. This clears the air for a moment. Then the hounds of interrogation are off again on fresh tack, having caught scent of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip. The only persons inclined to regard situation with apprehension are the Members, considerable in number, who, having in obedience to Standing Order given notice of questions which appear on printed paper, find themselves at a quarter to four swamped by flood of controversial acrimony.

Business done.—Lively miscellaneous debate in Question Hour. Later, dull discourse on Veto Resolutions.

Thursday.—Dull debate droning through four days suddenly flamed up. At 7.30 blade of guillotine would fall. PREMIER intervening proposed to state what would be done in event of Lords throwing out Veto Resolutions. PRINCE ARTHUR objected on point of order. Difficult position for CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Mr. EMMOTT as usual rose to occasion.

"I have not," he said, "yet arrived at what the right hon. gentleman is going to say."

Could not therefore judge whether he was or was not in order.

"What I was going to say," the PREMIER explained, "is this. If the Lords fail to accept our policy as embodied in these Resolutions—"

PRINCE ARTHUR up again, still objecting. CHAIRMAN deferred to obvious technicality. ASQUITH postponed statement till motion for adjournment.

At eleven o'clock PREMIER made his statement. Announced that if Lords throw out Veto Resolutions "we shall feel it our duty immediately to tender advice to the Crown."

This note of battle echoed with enthusiasm on Ministerial side. Here was proclamation of war. House roused to state of frantic excitement. Earlier, when Resolutions were agreed to and PREMIER brought in Bill founded upon them, Radicals had sprung to their feet and vociferously cheered. This nothing to scene that followed on adjournment. Once more Members on Ministerial side rose *en masse*, madly cheering. Opposition vigorously replied. It occurred to some 'twas time to go out and look for taxi-cabs; still as they passed forth they wildly cheered.

Business done.—Veto Resolutions passed by majorities that steadily maintained the average of the round hundred.

A Rumour.

Mr. LEVER's present soap case (*Hudson v. Gossage*) has, we hear, caused much heartburning in Carmelite House. The Brethren complain—and we think the complaint quite reasonable—that, after their long and close association with Mr. LEVER in so many of his trials, their ungenerous exclusion from participation in the present one is an act that almost savours of discourtesy.

Extract from the Royal Sea-Bathing Hospital Report:—

"Each patient is required to bring . . . a Tooth Brush and small Tooth Comb."

Be sure to part your teeth down the middle.



Biddy (to Car-driver who has been discoursing on the woes of his distressed country). "WILL YE HAVE SOME WATHER WITH US?"
Car-driver. "SURE, I WILL NOT. WOULD YE BE ADDIN' TO ME OTHER TROUBLES?"

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES.
No more confusion as to Old Masters.

Everything as plain as day.

By the Kristalklir Process all doubts removed.

The process is not of course adaptable to pictures already painted, but every artist who proposes to become an Old Master should ensure his success by using it.

The Kristalklir process of signing a name on a picture is at once Distinct and Permanent.

The name is so indelibly bitten in that nothing can ever obliterate it.

If VELASQUEZ had used Kristalklir the *Rokeby Venus* might or might not have borne his name; but, if it had, there would have been no chance for Mr. GREIG to write to *The Morning Post*. Nor

would there have been, had the Kristalklir process been known to DEL MAZO.

Demonstrations of the Kristalklir method of signing pictures may be witnessed daily from 10 to 5 in the Burlington Arcade Studios (adjoining Burlington House).

SPRING IS HERE!

Green Peas are Coming!

Ask at your Cutler's for the

PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

FOR SELF-MADE MEN.

Cannot Cut the Lip.

Easily carried in the pocket, and can be opened secretly under the table and transferred to the plate without attracting attention.

THE PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

has several advantages above all others.

(1) Its size. At the great demonstration of its uses at the Albert Hall on February 30 the winner of the first prize conveyed as many as 120 peas to his mouth at one time without a scratch.

(2) Its beauty. Silver-plated.

(3) Its compactness. The vest pocket of an evening dress waistcoat could easily hold three; *but one is enough!*

Price (with 6 additional blades, guaranteed to last the most determined pea-eater for ten years), half-a-guinea.

VENUS AND "THE MORNING POST."

THE extraordinarily interesting correspondence in *The Morning Post* on the subject of the *Rokeby Venus* has been damped down since the appointment of the committee of investigation. As our contemporary remarks, "the matter must now be considered *sub judice*." Mr. *Punch*, however, has great pleasure in printing a few of the overflow letters, which have been kindly placed at his disposal by disappointed correspondents.

SIR,—By a natural transition the discussion of *Venus* suggests the kindred case of *Mars*. This must be my excuse for obtruding on your notice a curious personal experience which recently fell to my lot while staying with my old

friend, Professor Schiaparelli. The Professor, as your readers are doubtless aware, is a great expert on the subject of Mars, and amongst other artistic trophies is the proud possessor of a fine portrait by CANALETTO. Looking at it in a strong light one day, I was startled to observe a complicated cipher on the upper right-hand corner of the picture, and, examining it carefully through an astigmatic myroscope, I made out clearly the initials R. J. (RICHARD JEBB?)—surmounted by an imperial crown and supported by a coronet. May I suggest that, after completing their investigations into the signature of the *Rokeby Venus*, your committee should proceed to Bologna to settle the question of the Canaletto Mars. It is by such acts as these that international amity is promoted.

Yours, etc., PIPSTON RIVERS.

SIR,—Anyone can sign a picture, but to paint one in the manner of VELASQUEZ is, as SHAKESPEARE says, quite another story. For instance, I never sign my pictures, but their problematic character renders them recognisable at a glance, and I am quite certain that your committee would never fail to distinguish them from those of SARGENT, ORPEN, BOSSELMAN, or MARIS.

Yours, etc., JOHN COKER.

SIR,—The Committee you have invited to inquire into the alleged presence of markings or ciphers on the *Rokeby Venus* is by no means bad so far as it goes. But there are some unaccountable omissions which I trust you will remedy before the work of inspection is seriously begun. The National Gallery is an imperial asset, and it is impossible fully to master the great lesson how to think imperially without knowledge of the treasures enshrined beneath that majestic cupola. Hence the paramount importance of including representatives of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea on the Committee. To supply this crying need, I should suggest the addition of the names of Mr. RICHARD JEBB, Mr. PIPSTON RIVERS, Mr. FRIAN WARE, the Hon. A. BATHURST, and possibly Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

Yours, etc.,

CONFEDERATE.

SIR,—I think I can throw a little light on the mystery which has been puzzling the cognoscenti of the art world. A couple of months ago, while passing along the North side of Trafalgar Square, I saw a thin man with a haggard, hatchet face hurrying along carrying a large roll several feet in length. As he was obviously a gentleman it seemed strange that he should be carrying so awkward a parcel, but I thought nothing more of the matter until I recognised the bearer by a photograph in one of the papers as Lord ROBERT CEOR.

Putting two and two together, I have little doubt that when I saw him, still smarting from his defeat at Blackburn, this unscrupulous opponent of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea had just purloined the real Velasquez and substituted for it the indifferent canvas bearing the strange marks debated by Mr. GREIG. Trusting that the matter may be made the subject of a question in the House.

I am, Sir, Yours,

SEBASTIAN PHAYRE.

SIR,—Has it occurred to anybody that under a proper and rational system of Protection it would never have been possible to introduce VELASQUEZ' unfortunate picture into England, and that we might then have been spared the long and harassing controversy which has distracted the minds of thinking Englishmen from the vital problem of how best to promote that Imperial Evolution to which you, Sir, and Mr. RICHARD JEBB, have consecrated your lives? Yours, etc., TONY J. P.

Clothes-Lines.

["Fair lady with two Friends" . . . Wednesday evening. Mackintosh desires acquaintance."—*Evening News' Agony column.*]

BLUE SERGE DITTO. — Marble Arch; would like to hear from large cartwheel hat (nothing else visible). "Thy face I never see."

BUFF WASTECOT. — Can you meet short skirt (Bond Street) at the Carlton lounge?

ODD SOCKS. — would like to correspond with stout pair of boots (Hackney Road) with a view to partnership.

FAISANE (CHANTOLER) HAT. — White Spats (Berkeley Square) would like to make your better acquaintance. Address "Cocorico."

"So, here they are on the landing stage at Liverpool; waiting their turn with hundreds more, like them, men of all trades and businesses, patiently waiting to race the doctor, the emigration officers, the four days at sea, and five days in a railway train, and the rolling prairie at the end."—*Daily Mail*.

Competitors who are successful in the first four events may run or roll, as they prefer, in the final contest.

"A gun had been designed capable of throwing a projectile within a radius of 50 square yards."—*The Globe*.

The mathematician who does our contemporary's tariff statistics must explain to the staff again what a radius is.

"The parts were well sustained, and there was very little loss of pitch in any of the pieces; in fact, some of the glees were finished quite in time on the last chord."—*Kent and Sussex Courier*.

Just the right place to finish.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NAKED TRUTH."

THOUGH Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY always plays the sort of man whom in real life I detest, yet I must confess that I find him, as played by Mr. HAWTREY, irresistible on the stage. In this play, by GEORGE PASTON and W. B. MAXWELL, at Wyndham's, *Bunny Durrell* is the usual man-about-town-and-in-the-city, with this difference: that owing to the influence of a magic ring (which his uncle has brought home from India) he suddenly finds himself forced to tell the truth on every proper and improper occasion.

At the end of twenty-four hours of this he is practically ruined—libel actions, divorce actions, and every other kind of action are hanging over him; the girl he loves is leaving him; the woman he philandered with is threatening to stay with him. But he has gained one friend. His uncle is struck by the noble way in which he denounces the fraudulent company of which he is secretary, and promises to give him a fresh start (with legacies in prospect). At this happy moment *Bunny* manages at last to get the ring off his finger. To the satisfaction of himself and all his friends, the fatal gift of truth leaves him; quarrels are made up and everybody is happy again. (Even, no doubt, the cook, who had been told that her omelettes always seemed as though they had sat up all night.)

Now, shall I put the discarded ring on my own finger, and say that the idea is old to the point of stiffness; that an unpleasant atmosphere of howlerised intrigue hangs over some of the action; that at times, particularly in the First Act, the humour is attenuated to a degree? Never! Let me rather say, as I said before, that Mr. HawtreY is as irresistible as ever; that he has a way of saying the most ordinary thing so that it sounds extraordinarily funny; and that in the last two Acts he really has a number of funny things to say.

Let me call attention also to some splendid acting by other members of the company. Mr. ERIC LEWIS is always amusing; but, in addition to his, there were two excellent performances by Mr. GEORGE BELLAMY, as *Prosser*, a stockbroker's clerk, and Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, as *Teddie Lestrangle*, the usual overdressed idiot, with in this case the most delightful lisp. (Mr. ERIC LEWIS, by the way, was Mr. Hayter, "the biggest flirt in the Royal Society.") Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR and Mr. LYLE, too, who were so good in *The Little Damozel*, were good again. You understand that I do not need to take the ring off to say that all these help to provide a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. M.



Caller. "Is Mrs. BROWN AT HOME?"

Artless Parlourmaid (smiling confidentially). "No, MA'AM—SHE REALLY IS OUT THIS AFTERNOON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BARRY PAIN always writes well about disagreeable men, and with an enjoyment which I (at any rate) share. His range is a wide one, extending from the utterly base to the merely futile, and including every kind of fool and bounder that you can possibly want. At times his insight into their souls is almost indecent; no rag of make-believe is allowed to them. I remember one of his villains telling some girl that he always hated walking over Waterloo Bridge at night, because if some poor woman jumped into the river he would be afraid to jump in after her. The girl said, "Ah, but if you're afraid of being a coward that shows you wouldn't be one." "Of course," wrote the man in his diary that night, "I knew that women think you must be brave if you confess to being a coward, and that was why I said it." When I read Mr. PAIN I begin to think of all the things I have said lately, and to wonder why I said them. In *The Exiles of Faloo* (METHUEN) he introduces us to a healthy lot of ruffians, all of whom have had to leave England suddenly to find sanctuary upon an island in the South Seas. There is trouble between the natives and these Englishmen; there is one nice ruffian who had been more sinned against than sinning; there is a pretty girl who arrives unexpectedly

in a yacht. Mr. PAIN has fashioned simply and ingeniously a framework which suits his methods exactly, and has built up on it a story of great humour and interest.

Reginald in Russia (METHUEN) might with equal impropriety have been called "Vladimir in England;" for *Vladimir* appears just as often as *Reginald*—and that's once—in "SAKI's" delightful little collection of cosmopolitan trifles. He gets his chief effects by the device of a final surprise. For examples: (1) *Vladimir* goes out shooting at large, and brings home an animal with whose designation he is unfamiliar. From his account of it (nobody actually investigates the contents of his bag) it is assumed that he has slain a fox. This is the last tragic blow in the unfortunate career of the local Master of Hounds. It needn't have been, for the beast turns out to be nothing worse than a polecat. (2) A gentleman of nervous habit is cruelly embarrassed by the necessity of dismantling himself in a train so as to release a mouse that is doing pioneer work in his undergarments. He needn't have been, for the lady who is the only other traveller in his compartment turns out to be blind. (3) The near-sighted husband of *Lady Anne* finds her seated stiffly by the tea-table in the gloaming. He conducts a one-sided conversation, in which his efforts to conciliate her, by making light of their quarrel at lunch, are vain. He needn't have insisted, for she turns out to have been dead for some

time. (This is too like the blind lady story, and also perhaps a little too gruesome.) But the author's "shock tactics" are not confined to situations. He never allows us to forecast his next swift turn of phrase or fancy. Of course he cannot always conceal—what jester can?—that his humour is designed; that he means, in fact, to be funny. But he seldom gives away his processes. For the rest, what malice lurks in his satire remains impersonal and hurts nobody. A really charming volume, and one of the rare sort which makes you feel that its author has paid you a compliment in hoping that you will enjoy it.

Before I came across Messrs. DUCKWORTH's helpful hint that *The Diary of an English Girl* is the genuine article, and so "free from literary artifice," I took it for an elaborate satire on the old-fashioned critics who were blind to the virtues of certain other diaries of yesteryear, chiefly remarkable for the unpleasant impression they gave of the modern maid. I imagined the anonymous author saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. You object to strong meat. *Bien*. I will give you milk-and-water, and see how you like it." But it seems I was wrong. The book is a human document, a real *bonâ-fide* diary, "the delicate self-portrayal of a girl of eighteen," and its record of picnics, riding expeditions, dances, Christian Science "treatments," unrequited love and tears—especially tears—must be judged accordingly. "He loves me, he loves me not" ("he" being a stalwart undergraduate of Cambridge), sighs the maiden over and over again, and, with each fresh petal that she plucks from the innocent daisy of her poor little attachment, weeps bitterly. So that I was heartily glad for her sake when she learnt the sad truth from the very last petal, and plunged into her fifteenth flood of tears. But, alas, she has mourned unto me, and I have not wept, hard-hearted brute that I am, though I pity her deeply, since it was largely the fault of her foolish mother and grandmother that she made the mistake of thinking that, after all, the daisy might have an odd number of petals. (If you work the sum out you'll find that I'm right.) But our Niobe—for her wealth of tears is almost classical—has her consolations. She writes nice little verses, quite good enough, to judge from the samples in her diary, for the evening papers, and short stories which bring grateful letters and cheques from the editors of the magazines. And, in spite of her passion for crying, she is much nicer than the "literary artifice" girls who write those other diaries.

In his day FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, one of the most brilliant of the Irish Parliamentary Party that came to Westminster under the leadership of ISAAC BUTT and were subsequently captained by PARNELL, was also its Ishmaelite. A quarter of a century ago, resenting the action of the Land League, he withdrew from the arena. He reappears, bringing with him two portly volumes labelled *A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1870 to 1890* (LONGMANS). As for a dozen years he lived and worked behind the scenes,

few men are better qualified for the task of producing such a record. Its performance is hampered by the exhibition of strong personal feeling displayed, with exceedingly rare exception, against his former colleagues. An unconscious humour runs through the long story. At least a dozen times Mr. O'DONNELL presents himself to the consideration of the reader as the impartial historian. The remark is generally preliminary to an exceptionally savage attack on PARNELL or his Parliamentary Party. But, though sedulous in endeavour to depict the Irish Leader as a lath painted to look like an iron bar, he refuses to others the joy of recrimination. In fact, their indulgence in that habit is seized as opportunity for dealing a whack all round. In one of his vitriolic attacks he thus describes the attitude of PARNELL's followers when disaster fell upon the chief:—"They used to escape penury by blind obedience to Parnell. They could now throw Parnell to the wolves who ravened for his ruin and feel complacently satisfied that they could afford themselves that and other luxuries." This is said *more*

Hibernico. In the altered circumstances of to-day we see it breaking forth again in the compliments publicly exchanged between Mr. REDMOND on one side, and Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON on the other. Making due allowance for it, students of the history of one of the most remarkable and far-reaching evolutions of home politics achieved in the last half-century will find Mr. O'DONNELL's book rich in information and suggestion.



Magistrate (to Prisoner). "IF YOU WERE THERE FOR NO DISHONEST PURPOSES WHY WERE YOU IN YOUR STOCKINGED FEET?"

Prisoner. "I 'EARD THERE WAS SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY."

discontented with the very suitable young man to whom she was engaged, and went some way towards compromising herself with a local bounder possessing motor-cars and a dangerous fascination, who was instinctively avoided by the almost equally beautiful *Betty*. The affair was harmless, but *Dolly* was cut by the county. Then came the great cricket match, where, after being publicly snubbed (and even refused a cup of tea) by several rich *parvenues*, the victim of social spite was dragged gloriously from Coventry by *Lady Castledown* herself; and, right on the top of this, had the luck to rescue the child of her most venomous assailant (the bounder's wife) from death at the mouth of a mad dog. There are some very pleasant, likeable characters in *Betty Carew*, and I am glad to have met them; but a mad dog immediately after recognition by a countess!—no, I cannot believe that the gods distribute their favours so loosely.

"The question of forming a resilient floor for use as a bathroom is under consideration."—*Indian Engineering*.
The whole art of the morning cold bath lies in bouncing out quickly.

CHARIVARIA.

At the Banquet of the Association of Municipal Corporations the PRIME MINISTER made a sporting offer to change places with the Mayor of EASTBOURNE. At one time it was hoped that the suggestion might be acted upon, but Eastbourne is said to have raised obstacles.

The question of election colours is exercising many minds just now. There is a demand for "One party, one colour," but surely we have this already. The other party is always black.

"Germany," says Lord MONTAGU, "is mistress of the air in the same way as we claim to be mistress of the sea." The song in Germany, we take it, is:—

Rule, Germania,
Germania rules the air!
Britons never, never, never
Will—get—there!

"The fleets engaged in the North Sea Manœuvres," says a contemporary, "are moving." This just proves that our ships are not in the rotten state that some persons would have us believe.

Owing to an unfortunate quarrel between Colonel RICARDO and the Army Council, the Millennium has been indefinitely postponed.

A man imprisoned in an American penitentiary has been writing such excellent poetry during his incarceration that, as the result of a newspaper agitation, he has been released. There are still, we believe, quite a number of gaol birds in the Sing-Sing prison.

Four - and - twenty head-hunters from Formosa have come over for the Japan-British Exhibition. Their arrival is said to have caused something like a panic among the peaceable Shepherd's Bushmen. It is not realised that, beyond removing their heads, the true Formosan does no harm to his victims.

"Why are telegraph messengers allowed only twenty minutes for dinner?" asked someone in the House of Commons. The question shows a lamentable igno-

rance of human nature. The average boy can stow away in twenty minutes what it would take an adult an hour to circumvent.

It is reported that at Glasgow on the 15th inst., before nearly 7,000 persons, Mr. ALEXANDER GASTON and Miss MARY

£416,180," a gentleman writes to us from Gotham to enquire how one may become an Intestate, as it is evidently a very paying profession.

"The £1,000,000 in gold brought from New York by the *Mauretania*," reported *The Express* last week, "was taken through the streets of London to the Bank of England yesterday in ordinary railway vans." Chorus in Notting Dale:—"What's the good of telling us this after the event?"

The marriage of Miss MARJORIE GOULD and Mr. ANTHONY DREXEL has duly taken place. "The wedding gifts," we are told, "were valued at £250,000." The knowledge that they may be valued adds a fresh terror to the giving of wedding presents.

From the report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools:—

"The two most troublesome girls are one who is persistently disobedient, and another who is equally persistent in her attempts to abscond. Since being vaccinated, however, she has settled down better. There is a mark system which might be worked to better effect."

It is not clear whether vaccination is part of the mark system or not.

What Gordon Said.

"The two men were then face to face, the Arab with his dusky cheeks and flashing black eyes, the Englishman with his glittering grey eyes and lips set firm as steel. There was another moment of silence while they stood together so, and then Gordon, liberating Ishmael's arms, said, in a commanding voice—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

A poorish outlook for Ishmael.

"Yesterday afternoon the s.s. Alert, owned by the Guernsey Steam Towing Company, struck a rock in Rocquaine Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Hanois Lighthouse. The Alert had been engaged for a pilotage examination. . . . The three candidates for the pilot's certificate passed successfully."—*Guernsey Evening Press.*

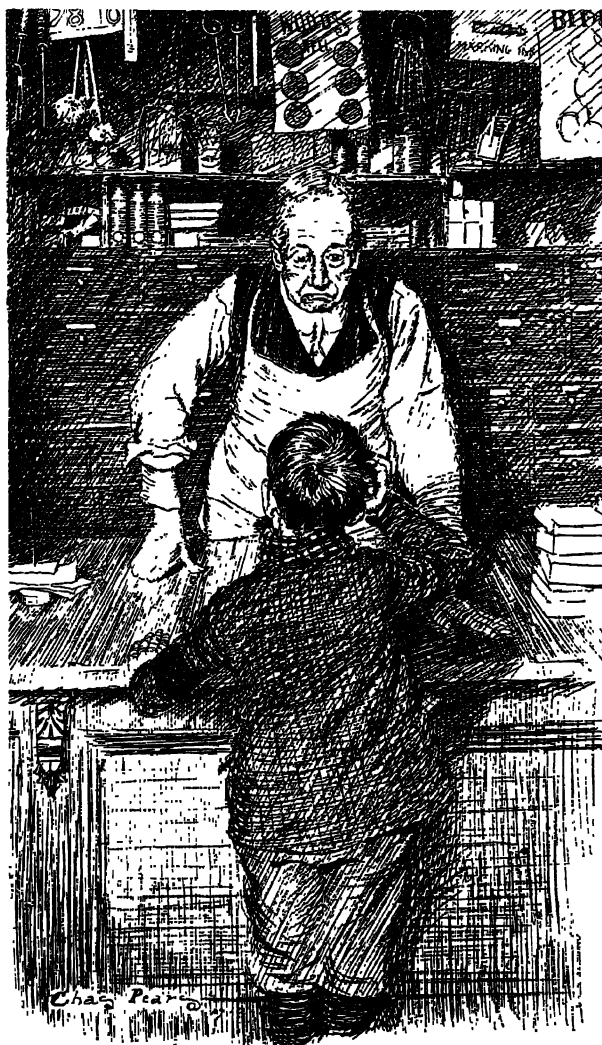
It sounds rather an easy examination.

"AFTER OFFICIAL HOURS.

"SAYATIVE SHOW"

Liverpool Daily Post.

We quite understand.



Old Shopman (to Boy who has forgotten what his mother has sent him for). "MAYBE IT'S TINTACKS, OR IS IT FLOOR POLISH? IT CANNA BE TREACLE, BECAUSE YE HAVE NA GOT A JUG. IS IT A WEE BIT TOBACCO FUR YER PAW? NO? THEN IT'S PERHAPS A QUARTER-PUN O' TEA? IT'S NO LINOLEUMS OR BOOTLACES YER MITHER'S WANTING? CANNA YE THINK, LADDIE? IS IT HAIRPINS OR CURRANT CAKE? PERHAPS IT'S—"

Boy. "I'VE JUST THOUGHT O'T. IT'S A SOOTHER FOR THE BABBY."

Shopman. "AWA! W! YE TO THE DRUGGIST; WE DINNA KEEP THEM."

MACKIE were quietly married in a den of performing lions.

More Commercial Candour. From a sign-board outside a bootmaker's shop in Westminster:—"Rock Bottom Value is the Secret of our Success."

Having read in his newspaper the announcement:—"Intestate leaves

THE PEERAGE MUTUAL SELF-RESPECT INSURANCE CO., LTD.[Motto: *Nolo nobilitari*.]

THIS Company is to be formed immediately after the Spring Recess, for the purpose of providing Insurance against the risk of an offer of a Peerage under the Asquith Guarantees Scheme. It is felt that, though the Liberal Party, as a whole, may be in favour of correcting the political balance in the House of Lords by the creation of 500 new Peers individual members of the Party will naturally recoil from the prospect of receiving an invitation to the Peerage under conditions so subversive of self-respect. The Company's Policies are therefore expected to appeal to a very wide circle, embracing in particular:

1. Liberal Members of Parliament.
2. Liberal Candidates recently defeated at the Polls.
3. Gentlemen who, from motives of simple loyalty, have generously subscribed to the Liberal Party Fund, the Budget League, the Gladstone League, and other subsidiary Party organisations.
4. Editors and other gentlemen of the Press who as a matter of conscience have supported the Liberal Party, whether right or wrong.
5. Gentlemen not already included in this category who by other services to the Liberal Party have inadvertently rendered themselves liable to Official Recognition.
6. Baronets of Liberal creation, who, by their proximity to the Peerage, are peculiarly exposed to the above insidious assault upon their dignity.
7. Knights of Liberal creation, similarly exposed, but in a less degree.

Insurance will be effected upon a sliding scale according to the risk indicated. Thus a Liberal Member who has been returned by a large majority will be invited to pay a much higher premium than a Member whose seat is regarded as shaky. Subscribers, again, of large sums to the Party coffers will not be accepted at the same attractive figure as subscribers of a comparatively modest amount.

Favourable terms will be allowed to those who limit their risk to the offer of an Hereditary, as opposed to a Life, Peerage. At the same time it must be understood that such offer, though implying the recipient's eligibility for association with a degraded Second Chamber, will not be regarded as constituting a sufficient insult on which to found a claim upon the Company's benefits, unless the offer specifies inclusion among the 500. Gentlemen, therefore, who anticipate appointment to a Colonial Governorship, entailing the penalty of a Peerage, are warned that they will not be accepted as Policy-holders. In any case, as set out below, their claims will be invalidated by the acceptance of a Peerage.

As a measure of precaution, claimants of the Company's benefits will be required to prove in black and white the receipt of an invitation to the Peerage, signed by the Prime-Minister, and witnessed jointly by a Justice of the Peace, a Mayor, and a Chartered Suffragette.

Claims will be invalidated—

1. By the actual acceptance of a Peerage.
2. If it can be shown that the Policy-holder, after taking out his Policy, has committed some conspicuous act of loyalty to the Liberal Party with the object of securing the insult of an invitation to the Peerage, and so enjoying the Company's benefits.
3. If it can be shown that a Policy-holder, after taking out a Policy, offers a bribe to the Party Chest with the object of securing the said insult and so pocketing the difference between his bribe and his insurance money.
4. If any announcement of the said insult, appearing in the Press, can be traced to the recipient's initiative. Rights of publicity will be confined to the Company's books, which

will be open to inspection by Shareholders and Policy-holders only.

Among its many other attractions, the Company will offer special facilities to any group that may desire to take out a Policy *en bloc* against the risk of a general invitation to the Peerage: e.g., a company of the Guards, the Staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, or the congregation of the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P. O. S.

THE AVIATRIX.[“Five women can fly”—*Daily Mail*.]

WHAT need have they, the sweet young things
Who rule us with their smiles and tears,
What need of mere mechanic wings
To haul them up to higher spheres?
On seraph plumes I see them buzz,
It fills me with delight, it does,
To think of them as goddesses (the dears!).

And if by art of whirling screws
The less æthereal sex to-day,
Can dare the short Olympian cruise,
And rise superior to its clay,
What is it to the mental lift
That long ago was woman's gift,
The power of love and peerless beauty's sway?

Then seek not, gentle ones, to fly!
Leave to the dull material man
The engines that can scale the sky,
The swoops of that tremendous fan,
The wings that (though the bard has scoffed)
Indubitably flap aloft
With frequent “dopings” from the petrol-can.

Let Vulcan in his smithy forge
A better than Dædalian craft,
And smoky furnaces disgorge
(With huge propellers fore and aft)
A *char-à-banc* of airy breed
That does attain a tidy speed
Although the chaps that “chauff” her look so daft.

But 'et not Venus, the divine,
In aviating gown and gloves
Attempt the steering wheel, nor twine
The goggles on her suite of Loves,
Nor wear those semi-arctic looks,
But sally from Italian nooks
Still in the old victoria with the doves.

That is the point; for I have seen
Some portraits of the flying fair,
And, if my temporary queen
Should choose to don that dowdy wear,
I know that I should have a fit,
I could not stand her in a kit
Mingled of Esquimaux and Edward bear. EVOE.

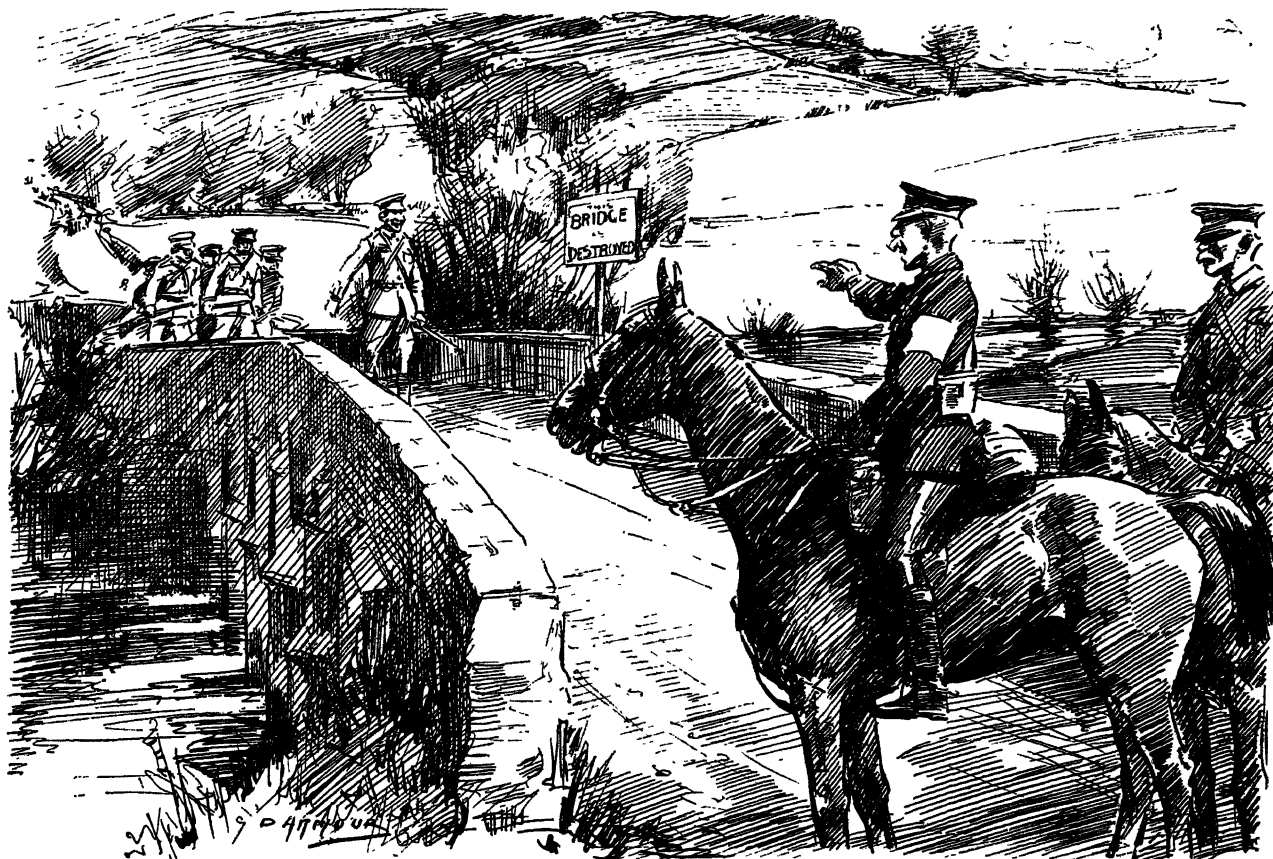
From “Queries and Answers” in an Indian paper:
“Will anyone kindly suggest an effective cur for eczema?”
All the cures we know have it already.

“Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York,” says the London correspondent of *The South African News*, “has bought the portrait by Frans Hals of himself and his family for the sum of £103,000.” The sub-editor interprets this in a head-line as:

“BOUGHT OWN PORTRAIT AT RECORD PRICE.”
We must try to imagine OTTO sitting to HALS.



THE PEOPLE ACCLAIM THEIR BUDGET.



A WORLD OF SHAMS.

Officer (of Umpire Staff). "Hi, YOU THERE! YOU MUSTN'T CROSS HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE? THIS BRIDGE IS SUPPOSED TO BE DESTROYED."

Subaltern (cheerfully). "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SWIMMING ACROSS."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SPRING IN TOWN.

Park Lane, April 26.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The most sensational wedding of the season, so far, has been the Marquess of Midlands and Gwendolen Carruthers's. When it got about that the bride was *not* an American, and *not* from the Merriment Theatre, but just an English gentlewoman, a huge crowd collected, stormed the church, and blocked all the streets near. It was all Midlands and Gwendolen could do to reach their brougham afterwards; and there was such a dreadful fight among the camera-men trying to snap-shot the bride that poor Gwen almost fainted. The dowager Midlands, who has an old-fashioned horror of publicity and *bruit*, says she's inclined to be sorry her son has done such an *outré*, conspicuous thing as marry a countrywoman of his own and his equal in birth; but Midlands says *his* only regret is that he didn't charge ten-and-six a head for admission to St. Agatha's!

I gave a most *enormously* successful dinner-dance for the Hairy Ainus the other night. People were ready to kill

each other for invitations to meet them. There was such a frightful crush on the staircases after dinner that I'm quite certain hundreds got in who weren't invited.

The Ainus are simply *quite*! We couldn't have any knives or sharp things at dinner—they're not to be trusted with them. *Isn't* that a dilly idea? We're all tremendously gone on one of them, the Hairiest and Ainuest of the lot. A charming creature, my dear! I hear he had some brothers even *sweeter* than himself, but he killed them before leaving wherever it is they come from. During the evening, Popsy, Lady Rams-gate, who is a good deal *éprise*, asked him to dance. She was trying to make him understand, when a Hairy Ainu-ess (she looked awfully *chic*—you couldn't see anything of her face but her lips, and they were tattooed) became so threatening and violent that Popsy was frightened and backed out.

Stella Clackmannan (you know what a clever amateur artist she is) had this particular Ainu to Clackmannan House to do his portrait. But at the first sitting, just as Stella was "putting him in," as she calls it, something *put* him

out. He lost his temper all of a sudden, and when the Hairy Ainus lose their tempers, my dear, they *do* lose them! Stella screamed and ran out of the studio. The man who manages him couldn't manage him; the duke came in to help; but in spite of the man and the duke he smashed almost everything in the studio. *Isn't* he a sweet creature? He's going to be the rage in London this summer.

We're all rubber-mad still. I've had a little flutter and it came up heads, and I gave a rubber lunch at the Recherché. *Everyone* seemed to be giving rubber lunches the same day, and the babel of "Malacca," "Sumatra" and "Vallambrosa" was absolutely deafening. It has its drawbacks. Lots of people have had to go into Nursing Homes with rubber heart and rubber brow. Myself, I have my brow massaged every day, the rubber frown is so horribly unbecoming, and the worst of it is, you do it quite unconsciously whenever rubber is mentioned.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people are on the crest of the rubber wave. He's made a big scoop, and, as we all want his advice and his tips just now, they're

invited everywhere and everyone goes to her parties. It won't last, of course. As I said to Norty yesterday, as soon as the boom's over, they and their parties will be dropped. "That won't matter, though," he said. "Their parties being *rubber balls*, the more you drop them, the more they'll bounce up again."

Descendants have been a good deal in the air lately. I've been whipping my brains up trying to arrange a pageant or kick-up of some kind with descendants in it. I thought of descendants of highwaymen and descendants of Derby winners; but I can't make up my mind which of the two would make the snappiest show.

Pity me, dearest. I've a young cousin from the wilds of Devonshire on my hands. It's all my absurd good nature. Her people pleaded with me on the bended to take her, lick her into shape, and erase the memory of some silly love-affair with a young wandering artist.

And so behold your poor Blanche chaperoning a pre-historic girl, with a fixed colour and an immense capacity for silence, who believes in all sorts of things, and has a funny little set of "principles," in case complete, with which I can see her measuring all of us while we wait. And the way the child blushes! Isn't it a funny arrangement that the people who have *least* cause for blushing, do it all? I've taken her to task on this point and some others. "You must *not* blush, Rosemary," I tell her. "Blushing is quite out. And you must *talk*, my child. Even if you've nothing to say, you must say it. The old saying, Silence is golden, certainly doesn't apply in the marriage market—silent girls never fetch good prices there. And another thing—you mustn't sit and think. Thinking is *not done*. And with regard to this little *affaire-de-cœur* of yours, no girl ought to think seriously of an artist unless he's an R.A.—and then he's too old to think of at all."

It's a boresome rôle, "With a little hoard of something, preaching down a cousin's heart," as one of the *laureates* said. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Disintegration.

"769 The British Isles, unbound, in parts, and Old England, in 25 parts."

Auctioneer's Catalogue.

The melting-pot getting to work."

From an expert report in the prospectus of a new rubber company:—

"The Indians are very careful in the preparation of Rubber, because they handle the matter with extreme carefulness."

If that doesn't convince you, you'd better invest your tuppence in Aerated Breads or something, and leave rubber to people with a little spirit.

GETTING READY.

WE walked through the Park and observed the rank and fashion of London—none of them (as I pointed out to Miss Middleton) more beautiful than ourselves, all of them richer.

"Speak for yourself," she said quickly. "None of them more beautiful than me," I amended.

"I meant the 'richer' part. I've got a rubber share."

"What do you do with it?"

"I don't do anything; they do all the doing. James gave it to me, and said that if I kept it till I was——"

"Seventeen——"

"Yes—and then sold it, I should make a lot. But I don't think I ought to sell an uncle's present, do you?"

"I know you mustn't look an uncle in the mouth, but I don't think there's anything about selling his rubber shares. Sell them, and buy me a—anything."

"Oh, I've got plenty to buy just now," said Miss Middleton, confidently.

"It is an expensive time of the year," I agreed. "I simply must have some new summer suitings."

"You should have your old ones put away carefully at the end of the summer."

"I do. And then when I ask for them at the beginning of May I'm told that the moth has got them. *Moth!*" I said, bitterly. "What does a moth want with a pair of flannel trousers?"

"I expect it wants to play for The Butterflies. Sorry; I simply had to."

We walked on in silence for a time—I gurgling at Miss Middleton's joke, she brooding over my wrongs. No, that can't be right. She gurgling at her own joke, I brooding over my wrongs—that's what I mean.

"You seem very happy about something," I said at last.

"But I'm happy about everything. Aren't you?"

"Well, I'm not *unhappy* about anything—except that moth, and I do like seeing you look like this. Otherwise I'm just about ordinary."

"Oh," said Miss Middleton reproachfully, "what a shame to say that on a day like this—with cricket just going to begin, and dances and everything. Oh, I'm going to do *such* a lot this time."

"I say that at the end of every April," I remarked. "And then it rains."

"But it won't rain this year."

"Thank you very much."

"It isn't me, it's Negretti," she confessed generously. "So now you'll be happy, won't you?"

"If you're sure it will be fine," I said cautiously. "Don't think me a doubter; but last year does want some forgetting: The week-ends in the wet; the fielding in the cold; Lord's in the rain. When I think of it I feel that

I've lost a whole year of my life. 1909 simply doesn't count."

"But you can't only count the fine days or what about the farmers?"

"True. Besides I should only be about five that way. Still, blow the weather."

"But I've promised you this summer is going to be fine," protested Miss Middleton. "Don't go back on that."

"Right; I'm a believer. One of the elect. Hooray!"

"Hooray! Now, what are you going to do? Are you getting lots of invitations?"

"Millions."

"I simply love getting them."

"I simply hate answering them. I generally wait until I've lost them, and then I've forgotten the day and the address and everything."

"You should ask your nurse to buy you one of those 'Where is It' books."

"I should never know where it was. No, you'd better let me go on in my old way. I get there in the end—generally on the wrong night."

"You'll come to our dance on the right night, won't you?"

"If I'm asked."

"Oh, I expect mother will ask you."

"Yes, she's a nice woman, isn't she? I must ask her to come to the Oval with me one day."

"I'm going to Henley, and the Varsity match, and Eton and Harrow, and the Tonbridge week, and the Army Pageant, and Ascot, and the Shakspeare ball," said Miss Middleton in a breath.

"I'm going to the Surbiton Lawn Tennis Tournament, and Derbyshire v. Northamptonshire, and the bazaar at Leamington, and the opening of the Kettering baths, and the Polytechnic bicycle races," I said in two breaths.

"Oh, anybody can go to all the things! I'm going to," said Miss Middleton modestly.

"It's rather difficult to get into the enclosure at Kettering," I said.

"I suppose you know the mayor. How jolly! Well, we shall meet sometimes, I expect."

"Halfway between Leamington and Ascot, perhaps."

"Even that might be rather nice. But it's a long time to wait. I'll give you an invitation now, if you like."

"De. I'll promise to answer at once."

"Well, come and have lunch with me. I mean really 'with' me, because of my rubber share. Besides, I'm awfully rich, anyhow. We'll begin the season well."

The sun came out from behind a cloud and made believe it was June. (I don't mean June of 1909, of course.) Miss Middleton took a deep breath and looked round the Park.

"Oh, hooray for everything, that's coming," she said softly to herself.

A. A. M.

A CAREER IN THE MAKING.

Percy, jealous of the hero of a recent *cause célèbre*, steals a potato in the hope that he may appear in *The Daily Mirror* as PERCY, THE LITTLE PECKHAM LAD, PUT IN PRISON FOR PINCHING A POTATO!



PERCY AND HIS AGED GRANDMOTHER.
(Percy is indicated by a x.)



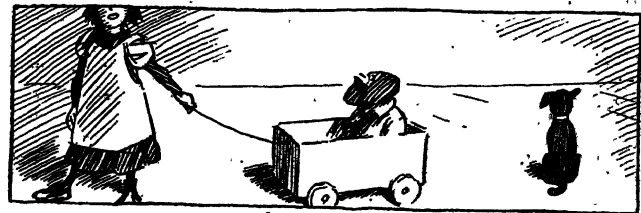
CONSTABLE WHO ARRESTED PERCY.



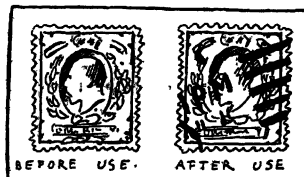
THE SAME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE.



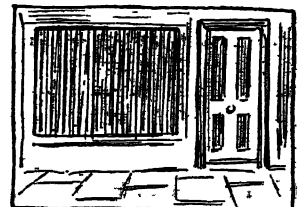
OUR REPRESENTATIVE DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH
RELATIVE OF PERCY IN HIS PRETTY YORKSHIRE HOME.



PERCY'S LITTLE PLAYMATES AT PECKHAM.



STAMP USED BY PERCY WHEN WRITING
TO THE HOME SECRETARY.



THE POTATO SHOP, AS IT AP-
PEARS AFTER CLOSING HOURS AND
ON SUNDAYS.



VIEW AT STREATHAM, A PLEASANT WALKING DISTANCE FROM PERCY'S
HOME. INSET—PORTRAIT OF SIR MAYOR OF STREATHAM.



RE-UNION OF PERCY AND HIS PARENTS.

LEWIS BAKER

FISCAL FANCIES.

[Being Letters to any Editor who may care to print them.]

I.

SIR,—In the article which appeared in your columns yesterday, Mr. John Welbore puts the following question to Tariff Reformers. Supposing, he says, that the imports of raw materials are balanced by the exports of manufactured goods, what will be the effect of a duty of two shillings on wheat, allowance being made for the cost of freight and insurance wherever the rebate is equal to the prime value of the piece goods reckoned in the currency of the country of origin together with all the charges of carriage from place to place f.o.b. and c.o.d., no account being taken of the incidental effects (this is important) of climate and the habits of the importers? I think I have stated Mr. Welbore's question fairly, though for the sake of convenience I have summarised it. The answer is easier than Mr. Welbore seems to imagine. Since piece goods, according to his own admission, are a variable quantity, freight and insurance must necessarily rise to the level of the demand for wheat (in quantity, not in value) and the resultant is the mean expenditure multiplied by the numbers of the population (see Politzky on "Averages," pp. 15, 16 and 17, and the note on p. 26). It is clear, therefore, that a duty of two shillings can only decrease the cost to the consumer; and the same is true of all sums up to twenty-eight shillings. At that point another factor comes into play, and we have to consider how the miller is likely to be affected by the rise in the price of offal.

I have now shown that Mr. Welbore's conundrum, which was intended to demolish Tariff Reform, is in reality one of the most convincing arguments in favour of that great constructive policy. Yours, etc., ALBERT E. BOLUS.

II.

SIR,—Mr. Albert E. Bolus, in his haste to support the tottering fabric of Tariff Reform, has omitted to state or to answer one of the most essential points in my argument, and has added to it an assertion which I never made. I said nothing at all about manufactured goods. My whole argument depended on the rate of exchange between two countries of which one uses gold as a medium, while the other uses either beads or silk handkerchiefs. On the other hand, I maintained that, *ceteris paribus*, the available capital of a country varies in an inverse ratio to its foreign trade in partially manufactured goods. The price of bread in a protected country is, therefore, necessarily double the price in a country which enjoys free imports. Politzky's well-known inference from the wage-tables of agricultural labourers has nothing whatever to do with this. If Mr. Bolus had extended his reading to page 300 of the "Averages" he would have found the statement that "the fact that wages tend to disappear under a protective tariff cannot be gain-said." Why did Mr. Bolus suppress this important passage? Finally, let me ask Mr. Bolus to consider the following case. The population of a town in Bengal wishes to buy an elephant, but finds that the home article, owing to the operations of the elephant trust, is too expensive. The elephant is therefore purchased in Africa at a saving of 10,000 rupees, shipping and food included. What is the result? The inhabitants of Africa are immediately enabled to buy a Bengal tiger for 5,000 rupees. Thus Bengal gets its elephant, and can, with the saving of 10,000 rupees, plus the 5,000 obtained for the tiger, purchase loin-cloths or other commodities, while Africa possesses the tiger and can give employment to a considerable number of hunters and trackers who would otherwise become a charge on the poor-rate. If Mr. Bolus had his way Bengal would have to purchase her elephant at home, the manufacturers of loin-cloths would get 15,000 rupees, and some 10,000 natives would have to

go naked, while Africa would lose her tiger as well as the purchase-price of the elephant, and would have to see the gradual starvation of her hunters and trackers owing to unemployment. Can any sane man doubt which of these two systems is the better? Yours, etc., JOHN WELBORE.

III.

SIR,—I have no desire to pursue a correspondence with a man capable of such statements as appear in Mr. Welbore's letter to you. I merely want to point out that Politzky's book contains only 259 pages, and that the statement quoted by Mr. Welbore from page 300 is therefore as mythical as the rest of his assertions. Free Trade must indeed be in a bad way to need the support of such a champion.

Yours, etc., ALFRED E. BOLUS.

IV.

SIR,—Mr. Bolus of course has the Tariff Reform edition of Politzky. If he will consult the original and only genuine edition he will find that it has 360 pages and that the statement I quoted duly appears on p. 300. Mr. Bolus must try again. Yours, etc., JOHN WELBORE.

THE POET'S ATLANTIS.

[In America, it appears, a poet can contribute to magazines and papers whilst in prison, and facilities are given to the convict for piano playing.]

Give me your charming claw, and let us shake,
Bird of a land where freedom fairly oozes,
And penitential walls appear to make
A Paradise for children of the Muses;
What though their liberty to loaf be gone
Their numbers in the press go marching on!

Here when the hairy poet makes of Spring,
Tells of his woodland haunts (what flowers have
pranked 'em),
The public hardly deigns to hear him sing,
The Editor (reclining in his sanctum),
Contemtpuous of the great, the Delian god,
Wishes (aloud) his caller were in quod.

That, he believes, would stop him: so do I.
Not though his strains were lively as the linnet's
Would justice do a two-step on the sly,
Would warders be at hand with harps and spinets,
And fountain-pens and foolscap sheets and lyres,
And all the what-nots which the Muse requires.

There it is otherwise: that gladsome shore
(Which sends us millionaires and potted bisons
And ROOSEVELT, raging with prophetic lore)
Allows the sacred bard a bit of licence:
It lets him forge sweet music's heavenly link,
And even utter wood-notes, while in clink.

Impressionable gaolers hear him crash
The vocal chords, and come and oil his tresses;
The papers offer him no end of cash
For first refusal of his MSS.'s;
And editors besiege the awful frown
Of Aeacus to have his time cut down.

Then waft me, eagle, to a soil where song,
Whate'er betide, is never wholly bottled,
And poets, if confined for doing wrong,
Whether the garb they wear be plain or mottled,
With dulcimer and bells in constant use,
Can aggravate the crimes they did when loose.

N. O. U.

(Nephews on Uncles.)

The *Daily Mail's* article on Mr. REDMOND by his nephew suggests a departure in personal journalism which may rapidly develop into something like this:—

UNCLE EDWARD.

By William Hohenzollern.

He has been called the uncle of Europe (*Hoch!*), but since Europe has no individual pen let me, as a nephew, see what I can do for him. And who could do it better? To be uncle of Europe is no small thing, as I can tell, although I have never tried it. Enough for me to be its *enfant terrible*. Well, he is courteous, my uncle, tactful (*Hoch!*), quick, *bon garçon*, and yet always the King. I admire him intensely. May the day be long distant when it is necessary for me to eclipse him!

UNCLE DAVID.

By a Nephew.

Oh, he is charming at home, charming. You should see him with his golf clubs—all so jolly. And nothing like so good at sums as you might think, or so keen on money. I have often seen him give coins to beggars; and he has even tipped me. His language too in private life is quite refined: you would hardly know him. And his wit—when we were all with him the other day about the scandalous attack on his veracity—he said, "Oh, never mind: it's only one of O'BRIEN'S breaches."

UNCLE TIM.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are at once better and less known than Mr. HEALY, the Irish statesman. The impression of the world is that he is a caustic and witty critic of men and measures. On the contrary, he is the mildest and sweetest of creatures. His witty speeches are written for him (I may not tell by whom), and he commits them to memory only with tears and sobs. It is as though a grasshopper had to use the sting of a wasp. You may ask in surprise, Why does he do this? The answer to which is, You do not know my Uncle Tim; his passion for Irish liberty is so great that he would go to any personal suffering rather than not serve her—even to being sarcastic.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are more successful in concealing their true identities than Mr. BALFOUR, or Uncle ARTY, as I cannot help calling him. For example, when I was at school, I had to open a debate in favour of Free Trade, and, being ignorant of the subject,



"D' YOU RECOLLEC' OLD WOT'S-IS-NAME?"

"IM WITH THE COLLAR?"

"AY!"

"WOT ABART 'IM?"

"E 'AD TO GO DOWN—(jerk of the head)—YOU KNOW—THEY GIV' 'IM WOT YOU CALL IT— DIDN'T ARF GIT IT, I DON'T THINK!"

"REELY!"

"ADN'T YOU 'EARD THEN?"

"I DID 'EAR SOMEFINK, BUT NO DETAILS, NOT AFORE NOW."

I wrote to him for advice, with the result that he sent me a speech which enabled me to secure a handsome majority. Mr. BALFOUR has been and may again be PRIME MINISTER, but his real passion is dancing. To see him at his best you should see him in the ballroom. He is the best two-step dancer in Haddingtonshire. Music is another of his accomplishments, and he always plays the organ in church at Whittingehame when he is at home. As a boy he was very

fond of bird's-nesting, but it is characteristic of his kindness that he will never touch lobsters because they are caught alive. He is much addicted to puns and practical joking, and taught me how to set a booby-trap before I was ten. He is a great believer in breakfasting in bed.

UNCLE MICHAEL.

By a Nephew.

When Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH succeeded the late Mr. JAMES LOWTHER as



"WHAT A hideous creature, Jack! What is it?"

"An orang-utan from Sumatra."

"Oh! the delicious darling! Same place as those delightful rubber shares come from—the ones you bought me last month!"

Chief Secretary for Ireland, someone enquired of the late Lord MORRIS what manner of man the new-comer was. Lord MORRIS at once replied, "Well, now, every one called LOWTHER 'Jimmy,' but I'd like to see the man that'd venture to call HICKS-BEACH 'Micky.'"

As a matter of fact, this anecdote only illustrates the strange barriers that divide the political from the domestic personalities of our statesmen. Speaking without the slightest nepotistic bias, I can assure the readers of *The Daily Slop Pail* that, although his relatives do not call him

"Micky," a vast number of the younger generation affectionately refer to him as "Uncle Mick." And, indeed, he is at his best with children, teaching them the fine old game of knucklebones, playing hunt the slipper, or singing nursery rhymes in a rich fruity baritone, which often makes the tears glisten in the eyes of the ladies who are present. He is also very fond of reciting the fairy tales of HANS ANDERSEN with appropriate gestures, and can still throw the boomerang as well as most Australian aborigines. In the political arena he sometimes shows a

certain forbidding hauteur, but in private life he is the sweetest of men. It is this antinomy that led to the saying that he combined the manners of a brigand chief with the nerve of a nursery governess.

THE PLEA OF PARNASSUS.

["It is hard to discover what the public understands in these days when poetry does not pay."—Mr. George Wyndham.]

O SCORNFUL of shawms and of sackbuts,
O slow as the slug on the lawn,
Flat, flat as the bilge in your back-butts,
Deaf adders whose hearts are as
brawn,
Dull reptiles who cheer not the charmer,
O Public, we cry to you now
To shake off dull sloth and to strap on
your armour
And rise from the slough!

With troubadours dead as a haddock
(Those fancy Provençals of France),
And Pegasus penned in his paddock,
And withered the Rose of Romance,
From the lute and the lyre of Apollo
You turn as a bird from the toils,
And shake off the Muses and Minstrels,
to wallow
In Rubbers and Oils!

O comrades of youth, who could render
In form-rooms that faced the grey
quad
The rolling hexameter's splendour,
In Augment and Aorist shod,
You've quitted, you renegade rotters,
"The Royal high service" of song,
The bays are a burden, the ink-bowls
and blotters
Can go to Hong-Kong!

From the mesh of the Mart that would
choke you,
Come back,—for, neglected and glum,
We bards in abeyance invoke you
And crave for a comforting crumb;
Come back to the niche where the Nine
are,
The spacious, the sweet, the succinct,
Ere Phœbus and all of the laurel-linked
line are
As dodos extinct!

"It is settled for Dillon to ride Lemberg in the Two Thousand. Dillon was the first jockey to ride both this colt and his illustrious half-brother Bayardo, who made their *début* in the same race—the New Stakes at Ascot—and won it easily."—*Daily Mail*.
We saw DILLON (or somebody) do something like this in a circus years ago.

A contemporary refers to the airship garage at Wormwood Scrubbs as "probably the largest building of its size in the world." It is careful not to point out that the garage is also the smallest of its size. Special pleading of this kind is valueless.



A WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL.

BRITANNIA (to LORD KITCHENER). "WELCOME BACK! I WISH A BETTER POST COULD HAVE BEEN FOUND FOR YOU—BUT OUR POLITICIANS ARE A LITTLE AFRAID OF STRONG MEN."

[Lord Kitchener's new post is the Mediterranean military command. Its last occupant resigned on the ground that it didn't give him enough employment.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.

—As not infrequently happens, realisation of stirring scenes in House of Commons fell far short of anticipation. It is the unexpected that holds the secret of success. To-day popular theatre was crammed in pit, stalls, boxes, and top-most galleries. Not since the introduction of Home Rule Bill in 1903, when chairs were ranged on floor of House, has there been such a gathering. Royalty regarded the moving scene from seat over the clock. On one side flanked by muster of Foreign Ministers; on the other the Peers crowded, the PRIMATE standing forlorn amid a group of late comers by the doorway.

Revelations expected. Particulars looked for of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's midnight assignations with rebellious Irish Members who demanded a price for sale of the dearest interests of the Empire. Didn't care much about the internecine quarrel between O'BRIEN and REDMOND *ainé*. But if FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE could be caught out, or shown up, or what you will that would damage his personal reputation, and possibly confound the Government in a common ruin, here, truly, would be nuts.

O'BRIEN spoiled superb opportunity. At outset sympathy of House decidedly with him. As far as Opposition was concerned he was as enthusiastically cheered as if he had torn down the Home Rule flag, declared himself a Unionist, and handed TIM HEALY over to Castle authorities with intent that he should be imprisoned in cell beneath its deepest moor. Had he been satisfied with half-an-hour's speech, he would have retained, as at first he commanded, attention. Temptation proved overwhelming. Never since he entered House had he had such an audience. Why should he let them off?

At end of first three-quarters of an hour, smiting with right hand his left palm as if it contained the head of JOHN REDMOND, he remarked, "And now to sum up." Then he went on for what seemed another half-hour, though it might have been less by Westminster clock.

Throughout he was in the manner of Mrs. SIDONS. At times he hissed accusation in blood-curdling whisper. Anon he thundered denunciation at top of strident voice. Ostensibly he was there to say, "You're another!" to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER who accused him of gross untruth and disgraceful breach of confidence. As he proceeded with his task the head of JOHN REDMOND ever thrust itself under his arm; finding it there, he stopped to punch it. His ear



"JHEREMOIAH."

(Mr. MacVeagh, the humorist of the Irish Party.)

was alert to whisper or movement of compatriots on benches behind. At slightest interruption he faced about and slew one or other with fierce stare. Poor SWIFT MACNEILL, in lightness of heart at finding himself back in old familiar scene, once gurgled with laughter. Turning swiftly upon him, SIDONS O'BRIEN announced in tragic tones that he was "not to be disconcerted by apish interruptions."

The whole affair more nearly approached three-cornered duel of



A BORN DIPLOMATIST AND PEACEMAKER!

"Quietly asked whether Pigott was not born and bred a Nationalist."

(Mr. William Moore, K.C.)

MARRYAT's fancy than anything ever seen at Westminster. Difference was that, whereas his three controversialists, placed on triangular lines, blazed away at each other's backs, O'BRIEN, having had first shot at FLUELLEN and REDMOND *ainé*, they in turn riddled him.

Best performance in the serio-comedy was TIM HEALY'S. REDMOND *ainé* smiled contemptuously at O'BRIEN's hate-embittered references to himself. The thing was overdone, the animus too obvious. Different in case of TIM. He played with his victim as cat with mouse, rolling him over with swift stroke of paw, setting him up again for further frolic. All done so easily, with almost fiendish good humour. His patronage of the PREMIER, who had "sized up the Member for Waterford at his proper worth and measure and found him a man without an ounce of political backbone," was so unaffectedly hearty that to suggest malevolence were hypercriticism. But, as the charmed audience felt, there underlay the banter the cruellest form of malice in the assumption that the object of attack was not worth making a fuss about. For the rival aspirant to the Leadership of Irish Nationalists this more scorching than the brimstone flames, more hurtful than the thunderclaps, of O'BRIEN's tempestuous oratory.

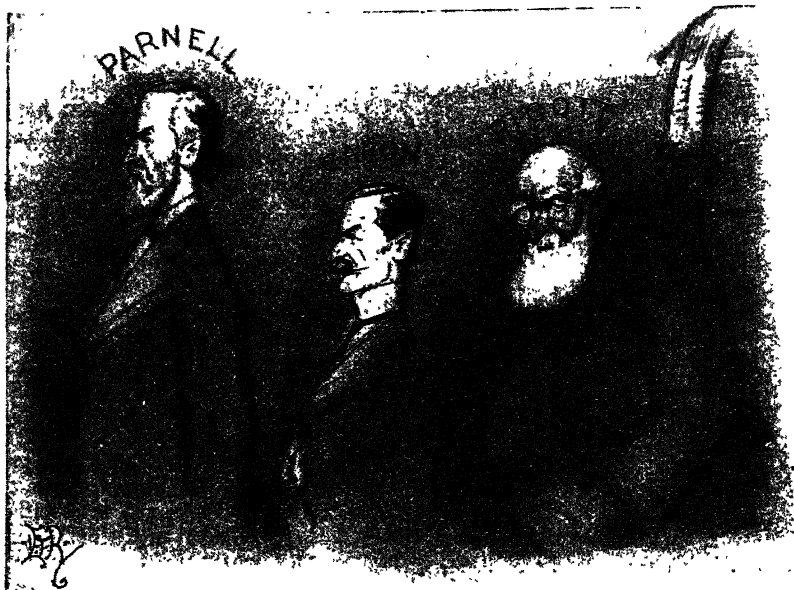
Business done.—Time allocated for dealing with Budget.

Tuesday.—Talk about Empire Day, this is Captain CRAIG's day. Member for East Down has for ever destroyed illusion obscuring his Parliamentary position. Understood his gifts of speech did not go beyond capacity for interrupting with pointed remark orations in process of delivery by one of his fluent countrymen below Gangway. In this art he finds a generous rival in Mr. MOORE, the twin Orangeman who represents another division of Ulster.

To-night MOORE illustrated its efficacy by getting in a nasty one about PIGOTT. That renowned person, who in his day drew from GRANDOLPH a well-known passionate adjuration, has cropped up again in connection with the literary excursions of the gentleman whom TRUCULENT TIM was yesterday, without rebuke from the Chair, permitted to allude to as "that ass Anderson." Attempt being made in Redmondite camp to exploit the blundering forger, MOORE quietly asked whether PIGOTT was not born and bred a Nationalist, and was he not long time in pay of the Party?

Shot went home; subject dropped like a hot potato.

CRAIG's flight was loftier, longer sustained. He not only made a speech. He brought in a Bill, and would have carried it over its first reading only for a hostile majority of 92. Wants to create new anniversary to be known as



GHOSTS WALK AT WESTMINSTER.

Empire Day. As far as could be made out does not aspire to share Lord AVEBURY'S place in history by adding to the number of Bank Holidays. All he desires is that, as the years revolve, on the 24th of May the British flag shall be run up at the offices of all Departments of State and on every National School. In glowing passage he told how if this were done "foreigners chancing to visit these shores would see that we had the greatest Empire in the world," whilst the youth of the country "would be taught the true meaning of the flag and what was the meaning of Empire Day."

DLKE, unmoved by this patriotic sentiment, took matter-of-fact view of situation, pointing out that adoption of the measure would stir up hostile feeling in Canada, South Africa and India. On a division first reading was refused. But that a fate common to other great measures eventually added to Statute Book.

Business done.—Old friend the Budget back again. Though lost to sight it has for four months been to memory dear. Its unprecedented history fully maintained in this last chapter. Turns out to be the marvel of the age. Have daily, weekly, morning and evening, read how the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. Disaster postponed by hand-to-mouth policy of borrowing. Turns out there has been some loss to national purse consequent on rejection of Budget by Lords. But it does not exceed £1,300,000, a mere fleabite to a country irretrievably gone to the dogs. When all is squared up; instead of a deficit there will be a surplus closely approaching £3,000,000. Which, as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER cheerily says,

"can be applied to any purpose the House of Commons may direct."

Thursday.—The Harp that once through Commons' Halls The sound of discord raised suddenly broke out again on Vote on Account. TAX PAX, in speech that commanded attention of crowded House, moved to reduce amount by sum representing pension of ex-Civil servant who, having contributed article to monthly magazine, woke in the morning to find himself more than famous. Debate carried on by series of speeches of considerable length contributed by HOME SECRETARY, LEADER OF OPPOSITION, and PREMIER. Though not lacking in liveliness, House for long time kept clear of unruliness. Just before ten o'clock Members, having dined, returned, thronging benches in anticipation of division.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND presented himself at Table.

In appearance and forensic manner of speech, Mr. CAMPBELL does not notably differ from Mr. URE. This makes it more amazing, as SARK says, how these Law Officers succeed in covering the Parliamentary green with dishevelled wigs. At this hour, making the sixth of interminable talk round the subject, Members on both sides inclined to resent interposition of a somewhat dull ex-Law Officer. For five minutes CAMPBELL sustained his alleged character. Suddenly, without inflection of voice or approach to gesture, he turned an almost somnolent audience into tumultuous mob.

Allusion to PARNELL in connection with Phoenix Park murders flung the fat into the fire. In Committee Room No. 15, subsequently elsewhere, the dis-crowned King of Ireland suffered much contumely at the hands of former col-

leagues, upon whom he retorted by genially describing them as "gutter-snipes." But, if colleagues and compatriots may fling mud on their former idol, they will not permit one whom they call a Castle hack to take a hand in the game. Angrily insisted upon CAMPBELL withdrawing what they denounced as insulting remark.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, like LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, stubbornly stood to his guns. For a quarter of an hour storm raged. Irish Members clamouring for withdrawal turned aside from assailing CAMPBELL to browbeat CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, because he would not rule expression out of order. In absence of PREMIER and other colleagues the WINSOME WINSTON in charge of Treasury Bench. Intervened in congenial character of Dove of Peace. Un-availing effort. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, brought in from his room, where he was studying the course of the Punic War, equally unsuccessful. Not even permitted to conclude a sentence. At length Closure moved, the Irish Members halting on way to Lobby to give three wild cheers for the Leader whom nineteen years ago they loved and lost.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

A RUBBER-GAME SONG.

SQUASH racquets—that's the only sport
Fit for a man to play,
When all the world is one vast court
From London to Malay;
Prospectus—pit! remittance—pat!
The ball is bouncing free;
Allotment! Can I get up that?
A premium! One to me.

What matter if promoters serve
Once in a way with guile;
No weak directors break my nerve
If shares are brisk the while:
I bear the market for the fall,
And so increase my hoard,
Then leave to someone else the ball,
And let him hit the Board.

Then join with me, you have my leave,
It takes a pair to play,
There's one is needed to receive
And just one more to pay;
A purchase—pat! A profit—pit!
A sale—so ends the round,
And anyone may make a hit
With rubber on the bound.

"WANTED, at once, a WASHING WOMAN; please state lowest price per dozen."—*Bath Herald.*
Really it comes cheaper to have one at a time.

"Mr. Dillon began with an Elia-like essay; you could almost see the title 'Of Bargains.'"—*East Anglian Daily Times.*
"Elia" must have been another of BACON'S pen-names.

CONJECTURAL CORRESPONDENCE.

["If the Daylight Saving Bill had been passed, its operation would have commenced yesterday, and the hour of sunset would have been 7.58 to-night, instead of 6.58."—Mr. W. Willett in "The Star" of April 18.]

MR. A. KIPLING COMMON has written an eloquent letter to *The Evening Standard* to express regret that SHAKESPEARE did not live in the twentieth century. In that event, as he shows by a masterly and cogent chain of argument, the controversy as to the authorship of his plays and their ascription to BACON would never have arisen or been possible.

SIR HENRY HOWORTH has written a prodigious letter to *The Times*, occupying a special Supplement of eight pages, for the anniversary of the date of his first letter in that journal just fifty years ago. In it he pays a very generous and gracefully worded tribute to COBDEN, PEEL, and BRIGHT. "That these politicians were misguided, mischievous and unpatriotic," he writes, "cannot be denied. The damage that they inflicted on the prestige and prosperity of the British Empire is of mammoth dimensions, and will not be obliterated in this or even the next century. But this much must be at least set down to their credit. Had they not inspired me in my generous youth to combat their poisonous heresies, I doubt whether I should ever have entered on that long and arduous series of letters, none of them less than one and a half columns in length, which, if paid for only at the rate of a penny a line, would have brought me in from first to last close upon £1,000."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes to *The Lancet* to point out that if the Metchnikoff treatment, which prolongs the span of human life to 120, had been discovered in Lord MACAULAY's time, he might be alive now and only 110 years of age.

MR. LOWTHER BRIDGER writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to point out that if NAPOLEON had perished in the French Revolution the Battle of Waterloo would in all probability have never been fought, and the phrase "to go Nap" would not have been found in the current phraseology of the card-room.

MR. A. C. BENSON has addressed a remarkable communication to *The Athenæum*, in which he speculates on the extraordinarily interesting reminiscences of HALL CAINE which DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI might have given the world if he had lived sixty years longer.

"2 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London. A choice little residential property to be sold."—Addt. in "The Bystander." It doesn't say upon what line it is, but we can guess.



Would-be Golfer. "I SAY, SANDY, COULD YE GET SOMEBODY TO PLAY A ROUND WITH ME; SOME ONE WHO PLAYS ABOUT THE SAME GAME AS I DO?"

Sandy. "AY. WIFE, BRING JOCK ALONG."

SHORT AND BITTER.

[The Spring and Summer modes are designed for tall and slender women, and are surveyed with consternation by the short and plump.]

"I am so short," the maiden cries,
With trouble in her big blue eyes;
"The kilted skirt how can I wear
With panels plastered here and there?
On long-drawn lines my charm relies.

Tall Amazons, if they are wise,
Such height-reducers well may prize,
But I have not an inch to spare,
I am so short.

And, though this lack I might disguise
If gowned by 'Stella,' who supplies
Designs that lend a graceful air
Of slimmest to the nearly square,
I can't afford her price," she sighs;
"I am so short."

The Polygamist at Home.

Seen in the country:

"UNION CHAPEL.

LICENSED FOR THE SOLOMONIZATION OF
MARRIAGES."

The Journalistic Touch.

"Perhaps you will allow an old pageanter to give his impressions of the admirable presentation of Elizabethan times which he has just thoroughly enjoyed in common with an audience literally packed from floor to ceiling."—*Western Morning News*.

On these occasions, as any sardine will tell you, the great thing is to be on the top layer.

"ENGLISH BOARDING AND APARTMENT HOUSE. Dark-room—convenient for bathing."—*Daily Malta Chronicle*.

This is true modesty.

OUR SERIAL FOR GOURMANDS.

[SYNOPSIS of Previous Chapters, which Might have Appeared in this Paper, but Somehow did Not:—The father of Constantine Drummatt, supposing rightly that his son, who has hitherto led a blameless life, has not sufficient brains to carry on the ancestral business of sauce-making, has made him a barrister. A like fate has befallen Algernon de Bouverie, more as a punishment for a misspent youth than as an intended boon for prisoners at the bar. By the intervention of fate and the machinations of the Author, Constantine and Algernon are thrown together, and even go to the length of sharing the same room in a set of chambers, thus warning the reader that their story is to be a highly technical one. Constantine is a tall slim man, with a marked taste for Algernon's cigarettes. Algernon is a short, fat man with a massive but inaccurate knowledge of fishing, which he desires to impart. Neither of them is in love, but both are prepared to be, if the Editor can do with a dozen more chapters or so. For the moment, romance is in abeyance.

Their set of chambers is one of eight sets in 4, Inner Temple Buildings, itself one of twenty buildings looking out on to Queen's Bench Walk. Having no briefs of their own, they deem it the best preparation for their future careers to watch, from their windows, solicitors' clerks taking briefs to other more fortunate but less deserving counsel. Algernon, with the object of accustoming his mind to figures, calculates that, as there are on an average five barristers in each set of chambers, there are eight hundred possible destinations for every brief that wanders into Queen's Bench Walk. At this, Constantine becomes strangely depressed, and remains so until a solicitor's clerk appears, unmistakably making his way to 4, Inner Temple Buildings. Fully aware that even at 4, Inner Temple Buildings there are forty willing recipients of briefs, of whom himself is the least, he yet concludes that a miss is better than a mile and brightens up a little. There follows

a loud and important knock on the outer door, whereat his brightness becomes almost vulgar. It becomes quite vulgar when he fancies he hears his own name mentioned in a colloquy without. "If," says Algernon, "a brief gets as far as this room and is not for me, I shall die." Constantine, when he really overhears his own name being bandied about outside, allows his joy to get the better of him, and he says, "If the brief is for me I will stand you a dinner." It is thereupon agreed that on the first brief coming into that room the lucky recipient shall give the other a dinner to cost ten per cent. of the fee. Algernon makes the only clever legal move of his life, and gets that down in writing. Amidst a tense silence Constantine is hailed outside, while Algernon affixes a

elsewhere, comes and presses a brief into the hand of Constantine. The latter endeavours abortively to combine a boast about his success with a denial of liability for dinners; but Algernon, having spoken a few gracious words of formal congratulation, insists politely but firmly on seeing the fee. This the Author, no less generous than his own solicitor, has put at two hundred guineas; and Algernon, in a thrilling and dramatic moment, produces the agreement and demands a dinner to cost twenty guineas. Constantine produces a series of arguments *contra*, from which one gathers that he will have to improve considerably before his case comes on for trial, and finally, on Thursday, April 14, it is agreed that they will meet that very night at a certain world-famous

restaurant (see advertisements), where Algernon may do his utmost to carry out the original idea. Thus, when the reader is just beginning to think that the Metropolitan Police By-Laws, ought to limit the number of all previous chapters and put a stop to this disgraceful traffic in synopses, the narrative is suddenly resumed.] —

CHAPTER 497.

Thursday, April 14, was well begun and more than half done when the Temple clock struck one. No less automatically, Algernon rose from his seat,

put the agreement in his pocket and his hat on his head to go out to lunch. He had even got as far as the door before he remembered what he was doing. Then he returned slowly into the room and took off his hat again.

"On second thoughts," he said, looking at Constantine, "I do not think I will have any lunch to-day."

THE END—[Ed.]

The Growth of the Pageant Movement.

"Mlle. Mania Seguel (decorated with the French Academic Palms) receives PIANOFORTE PUPILS at her studio."—*Advt. in "The Morning Post."*
A pretty custom.

"In 1883 the plaintiff's mother married his (the defendant's) father's sister."—*The Times (Law Reports).*

We hope we have not committed contempt of court in reproducing this.



Ingenious Artist. "I HAVE INVENTED A SCHEME FOR ENSURING THE AUTHENTICITY OF MY PICTURES. YOU SEE, I PUT MY NAME ON THE FACE OF THE CANVAS BEFORE I COMMENCE PAINTING. IF AT ANY FUTURE TIME THERE SHOULD ARISE ANY DOUBTS OF THEIR GENUINENESS, I HAVE WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BACKS OF THE PICTURES TO THE EFFECT THAT IF THE PAINT BE THOROUGHLY REMOVED BY PUMICE-STONE THE TRUE ARTIST'S NAME WILL APPEAR."

stamp within. It is with mixed feelings that the latter subsequently learns that the supposed brief was a demand for immediate payment of an outstanding debt to a mere tradesman. As for Constantine, the emphasis of his language becomes so marked that the Editor has to take the Author apart and warn him that, unless he is careful, someone else will get the job of writing serials for this paper.

Maybe it was the Editor's fault for forgetting the neurotic and highly excitable temperament of the Author, or maybe the latter acts just for revenge. Anyhow, having up to this point kept a tight hand on himself, he now becomes hysterical and so far departs from real life as to invent a solicitor with a kind heart. The latter bustles into Queen's Bench Walk and, resisting seven hundred and ninety-nine temptations to go



A CHANGE IMPENDING.

He. "IF YOU ACCEPT ME IT WILL MAKE ANOTHER MAN OF ME, BUT IF YOU REFUSE ME I SHALL NEVER BE THE SAME MAN AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (the other one) is a magician. Just as it was said of GARRICK that he "could act a gridiron," so Mr. CHURCHILL can write about an American Society-woman and make one sympathise. *Honora*, the heroine of *A Modern Chronicle* (MACMILLAN), is what would be called a Fascinator. Beginning in St. Louis, where she is the adored of an uncle and an aunt, several callow youths, and incidentally an ex-office-boy, *Peter Erwin*, she marries *Howard Spence*, a young stockbroker from the East (U.S.A.). Thenceforward a large section of the book is a record of her progress, financial and social, towards Fifth Avenue. It is told in such careful detail as to leave one with the impression of having known New York Society intimately at first hand—and with no desire whatever to renew the experience. Then, that the chronicle might be truthfully modern, there comes along *Hugh Chiltern*, the strong, passionate lover; and *Honora*, weary of her uninteresting husband, obtains a money-down divorce, and marries *Hugh*. What follows, the story of her failure to build up a secure and honourable home upon such foundations, is not only the best part of the book, but, I incline to think, the strongest thing Mr. CHURCHILL has yet done. The tragedy of such defeat is intensely realised. Mercifully, *Hugh's* sudden death cuts short the lingering punishment of their joint degradation, and *Honora*, changed and chastened, escapes to Paris, where,

five years later, *Peter Erwin*, now famous, but with his old devotion unaltered, takes her in his arms. Peters, in the novels, always end that way. Yet I found the finish the least convincing part of an unusually clever book.

If you are a crusty old bachelor, own a mile of house-property in a provincial town, collect your own rents, and live on next to nothing in a tiny cottage, you will save roughly about £5,000 a year. But if your charming step-great-niece, hitherto estranged from your avuncular bosom by a family feud, suddenly alights in the midst of your solitude, cooks you a ravishing kidney omelette on the spot, and throws up her position as a Board School teacher to come and housekeep for you, then you will begin to find out what the world looks like when it is upside down. At any rate that was what old Mr. *Ollerenshaw* discovered when *Helen With the High Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) came down on him like a LLOYD GEORGE on the publicans and dukes, dipped her pretty fingers into his cash-box and gently but firmly began to drag the old hermit-crab out of his shell. The friendly duel between the shrewd old man and his high-handed young relative is, described by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT with delightful and subtle humour, and his book is the most diverting I have come across for many a long day. Parry and thrust follow each other with lightning rapidity, till in the final bout the once miserly old man, after he has been cajoled into buying the big show place of the district, responds by quietly marrying its wealthiest widow. Uncle and niece are both lovable

human people; the characters and provincial life are drawn with a firm hand; and I, for my part, have found Mr. BENNETT's story a most agreeable relaxation from the tedium and annoyances of a too political world.

A rather ragged game of Rugby football played on a wet ground and seen through a fog is the nearest simile I can find for the raging activity of Mr. H. C. BAILEY's *Storm and Treasure* (METHUEN). People (and especially the hero) are constantly being seized from behind, flung to the ground, pinioned, trussed, and dragged through the grass or undergrowth to some dark place of captivity, to be hauled up to the light again with the regularity of a tube-lift, just when all hope seemed at an end. The *Vicomte de Jan*, a French émigré, is persuaded to return to his *château* of Tiffauges, in La Vendée (that is where the ingots are hid), in order to assist the fortunes of "the Grand Army" against the Republic. Here is one of the *Vicomte's* exploits: "But M. de Jan hurled himself at the unready horseman, and bore him crashing over his horse's head. It was M. de Jan who was up to snatch the bridle again, to cast Mademoiselle across the saddle and spring up behind her." A neat but simple trick, as they say in the conjuror's text-books, but one that staggers the audience every time. Personally I don't believe *Rudolf Rassendyll* could have done it. And twisted up (either literally or metaphorically) with the figure of M. de Jan are those of *Lucile Colet* (enigma), *Yvette Barsac* (*vivandière*), and *Jessy Wild* (English spy), who thwarted NAPOLEON in Mr. BAILEY's

last book, but this time doesn't seem to me to have been earning his money from the Foreign Office. You might think that with all this movement the author's characters would be too exhausted for elaborate repartee, but, bless you! no, not a bit of it; they are more brilliant than ever, even when lying helpless and covered with dirt in a cave or imprisoned at Nantes by the *sansculottes*. But I do hope that among the *Vicomte's* wedding presents was a good stout silver-backed, hog-bristled clothes-brush; for he needed it.

To come on some secluded mere
And catch the hippo shyly dipping;
To find a track and murmur, "Here
The elephant went lightly tripping;"
To note the rhino's wholesome glee
While on his hide your bullets flatten,—
These are the reading themes for me,
The food on which I love to batten.

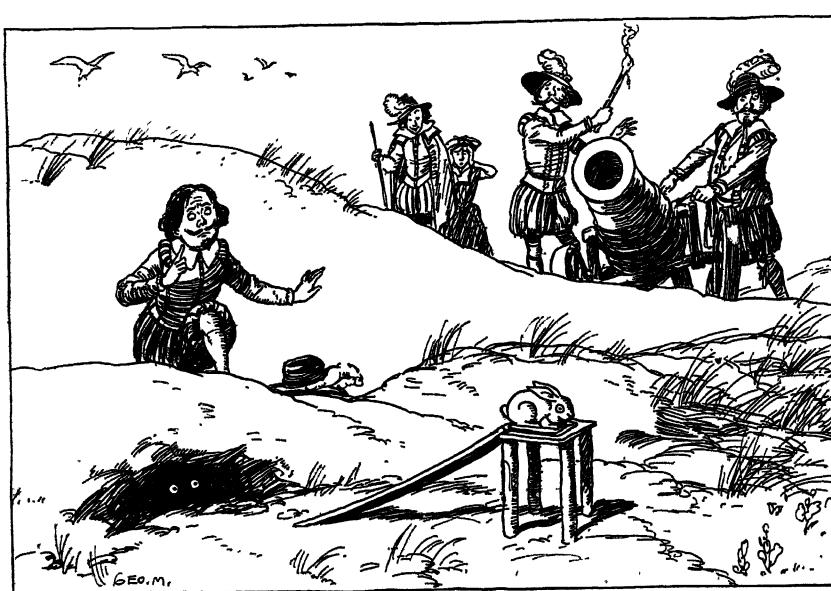
Yet Mr. TANGYER's book does not—
Though it's about that kind of "beasties"
(I quote his word)—quite touch the spot
That should be touched where such a feast is;

The banquet's adequate enough,
But spiced with elephantine humour,
Which, though it seems the proper stuff,
Makes heavy work for the consumer.

But don't, I beg of you, suppose
That every line of *In the Torrid
Sudan* (from MURRAY) is verbose
Or quasi-humorously florid.
Much of it is, but there's a deal
That's not included in my slating;
And folk who have the explorer's zeal
Will find it worth investigating.

Don Estebán, a Spanish aristocrat, took to wife *Magdalen Falkland*, a Saxon minx, and there were issue of the marriage three sons, *Guillen*, *Pepé* and *Frazco*. On the death of the father and the second marriage of the mother, the boys were abandoned to the care of their English uncles, to be by them rechristened *Punch*, *Judy* and *Toby*, and "have all

that foreign nonsense knocked out of them." Three eventful careers were well founded, three noteworthy characters were in the making, and *The Bounty of the Gods* (DUCKWORTH) was showing every sign of being a well-written and carefully studied novel, when the writer, Lady HELEN FORBES, fell a victim, it would appear, to the influence of the ELINOR GLYN school of fiction. Thereupon the crisp atmosphere becomes warm and humid, the grammar visibly



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—POPPING THE WEASEL.

weakens, and the narrative completely breaks down. *Punch* incontinently dies; *Judy* is forgotten; and *Toby* meanders without purpose through a disjointed career, wherein snake-like women and décolletage abound. His wavering between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, one of the incidents to which the reader looked forward, tails off into a hasty digression, misconceived and inaccurate on the face of it. Finally and quite unaccountably he becomes the greatest singer that ever was, and the book concludes:—"Probably the path of European fame never opened before a candidate for immortal honours who stepped on to it with a clearer perception that the gods never give with both hands. Turnbull and Spears, Printers, Edinburgh." In this instance it is doubtful if the gods ever really gave at all.

Mark Twain.

BORN 1835. DIED APRIL 21, 1910.

Farewell the gentle spirit, strong to hold
Two sister lands beneath its laughter's spell!
Farewell the courage and the heart of gold!
Hail and farewell!

CHARIVARIA.

Chantecler, it is now definitely announced from New York, is to be translated into American. Even the dramatist, according to our information, will not escape, and will figure as Mr. Roosternd.

We understand that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been approached with a view to his accepting the Presidency of Europe in the event of the accomplishment of the Federation of that continent, but, with his well-known common sense, he has not yet given a definite consent.

During his stay in Paris, Mr. ROOSEVELT paid a flying visit to the Louvre, "where," we are told, "he spent a few enraptured minutes before the *Venus of Milo*." This is characteristic of the great hunter's largeness of mind. He can admire not only a strong man armed, but also a weak woman unarmed.

Mr. ROOSEVELT also paid his respects to NAPOLEON. There is, indeed, nothing petty or jealous about the ex-President.

From Constantinople comes the news that His Sublimity the SULTAN has measles, and fears are expressed lest ABDUL HAMID, who is ever on the watch, shall attempt to take advantage of his successor's loss of *prestige*. There is some talk of rectifying the situation by forcibly giving ABDUL the mumps.

The POPE having visited his displeasure upon the Prince of MONACO for calling upon the King and Queen of ITALY, the PRINCE, it is rumoured, has retaliated by giving strict instructions at Monte Carlo that under no circumstances shall his Holiness ever be allowed inside the Casino.

Sensitive persons in Manchester are said to feel more than hurt that it should have been deemed necessary to offer so large a sum as £10,000 to induce anyone to fly from London to their city.

A conscript named GEORGES GENN, *The Express* tells us, has just been declared unfit for military service in France for the extraordinary reason that he is too fat. He weighs 19 stone. Personally

we should have thought he would have made an excellent regimental pet, or perhaps an emergency earthwork.

We are sorry to hear that Lord ROBERTS has given great offence in certain circles by a speech made at the opening of a rifle range at Hayes, in which he expressed the view that the object of a rifle should be to kill.

The Dublin magistrates have held that

LASCELLES requests the loan of twelve white bullocks, two elephants, twelve coal-black horses, two red bulls, six rams, and six greyhounds. We should have loved to oblige, but unfortunately we have promised all of ours—with the exception of our elephant "Fifine," who is indisposed—to the local cattle show.

A writer in *The Evening Standard* expresses the opinion that the middle classes suffer from an excess of clothing. A recent decision as to *Matinée Hats* should do something to remedy this.

It is said M. PÉLISSIER has his eye on Sir CONAN DOYLE's new play, *Pot of Caviare*, and will shortly have it repotted.

We overheard an interesting conversation between a couple of sparrows last week. "Yes, ten thousand pounds," said the one. "What! just for flying from London to Manchester?" "Fact, I assure you." "Well, I'm jiggered!"

Meanwhile there is some talk in the avine world of offering a handsome prize to the first bird which shall succeed in walking all the way from London to Manchester.

In the printed "Dispositions of His Majesty's Ships," issued by the Admiralty last week, appears for the first time the name of "H.M.S. Biter." This, we take it, is an improved edition of "H.M.S. Bittern."

A masseur recently raised his charges. Asked for a reason, he replied that he had thought it was well known that rubbers had had a boom and were in great request.

As we go to press it is rumoured that a substitute for rubber has at last been discovered. It was found in a City restaurant, and was served up as a steak.

An advertiser of incubators announces them in *The Daily Telegraph* to be:—

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD; WILL LAST A GENERATION."

Which is, of course, an absolute necessity if they are to be of any use at all.



MANY REFORMED BURGLARS COMPLAIN OF THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING HONEST EMPLOYMENT. THE TUFF SAFE CO. WILL NOT ALLOW A MAN'S PAST TO STAND IN HIS WAY.

a Suffragette who chalked an announcement on the pavement had committed no offence. This method of attracting attention has, we suppose, become necessary owing to so many persons having ignored the writing on the wall.

The fact that the polar bear Barbara could only be induced to enter her new residence by being prodded with a pole proves how thoroughly acclimatised this animal has become. Her great desire now is to be farthest from the pole.

For the final scene in the Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace, Mr. FRANK

FLYING NORTH.

I KNOW, I know that Spring is come; I cannot but remark
The tulips sitting up in bed and smiling in the Park;
I toy with fresh asparagus, I browse on early peas;
I always know when Spring is here by subtle signs like these.

I see the R.A. blooming in its hardy annual dress,
I see the PREMIER taking what he calls his Spring Recess;
I note the Young Man's Fancy—she assumes a livelier tint,
And I attribute this effect to Nature's vernal hint.

I don't include the cuckoo's call, though in the Press I've read
How in between the storms of hail he tolls the winter dead;
I do not hold with liars who allege that they have heard
Whole months ago the bleat of this incorrigible bird.

But there's a larger, loftier fowl that loathes the icy gale,
His spirit being willing, but his constitution frail;
And when I mark a brace of these making the welkin hum
(Hey for the North and Manchester!) I know that Spring
is come.

Such, Mr. DEVEY,* such are they whose visits you would greet
Coldly if they alighted in your garden's chaste retreat;
Whom, if they sought your sheltering roof, through some-
thing going wrong,
You are prepared to welcome with a rudely-pointed prong.

Ah, if my hearth might but receive the god in his machine,
What matter though the chimney-tiles came with him on the
scene!

Could but my pleasaunce entertain an angel from the blue,
How gladly would I sacrifice a cauliflower or two!

I would not have the law of him for my geranium-pots,
But speed at once to pick him up and salve the wounded
spots;
And I would pour out wine and oil and help to mend his
wings
And get him, while he took a rest, to talk of heavenly things.

Oh, DEVEY, Mr. DEVEY, Sir, I fear your heart is black,
Black as the soot adhering to your stuffy chimney-stack,
Or you'd distinguish (though he fell upon your favourite
shrub)
This kind of fallen angel from a foul Beelzebub. O. S.

* In the midst of the excitement about the flight to Manchester, Mr. H. B. DEVEY had a letter in *The Times* announcing the attitude which he proposes to take up in the matter of aviatory trespass. Fliers who descend upon his trees and shrubs will be sued for damage, and those who attempt to come through his roof will be received on spikes and prongs attached to the chimneys.

"Stop and think for a moment. Many people are all run down, tired out and hardly able to drag about—don't know what ails them. —'s Wine of Cod Liver Extract, the great tissue-builder, is the answer."

"'Is life worth living?' Eat —'s rich Cream Toffee and you won't ask."

How morbid the candour of advertisers is getting nowadays.

"The Leader of the Opposition played the part of Clytemnestra in the tragedy which is now unfolding itself. He prophesied nought but evil."—*Daily Chronicle*.

We had heard of Cassandra as a prophetess, but had never had our attention called to Clytemnestra's achievements in this line. Certainly she hinted at the murder of her husband, but then she knew she was going to do it herself.

WHERE IS IT?

(You are invited to guess the scene and occasion of the Dialogue.)

He. We're in very good time. Let's get out here. He'll be an hour getting to the entrance.

She. Right. It's only a few yards.

[They get out of the taxi and walk on.

He. Hurry up. It's crammed already.

She. Just a moment. My hat—

He. Oh, it's always your hat. (To a young man) Bridegroom's side. (To her) Let's go in there. (To various people) So sorry. I beg your pardon. (To her) There we are. Lucky to get such good seats.

She. There's Mrs. Holbeach. Fancy her coming all that way. Oh, and there's Mary Tressider. (Nods and smiles.) I didn't know she knew them—but she never misses anything of the sort. Who's that dark-haired man? No, not that one. The handsome one.

He. Captain Oakley, Gerald's uncle.

She. Gerald's uncle, is he? He doesn't look like an uncle, somehow.

He. What do you expect uncles to look like?

She. Oh, I don't know. Whiskers and turn-down collar and a malacca cane with an ivory handle—something of that sort.

He. I'm a bit of an uncle myself, you know.

She. So you are. How funny.

[She turns round, recognises a lady behind her and begins whispering to her.

He. It's no good your trying to whisper. You can't get within a yard of one another. Tell her she'd much better whisper to me. She could get quite close to me.

She. Don't be silly. She told me the bride's dress was three inches off the ground and only a yard and a quarter round— (Stir and animation. A burst of music.) She's come. . . . How well she looked—a little pale and nervous, but that's natural.

He. Ripping pretty lot of girls. Nice idea that, to send 'em along without hats.

* * * * *
A Voice in the distance. . . . let him speak now or for ever hold his peace.

[A pause.
He. Wouldn't it be awful if somebody didn't hold his peace and just chipped in?

She. It has happened.

He. It didn't happen to me.

She. They didn't know you.

* * * * *
He. Ought we to kneel now?

She. No. They're nearly all standing.

He. No. They're all sitting down. [They sit. Music.

* * * * *
She. They're in the vestry now. Isn't it exciting?

He. What, the vestry? Much like any other vestry, I fancy. [A burst of music.

She. They're coming now. Here they are. Ah!

He. Did you see them?

She. Not much. Did you?

He. Just the tip of Gerald's nose. Very handsome and manly I thought it. Let's make a move.

[They squeeze out slowly, and proceed in a taxi to another place.

She. What a crush! Is my hat—

He. Yes, it's as big as ever.

She (to a lady). I congratulate you so much.

He (to the same). My best congratulations. Such a pretty —(he is pressed on). We'll just walk round.

She. I must look at the presents. (To a waiter) Thank you. Just a little piece. (To him) Charles, you must have a piece of the cake.

ROOSEVELT'S STRAIGHT TALKS TO EFFETE CIVILISATIONS



THE WISDOM OF THE WEST.



Arthur Lawton
 Little Girl (much shocked). "MOTHER, DO LOOK AT THAT RUDE GENTLEMAN LISTENING TO EVERY WORD THOSE LADIES ARE SAYING."

He. Not for a million. I'll have a glass of fizz, though.
 (He has it.) Let's get along to Gerald and shake hands
 with them. [They get along and do so.]

She. Now for the presents

He. Where's ours?

She. That's it—the claret jug.

He. We'll go now.

[They go.]

HE AND SHE.

WHERE gloom of laurels flanked the dusky glade
 And no rough sound the summer silence jarred,
 I saw the wanton where she pierced the shade
 With amorous regard.

Bold, brilliant eyes played their familiar part,
 But I refused to flinch or turn aside,
 And, with a cold pang at my angry heart,
 Her insolence defied.

I knew so well for whom she lingered there,
 To charm him while he listened—and she lied,
 Seeking with soft appeal or brazen air
 To move his manly pride;

Discreetly veiling other lawless loves
 In artful talk and little tender cries—
 Her voice the murmur of the cooing dove,
 Her eyes the serpent's eyes.

Awhile we gazed, hate answering back to hate;
 Then suddenly my wrath took fire and flared;

Her baffled glances proved she knew her fate—
 I'd kill her if I dared.

With that the dusk cut off her half-told tale;
 I lost the blurred line, tawny gold and white;
 It vanished with a long-drawn sibilant wail
 Into the summer night.

Swift as a dream she melted into space,
 An elemental passion veiled in fur,
 A thing of evil, but of wondrous grace,
 Soft as a velvet purr;

A homeless stranger, careless of her fame,
 Unpedigreed, unfaithful, most untrue;
 And he, the owner of a royal name,
 My Champion Persian Blue.

"WANTED, new pair of football boots, for a good young Fox-terrier
 Dog or cricket suit."—*Advt. in "Our Dogs."*

On second thoughts we will have the good young cricket
 suit, if it includes a coloured belt.

"The new enclosure is a striking contrast to that formerly occupied
 by the bears, covering an area of sixty square feet."—*Daily Graphic.*
 Ten feet by six! It seems hardly enough to swing a cat in,
 much less a polar bear.

"There were scenes of great enthusiasm when the victorious French-
 man landed. . . . M. Paulhan was the coolest man in the crowd."—*Evening Standard.*

Easily, we should say, after being nearly frozen alive.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

HE came down to breakfast one morning to find two letters on his plate. The handwriting on the envelopes being strange to him and the postmarks revealing nothing, he decided, after some minutes' thought, to see if there were any clues to be found inside. Accordingly he picked up the first letter and opened it. It was written from the highly aristocratic address of 99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., which fact was naturally a source of some pleasure to him. He was still more gratified and intrigued to discover that the writer was no less a person than Reginald St. John Berkeley. The actual letter, however, was something of a disappointment.

99a, Curzon St., Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that I am prepared to advance upon your note of hand alone, without any security whatever, sums ranging from £10 to £10,000. Hoping to hear from you shortly,

Yours faithfully,

REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

He put the letter on one side and poured himself out a cup of tea. Then he opened the other envelope. This proved to contain a communication from (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot. A little surprised at hearing from her, for he had never been introduced, he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of her letter. She wrote, he was distressed to find, from an unfashionable address in Notting Hill.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised at hearing from me, but I can no longer keep silent. This is the third day that the children have been without boots; their father is again out of work, and I am alone in the world. You will be interested to hear that I have been trying to get a little money together with which to start a small stationer's shop, and if I can do this I can make a living and keep my four children and my husband in comfort. Will you not help me? Lord —, Colonel John —, C.B., and the Rev. William — have already subscribed small sums, and if I can only get five pounds more I shall be able to buy the shop and start earning an honest living for myself and my dear ones. I have appealed to you because I feel sure you have a generous heart, and because I think you would like to be associated with Colonel John —, C.B., Lord — and the Reverend William — in this work of true charity. Will you kindly forward this small (and necessary) sum of five pounds by return so that I can buy the

shop and begin work at once? Thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,

(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

"Dear, dear," he said. He put both letters carefully away, and took up his morning paper.

A week later he came down to breakfast and found two letters on his plate. He recognised the writing at once. After a little hesitation he decided to read Reginald St. John Berkeley's note first.

99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I must confess that I have been somewhat surprised at not hearing from you, in answer to my communication offering to advance you sums ranging from £10 to £10,000 upon your note of hand alone, without any further security whatever.

Can it be that you are not in any want of money? The expenses incidental to the opening of the season are numerous, and it frequently happens that gentlemen of your position are in temporary need of assistance. It is not always possible to sell out stock at a moment's notice, nor is it always quite convenient to borrow from one's friends. It is on such occasions that most gentlemen are glad to seek my aid, and it would surprise you if you were to look at my books to see how many of the nobility and gentry are willing to accept money from me. There are men in the very highest position in England among my clients, and I am prepared to treat you with just the same consideration.

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Trusting to hear from you to-morrow, and thanking you for past assistance,

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HENRY, felicitously surnamed BIRD
 (Since there is music in the very word,
 Besides you're dedicated to Euterpe
 And are by nature chirpy),
 Although your Jubilee was held last week
 With quite unique
Éclat in Harmony's august abode,
 I hope you will allow
 An ancient friend to pay you now
 The tardy tribute of a free-and-easy ode.

How great the changes and the chops
 Since you, one of the props
 And pillars of the "Pops"
 Proved, by your sympathy and skill
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 Accompanists could be artistic!
 O Heavens! how ill they played,
 Some of your predecessors,
 Although they weren't afraid
 To style themselves professors!
 But you from the beginning tackled
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BRAHMS at his rockiest—and showed no
 qualms;
 When STRAUSS and when DEBUSSY came
 along,
 They found you going strong.
 Fearless transposer! Why, they even say
 That, on one memorable day,
 You actually contrived to follow
 A devious votary of Apollo
 Through each involuntary change of
 key—

And there were three—
 Before the singer's ultimate catastrophe!
 Innumerable concerts and recitals,
 Enough to sap the vitals
 Of heroes less efficiently arrayed,
 Have left you unembittered, undismayed.
 Yet there are times
 When ballads upon ballads—tune and
 rhymes

Alike artistic crimes—
 The soul of bathos shed;
 And then my heart has bled
 To see you with self-sacrificing zeal
 Hiding the grief you could not choose
 but feel;

And, animated by a sense of duty,
 That never fails you in the direst need,
 Handling, as if it were a thing of
 beauty
 Some maudlin melody married to a
 bleating screed.

Minstrels, like bards, are irritable folk
 Whom trifles oft provoke
 To sudden fury or unseemly tears;
 But you, blithe spirit, from your earliest
 years

Have been undeviatingly urbane,
 Free from all frills, considerate, cour-
 teous, sane,

And to the end will so remain.
 Wherefore, with deepest reverence im-
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For your supreme pianofortitude,



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WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR AT THE
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SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

HE came down to breakfast one morning to find two letters on his plate. The handwriting on the envelopes being strange to him and the postmarks revealing nothing, he decided, after some minutes' thought, to see if there were any clues to be found inside. Accordingly he picked up the first letter and opened it. It was written from the highly aristocratic address of 99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., which fact was naturally a source of some pleasure to him. He was still more gratified and intrigued to discover that the writer was no less a person than Reginald St. John Berkeley. The actual letter, however, was something of a disappointment.

99a, Curzon St., Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that I am prepared to advance upon your note of hand alone, without any security whatever, sums ranging from £10 to £10,000. Hoping to hear from you shortly,

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

He put the letter on one side and poured himself out a cup of tea. Then he opened the other envelope. This proved to contain a communication from (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot. A little surprised at hearing from her, for he had never been introduced, he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of her letter. She wrote, he was distressed to find, from an unfashionable address in Notting Hill.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised at hearing from me, but I can no longer keep silent. This is the third day that the children have been without boots; their father is again out of work, and I am alone in the world. You will be interested to hear that I have been trying to get a little money together with which to start a small stationer's shop, and if I can do this I can make a living and keep my four children and my husband in comfort. Will you not help me? Lord —, Colonel John —, C.B., and the Rev. William — have already subscribed small sums, and if I can only get five pounds more I shall be able to buy the shop and start earning an honest living for myself and my dear ones. I have appealed to you because I feel sure you have a generous heart, and because I think you would like to be associated with Colonel John —, C.B., Lord — and the Reverend William — in this work of true charity. Will you kindly forward this small (and necessary) sum of five pounds by return so that I can buy the

shop and begin work at once? Thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,
(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

"Dear, dear," he said. He put both letters carefully away, and took up his morning paper.

A week later he came down to breakfast and found two letters on his plate. He recognised the writing at once. After a little hesitation he decided to read Reginald St. John Berkeley's note first.

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POTTED PAPERS.

I. *The New Age*.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Government continues its disastrous career towards the rocks, every day bringing it nearer to destruction. As we have always foreseen and said, the Cabinet is at sixes and sevens and only by Herculean efforts can the PREMIER hold his team in check. Never did a stern brow mask so absolutely woolly a personality as that of Mr. ASQUITH.

There is one way, and only one, towards the salvation of England. It is the democratic way. Demos carries the light and it must be followed. The Lords may survive the present storm, but another and another will follow, and ultimately they will be whelmed. The creation of five hundred peers will hardly postpone their annihilation a moment. Who will they be? Ask yourselves. And how long will they remain Liberal? Ask yourselves that too.

BOOKS AND PERSONS.

(An occasional causerie appearing regularly every week.)

I have been reading *Hopeless Idiocy*, by Schnetchkernoff, in the translation just issued by the only publisher in England who has any brains. You who read this volume have, of course, never heard of Schnetchkernoff, but let me tell you that you will. For he is a coming man; he is one of the men that count. I discerned this the moment I had smelt the cover of the book, and five minutes after I had opened it I was gasping with the ecstasy that one artist feels for another. On my recent visit to England I made every effort to meet the translator of the novel, but he was never at home. But I shall be in Moscow next week, and shall then sip my vodka with the novelist himself, and tell him a few facts about this England of ours.

Looking in recently on Milan, I was delighted to find the industrious and not despicable young Italian who translated my novel into his language, which I understand perfectly but have not time to write in. I asked him what Italy did before he began his labours; but he was unable to tell me. "Corpo di Bacco!" he said, and shrugged. But I understood. Still, all that is now changed. I then told him a few startling things about Italy which he had not dreamed of, and showed him how very like geese were most of the swans which his countrymen admired.

By the way, there is in England at this moment only one man who can write decent journalism, and that is the leader writer on *The Bournemouth*

Excelsior. If ever that paper comes your way, treasure it as you would treasure fine gold. JACOB TONSON.

ART.

Let me resume my indictment of the obscure lumber-room in Trafalgar Square called the National Gallery. Last week I demolished the claims of VELASQUEZ, TITIAN, RAPHAEL and LEONARDO. I wish now to draw your attention to that incredible example of bad drawing and vulgar colouring called ANDREA DEL SARTO's portrait of himself. How could such a feeble thing be admitted into any collection, one asks. But there are no limits to the incapacity of the trustees of this institution.

[And so on.]

WHY NOT SURRENDER TO RUSSIA?

By W. R. Titterton.

Last week I proved that, as we had already virtually surrendered to Germany long ago, it was only by a formal surrender that we could get a *quid pro quo* for our humility. But England's need is not only one but several fresh conquests. Accordingly I plead this week for another conquest—this time by Russia. Here again we should only be regularising the *fait accompli*, for we have already surrendered to Russian ideas. TSCHAIKOWSKY has conquered us; TOlstoi has conquered us; all right-minded people are the slaves of caviare (a Russian product), and Jacob Tonson is passionately addicted to vodka. The Russians have the deepest bass voices in the world. ANNA PAVLOVA is the finest dancer in the solar system, and I have recently mastered the balalaika. *Quid plura?*

The Loving Cup.

"Mrs. Ward gave an address, after which a cup of tea was handed round."—*Barrow News*.

"Lady Cook open to engagements; Dinner Parties, 'At Homes,' good cake, bread, butter, ices; would play harmonium for service."

Farnham Herald.

Would this be the funeral service?

"New Arrivals in Noirette Undershirts," says an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*; but there is nothing about it in *The Times*' social column.

"For downright sentiment there is nothing to beat Mr. H. J. Dobson's interior."

Yorkshire Post.

We express no opinion on what seems to us a purely personal matter.

"Mr. E. M. Watson, A.R.C.M., was deservedly encored for his pianoforte solo, which was given in a smaterly style, the expression being particularly good."—*Reading County Times*.

On the contrary, we think it a rotten expression.

"HORSE—ROCKING—MARK I."

A Riding-Master Speaks:—

COME hither, my gentle recruits!
A lesson I have to impart
On one of your principal duties,
The noble equestrian art.
The horse, you may know, is a creature
Which prudence would bid you avoid;
He bites with his principal feature,
And kicks when he's feeling annoyed.

But here, by our latest invention,
We free you from any alarm;
Approach him without apprehension;
Nay, pat him; he cannot do harm.
Henceforth you need never be wary
Of handling the beast as you like;
Our Patent Mechanical Hairy
Is safer by far than a bike.

The old-fashioned horse, in his paces,
Is often exceedingly rough,
Which comes, in particular places,
Uncommonly hard on the "buff;"
His temper is highly capricious;
He bucks and he jibs and he rears,
And likes, when he's playful or vicious,
To hurtle you over his ears.

But mark, what a lasting improvement!
This excellent Pattern you'll find
A thing of luxurious movement
And woodenly docile in mind;
You sit with a foot in each stirrup;
You needn't hang on by his head;
The motion's as soothing as syrup
And grateful as cocoa or bed.

Then rock you, my gentle recruits,
And try (if you can) to enjoy
The simple and dignified beauties
Of soldiering learnt on a toy.
Come rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye! Faster!
Come upsey-down, upsey-down! So!
Ride on without fear of disaster!
Come, rock-a-bye!—Lord, what a show!
DUM-DUM.

AN INTRODUCTION.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS has been appointed to give the introductory lecture to the College for Hotel Managers which is about to be opened. The following synopsis of his remarks should not be uninteresting:—

The high mission of hotel-keeping; the nobility of the career of *chef*; well-cooked food the basis of pre-eminent nations; empire and *bêche-de-mer*; dominion and truffles, progress and ortolans, success and char; the true inwardness of viticulture; the duty owed by the right citizen to the grape; patriotism and Château Yquem, conquest and Château Lafite, the relation of 1898 champagne and moral fibre; very old brandy and supremacy; the gastrid juices our best friends; how to nourish

them; a good digestion the noblest end to strive for; a healthy appetite a sign of a healthy mind; poor or indiscriminating eaters the enemies of Society; teetotlers and vegetarians the worst pariahs; restaurants and the civic ideal; the educational value of talking to waiters; the importance to waiters and other employes of having conversation for guests; the way for hotel managers to treat the Press; how to discover if the Press man is sufficiently influential to be flattered and encouraged; how to behave to him if he is not; the wise way with the police; cigars, what brands to keep and what brands to give away; the bars, how to make them attractive; drinks suitable to take with customers as being less deleterious than others; medicaments to act as antidotes to excessive health-drinking.

So much for the first part. There will then be an interval for refreshments, when the gallant Lieut.-Colonel, hero of a million engagements (to dine), will enter upon Part II., which will consist of an account of his own experiences in hotels the world over, with lessons drawn therefrom. The college will then be declared open.

A FLATNESS IN POLES.

[For want, we are told, of the necessary funds the American Antarctic Expedition, which was to have raced Captain Scott to the South Pole, has been abandoned.]

THIS is a blow, indeed it is,
To hear so vile a motive, viz.

The scarcity of cash,
Has interfered with Uncle Sam
And caused him, so to speak, to dam
His threatened Polar dash.

What of the millionaires who toil
At making Trusts in meat and oil,
Men whom you merely prick,
And libraries and parks they ooze—
Have they no fervour for a cruise
To find the frosty stick?

Can it be true that stately kings
Of potted pork and other things
Are backward with their doles?
That Railway Rajahs cut up rough
And murmur, "We have had enough
Cavorting after Poles?"

"The business is not bright nor new,
The eagle now has perches two
Cut from the frozen North;
If PEARY finds another peg,
And some new artist pulls our leg,
That makes the third and the fourth."

Yes, I can almost understand
Why eager patriots do not hand
The needful nuggets out;
There comes a time when hearts (I guess)
Are filled with strange snow-weariness,
Fraught with a sense of doubt.



"WHAT IS THE BABY CRYING FOR, MY CHILD?"

"I DUNNO; 'E'S ALWYS CRYING. I NEVER CAME ACRAWST ANYONE WOT LOOKS UPON THE DARK SIDE OF THINGS AS 'E DOES."

It needs some more exciting "stunt"
To place the Stars and Stripes in front
Than messages from Cook,—
"The Southern Pole is ours. Enquire
For further facts (beyond this wire)
Of Antetukishuk." EVOE.

"Selecting a particular year in this century, the distinguished statistician shows us that while, in France, out of one thousand men who had not yet attained the age of 20 and who married, two were bachelors, and upwards of seventy-four were widowers and divorced men."

The Daily Telegraph.
Leaving 900 odd polygamists.—Shame.

"The official staring point was passed at 5.31 p.m., amid scenes of the same intense excitement."—*Evening News.*

Still, even common, unofficial persons were allowed to stare from all the rest of the route.

Straight tip from *The Daily Telegraph* :—

"I still think that if Lemberg is sufficiently forward he will win."

The great thing in racing is to get well forward at the finish.



Mrs. Montmorency-Smythe. "AND WHAT WERE YOU READING WHEN I CAME IN, MY DEAR? SHAKESPEARE! AH! WHAT A WONDERFUL MAN! AND TO THINK THAT HE WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT ONE WOULD CALL A GENTLEMAN."

A SLAVE TO DUTY.

["There are more women than men."—*Vide Census Returns.*]

DEAR ladies, the season approaches
When love affairs go with a swing,
And Strephon to Chloe impulsively broaches
The Question that blooms in the Spring;
But a tear does a sprint down my cheek at the hint
Which has filled me with sorrow profound—
There's a positive glut of fair Phyllises, but . . .
There are not enough men to go round!

The sorrow and shame of it mingle;
I cry for a "Bachelors' Tax"
As I think of the Jills who are doomed to be single
Because of the shortage of Jacks;
And it seems very wrong to withhold from the throng
(I fancy my logic is sound)
A love that could cheer half a score, when it's clear
There are not enough men to go round.

So my hopes as a lover are banished,
I've broken the vows I had vowed,
The dreams in which Rose figured daily have vanished—
SHE can only be one of a crowd!
And when I'm with Norah, or Betty, or Dora,
She labels me "flirt," I'll be bound,
Yet I merit applause, for it's simply because
There are not enough men to go round!

AEROPLANES v. GOLF.

WRITING to *The Field* Mr. U. P. JENKINS (can he, by chance, be the originator of the celebrated game of "Up, Jenkins"?) voices his dread of low-flying aviators, who, he says, would obstruct his tee shots, and claims that he is entitled to a sufficient amount of air, if paying a subscription of fifteen guineas to his golf club. This is very sad, but we are afraid there is no help for it, now that England has gone aviation-mad. The mere fifteen-guinea golfer had better resign himself to being bunkered by coveys of bird-men, swooping over the sandhills after mammoth prizes and pursued by droves of motor cars conveying sporting journalists.

By judiciously topping his ball the asphyxiated enthusiast may yet be able to creep from hole to hole beneath the stream of aeroplanes playing the low-down game foreseen by Mr. JENKINS—or, if he does not mind his fees being considerably enhanced, he may still breathe his *quantum* of air on a course fenced and roofed in with close-meshed wire in the manner of a chicken-run. The royal and ancient game would then, of course, be better played with croquet mallets, and sufficient variety could be obtained if a few new shapes were introduced, such as a knobkerrie, a bandy-stick, or a pavior's beetle. If aviators persist in their vulgar habit of ricocheting from tee to tee, there will be little left for the plane-flapped golfer but to follow the mole and pursue his game in a network of tubes underground. Still, he might always play from aeroplanes and defeat the air-hogs in their own element. So cheer U. P. JENKINS!

ZIGZAG.



À OUTRANCE.

SIR ROSEBERY (*detached observer*). "PARDON ME, BUT AS A MATTER OF ACADEMIC INTEREST I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE WHETHER YOU COULDN'T WIN WITHOUT YOUR SWORD."

SIR BALFOUR. "A MOST INTERESTING SPECULATION, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE RISKS THAN I NEED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.

—The Admirals are out on a fresh cruise. Having seen that the Navy is as well provided as is possible under an incapable, corrupt Administration which, when it is not truckling to Germany, is on its knees to JOHN REDMOND, they have turned their attention to the number of guests entertained on board the Admiralty yacht, with particular enquiry as to who pays for their grub.

Off and on have for some time been firing in this direction with object of finding the range. To-day concentrate attack. Owing to misunderstanding VICE-ADMIRAL BURGOYNE is left to conduct it single-handed. His consort, REAR-ADMIRAL MIDDLEMORE, like the Spanish Fleet on historic occasion, "is not yet in sight." Too literally construes his title.

"All very well to be a Rear-Admiral," says the VICE-ADMIRAL snappishly, slinging his telescope round to wrong eye and surveying offing in Palace Yard; "but on a day like this he need not keep so far in that direction as to be below the horizon."

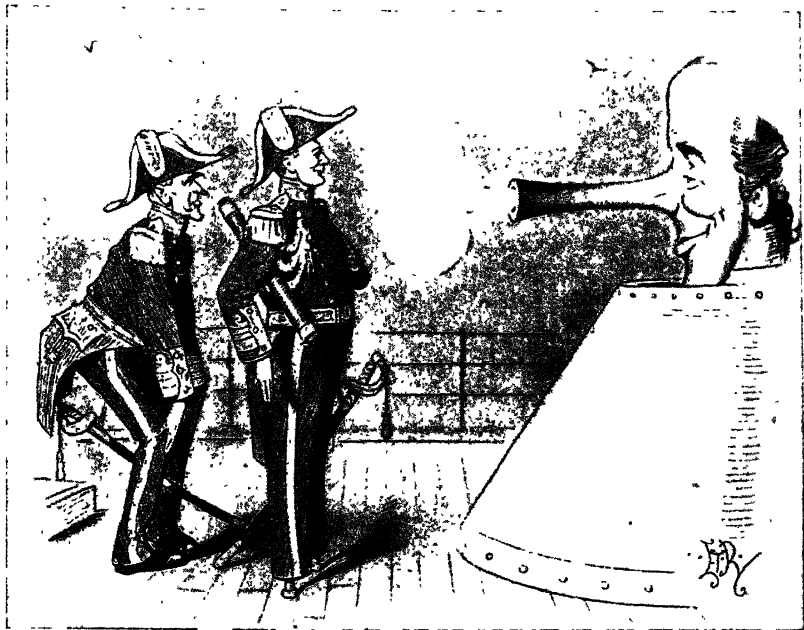
Fact is, MIDDLEMORE is down at his



ONE OF THE GREAT UNCHASTENED.

(Mr. Will Thorne.)

There is a growing tendency among those who worship at the shrine of "Labour" to resent any application of the rod or birch to any of those tractable little scions of the Proletariat who are turned out, with such engaging manners and so much self-control, by the Elementary Schools of the country. Is it not conceivable that a practice which is borne with starchy submission by Public School boys and others might in some cases work well? Is there not a risk, for instance, that in sparing the rod you may spoil the Member of Parliament?



ADMIRALS ALL; OR, NAVAL EXPERTS UNDER FIRE.

"Rear-Admiral Middlemore" takes cover behind "Vice-Admiral Burgoyne."

(Mr. J. T. Middlemore, Mr. A. H. Burgoyne, and the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna.)

marine residence (Arethusa Lodge, Topsail Lane, Stourbridge), rigging up a flagstaff in the back-yard. In addition to a vane designed to show Stourbridge which way the wind is blowing, he will have a Union Jack run up on Empire Day with intent, as CRAIG put it the other day, that "foreigners chancing to visit these shores will see that we have the greatest Empire in the world." The REAR-ADMIRAL rather thinks that, with this flagstaff and a few big stones lime-washed in coastguard fashion, Arethusa Lodge, though situated in the Midlands, will have about it a decidedly naval look.

Odd how these two authorities on the policy and minutiae of naval matters have developed from what on the face of it seemed unlikely sources. Outside Parliamentary arena VICE-ADMIRAL BURGOYNE is something in the wine business. REAR-ADMIRAL MIDDLEMORE, entering life with intention to follow the medical profession, drifted into a solicitor's office and rose to the high estate of a Birmingham City Councillor. Yet—and the lesson should not be lost upon new Members—by patience and perseverance in the Question hour, they have come to number themselves among our most authoritative naval experts, each ready at an hour's notice to take command of Channel Fleet. No secret that when JACK FISHER, recalling memories of TEMPLE at Sheen, retired to his country seat to cultivate his roses, there was some disappointment in family circles that neither of the Admirals was "sent for" to take his place. Due

entirely to political animosity; PREMIER ever ready to sacrifice best interests of country on altar of Party.

Didn't make much out of this new cruise. House inclined to regard enquiry as petty, not to say impertinent. But the VICE-ADMIRAL will haul about and attack again when his consort comes in sight.

SARK says the best thing for FIRST LORD to do would be to ask the Admirals down to Sheerness and give them a cruise in the Admiralty yacht. He fancies that, should the sea be a little choppy, the table expenses of the guests would not be excessive.

Business done.—Budget read a second time by majority of eighty-six.

Tuesday.—The licence of the Question hour, with its irrelevancies, its self-advertisements, its personal animosities, and its Party controversies, strikingly illustrated in a query in to-day's long list standing in name of WILLIAM THORNE. That explosive gentleman, who, like Mr. BELLOW (South Salford), always goes off at half-cock when rising to address the Chair, desires "To ask the President of the Board of Trade, whether any inquiry has been held into the disappearance at sea, on 2nd October, 1909, of an Asiatic fireman named Lai Yu, whilst serving on the steamer *Bellerophon*, of Liverpool; whether he was on duty at the time; whether he was medically examined before joining; how long he had served on the vessel; whether he had had any previous sea service."

"The answer to the last part of the

question" (to quote a familiar Treasury Bench formula) "is in the negative."

SYDNEY BUXTON, shrewd middle-aged young man, is rarely at sea. Why THORNE supposes that PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE might have been on duty at moment of disappearance at sea of an Asiatic fireman; that he was medically examined before joining; and that he served some time on the vessel, are among the things no fellow can understand. They are at least consonant in coherence and genuine desire for information with nine-tenths of the supplementary questions put at an average sitting.

Business done.—Budget Bill went through Committee and reported without division.

Wednesday.—To-night, amid shout of triumph from embattled Ministerial host, Budget Bill read a third time. Final scene up to mark of historic occasion. Ordained that at eight o'clock the blade of guillotine should fall, debate be cut off, and division taken on amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench for rejection of measure. Long before hour approached, benches on both sides thronged.

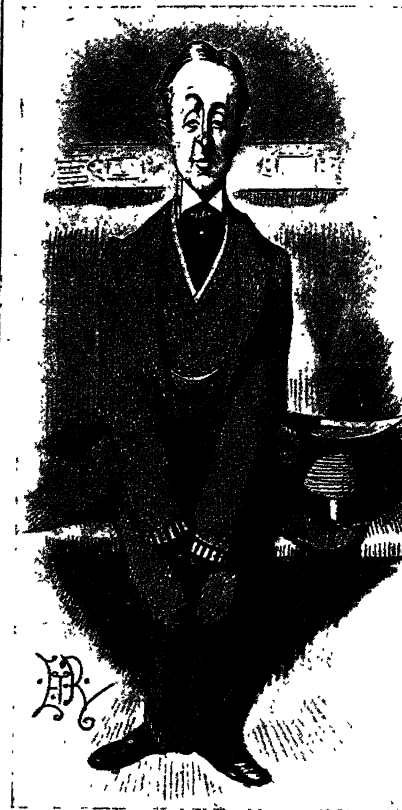
SIDDONS O'BRIEN's rising to fling last curse at Bill and, incidentally, to run amok among "the mass of conspirators in the background responsible for the unconditional surrender of the rights of Ireland," led to dramatic incident that profoundly stirred crowded House. Hitherto the Leader of Nationalist Party has been the chief, almost exclusive, exponent of its views. Following O'BRIEN to-night came DEVLIN, who replied in speech of equal fire and fury added to considerably more point. It disclosed the priceless possession by the Redmondites of a second TIM HEALY. Whilst lacking the sardonic humour which flickers through TRUCULENT, TIM's observations, DEVLIN has all his fighting power. The Leader of the Nationalist team will do well to give this young colt his head.

PREMIER, who met with enthusiastic reception from his followers, summed up facts of situation with the pellucid phrasing, the pitiless logic, that are at his command. Then came division which in House of five hundred and fifty-five Members negatived hostile amendment by majority of ninety-three. Bill thereupon read a third time without division.

Business done.—Budget Bill carried across corridor to Lords. No one there to receive resuscitated infant. Couldn't very well leave it on doorstep. Standing Orders moderately require quorum of three for transaction of business. After five minutes' active search quorum roped in, and Bill solemnly read a first time.

Thursday.—To young persons about to enter upon Parliamentary career, Viscount CASTLEREAGH serves as awful example. Young, rich, heir to a marquessate, squire to one of the most charming of English dames, he has sunk into a condition of despondency that positively blights the benches in his immediate neighbourhood. Only four years have sped since he was returned Member for Maidstone. Sufficed to bring about this transmutation.

Accidental position occupied *vis-à-vis* Treasury Bench has something to do with it. Is ever in full view of LLOYD GEORGE, WINSTON, and other Members of a Ministry



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

"Suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief."

(Lord Castlereagh.)

for which, in respect of lack of all the virtues, the ages provide no parallel. Cheered the other day by hearing WINTER-TOX genially describe Government as "a man-eating tiger that has tasted blood." Elation only temporary.

A sort of withering influence emanating from Treasury Bench subtly possesses him, suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief, hampering his stride with symptoms of patriotic paralysis. His noble father has his trials in another place. By comparison with his son-and-heir's lot in the Commons,

life in the Lords is at least bearable. With untamed spirit, not always subject to the discipline of Party, Lord LONDON-DERRY (using the phrase in strict Parliamentary sense) kicks out afore and ahint. Generally attacks attenuated minority on benches opposite; if need be does not spare his diplomatic Leader on front bench below. On Lord CASTLEREAGH in the Commons the sun never shines. Ever he sits in the shadow of the supremacy of a man-eating Radical Government hurrying on to abysmal depths of Socialism.

His condition brought under direct notice of sympathising House by not infrequent habit of putting questions designed to floor FLUELLEN or to take the wind out of WINSTON. A small matter, curious in its way and significant of the situation, to note how when he slowly rises from front bench below Gangway to put a question he looks as old as his father. When, having resumed his seat, he listens to reply that inevitably reveals fresh duplicity on part of the Government, he looks appreciably older.

Business done.—Lords, suspending Standing Orders, pass Budget, if not "without alteration of a comma," yet, as PREMIER says, "in all substantial respects unaltered."

Friday.—Budget received Royal Assent; both Houses adjourned for Spring Recess.

Flight Notes.

It is said that a well-known fancier is about to dispose of his loft of racing-pigeons to a firm of poulterers, having no further use for it.

* * * * *
We have not been to Wormwood Scrubs for some time, and the great progress in the conquest of the air which seems to have taken place there, as indicated by the establishment of a floating hotel (see following paragraph from *The Times*), had quite escaped our attention:—

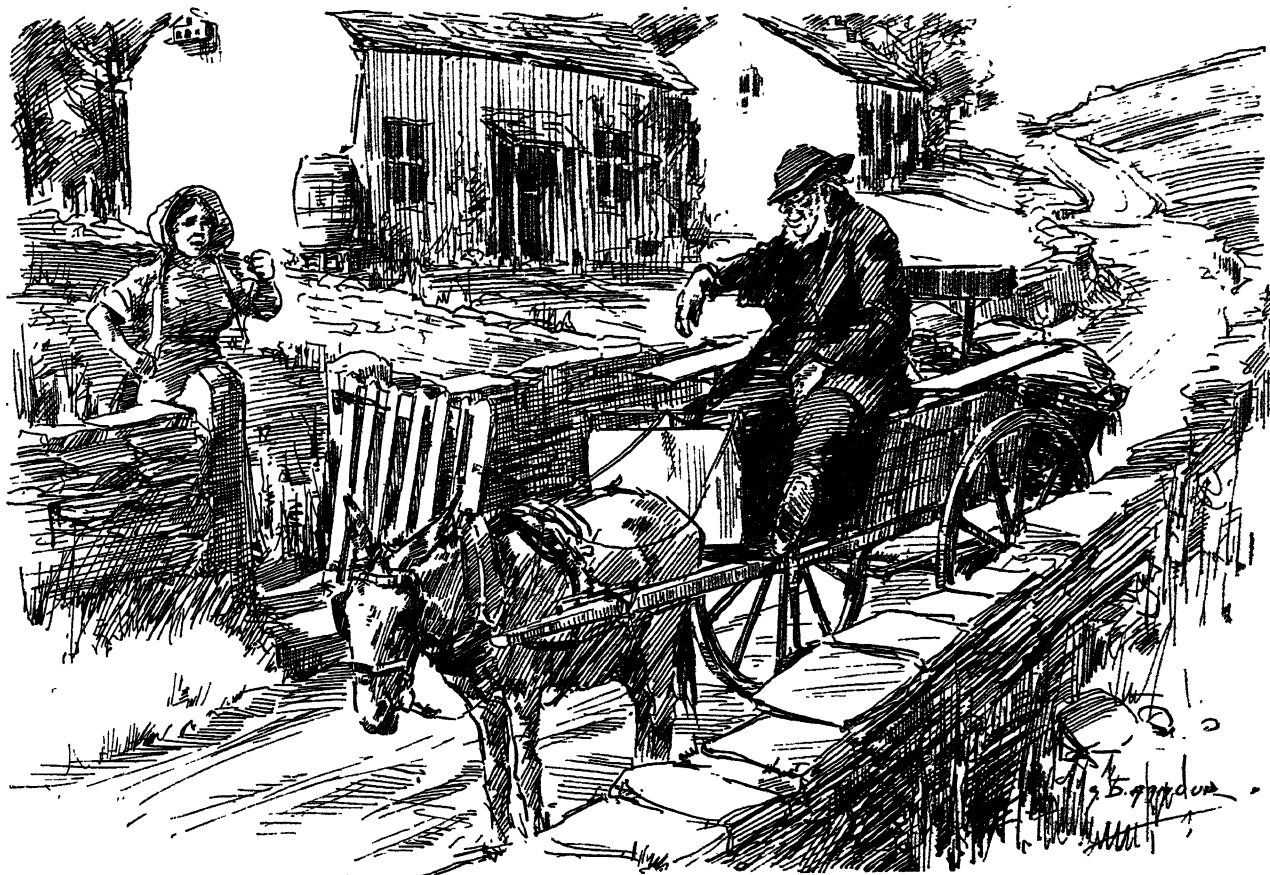
"At ten minutes to 6 o'clock Mr. Grahame-White was in the Pavilion Hotel, which is near the ground, awaiting the latest news of his rival."

We know now, of course, that Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE would have been better advised to stay at an hotel of the old-fashioned kind, actually on the ground. It was probably the time lost in deflecting the planes and bringing the main exit to within safe jumping distance from the earth that gave the Frenchman so generous a start.

* * * * *
"I was completely turned round three times by the force of the wind at this pint," said Mr. Grahame-White to a Press representative."

Manchester Courier.

At about the twelfth pint the phenomenon is of common occurrence.



Better Half. "SAM'L, THOU OLD VILLAIN, I DO BELIEVE THOU BE DRUNK."
Prodigal (contentedly). "WELL, IF I BE'UNT, I HA' WAYASTED THREE BOAB!"

UNDERGROUND TO MANCHESTER.

THE distance between England's capital and the great centre of Free Trade and the cotton industry having now been covered by coach, train, and motor-car, on foot, bicycle, and wheelbarrow, by water and by air—in every way, in fact, but one—it has been left to *The Daily News*, the only other paper besides *The Daily Mail* which publishes a Manchester as well as a London edition, to offer a handsome guerdon to the first aboriginal or naturalised Englishman who can traverse the route by burrowing.

The conditions of the competition are as follows: The start must take place within a four-mile radius of *The Daily News* offices in Bouverie Street, and the finish must occur opposite the Manchester Town Hall in Albert Square. The time occupied must not be more than twenty-four weeks, and competitors must not come up oftener than six times to blow. The sole implement that may be used besides the hands and feet is an ordinary spade, adjudged and declared to be such by, jointly, the editor of *The Daily News* and the Minister of Agriculture. The objects aimed at in this enterprise will be—

(1) The advancement of the "Back to the Land" movement.

(2) The survey of ungotten minerals.

(3) The promotion of an interior and local enthusiasm as opposed to the spirit of Imperial pride. ("What do they know of England who only know her on the top?")

It is anticipated that the generous reward offered (£105, in spade guineas) will stimulate a large number of intrepid talpiators (or mole-men) to make the hazardous attempt, and incidentally to re-create history.

Later.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has started. He left the cellars of the "Cheshire Cheese" at 8 p.m. last night, with no provisions but a slab of chocolate and two bottles of barley wine. He is burrowing hard.

Late special.—Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY is following in Mr. CHESTERTON's wake. He started from Praed Street Underground, and expects to crop up at Blisworth Junction by the subway in about four weeks' time. The greatest excitement prevails above the probable line of route.

"The lines mentioned in this circular have a value exceeded by what you pay for them." That, after all, is rather the idea of shop-keeping as a profession.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERY.

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE KEY.

[I prefer the second title. The other one isn't true.—*Author.*]

LIFE assumed a brighter hue for me to-day, when for the first time this season I took my flannel suit from my wardrobe (let us call it a wardrobe, at any rate) and put part of it on my back, part on my chest, and the remainder on my legs. "If we cannot have adventure and romance in life," I said to the glass, "we can at any rate have a change of raiment."

Now this is going to be one of those tiresome narratives, in which all sorts of apparently irrelevant details are to be vastly important at the end. Go back to the beginning, therefore, get thoroughly used to the idea of the flannel suiting, and then make a careful note of the following facts. The last time I wore this suit was in September, 1909. I then invited myself to stay with my sister, who, owing to the fault of her husband, is married. He becoming obstreperous, I informed my good friend George that I should stay a night with him on my way South, and thence made my way to my reverend uncle's house in Herefordshire. Driven from

there, I returned to London, wrote an article derogatory to all brothers-in-law, Georges and uncles, and sadly placed the flannel suit in the wardrobe, from which I this morning took it for the first time this season (life then assuming a brighter hue).

Putting my hand in the trouser pocket, I drew forth to the gaze of an astonished mirror no other thing than a key. To you a key may be an every-day affair, to be regarded neither with excitement, suspicion, joy, nor even curiosity. There may be chained to your person a dozen or two of these treasures, each unlocking some private drawer, each excluding an inquisitive public from the secrets of your amours and finance. For me there are no keys, no private drawers, no amours, no finance.

"This," I announced, "is someone else's key. No person of delicacy would allow such an enormity to separate him from his love letters or business correspondence. This is a latch-key. The hue which my life is assuming, is not simply brighter; it is gaudy."

Which of the three is the untidy person who left a latch-key lying about in my pocket? The reverend uncle, I remember, forced me into saying I should like to inspect his schools. I remember that he took a key off a peg over his study mantel-piece (what good vicar would not?) wherewith to open the schoolroom door. I remember that he dragged me from an easy-chair and *The Romance of a Blighted Life* to show me, with conscious pride, a school-room remarkable only for the bareness of its walls and the hardness of its sitting accommodation. I even remember that it was I who turned the key in the lock as we came out again, but I do not remember pressing that key into my uncle's hand, with a few well-chosen words of gratitude and enthusiasm. Can it be that...? If yea, I have my revenge and the satisfaction of knowing that I have the cause of the children at heart. I shall have been the means of their being locked out of school for half a year. Six months' glorious holiday for the little ones, unstained with ink, uncontaminated by tiresome facts relating to

the business of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR or the foolish attributes of 2 plus 2. If nay, then it is George's stable key.

Picture George's corpulent horse smiling through the stable window, through which food can be passed in but wild horses cannot be dragged out. Men must have walking exercise. Dumb animals must be protected. Stable doors were made to be locked, and locked before the horse is gone.

"George," I shall say, "what a nice figure you have got! You must have been doing a lot of walking since I last saw you. Once I thought you were going to be fat." I shall have him at my mercy then, for he is a bad arguer even when he is cool and collected.

Failing him, there only remains my

her equality, not by acquiring her vote but by getting rid of her husband's. Inasmuch as that woman is my sister, how shall I not rejoice?

Ah, little sister, I see you sitting before your fire, secure in the possession of your warder-off of burglars, happy, contented and independent. But do I also see your head swelling a little with this new independence? Do I see familiarity breeding contempt, security begetting carelessness? Yes, I fear I do, and the general outlook becomes on that account less pleasing.

You will take to the unwomanly pastime of thinking, and sooner or later your thoughts will light on me. At once you will connect me with the key and, in a light-hearted moment, you will

communicate your thoughts to your husband, who will still be in a state of inexcusable irritation. Blinding himself to the falseness of your reasoning, he will accept your fortuitously right conclusion, and will thereupon start out in search of me and the key. He is a tall muscular man, who has never yet stopped looking for a thing till he found it. Eventually, a fate will overtake me, in the face of which argument and all the other subterfuges of civilization will be futile. What, I wish to know, was wrong with the old



THE ALL-CONQUERING SCOT.

Old Scotsman (to his son, who has just returned from a business trip to London). "WEEL, LADDIE, AND WHAT DAE YE THINK O' THE ENGLISH NOO?"

Son. "OH, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE TO STUDY THEM. YOU SEE, I ONLY HAD TO DO WITH THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS!"

married sister, and every good married sister has a front door. But I see no reason why a man like Peter, who has already got more than he deserves in my sister, should also have a separate latchkey to himself. Let us hope that now he has not. A little discipline will do him good. There will be no more coming home after dark at his own sweet will for Mister Peter. He will keep regular and early hours, or else wait on the door-step until the powers that be see fit to admit him. He will learn his place, which of an evening is at home. He will become a better man. Think, too, of the triumph of the Cause of Woman! The political tyranny of the husband is gone, for with his latchkey is lost his sole title to a vote, which he always uses to the advancement of his own and the oppression of his wife's sex. One woman has got

hue of life that it needs must be changed for this?

"Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and at night by the Rev. R. Norwood on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the augmentation of curate's stipends. The collections amounted to over £7."

Parish Church.—Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and in the evening by the Rev. R. Norwood, on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the Amalgamation of Curates' Stipends. The collections amounted to over £7."

Rugby Advertiser.

The second idea for the collection was much brighter.

"This, by the way, will be the first play in which Mr. Anthony Hope has collaborated with his last dramatic effort, also made in association with another author."—*The Globe*.

There, you would never have noticed that.



Constable (to Motorist who has exceeded the speed limit). "AND I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THIS BEING YOUR FIRST OFFENCE. YOUR FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON GISSING has a very engaging way of making *Love in the Byways* (F. V. WHITE). Here are a dozen short stories of the marriages and givings in marriage of country folk, each opening with its little dilemma, each concluding to the happy sound of the right wedding bells. Here honest yeomen make progress with comely lasses. Trouble sets in, but nice-spoken gentlemen intervene and all is well. Now and then an old-fashioned tune is played on the village violin; occasionally there is a note of tragedy; once there is almost murder. For the most part the moral is that the course of true love may not run smoothly, but does eventually get you there. The author treats his simple, obvious themes with an easy grace. His style, marred only by an excess of "commencements," itself suggests the sunlight and single aim of rustic life. Not for him is the movement, the dust and the thrill of the town. None of his characters deals in subtle sex problems or the intricate detection of crime. Only one of them even smokes a cigar. Let me recommend you, after the rush of a busy day and in your less complex moods, to read the book. You will not sit up half the night to finish it. More probably you will retire at the decent hour of ten under the temporary illusion that you are in the country yourself.

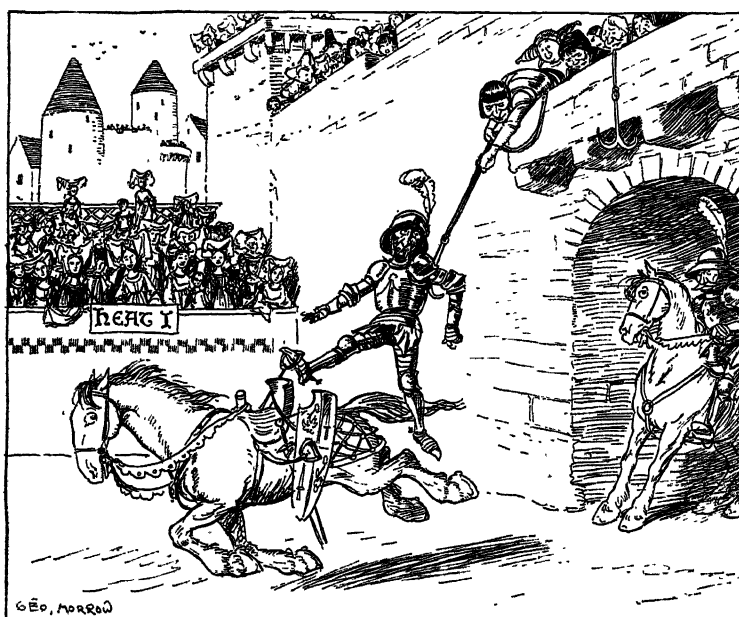
It has long been the mournful habit of publishers to maintain that short stories appeal but little to the popular taste. We live, nevertheless, in an age of literary dram-drinking; the public displays a passionate desire for snippets, loves to assimilate its literature in small doses, and enjoys

the classics in compressed tabloid form. Even the student of biography would appear to share Mr. ALFRED LESTER's preference for "a short life and a gay one." If, therefore, the short story has fallen into disfavour, brevity cannot be regarded as its sole excuse for unpopularity. The writers of short stories are as numerous as the sands of the seashore, and, alas! too often as arid. Against their bleak and dreary background a few clear-cut polished gems shine out, like broken bottles on the beach, with redoubled effulgence. In *Corporal Sam and Other Stories* (SMITH, ELDER) "Q" once more proves his right to a place, with KIPLING, JACOBS, CONRAD, and perhaps one other, in the very front rank of modern story-tellers. He is a past-master of his craft, dramatic, deft, full of humour and imagination. The reader who is depressed by the somewhat morbid ending of the story from which this collection derives its title will be relieved by the cheerful sentimentality of "Colonel Baigent's Christmas," or "My Christmas Burglary." He will join with Troy in the laughter evoked by the discomfiture of the facetious *Mayor Pinsent*, and share in sympathy the sorrows of *Sir Felix Felix-Williams*. For all who delight in tales of adventure and romance "Q" provides a rich and wholesome feast.

It is a very gallant period ("Od's heart" for the gentlemen, and "La!" for the ladies, you know) that Mr. RAFAEL SARATINI has chosen for his *Anthony Wilding* (HUTCHINSON); but I don't think he has made the most of his cavalier. He should either have flung him (dragging me behind) whole-heartedly into the cause of MONMOUTH, which I admit would have been a pretty difficult job, or else have painted such an attractive portrait of the man that I could forgive the rather ineffectual rôle he plays in the Protestant rising of

the West. As it is, *Mr. Wilding* (an accredited agent of the Duke) is not present at any action, and escapes the charge of treason at the end, through the circumstance that he holds a letter compromising *SUNDERLAND*, which he ought to have delivered to the invader. But (shade of *MONTROSE*!) this is not the stuff of which my idols are made when they work for a hopeless cause. On the other hand his love-affair was brisk and breezy enough. He forced *Ruth Westmacott* to marry him at the beginning of the book by promising to spare her brother's life (the young man had insulted him), and she fell in love with him afterwards during a series of exciting and mutual rescues, of sufficient h.p. to have carried the unfortunate pretender to victory. On the whole I think I was most attracted to *Mr. Nick Trenchard*, the hero's friend, a very raffish rake-hell, whatever that may be, who remarks in one place, "Not thirsty? Why, lad, it's the beast that drinks only when he thirsts. And in that lies one of the main differences between beast and man," a sentiment almost worthy of *Athos* in his unregenerate days. But I doubt whether *Mrs. Wilding* invites him to *Zoyland Chase*.

Mr. JOHN BARNETT, the author of *Eve in Earnest* (*SMITH, ELDER*), is too much given to the trick of talking to his readers about his characters, as if they were not the clay and he the potter. When he says, "I believe *Eve's* head was whirling," or "I suppose she looked older than her age," or "I fancy she was startled," he tires me. If writers like "W. M. T." late of *Mr. Punch's* Table, or *Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN*, buttonhole me in this sort of way, I feel that they are slightly opening the door of their minds and inviting me to peep through the chink. But *Mr. BARNETT*, seeking, I suppose, to make his puppets extra lifelike, only seems to me to make more visible the strings by which they are pulled. Apart from this flaw, which may not irritate others as it does me, there are good points in the book, notably the picture of *Eve's* old father, who, engaged on a *magnum opus* which dulls his conscience to the duty and necessity of writing pot-boilers, throws the whole weight of the household on to *Eve's* pretty shoulders. However, after blushing and working unseen through twenty-three years' existence in Bloomsbury, she visits a worldly aunt in the Garden of England, and is introduced by *Mr. BARNETT* to a rather second-rate Adam and a modified Eden. Unfortunately Adam, like some other young Members of Parliament, has a swelled head and is not too pleasant to live with. So *Eve* runs away to Bloomsbury, and it is up to *Mr. BARNETT* to devise some means of reconciling the once fond pair; which he does, on the principle that pity is akin to love, by afflicting *Eve* with poverty and Adam with temporary blindness as the result of a railway accident; after which it only remains to present them with two single first-class tickets back to Eden.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—SLINGING THE HOOK.

I am not quite certain which of the many problems contained in *Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT's* new novel is the special one that gives its title to *The Question* (*WERNER LAURIE*). One might suppose it to be the choice between musical fame and domestic happiness that *Rupert May* had to take, or rather that *Josephine*, the ambitious, took for him. Or again, it may refer to the doubt as to which of her two lovers, *Rupert* or *Penuel*, this same *Josephine* will finally accept. What is more to the point is that *Mrs. TRUSCOTT* has written about it all in a manner that makes a usual story unusually charming. She has an appreciation, half humorous and half tender, for nuances of character, and a gift of translating them into language that is both fresh and delightful. *The Question* is a book of which no page can be missed without loss. But because I have enjoyed it so much, and shall look forward with interest to its successor, let *Mrs. TRUSCOTT* pardon me if I entreat her not again to illustrate it with a "photographic study" of her heroine. This is a growing practice with novelists, against which the protests of the sentimental should

be emphatic. Not that I have anything against the young lady who forms the frontispiece to the present volume; on the contrary, I am convinced that she is as amiable as she is charming. But, labelled *Josephine*, and thrust upon me with the "none-other-are-genuine" mandate of the author herself, she stifles imagination. And this is just what the heroine of a novel should not do. Pictures used to be bad enough; but there it was always possible to believe that the artist, poor fellow, had been unable to represent Her manifold perfections, even if he had got them right in his mind's eye. But a "photographic study"—no, no, away with it!

An author who has an intimate knowledge of the country and of village life appeals to me so strongly that I am loath to find fault with *MARY J. H. SKRINE's* *A Stepson of the Soil* (*ARNOLD*). The tortuous sentence is, however, Miss *SKRINE's* trouble, and one specimen—on page 132—has got completely out of hand. But having made my grumble I can honestly add that much enjoyment is to be obtained from this book. For the most part the story is of humble people, and without an exception the characters of the peasants are admirably drawn. *Phil White*, the heroic waif, both in his hero-worship and his gratitude for kindness, is a lovable child, and for *Jane Dallins* I have a most sympathetic admiration. The smell of the soil must come to any lover of the country who reads of *Phil White*, and, after all, it is as difficult to create a wholesome atmosphere as it is to be a stylist.

A Good Flying Part.

We understand that out of compliment to the intrepid French aviator, the lady who is in the habit of playing the title rôle in *Peter Pan* will in future be billed for the part as Miss *PAULHAN CHASE*.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME alarm was caused in Ireland last week by the statement, published in all the leading newspapers, that the PREMIER had been presented to the King of PORTUGAL. It was pointed out jealously that Mr. ASQUITH was Mr. REDMOND's, and no one else had a right to give him away. * *

Still, it is good to know that the Irish are not, after all, to have it all their own way. Mr. REDMOND reckoned without the writer of the following letter, which appeared in *The Express* last week:—

"SIR,—For many years I have drunk only Irish whisky, but in view of the action of the Nationalist Members of Parliament in assisting the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pass his iniquitous Budget I have decided to abstain from it in future. — CITIZEN, London."

It only remains to hope that "Citizen" was a heavy drinker. * *

"There was a little jealousy here and there yesterday," said a writer in *The Daily News* one day last week, "because some of us had received the beautiful founder's badge of the Gladstone League while others had not. It was, however, explained . . . that members were being served alphabetically." Naturally upon reading this we imagined that the name of the writer began with an "A," or a "B," or anyhow a "C." Judge of our surprise upon finding that the note was signed "X. Y. Z." This looks like favouritism, and should be enquired into. * *

From Durban comes the news that Heard Island has been annexed by Great Britain. Let this be a warning to other little islands that they should be seen and not Heard. * *

"GREAT BIRD YEAR.
UNUSUAL RUSH OF SUMMER
VISITORS."

states a contemporary. This record immigration was due, we understand, to an extraordinary misconception in the bird world to the effect that *The Daily Mail* £10,000 competition was open to all bipeds. * *

L'intransigeant evidently believes that aeroplanes will be of practical use in

time of war. Its comment on PAULHAN's victory, according to *The Daily Mail*, was:—"Prodigious, and at the same time very sweet for our French *armour-propre*." * *

Upon his arrival in Brussels Mr. ROOSEVELT was presented with a written protest against his massacre of game in Africa. The wording of the protest, which referred to the destruction of "our helpless brothers," was somewhat unfortunate in view of the fact that

patches which give most trouble to the adapter from the French are the blue ones. * *

Short and early Sunday services for sportsmen have been instituted at St. Andrew's Church, Surbiton. Golfers, cyclists, tennis-players, and carsmen will be welcome at these, but spelman players and marblers, we understand, will be expected to attend the usual services. * *

We certainly live in an inconsistent world. Last week Commander PEARY was fêted for his Arctic "Dash," and a bicyclist, who, in a moment of heat, said, "Damn," was fined for it. A question of temperature, we presume. * *

"Who was NELSON?" asked the master. "The man who invented two-shilling novels," said the up-to-date boy. * *

The licence of the Ship Inn, Pakefield, has had to be transferred to another site, as, owing to the encroachment of the sea, the house is in an unsafe position, and may fall at any moment. This victory of water over alcoholic beverages has given great satisfaction to local teetotalers. * *

Those who are interested in coincidences no doubt noticed last week that simultaneously with the report that Lord KITCHENER was to overhaul Gibraltar appeared the announcement that a bird known as the Cock of the Rock was to be added to the collection at the Zoo. * *

"The recommendation of the Bye-Laws Committee that during the coming season there should be no hiring of donkeys on the sands allowed between 1 and 1.30 p.m. was amended to from 1.30 to 2, that being considered a more suitable time for the animals' mid-day meal."

This is the Llandudno Urban Council at work. After all, 1 p.m. is rather early for a donkey to lunch, particularly when it has had a glass of sherry and a biscuit as recently as 11 a.m.

"The Deptford Borough Council invite applications for the appointment of clerk of works. . . . Salary will be at the rate of 3s. per week, and the person appointed will be required to devote whole time to the duties.—*Contract Journal*."

The queue outside the Deptford Town Hall is getting quite a nuisance.

IN MEMORIAM.

His Majesty
King Edward the Seventh.

BORN, 1841. DIED, MAY 6, 1910.

At midnight came the Majesty of Death—

Kings of the earth abide this King's decree—
Sudden, and kindlier so, to seal the breath
And set the spirit free.

And now the Peace he held most near his heart,
That Peace to which his country's steps he led—
So well for us he played his royal part—
Broods o'er him lying dead.

Thus passes Britain's crown from King to King,
Yet leaves secure a nation's deathless love,
Dearer than Empire, yea, a precious thing
All earthly crowns above.

O. S.

the ex-President's bag includes many monkeys. * *

The skeleton of a mammoth has been found in a ravine near the village of Senkovo, in Russia. It is thought that the poor creature must have died of starvation while its master was away on his holiday. * *

After all, we are to have *Chantecler* in English. Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER has done the translation. "There are some wonderful purple patches in the play," he says. As a rule, of course, the

WHERE IS IT?

(You are invited to guess the scene and occasion.)

She. I can't do it.

He. Can't do what?

She. Go in among that seething mass of women. I never knew there were so many women in the world. Where do they all come from?

He. London, England, the United Kingdom, the Empire—and there are lots more left at home. It's a great thought. Come on.

She. I daren't. I shall stay here with these nice cool statues.

He. Well, I'm for a plunge. Pull yourself together. Let your hat go first, and you're bound to follow. Now then—one, two, three!

[They plunge.]
She (emerging). There, it's ruined. The brim's gone; I knew it would be. Charles, promise you won't leave me. I really—I beg your pardon; I thought you were my—Oh, there you are, Charles.

He. Nice thing to seize another man by the arm like that—and a clergyman too. They're always the worst.

She. Yes, wasn't it awful? But one man's arm's just like another's, you know, and he was quite nice about it. I did pinch it very hard, too. Let's get on now.

He. What's that?

She (consulting a book). No. 9. "The Kiss of Farewell." Isn't it lovely hair?

He. What's she kissing it for? She ought to let somebody else do that.

She. Going to be a nun, silly, so it's got to come off.

He. I bet she chuckled the nun part at the last moment and kept her hair. No woman—

She. Don't shout like that. They're all looking at you.

He. Well, push along a bit.

* * *
He. Halloa, there's the *Dreadnought*.

She (consulting the book). Wrong again. It's No. 102, "The Crisis."

He. There's no such ship in the Navy.

She. It's in the catalogue, anyhow. See?

He. Rather a mysterious title.

She. Not a bit. There's a war, and they're getting the ships ready, coaling and victualling and all that, and the big ship—

He. Hush! they'll think you're JACKY FISHER, and they'll begin to ask you about the two-power standard.

She. Oh, there's George Alexander.

He. Where?

She. On the wall, right in front of you. Isn't he just—

He. Yes, isn't he?

* * *
She. There's the Gaekwar of Baroda.

He. Doesn't he blaze?

She. Yes; but it's the merest waste for a man to wear such pretty things.

He. I daresay the Gaekwaraess has just as good.

She. She ought to have better.

He. Look at the Polar Bears, No. 127.

She. They're too sweet for words. I should like to cuddle them. Did you see in the papers about their changing their cage?

He. These chaps haven't been in a cage.

She. There you go again. I mean the bears at the Zoo, Sammy and Barbara. They simply couldn't get Barbara out of her old cage. Too touching, wasn't it? There!

He. What's up?

She. Fat man. Gathers. I'm torn to rags.

* * *

He. What's the name of that judge?

She (reading from book). No. 442. "Mr. Justice Eve."

He. Jolly old party, isn't he?

She. Yes; doesn't look like a judge, somehow.

He. They don't always frown.

She. But they've got to do a lot of sentencing every day, wet or shine, and that must make them look morose. I don't call that a penal-servitude face.

* * *

He. What do they call that?

She. No. 484. "Portrait Group." How strong and red and determined they all look. They must all be relations, of course.

He. Why?

She. Well, you can't imagine people as angry as that all staying together in one room unless they were a family, and had got to stay together.

* * *

He. Thank goodness, we've finished it. Really it's—

She. Oh, don't say it's a commonplace exhibition. Everybody's always saying that. Try and find something original.

He. I was going to say it showed what a pitch art had got to in England.

She. That's more like it. But you can do better than that if you try.

TO A BANK OF ENGLAND PIGEON.

DESCENDANT of the doves of Aphrodite

Who fluttered in that type of beauty's train

And followed her affairs—the grave, the flighty,

Cooing in just your calm, uncaring strain,

Whether she thought to rid her of a rival,

Or bring some laggard lover to her knees;—

I see you, Sir, the latter-day survival

Of such fair plumed satellites as these!

"Bred in the bone," perchance you know the motto!

And so you doubtless dream of tides that lace

O'er snow-white sand by some blue Paphian grotto,

Or of your sires' dark, murmurous, woodland Thrace;

A penny whistle shrilling 'mid the traffic

May seem the goat-foot god's own oaten trill,

Till you shall think to hear the Maenads maffick

In the upborne commotion of Cornhill!

And from your perch where sooty winds are striving,

O Bank Stock-dove, as o'er Hymettian bloom

You yet may watch the busy bees a-hiving

The sweet and subtle fragrance of the Boom,

And see, as once before the Cyprian matron,

The crowds that wait, obsequious and discreet,

On her, your passionless and newer patron,

The stern Old Lady of Threadneedle Street!

Stick No Bills.

We are requested by *The Alnwick and County Gazette* to state that the advertisement which appeared in its columns announcing that "The Secretary of the Alnmouth Golf Club is open to offers for advertisements on Hoardings, in Bunkers, and about the Course"—an advertisement which afforded *Mr. Punch* matter for illustration—did not actually emanate from official sources, but was a baseless fabrication. It appears to have been the work of Colonel Bogus.

"A Frenchman who was arrested at Liverpool, on the ground that he had escaped from the French penal settlement of Devil's Island, was held for extradition to-day. The magistrate said the French courts would take attenuating circumstances into consideration."

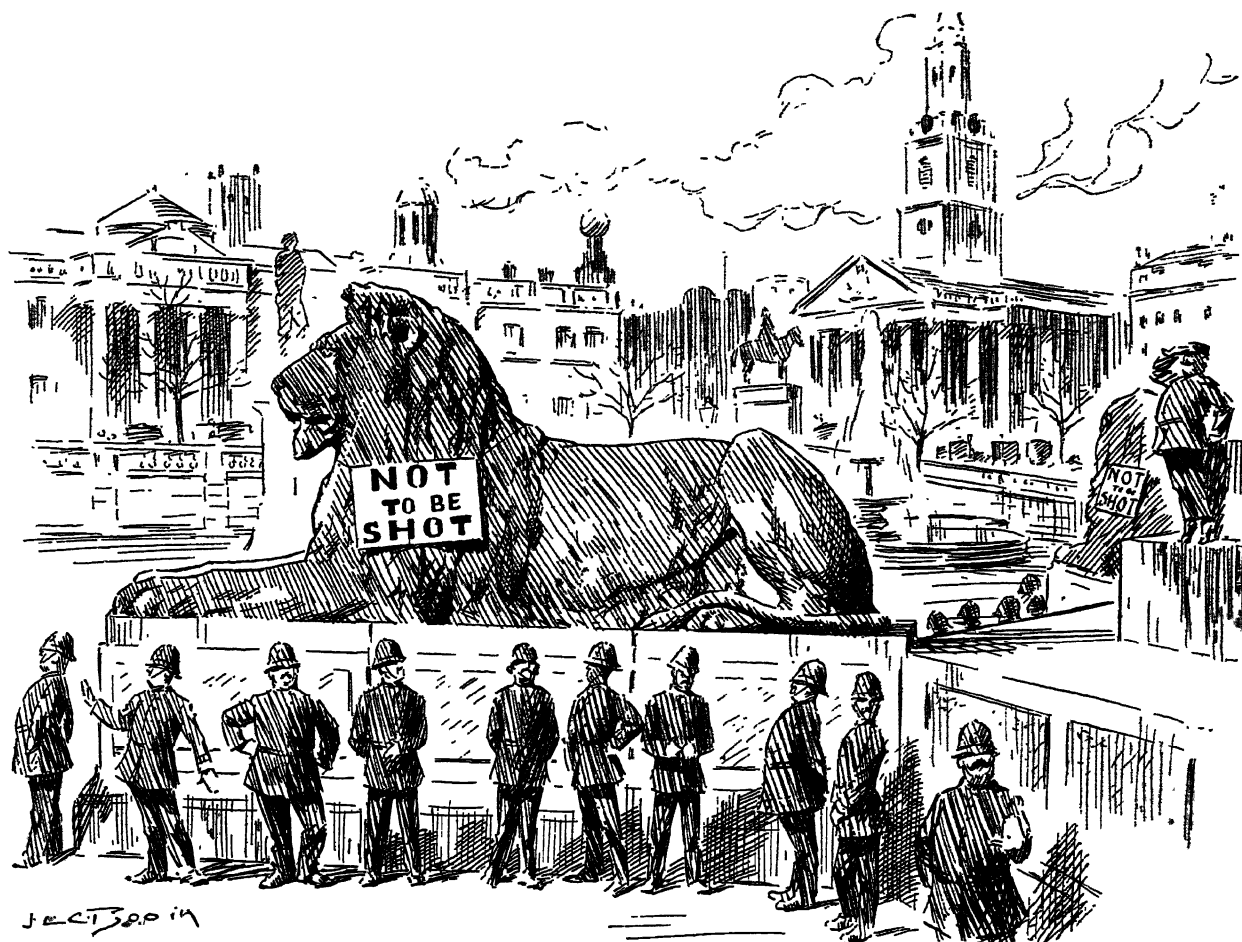
Montreal Star.

There must be a good many "attenuating circumstances" on Devil's Island.



"SET FAIR:" MAY TO OCTOBER.

BRITISH LION. "WELL, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE A SUN!"



A SUGGESTED PRECAUTION.

IN VIEW OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO LONDON.

MUST MEETINGS.

You hear a great deal just now about May Meetings; let us tell you something about Must Meetings.

One of the most frequented centres for Must Meetings is Bow Street Police Court. There is generally a full and orderly attendance; some of the most eloquent and talented speakers are to be heard there, pleading worthy causes or denouncing desperate evils, and the remarks of the gentleman presiding are always sure of respectful attention. A collection is a feature of these meetings; it frequently occurs that someone present, obviously not well-to-do, will contribute as much as forty shillings.

A notable Must Meeting took place at the Law Courts (King's Bench IV.) last week, Mr. Justice CHANNELL presiding. The principal speaker was Mr. HALL CAINE, who dealt with the interesting subject of "The Unwritten Law." The meeting ended quite amicably, Mr. HALL CAINE shaking hands with one of the speakers who,

earlier in the meeting, was evidently at variance with him. It was noticed by the audience that no collection was taken, but we understand that a number of solicitors and barristers who happened to be present will attend to this matter in due course.

It is not unusual, excepting in the month of May, which is unlucky for the purpose, for Must Meetings to take place in churches. We ourselves took part in a meeting of this kind in a country church not long ago. The vicar presided. The meeting had been brought about by a young man of our acquaintance, who, however, strangely enough, at the last minute was reluctant to attend, urging as his excuse that he couldn't face all the trimmings. "You must," said his counsellors, and, pushing him into a cab, they got him at last to the church. In proof of the wisdom of their efforts they found that the meeting had waited ten minutes, refusing to proceed without its instigator. The young man was persuaded to say a few words during the pro-

ceedings. There was also an attractive young lady speaker; the organist played some well-written compositions, and the vicar's address will not readily be forgotten by those who paid attention to it.

The last of the series of Must Meetings for which we have space took place in the quiet of the study of the headmaster of a well-known boarding school for young gentlemen. Only two persons attended, the headmaster and one of the young gentlemen, who had proved himself to be more young than anything else. The subject of the meeting was the effect of arboriculture on the human anatomy, with experiments. The younger of the two took the chair, and was much affected by the proceedings.

According to a local paper the Beckenham Urban District Council has "decided to meet for three months every three weeks." This spirit is all very well at the start, but it doesn't last long.

TAXATION WITH MISREPRESENTATION.

At any moment now I may get a letter on blue paper from my friend Mr. R. H. Penton, Surveyor or what not of Taxes. It is certainly his turn to write. My only doubt is as to what he will say. If he says uncompromisingly, "Please remit"—oh, no, but he won't say "Please"—"Remit at once £17,806 3s. 2d., the amount of income-tax due for the year 1909-10," then I shall be all right. But if he simply asks me to "Remit income-tax," and makes no mention of the amount, then I am a doomed man. The whole truth will come out, and I shall waste the best years of the rest of my life in Portland or Dartmoor. I hope that there will be a choice, for I certainly prefer Portland.

I am the only man in England who pays his income-tax with the utmost cheerfulness and yet invariably pays the wrong amount. If the Judge is a gentleman he will take into consideration the fact that the wrong amount is considerably in excess of the right amount. But I am afraid the law is no gentleman. I put it, however, to the British public that this is an extenuating circumstance. You who read this will, I am sure, feel that it is a fact which justifies you in signing the petition to the Home Secretary for the condemned man's reprieve.

To begin at the beginning we must go back a few years—to the day when I received my first letter from my friend Mr. R. H. Penton. It was a long letter, rather involved, and full of difficult words like "schedule." Mr. Penton had left a lot of spaces in this letter; into most of which (when once I had mastered the idea of the thing) I had no difficulty in putting the word "None." But there was one space which seemed to require figures. The actual figures being left entirely to me, I hastened to think of some.

What was wanted, of course, was my estimated income for the ensuing year. The proper way of estimating this (I am told now) is to examine your paying-in book for the previous three years, add all the amounts together, and divide by three. There were difficulties in the way of my doing this, however—even if I had known that it was customary. The first was that I had lost my paying-in book a long time ago; the second was that I had earned practically nothing the two previous years. It would have seemed rather cheap to return, as my estimated income for the approaching year, only a third of the glorious income which I was then receiving.

You understand that it was something of an event to be allowed to pay income-tax for the first time; a milestone on the road to success to receive a letter from Mr. R. H. Penton. There had been two barren years during which he had ignored me entirely. Each morning that I sat down to breakfast there was a frigid silence, an utter absence of communication from my friend the Surveyor. Now at last I could bask in the smile of his friendship. "Let me," I said as I read his letter again eagerly—"let me"—and I hurriedly looked up "schedule" in the dictionary—"let me really do the fellow proud."

I began to do him proud by getting out my pass-book. A pass-book differs from a paying-in book in two important particulars, the more important of the two being that the Bank looks after your pass-book for you and sees that you don't lose it. The other difference is this: that, if you did happen to keep and fill in a paying-in book, your cheque of £10 from *The Poultry Keeper's Gazette* would be entered "*Poultry Keeper's Gazette*, £10," whereas in the pass-book it is recorded simply as "Chq. £10." Now "Chq. £10" might just as well be a birthday present from an uncle or the return of a loan from a friend; that is to say, you cannot be certain whether it was part of your income or not. Consequently I could only get a rough idea of my earnings from my pass-book—all I could say was, "They were not more than a million pounds" (or whatever it was).

Very well; at the outside I had earned a million pounds in the last year. But surely I hoped to earn more than that in the ensuing year, or what was Life, where was Ambition? The least I could anticipate (if genius was ever to be recognised) was two million pounds. Now you cannot return exactly two millions pounds as your estimated income, or they will know you are lying; I added therefore (and have added ever since) one pound eight shillings and threepence for the sake of verisimilitude. Two million and one pounds eight shillings and threepence was the amount of my return, and I left it to Mr. Penton to work out the tax due... Which he did very quickly and accurately.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte, as M. PAULAN said to the reporter. My first step on the downward path (to give the proverb a slightly different meaning) has proved very costly since. A year later I had another jolly letter from my old college friend, Mr. R. H. Penton, asking me again to think of an income. Again I found that I couldn't possibly have earned (or, rather, received) more

than a million, and by this time I knew that genius wasn't being, and wasn't going to be, recognised. But was Penton, R. H. Penton, to think that I was a failure? Was I to wear my apparent decrease of income on my sleeve for Penton to peck at? Never! Pride would not stand it. Two million five-hundred-thousand and one pounds, eight shillings and threepence, Mr. Surveyor, and make what you like of that!

And so it goes on. But here is my difficulty, here is where prison threatens me. I can never remember what the amount was which I swore last year to be a true estimate of this year's income. I find fairly easily a sum which is certainly greater than my latest earnings; then I add some round figures to make it more than my return of the year before; and then one pound eight and threepence (I *think*) for verisimilitude. A total obtained so subtly can never be duplicated. If I am asked for the figures again I am done.

Up till now there has been no trouble. Mr. Penton is a gentleman and accepts my word. But with the rejection of the Budget I began to be afraid. If he demands now a certain sum (any sum), all is well; but if he begins all over again, and asks me to declare my income afresh, I shall have to tell him that I haven't the least idea what we decided it was. For of course I lost his *ante-November* letters on the subject a long time ago.

Well, I can only hope that it isn't a serious offence to pay too much income-tax. As I say, I pay it very cheerfully, I get a lot in return for it, really—nice fat policemen, and beautiful life guards, and cheap stamps, and (above all) the knowledge that, if ever I did happen to want eight and be unable to wait, I should be in a position to shout for them. And I have one thing, anyhow, for which to be thankful. In my return to Mr. Penton I did not (so far as I can remember) claim rebate for any children under sixteen. Had I done so, I should certainly have forgotten by now upon how many children I had claimed.

A. A. M.

The Astronomer's Love Song.

(Greenwich Time.)

No more I feel the potent spell
Of Jupiter or Mars,
Or know the magic peace that fell
Upon me from the Stars.

A fiercer flame—a Comet-love—
Consumes my spirit now;
I cry to yon still heavens above,
"Oh! *Halley's*, where art thou?"

ROYAL ACADEMY. FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



A TIFF (184).



TALES OF THE DEEP. A FISH STORY (718).



THE RETURN FROM THE PAGEANT (495).



WINTER SPORT IN THE ALPS.
THE OPEN-AIR CURE (239).



PICTURES WITH ILLUMINATING TITLES.
A SAUCER OF MILK (6).



THE LITTLE GIRL
AT THE DOOR (211).



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IN GALLERY VII.
THE NIGHTINGALE? (427).



ACCOMPANYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES (292).



THE SKYLARK? (441).



MIRROR PICTURES ARE VERY POPULAR THIS YEAR. SUGGESTION FOR A GROUP (ARTIST AND SITTER) ENTITLED, "ALL MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN."



THE HAUNTING SMILE OF THE SHERIFF. (275).

GEL. MORROW.

A SHORT WAY WITH PROPHETS.

I FOUND him in his laboratory affecting to be busy.

"I want to know about the summer," I said. "You are a weather expert?"

"Yes."

"And you have discovered and announced that the summer is to be a cold and wet one?"

"Certainly," he replied smilingly. "Unusually so."

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"The law of averages," he said. "What has happened will happen, you know. The Gulf Stream . . ."

"But how do you *know*?" I repeated.

"Well, of course it remains to be seen if we really know," he replied; "but probabilities . . ."

"My dear Sir," I said, "do you mean to tell me seriously that you consider yourself justified, after collecting a few measly probabilities—all the wrong way, mind—in publishing to the world at large your depressing conjectures?"

"But I am a man of science," he answered—"a professional meteorologist."

"Professional Dismal Jimmy!" I exclaimed. "Why are you? Who wants you to be one?"

"I assure you," he said, "I am greatly in request. Journalists are continually calling to interview me."

"Yes," I said, "in the hope that you will have something decent to say. That would be some good—cheer people up."

"But science . . ." he began.

"My dear Sir," I said, "do you remember last summer?"

He shivered.

"Very well, then. You remember last summer, and what a ghastly failure it was; and yet here in May, on the threshold of things, when hope runs high, you dare to come forward and say you have reason to believe, from some twopenny-halfpenny statistics regarding the Gulf Stream, that the forthcoming summer will be cold and wet too? You can do that?"

"Science . . ." he began again!

"Ha," I cried, "if it were not so expensive—twenty shillings and costs—I would apply to such science the only epithet it deserves. My point is that when a man does not *know* we can do without his morbid conjectures. You don't know; how can you? No one knows. Very well, then, hold your tongue, or say something nice."

He smiled tolerantly.

"You haven't held your tongue," I continued, "and you have said something rotten. I am going to make you take it back. My wretched countrymen have suffered too long; they must have hope, and you must give it to them."

"But science . . ." he began once

more, "by investigation . . . by reputation . . ."

"Prophets can always hedge," I said, "and you are going to;" and so saying I drew from my pocket a window-cleaning syringe of enormous calibre, and began to play upon him with it from a reservoir fastened to my shoulders. He was in a corner and could not escape.

"Now," I said, as he squirmed and struggled, "you know something of what a cold and wet summer means. Write a new forecast. Quick."

And he did so.

So, if you see in the papers next week that the summer, after all, is to be a good one, you will know whom to thank.

THE VOCAL CURE.

[A distinguished expert has recently given it forth as an undoubted fact that the exercise of the vocal cords is extremely beneficial to the general health.]

When I feel a trifle "off,"

With a headache or a chill, I

Do not call in METCHNIKOFF

And his legions of bacilli;

No opposing millions execute a scrum

In my tum.

But I exercise the cords

Of my voice (if I may so call

That arrangement which affords

Certain sounds, remotely vocal,

Like the night-song of the tabby who

reviles

On the tiles).

When I shiver in the grip

Of the "flu"—you'll think me

faddy,

But I loudly utter "Yip,"

Followed quickly by "iaddy,"

And the baffled germs with one

despairing cry

Do a guy.

When sea-sickness makes me crave

For the funeral bark of Charon,

I just hymn the ocean wave

And the life that men lead thereon;

Which I fancy turns the others that

are ill

Sicker still.

When the savage thrills of gout

Rack my body with their malice,

I vociferously shout

For the whereabouts of Alice;

It's surprising what a different man

I feel

For the squeal.

Not for me the weary tour

Of those Continental places

Where you take your costly cure

With the dismallest of faces.

I can purchase all the health for

which I long

For a song.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

A FEW words, dear reader, on the gallant Japanese, who are to entertain us at the Bush of the Shepherd during the summer, will not be out of place. For to visit the Exhibition totally ignorant of this people would be an immense mistake. The more one knows of a nation whose exhibits one is to study and admire at a charge of a shilling a head, the better will one be instructed. And not only its products of commerce and art, but its pleasures too; for how could one rightly be amused on the Flip Flap, that ancient Japanese device for depriving the tourist of his silver, if one did not know its history? Listen therefore to a discourse on the Japanese as profound as it is timely and as veracious as it is brief.

Japan—but first a word should be said about the extraordinary contradiction of a famous line by one of our best poets—not Mr. SWINBURNE, as it happens this time, nor Mr. RHODES, but Mr. KIPLING himself—that is about to be established. Mr. KIPLING, in a moment of what was then considered inspiration, but is now recognised by all the best intellects as error, once wrote that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." How false that is—no matter how fine as poetry—one has only to go to Shepherd's Bush to ascertain. For no one can say that Japan is not in the East: its very flag is a representation of the rising sun; hence the new and witty description of Shepherd's Bush as the land where the sun never sets (which has been ascribed to Mr. SHAW, but was really said by Lord CARRINGTON). Very well, then, here are the Japanese, an essentially Eastern crowd, mingling with English sight-seers in London, which is as essentially the West; and, what is more, at Shepherd's Bush, which is in the West of London. What do you think of that? Mr. KIPLING's reply will be eagerly awaited by many thousands of readers.

Japan has sent its best to the exhibition, and what Japan's best means I leave you to guess. For few nations are busier in the production of works of utility. Every man in Japan, for example, wears clothes of some sort, and those have to be made; every woman has her ornaments, and these have to be made also. Here we have at once the nucleus of considerable industry. Then there are the utensils of life, decorations, furniture, and so forth, all peculiar to Japan, as our own are peculiar to England. Not that interchange is impossible. On the contrary, it is not an infrequent experience, on entering a Japanese house, to find an English article, or, on entering an English house, to find a Japanese one. (I am, for



Passenger (to Conductor, who is having an altercation with foreigner about change). "IT'S NO USE YOUR TALKING TO HIM LIKE THAT—HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF ENGLISH."

Conductor. "OH, HE KNOWS ENGLISH RIGHT ENOUGH. WHY, WHEN HE GOT INSIDE THE 'BUS HE SAID, 'OBORN!'"

example, using a Japanese fan with my left hand at this moment to correct the heated state into which the exercise of imparting so much information has thrown me.)

One other little point about the East and West question, if I may be allowed to return to it. Japan, although it is the East to us, is of course the West to any one on the other side of it. By moving one's position rapidly, in, say, a very swift aeroplane—whether a bi- or mono-is immaterial—one could, you observe, make an absolute fool of the compass. To do so would, of course, be wrong, since one must not tamper with science; but there it is. Nothing to our English way of thinking is so West as America. "To the West, to the West, to the land of the free," we sing. The American Exhibition, a few years ago, was called "The Far West." But how does a Japanese think of America? As the East. That's very extraordinary, isn't it? It just shows how careful men and poets must be. Standing on his strand,

which may or may not be made of coral, and looking towards California, he says, in his own language, which I will not give here, but will translate literally, "See the East!" But that is not all; for, standing on the strand on the opposite side of his profoundly important and picturesque country and looking towards China, he exclaims in his own tongue, which again I translate, "See the West!" And yet how do we refer to the Chinese? As Orientals, by the word Oriental.

So you see what an interesting people the Japanese are, and how valuable to us all, morally and mentally, should their exhibition be.

"Mr. Briand was speaking at a political banquet at St. Chamond when a mob of socialists smashed the windows of the hall and stoned the Premier and his party as they were leaving. Several were hit. M. Briand was quite calm throughout. He was not hit."

Reuter in "The Allahabad Leader."

Certainly it was easier for him to keep calm in these circumstances.

THE MONTHLY SWEEP.

THE Major seldom broods or thinks
About the little sums he sinks
In Bogey pools, nor cares a whack
When not a farthing flutters back;
Although his profits are so meagre,
Month after month he turns up eager,
And hope gives birth
To the forlorn sixpennyworth.

His luck, of course, is always rough,
Yet, for some holes he has enough
Philosophy to disregard
The frequent minus on his card;
Also its paucity of plusses
Engenders only casual cusses;

Hopeful and keen,
He hacks along from green to green.
'Tis at the twelfth, beyond the furze,
Where oft the ultimate occurs;
He takes his card and with a frown
Observes that he's a dozen down;
Whereat the ineffectual snifter
Utters some comments (which the writer
Wisely omits)
And tears the beastly thing to bits!



Applicant. "I HEAR YOU WANT A LADY PARLOUR-MAID."

Lady (who has interviewed fifty or sixty). "No, I'VE GIVEN UP THE IDEA."

Applicant. "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T WANT TO BE A LADY ANY MORE. MOTHER DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH IN IT."

THE GOOD BEASTS' BOOK.

THE benevolent interest in (so-called) dumb creatures which has always been evinced by *The Daily Mail* has recently culminated in *The Harmsworth Natural History*—a work whose first number, we are told, "has opened the eyes of thousands to the extraordinary fascination of this subject." Much more important, however, than mere human ecstasy is the attitude of admiration adopted by those immediately concerned. To put it briefly, this brilliant undertaking has created a furore throughout the whole animal world. The first fortnightly part was eagerly devoured by an Indian rhinoceros at Regent's Park, whither our special representative journeyed with a bundle of copies; and so marked was the enthusiasm of the monkeys that they actually tore several numbers to fragments in their eager rivalry for the possession of these personal records. A chimpanzee chattered incoherently on beholding his simulacrum in a coloured plate, and the duck-billed platypus and the South American armadillo were prostrated by a violent rush of blood to the head—always a symptom of extreme joy among these species. A thoroughly reliable

keeper asserted that he had never seen the larger cattle so moved by the sight of any printed publication—not even *The Evening Gnu*.

Outside the Gardens also *The Harmsworth Natural History* is the sole topic of conversation among domestic animals. Several cab-horses have been noticed wistfully eyeing the bookstalls, and Newfoundland dogs' particularly are walking about with an unusual perkiness, in the belief that the paper employed for this venture was made from the wood-pulp of their own native isle. Everywhere humanitarians are to be found busily tearing up copies and strewing them with the morning crumbs for the sparrows, in order that our feathered friends may line the walls of their ideal homes with suitable literature and works of art. There is also some talk at Carmelite House of issuing an *édition-de-luxe* on currant buns for the benefit of the Polar bears.

"A Maidenhead fruiterer set a duck on hen eggs, from which eleven ducklings were hatched."—*Newbury Weekly News*.
At Marlow they think more of the local poulterer who gummed a marmalade label on a pear tree, and hatched eleven oranges.

ANOTHER SHATTERED ROMANCE.

(Aeroplane is the name of the latest colour for women's dresses.)

SHE wrote to her Thomas to meet her
On Saturday evening at eight,
And knew, in his ardour to greet her,
The gentleman wouldn't be late;
But, fearing the crowd that is often about
At corners of streets which are "main,"
She added, to guide him in picking her
out,

"I'll come in my aeroplane."

But now their attachment is ended;
Their parting was painful and rude;
For he was extremely offended,
And she was much misunderstood.
He blamed her for arrogance paltry and mean,
And made a ridiculous fuss,
Because she had mentioned her flying-machine
And really arrived in a 'bus.

Financial Candour.

From an "Appreciatory Letter," published by way of testimonial, in the prospectus of a firm of money-lenders:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I have reason to be much indebted to you for the manner in which you dealt with me."



AN EMPIRE'S GRIEF.
MAY 6TH, 1910.



AN EMPIRE'S GRIEF.
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AUTHORMOBILITY.

THE evidence recently given by Mr. HALL CAINE as to the strange behaviour of his car has caused great excitement in motoring circles. It will not easily be forgotten how, in his own words, in order to avoid colliding with a boy driving a cart "the chauffeur tobogganed into the bank, and the heavy car, with its great momentum, hurled itself into the air—and landed on its feet." As though this were not enough, later in the same month (August, 1908), as he was on the point of stepping into his automobile at the top of the drive at his house, "the car broke away from the brakes and ran down the slope. Many women and children were in the park. I was in fear that the car, which weighed two tons, would kill someone before it came to a standstill."

As the result of careful inquiries we have ascertained that this eccentric behaviour is by no means unusual in cars owned by literary men and women.

On the other hand Mr. MAX PEMBERTON writes that his car, though only weighing three tons, is extraordinarily sensitive. He distinctly remembered how once, after nearly running over a pig on the Great North Road, it sat up on end and cried like a child. Mr. PEMBERTON adds that the drive to his house is three miles long and that on his birthday as many as fifteen hundred people have picnicked in his grounds.

Miss PHYLLIS DARE recounts a thrilling adventure that once befell her while on her way to her photographer. As she was passing by a farm, a spring chicken, attracted by the sound of "Pip Pip," suddenly ran out in front of her car. She was herself at the wheel, and, hastily porting the helm, was thrown from her seat into a haystack in an adjoining field. The chicken was so grateful for its rescue that it insisted on following her home, and had remained with her as a pet ever since. But for several days she was unable to fulfil her photographic engagements owing to a sharp attack of hay fever.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S chauffeur, on being interviewed by our representative, said that his master on one occasion in a fit of absent-mindedness put his motor at a ha-ha in his park, with the result that the car, weighing four tons, turned a complete somersault, alighting on its bonnet. His master's park contained 400 acres, and the deer were much excited by the incident.

Mr. PÉLISSIER describes a curious incident that occurred to him as he was reading *The Contemporary Review* in his car a few days ago. His car is fitted with a horn which can sound all



DID THAT RASCALLY BOY MEAN ANYTHING?

Mr. Asquith (off Gibraltar—to Middy of the Admiralty yacht). "WELL, MY YOUNG FRIEND, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE LARGE AMOUNT OF SPRAY THIS YACHT TAKES ON BOARD EVEN WHEN IT'S SO CALM?"

Middy. "'FRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY, SIR; LARGELY A QUESTION OF WEIGHT AND SEA, I SHOULD SAY, SIR!"

the notes of the scale, and suddenly, without any warning, it began to play "Bye, Baby Bunting."

Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE, in reply to our representative, related an exciting incident which occurred while he was finishing *The Love Affairs of Christopher Columbus* or else *The Sweethearts of Confucius*, he could not remember which. As he was approaching a level crossing at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, he suddenly became conscious that an express train was coming along at full speed. He applied the brakes with great force and the car leapt clean into the air over the advancing train, landing on its feet at the other side. The accident fortunately did not affect his health in the slightest; he completed *The Love Affairs of Christopher Colum-*

bus that night, and before going to bed began to work on *The Courtships of Methuselah*.

The Growth of Humour in the East.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"MAGIC KNIFE.—This is an article which is both handy and elegant with nickel plated handle. It can be used to frighten friends by stabbing with it while at the same time by pressing the top the blade goes in and does not harm anything."

A Bribe.

Beneath a horrible picture in *The Sunday Companion* appears this sentence:—

"This striking incident occurs in the Rev. Glen Withy's great story 'Coals of Fire.' . . . You will see that £100 is offered for reading it." However, even so. . .

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

JAPS, YANKS, AND OTHERS.

Park Lane, May.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—This is going to be a *Japanese* summer, and those who aren't lucky enough to have dear little tucked-up eyes, a mysterious smile, and an inscrutable manner, *by nature*, must get them *by art*, or be out of the picture, my dear, *voilà tout*. Madame Blagueuse, the beauty-doctor, is simply most *immensely* successful with her new Japanese treatment, and we poor things who, for our sins, have nothing of the Far East in our appearance or our ways, go to her three times a week to have our eyes tucked up and to learn the mysterious smile and the inscrutable manner, also the correct oriental mode of wagging a fan. She says my progress is quite *wonderful*, and I really do think, without conceit, that I'm getting *Japaneser* than any of the others.

Wee - Wee came twice, and was getting on pretty well, and then Bosh put his foot down and stopped it. He said he wouldn't have his wife's eyes tinkered with, or her smile or her manner. She wasn't much to boast of, he added, and her eyes, smile, and manner might be open to a lot of criticism, but, such as they were, he'd have them left *au naturel* and not *Japanned*! Did you ever hear anything so odiously rude and tyrannical? And that absurd Wee-Wee actually gave in to him and stopped the treatment.

I'm a good deal vexed with my respected parents just now, and if I weren't the most *useful* of daughters—but never mind about that. This is what has happened. Among the *new* Americans in London for the season are the T. Silas Bunkers (of "Bunker's Dime Bazaars," which are to be found in every quarter of every city of every State of the Union). They're rich beyond the dreams, and are enormously anxious to be "on the premises." The few people they *do* know in London are English, I believe, for with true republican exclusiveness their compatriots over here, those who have as many as two eyes, are behind them, let them alone. Mrs. T. Silas bitterly

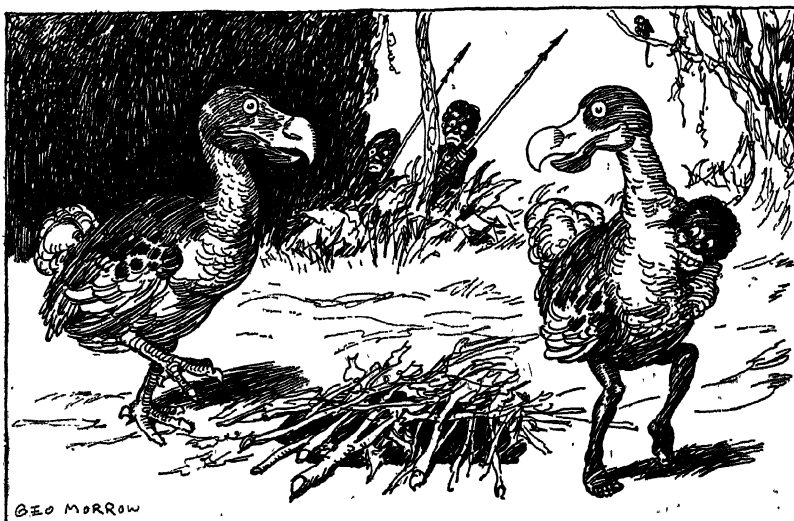
resents this attitude on the part of her own aristocracy, and especially complains, I'm told, of Lady Lacksiller, one of her countrywomen (you remember Portia Blogg's wedding last year to Sir Angus Lacksiller of that ilk). The Bunker woman attacked Lady L. in the lounge at the Recherche and demanded an explanation in terms like unto these:—"You hadn't need to put on frills with me, Portia Lacksiller, and leave me on the mat. Weren't we class-mates in old times?—and wasn't I the better scholar of the two?—and hadn't I more mentality than you? What's the matter with me and Silas anyway?" But it was of no avail. The baronet's better half continues to treat her old class-mate to what she calls the cold mit.

Well, but about my grievance. The T. Silas Bunkers have rented Fewacres

she'll bring an action for tort or something. (Next to getting into society, there's nothing Americans love better than going to law.) This is not the only instance this season of a sort of *habeas corpus* way of letting one's town house. I hear that old Lady Needmore is making a very good thing of letting Needmore House, *with herself in it*, to some pickle people.

You'll be sorry to hear that George and Babs have scored a failure with their Social Bureau. They were getting on quite nicely, when an unlucky thing happened that wrecked the Bureau. Mrs. T. Silas Bunker is in *this* story too. She has got through about the average amount of marrying in her own country, and T. Silas is her fifth husband, I believe. Well, when Mrs. B. gave her first party, she went to George and

Bab's Social Bureau for her guests. Among the latter was a certain Russian prince; and when this Russian prince made his bow at Fewacres House, in spite of his Orders, his black beard and moustaches, his broken English, and his almost aggressive Russian-ness, Mrs. T. Silas B. recognised his eyes as those of Jake Marshall, her husband before last. And so, my dear, the Social Bureau is closed, and the Russian prince and other "profes-

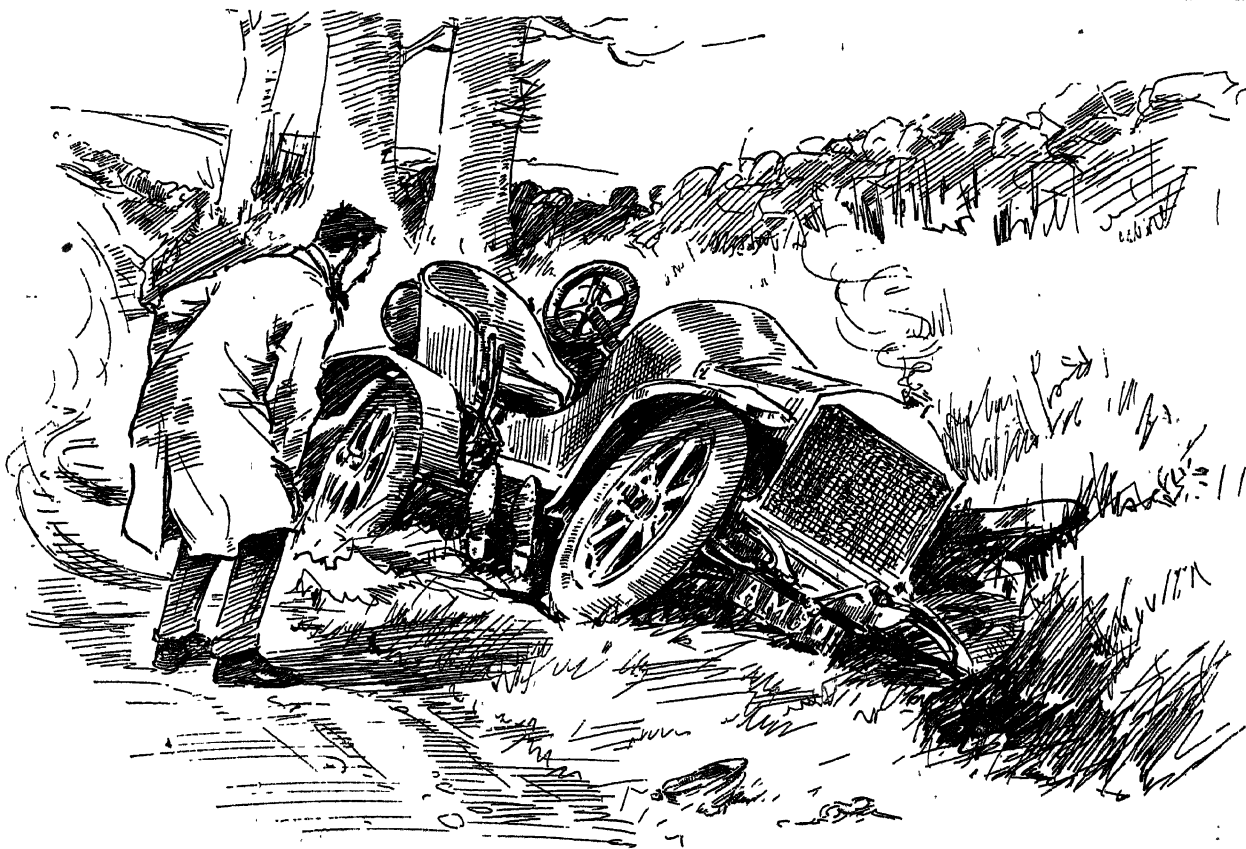


FORGOTTEN SPORTS—DOING THE DODO.

House this summer, the London home of your own Blanche once upon a time, and the other day I had a letter from Old Court, in which Mamma tells me that "these Bunker people are willing to pay quite a fancy rent for the season, if you, my child, will sign the enclosed agreement promising to go to Mrs. Bunker's parties. You were always a good-natured girl, Blanche, and I feel sure you won't refuse to use your social popularity to help your parents. (When the money's once paid, of course you can do as you like about going to the parties.)" What with this wicked Budget and everything going down in value and everything else getting horribly expensive, your father and I are"—and so on. And now, my dear, what do you think of that? I couldn't refuse to sign the thing, for I know my old people are in a ghastly state of stoniness just now, and here I am pledged to go to that woman's parties. If I don't go, I've no doubt

sional" guests have got to seek *un autre métier*.

A good many people are going in for the No-food cult, the Dick Flummerys among others. Indeed, dinners and suppers seem to be by way of becoming extinct functions. Dick says that till you've been without food for a week you don't know what you're really capable of. I don't think that would be a very reassuring thing to hear from anyone looking as wild and haggard as Dick does now, if one happened to be *tête-à-tête* with him and some knives! Dotty tells me that, with their tiny house and small means, they find entertaining much easier now they belong to the No-food set. Their little rooms will hold twice as many no-fooders as ordinary people, she says, and then there's no expense of feeding 'em. No, indeed. At the Flummerys, when your partner asks, "What shall I get you?" he merely adds, "*Hot or cold water?*"



Owner (practically unscathed). "SMART MAN, MY CHAUFFEUR. GOT DOWN TO HIS WORK ALREADY."

My little Devonshire coz continues to distinguish herself. People have been ~~amazingly sweet~~ to her for my sake, and Lady Manœuvrer's girl, Violet, asked her to be a bridesmaid at her wedding next month. I found, if you please, my dear, that she had actually refused! I asked what she *meant* by doing such a thing. "Oh! please, please," she said, "I couldn't be bridesmaid at such a dreadful wedding. She *can't* love that fearful old Lord Lucre; no girl could; he's seventy and lame, and has a glass eye. Please, please, cousin Blanche, don't make me be a bridesmaid—because I won't!"

Pretty good for an eighteen-year-old rustic, eh?

"You absurd prehistoric chit!" I said. "Many girls think seventy more fascinating than thirty. Lord Lucre is a most *charming* man. He's not lame—that's simply the *hereditary* Lucre walk; and as for his having a glass eye, to a certain type of face a glass eye is immensely becoming. It's *exceedingly* forward of you, Rosemary, to talk to me about love in this way. Girls have nothing whatever to do with love. All they have to think of *quand il s'agit des noces*, is duty."

But I make no progress with her. Few people realise the amount of pig-

headed obstinacy and power of won't that's waiting till called for in your blushing, white-muslin, yes-and-no girl. If it weren't that I hate to own myself defeated, I'd turn her out of training at once, for she'll never win even a selling plate! Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

From a story in the "Union Jack Library":—

"There was, in fact, a ghastly silence after Plummer's last remark. Not a sound came from the room, not a word from either of the men. Tinker knew that kind of silence. It was the kind that ushers in earthquakes, that creeps up the spine and pants noiselessly in the small of the back—the kind that only comes to any man, especially to any two men at the same time, when catastrophe grips them unexpectedly by the gizzard."

If this is what Christian Science means by the "silent treatment," no wonder it is effective.

"UNSPOILED VILLAGERS.

WRESTLERS WHO TRAIN ON MEAT AND A VEGETARIAN SWORDMAKER."

Evening News.

If the wrestlers are the villagers referred to, we do not agree that they are unspoiled. If their diet is any criterion, they are shockingly pampered.

A CROESUS BY PRESUMPTION.

[Baldness is said to be on the increase as the result of motoring.]

My obvious tendency to moult
Has caused me such unpleasant shocks
In former times that I would bolt
And purchase lotions for the locks.
It always made my spirits low
To realise that I, who rather
Aspired to be Dorinda's beau,
Was being taken for her father.

But now a mild contentment dwells
Within my breast, for I can snatch
Some solace, though my mirror tells
A constant tale of thinning thatch.
Folk deem my lack of hair to be
A witness, silent but emphatic,
That I'm a motorist; i.e.
A person who is plutocratic.

Extract from an advertisement in *The Allahabad Leader*, entitled, "A Genial Hint to the Titulary Magnates or their Equivalent Contemporaries":—

"With this an uncommon advantage of training and remodelling the physical and mental morality of the youth is also declared and assured. By this is meant the formation of such noble character, as may consistently be rational to refer to common sense." You see exactly the sort of youth that the system turns out.

HUMOUR IN HOLLAND.

[Amongst other honours paid to ex-President ROOSEVELT in Holland has been the presentation to him of a beautiful piece of blue Delft ware bearing a portrait of WILLIAM THE SILENT.]

RULER, underneath whose grim rod
Tammany was wont to curse,
Indefatigable Nimrod!

Whose arrangement to rehearse
How the rhino (hardened creature)
Fell beside the pinked giraffe
Formed a palpitating feature
Of *The Daily Telegraph*;

Fresh returned from fields of slaughter,
Bringing home your quarry's pile,
Tanned of hue, with muscles tauter,
First of all you shook the Nile:
Egypt's monumenta vetera
Sloughed their immemorial sleep,
Sphinxes, hippogriffs, etc.,
Followed you about like sheep.

As of old some hairy hermit
Left the wilderness to preach,
So (with stray remarks on KERMIT)
Forth you volleyed speech on speech;
Italy, with arms asunder,
Bade you to her yearning breast;
Austria was filled with thunder;
Statesmen sobbed in Buda-Pesth.

Paris (where they keep no morals)
Heard, and took to sackcloth clouts;
Teutons heaped your head with laurels,
Brussels with her local sprouts:
Britons, too, in trepidation
Wait to thrill with pious throes;
Yet your most sublime oration
Blossomed where the tulip blows.

Wooden-booted Amsterdammers,
Wearing those peculiar breeks,
Listened to your words (like hammers),
"Hark!" they said: "a prophet
speaks":

Something in your stalwart presence
Brought to mind their hour of fame,
Reproduced the Orange essence,
Though the peel was not the same.

"WILLIAM lives!" (ah, was it mockery?)
Thus they cried, "though ages
lapse";

Then they handed you the crockery—
Possibly designed for schnapps?
Anyhow, O mighty speaker!

Pardon if a clown discern
Points of mirth about that beaker
Stamped with Bill the Taciturn.

EVOR.

"The District Court at Yaransk, in St. Petersburg, has been hearing a number of charges brought against Chermimiss peasants who have returned to Paganism and burned their relatives without the service of the orthodox Church."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.
Relatives are great sticklers for the formalities.

AT THE PLAY.

"HELENA'S PATH."

To those of us who had read the delightful story of *Helena's Path* in Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's book, *Tales of Two People*, its production, dramatised by Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX, at the Repertory Theatre, was a distinct disappointment. To the others who had not read it, and who expected (probably) something powerful and gloomy, the whole thing must have come as a surprise. I feel sure that there were a good many people present on the first night who were taken by surprise, with the result (as it seemed to me) that a pretty but delicate comedy found itself in the wrong atmosphere, and was asphyxiated at



LORD LYMBOROUGH (EION AND OXFORD) CLEARS
3 FEET 6 INCHES WITH SPRINGBOARD

Lord Lymborough ... Mr. CHARLES BRYANT.

the start. Certainly on several occasions, when the whole house might have been expected to ripple with laughter, I found to my horror that I was doing all the rippling myself.

The audience was not alone to blame, of course; the play in any case was not so good as one expected it to be, although as it stood it didn't have a fair chance. The Second Act, "The Village Cricket Ground at Fillby," was the failure. Too much had to happen here in too small a space and in too short a time; towards the end it all became so unreal that one could almost imagine it was a musical comedy. I don't think Mr. CHARLES BRYANT as Lord Lymborough (the hero) improved matters by wearing a high collar for his cricket; this is only done by very smart young men at Sydenham.

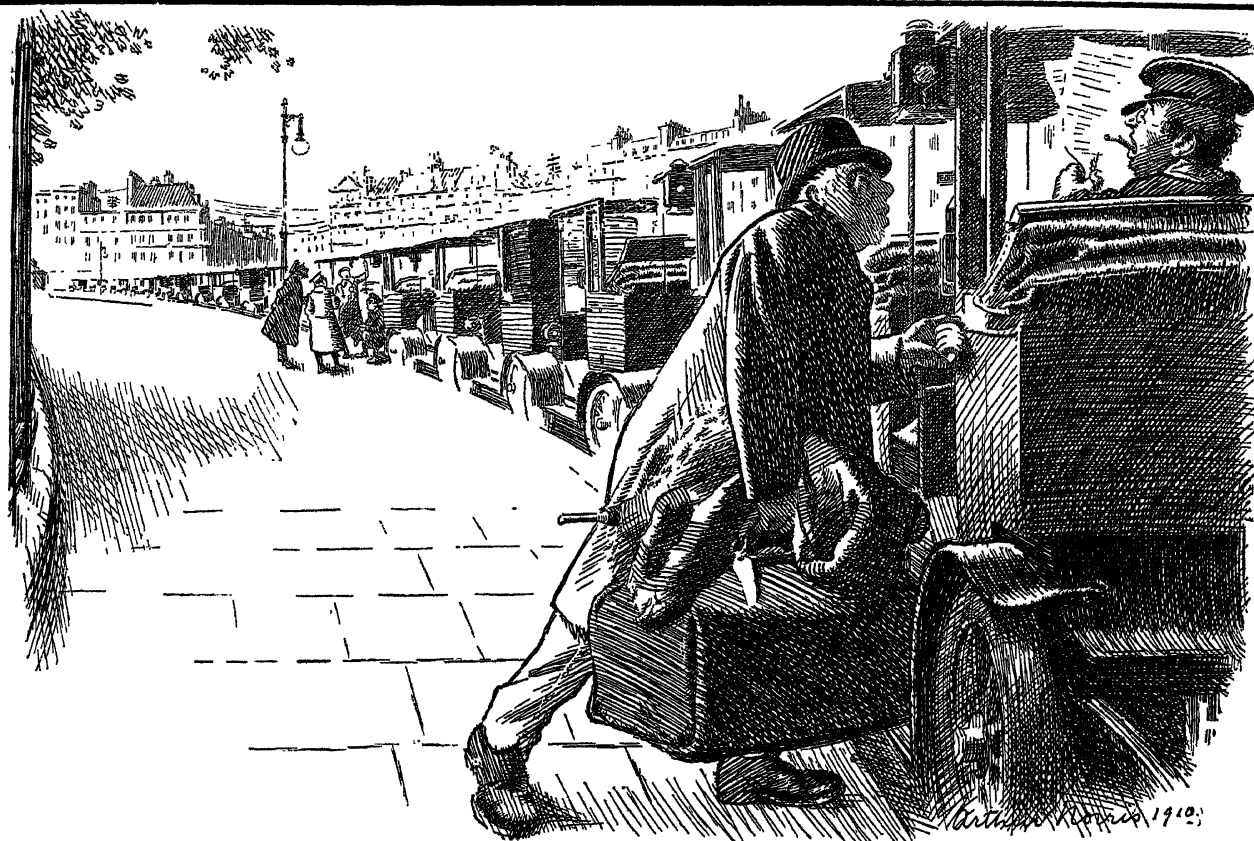
The story concerns the quarrel between Lymborough and Helena (Marchesa di San Servolo) over a right-of-way. In the book the man gradually wins over the supporters of the woman, and the woman those of the man; in the play this has to be done rather quickly. In the book, they take some time to fall in love with each other; on the stage we cannot see this gradual process. In the book (though this is a small point) the gallant Lymborough leaps a 5ft. 6in. gate and knocks down a bailiff who opposes him; on the stage the jumping is elementary, and the ju-jitsu obviously dependent on the compliance of the bailiff. These are some of the reasons why, after the play was over, I went home and read the book again with increased enjoyment.

Mr. BRYANT makes a very handsome Lymborough, though I think as a charmer he "presses" rather; and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH was charming without any effort as Helena. But the best written, and therefore the best played, part of all was that of Lady Norah Mountliffey, which was delightfully given by Miss MARY JERROLD.

M.

"PARASITES."

I DON'T know what portions of the original French play, *La Rabouilleuse*, were cut out by its adapter, Mr. PAUL POTTER, but I think they must have included the vital spark, for I have seldom seen anything less like life than his *Parasites*. The situation in the First Act took a tedious long time to explain itself, and it was greatly to the credit of Mr. BOURCHIER that his appearance at the last moment should have dissipated our *ennui* and put us on tolerable terms with ourselves. Four months' retirement in gaol had not only left Colonel Bridan's sword-arm as agile as ever, but had given him enough stored energy to carry the rest of the play through on his broad back. One thinks of the reserved and massive strength of that earlier PAUL POTTER's "Bull" at the Hague. But other qualities beside brute vigour went to the making of this swashbuckler, and chiefly an undefeated gift for farce. Yet the swift and windy humour of the part never quite condoned its brutality, and the two together made a jarring discord when they came to clash with a tragedy that broke a woman's heart. The bustling fun, noisy enough to deaden for a time our sense of the fitness of things, had worn off by the end; we were rather shocked to find how little there was to choose between the virtue of the hero and the vice of the villain; and the final curtain left us critical and cold.



York-lire Farmer (on a flying visit to London). 'SEE THEE, LAD! KING'S CROSS SHARP! AND THOU 'S NOBBUT JUST GOT TIME TO CATCH T' ONE-PORTY.'

Taxi Chauffeur. "WELL, YOU 'LL 'AVE TO TAKE THE FIRST CAB ON THE RANK, ANY'OW; BUT I 'SPECT 'E 'S 'AVIN' 'IS LUNCHEON NOW."

The one note of probability was struck in the character of the miser *Rouget*, his doddering old heart divided between his money-bags and his parasite. Mr. GEORGE was admirable here. In the part of *Flora*, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, though she did honest work, never quite conveyed the idea of a designing minx, and the secret of the charm which she exercised over her ancient protector was well kept. I don't think it could have been her costumes, nor her little Japanese steps, for neither of them suited her very perfectly. Mr. TREVOR's *Gilet* was a good figure, and Miss ROSE DUPRÉ was more than worth her humble place in the *ménage*. But if the play is to survive (which I doubt) it is Mr. BOURCHIER that must bear the weight of it; his are the Atlas shoulders on which The Globe (the one in Shaftesbury Avenue) will have to rely. O. S.

"In the meantime, said Mr. Hall Caine, he had read a great deal about the unwritten law and had studied Victor Hugo's story justifying homicide, and the writings of Lord Bacon weighed upon him like a nightmare."

Manchester Evening News.

Probably they weighed upon SHAKESPEARE like a nightmare too; this being yet another point of similarity between our two greatest Englishmen.

DISILLUSIONED.

Ye that murmur in your folly:
"Friends are faithless to their trust;
No one can return a broil;
Youth's ambitions end in dust;
Creeds are vain and life is jolly
Well unjust.

"Buoyant as a pumped-up bladder,
Long ago we dreamed of bliss,
Gaily climbed romance's ladder;
Now the world is all amiss;"—
Look you, mine 's a case that 's sadder
Much than this.

Harking back, I don't remember,
As the bulk of bardlets do,
Hope expiring like an ember,
Skies of iridescent hue
Stricken into dull December
Tout à coup.

Cynic rather were the poses
Which inspired my pen to start
Raging at the sham that glozes
Love and faith and life and art—
Grubs that perforate the rose's
Blooming heart.

Sentiment, I thought, was sloppy:
I beheld a world of wrong,

Crimes that flaunted like a poppy,
Foul abuses going strong,
(Quite invaluable copy,
Set to song).

Now with every dawning morrow
I observe that goodness stamps
Half mankind, and (ah, the sorrow!)
Even see suspected scamps
Still returning, when they borrow,
Books and gamps.

Virtue all about me thickens;
Toleration hourly grows;
Where is now the type that sickens?
Where's the canker in the rose?
Goodness, or maybe the dickens,
Only knows.

Anyhow the fancies dwindle
Which obsessed a youthful bard;
Rage no longer can enkindle
Scorching satires that regard
All things as a high old swindle—
This is hard.

"This is my unlucky week," said Mr. Grahame-White as he walked unobserved into his office in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.—
Daily News.

How the craving for publicity grows upon a man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN any struggle between a brilliant slacker and a dull plodder, I am all for the slacker; in real life he is so much more interesting. If I had actually met *Harry Belfield* at the Savoy (where he was generally to be found on an evening) I expect I should have been loyal to him as against *Andy Hayes*, the other protagonist of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's novel, *Second String* (NELSON: 2s.). Not having experienced his charm at first hand, I am prepared to acquiesce in his dethronement by *Andy*, but without prejudice to my general feeling about his kind. *Harry*, though, was something more than a slacker; indeed, in his relations with women it was his pace which was his undoing. He was never really happy until he had begun a new flirtation; and even when he was engaged to *Vivien* he must needs be making love to her companion, *Isobel*. When this came out he was done for in the county. He fled back to the Savoy, his place as *Vivien's* lover and the Division's candidate being taken by dear old dull *Andy*. Mr. HOPE has drawn *Harry Belfield's* character very carefully and very cleverly; in the end we have to admit that the pride of Meriton is a waster who will never do any good. *Isobel Vintry*, who brings about the great collapse, is not seen so clearly; still, she was a woman, which was always enough for *Harry*. But "*The Nun*" (a dear person from the music-halls) "intrudes" almost as delightfully as did *Peggy* in a former book of Mr. HOPE's; indeed, putting aside that book, I cannot remember any which has given me greater pleasure to read than *Second String*.

To say (as people almost certainly will) that Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, the author of *Now!* (HURST AND BLACKETT) owes a considerable debt to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, is neither here nor there. Most of us do that; but *Now!* is a repayment in kind, with perhaps a trifle of added interest. Admittedly, though it will not be for all tastes; it is too modern for that. The scheme of the thing indeed is so subtle that even I, who am far, far cleverer than most, found myself at times irritated by it, and inclined to suspect the author of affectation; so that I doubt very much whether the circulating libraries will make head or tail of it. The plot—what there is of it—is concerned with the question whether *Julia Kenwyn-Brown* shall marry *Wilfrid Lambert*, an every-day young man, or *Conrad Lowe*; the point about *Conrad* being that he belonged to a great secret society, the "Droppers Out," whose development and aims and general significance form the real subject of the book. These Droppers Out, organised by one *Morrison* from a headquarters in Cornwall, have for their object to regenerate society by disintegration, or, in shorter words, to take their own line and let everything else go. It is all a little vague, and, as I say, I am not sure of having rightly got the hang of it even now; but the results as told by Mr. MARRIOTT are undeniably amusing. The scene in which *Julia* and her delightful family discuss the question of her engagement in the presence of the rival suitors would make the fortune of a BERNARD SHAW comedy. So, if you like that, you'll like this. Otherwise, don't worry.

I never quite realised before what a good thing it is that so many people will ask questions about things which don't really concern them. If that had not been a widely-spread human characteristic, I gather that Mr. and Mrs. THORNTON would not have written *Leaves from an Afghan Scrapbook*, or, at any rate, that the leaves would not have been taken out and published by JOHN MURRAY. The authors say modestly that they have "endeavoured to supply answers," and, since the chapters each consist of more or less detached notes on a variety of topics, the book may perhaps be regarded simply from that unassuming standpoint. But there is a good deal more to it than that. Collectively, these chapters provide a very fascinating survey of a country which is practically unknown to Englishmen. Mr. THORNTON managed a tanning and bootmaking factory for the AMIR, and Mrs. THORNTON taught one of his wives drawing, gardening, and other subjects. Incidentally, the pair were successful in introducing skating, treacle pudding, and other British sports into the highest circles of Kabuli society. The book is written with a simplicity which lends value to the many

surprises inevitable in a land which is at once modern and mediæval. Almost anything might happen in a country whose ruler rewards his doctor for curing an attack of gout by promoting him to be Brigadier-General of Sappers and Miners.

If DOROTHEA DEAKIN had provided *The Goddess Girl* (CASSELL) with a local "Who's Who" I should have been grateful. A few complications are well enough, but by the time I had been introduced to a poacher who didn't poach, and a gardener who wasn't really a gardener, and a gamekeeper who did game-keep—only the *Goddess* thought he was a rich man in disguise and fell in love with him—I was thinking that a list of these people's amusements and occupations would have saved a lot of perplexity. All these men, it is true, eventually explained themselves, but the title of the book remains a puzzle to me. Flatly I do not believe in "*The Goddess*," *Phyllida Gale*, and although she stuck to her game-



The Worm (turning and rising to the occasion, after enduring ten minutes' choice language). "CAN I ASSIST YOU, SIR?"

keeper I can only think of her as a primitive American, who said "vurry," "cayn't," and "I guess" far too often. There is, however, another girl who was as natural and human as *Phyllida* was tiresome and divine. The Parson's *Sally* has my unstinted admiration, and whether she was controlling her father, her "general," her ducks, or her lover's relations, she had just that spark of vivacity and charm which makes a character unforgettable. As an act of homage to *Sally* I should like this book to be rechristened "*The Very Human Girl*."

"The widow sighed and said, 'How co'd you English people are! If you had been Spanish you would have kissed me.'"

The young man promptly imprinted a kiss on the lady's lips.

(CONTINUED IN STOP PRESS COLUMN.)—*The Star*.

"Discontinued" we should hope (and expect) in the "Stop Press" column.

"At the sixteenth Miss Titterton's ball unluckily trickled into the bunker, which she lost."—*Daily Mail*.

It didn't matter much, for, after all, there's no rule about replacing hazards.



February 11, 1843.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

[King EDWARD was born at Buckingham Palace on the 9th of November, 1841, a few months after the birth of Mr. Punch.]

**EVERY INCH A SAILOR.***September 26, 1846.*

PRINCE OF WALES. "HERE, JACK! HERE'S SOMETHING TO DRINK MAMMA'S HEALTH!"

[An incident that occurred on board the Royal Yacht in 1846.]



THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

August 10, 1850.

BRITISH LION. "You want Mar'boro' House, and some Stables!! Why, you'll be wanting a Latch Key next, I suppose!!"

[In the year 1850 application was made for the purchase of Marlborough House for the Prince of WALES.]

October 20, 1859.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

[The Prince of WALES was received with much ceremony at Oxford on the occasion of his Matriculation in 1859.]





October 20, 1860.

THE NEXT DANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, MY BOY! THERE'S YOUR PRETTY COUSIN COLUMBIA—YOU DON'T GET SUCH A PARTNER AS THAT EVERY DAY!"
 [In 1860 the Prince of Wales visited the United States of America, where he received a great welcome.]



AT HOME AND BROAD.

[The marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess ALEXANDRA of Denmark was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10, 1863, amid universal rejoicings.]

March 7, 1863.



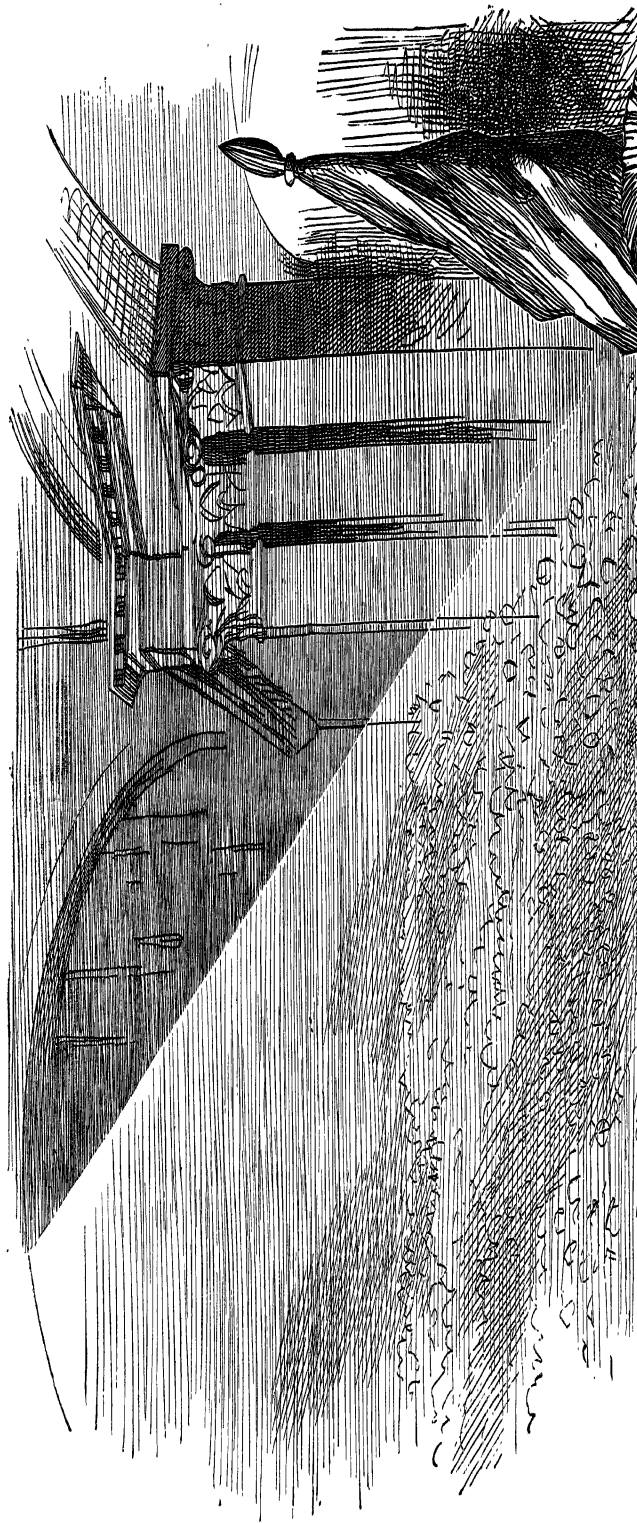
January 23, 1861.

WHAT THE NATION HOPES SOON TO SEE.

[On January the 8th, 1864, announcement was made of the birth of a son and heir (the late Duke of CLARENCE), whose first public appearance was eagerly anticipated.]

*December 23, 1871.***SUSPENSE.**

[In 1871, the Prince of WALES, struck down by typhoid, lay for a long period between life and death. The anxiety felt throughout the country was intense, and his ultimate recovery was hailed with keen expressions of thankfulness.]



"THANKSGIVING."

[After the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his serious illness, a solemn Thanksgiving Service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on February the 27th, 1872, and attended in State by Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family.]

March 2, 1872.



May 13, 1876.

THE "STAR" OF INDIA.

[The Prince of WALES made a progress through India in 1876, and was received everywhere with demonstrations of great loyalty.]



A "PAS DE TROIS."

November 9, 1878

[In 1878 the Prince of WALES accepted the Presidency of the British Commission of the Paris Exhibition. The figure on the right is Marshal MACMAHON, President of the French Republic.]

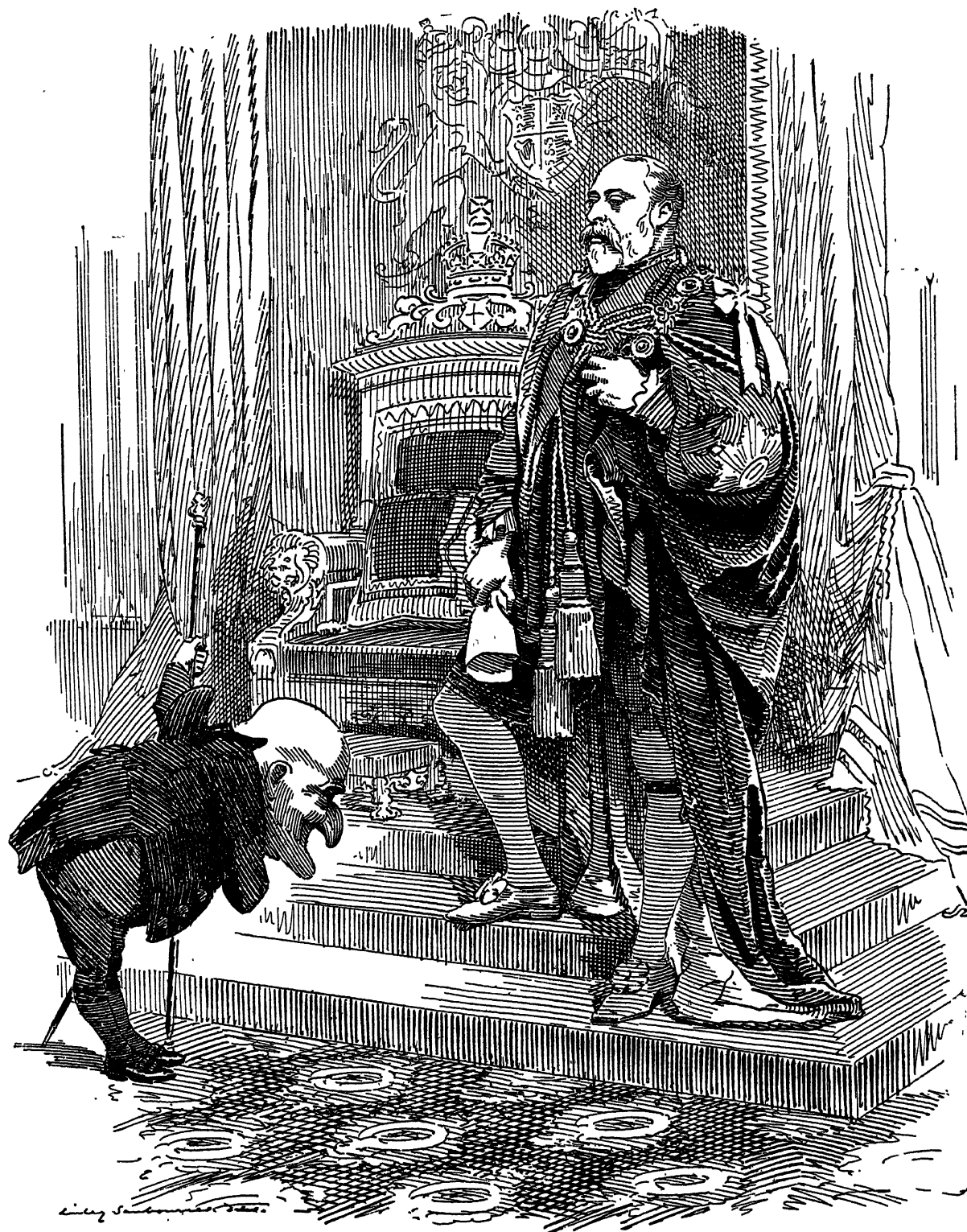


A DERBY FAVOURITE.

June 6, 1896.

Mr. PUNCH (to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, owner of "Persimmon"). "YOU'RE A GOOD SPORTSMAN, SIR,—AND I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR 'FIRST DERBY.'"

[A memorable and very popular victory in 1836: Persimmon won by a neck amidst scenes of great excitement.]



February 6, 1901.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR CORONATION AWAITS YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE, BUT YOU ARE ALREADY CROWNED IN THE HEARTS OF YOUR PEOPLE."
 [On January the 22nd, 1901, Queen Victoria died, and on the following day the accession of King Edward VII. was proclaimed.]



February 13, 1901.

THEIR MAJESTIES!

[On February the 14th, 1901, the KING, accompanied by Queen ALEXANDRA, performed his first public ceremony by opening in person the first Parliament of his reign.]

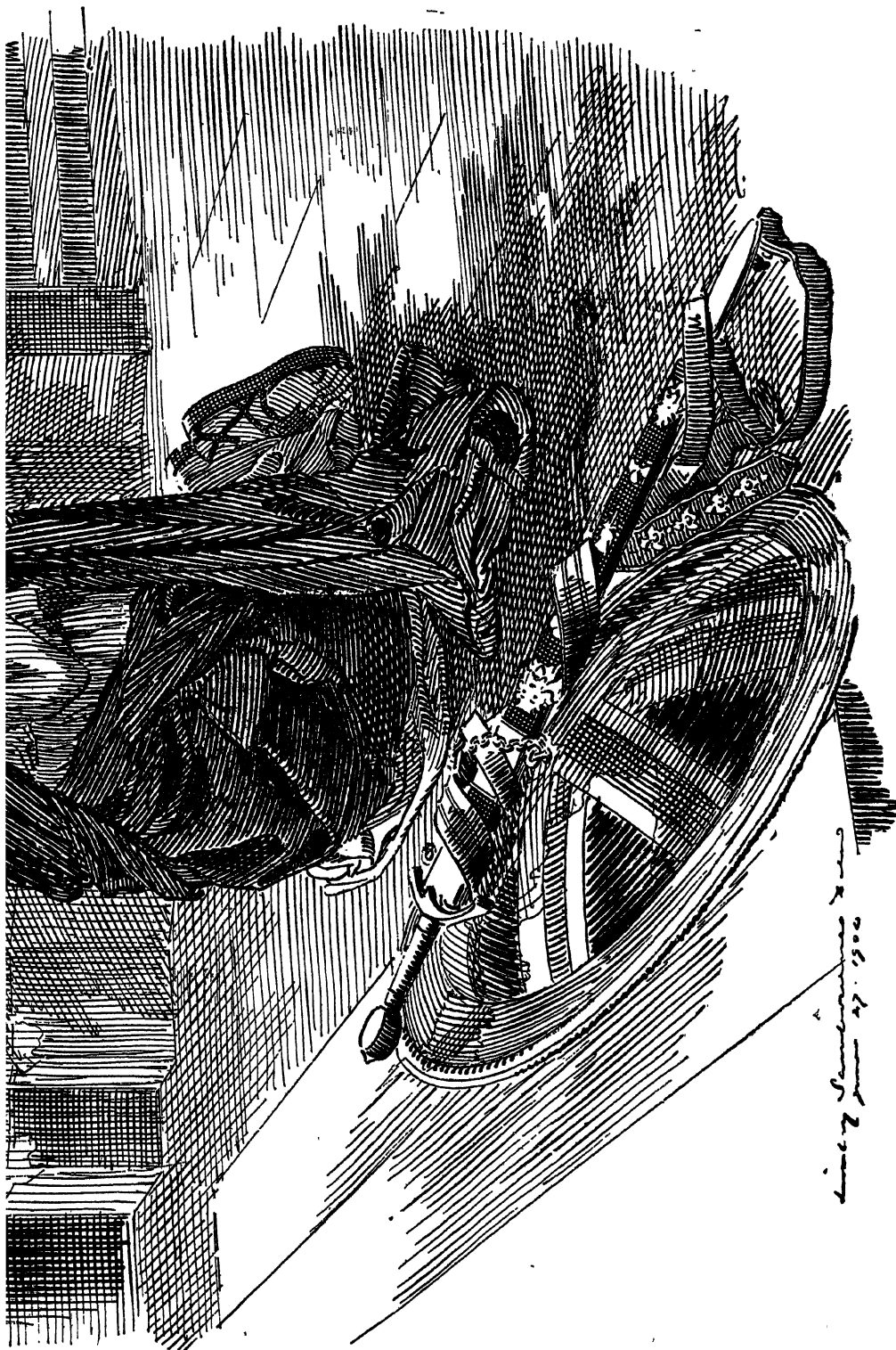
Sidney Sutherland. "The Times" 1901.



January 1, 1902.

THE KING OF ALL THE BRITAINS.

Master of the Ceremonies (1902). "Oyez, Oyez! YOUR MAJESTY'S NEW COINAGE."
King Edward. "Le Roi le veut! CIRCULEZ, MESSIEURS, CIRCULEZ!"



King's Coronation June 27, 1902

July 2, 1902.

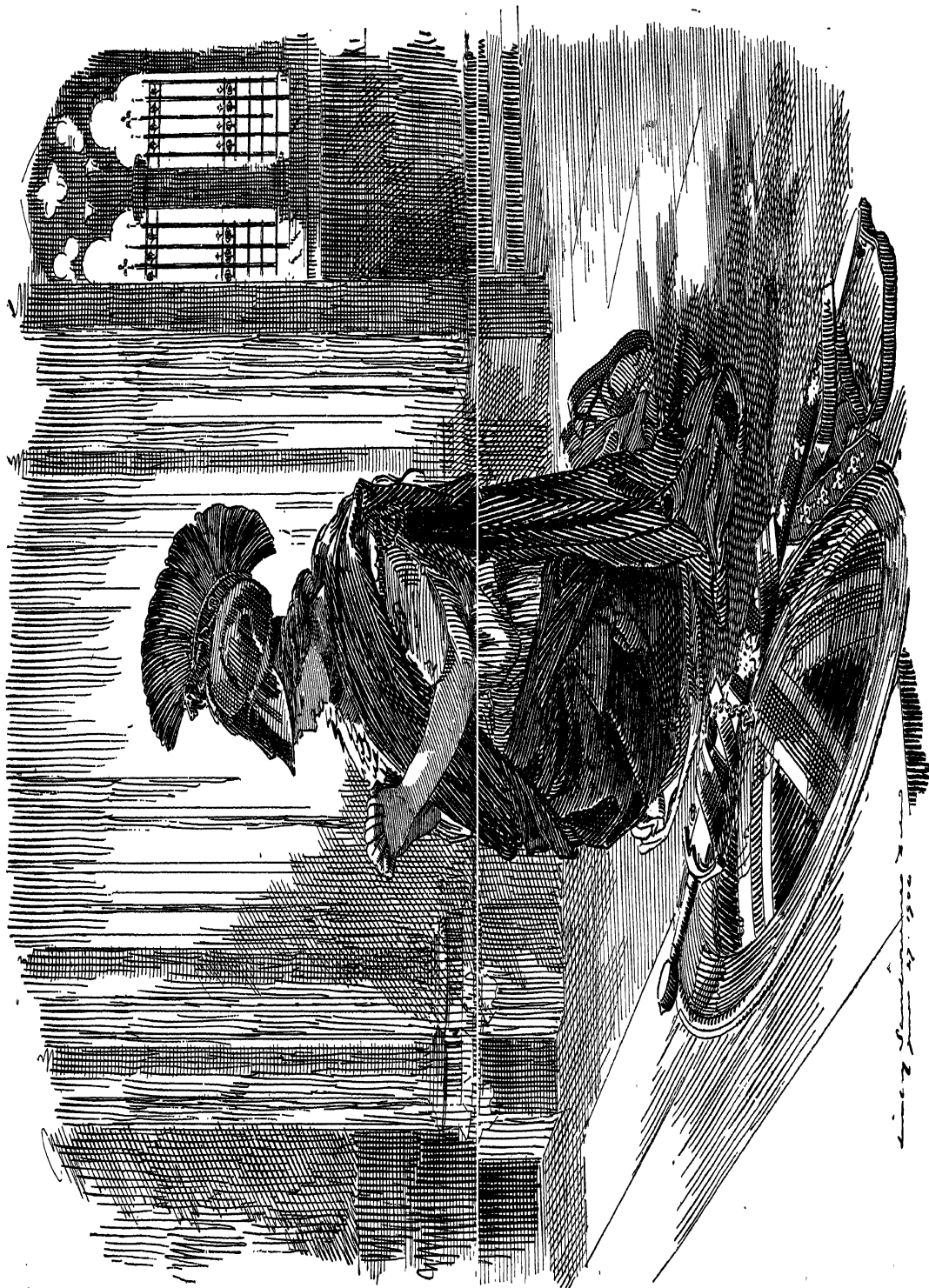
THE VIGIL.

[The King's Coronation, fixed for June the 26th, 1902, was postponed on account of his serious illness.]

STAND it stands, the shrine within whose walls
He was to give his kingly gage to-day;
And silent on our hearts the sorrow falls
Which only faith may stay.

Not for ourselves we mourn the moment's loss,
Our pleasure darkened and our sun gone down;
All thoughts are turned to where he bears the cross
Who should have worn the crown.

So keep we vigil; so a Nation's prayer
Humbly before the Eternal Heart we bring,
That of His grace and pity God may spare
And give us back our King!



THE VIGIL.

[The King's Coronation, fixed for June the 20th, 1902, was postponed on account of his serious illness.]

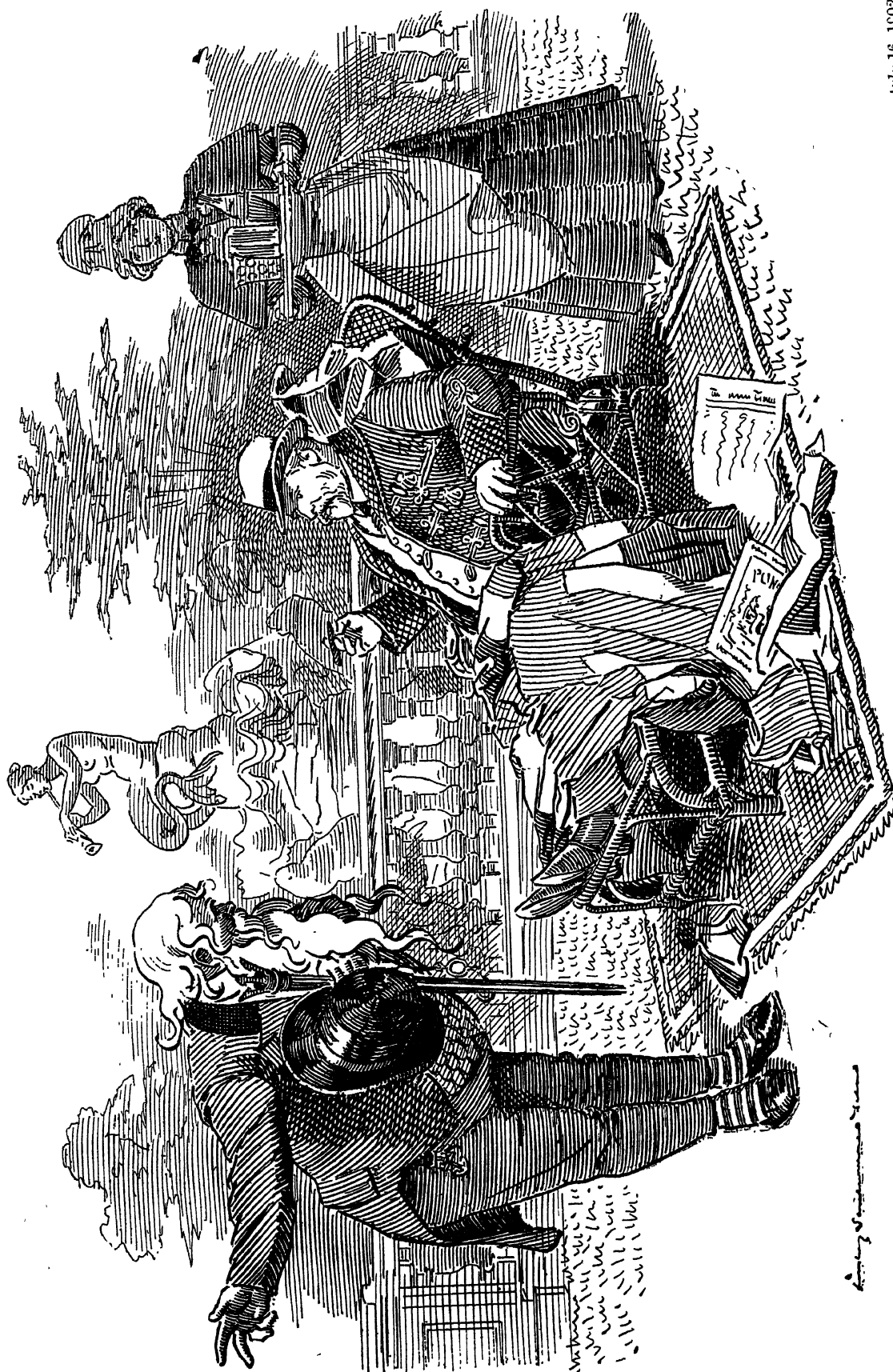
So keep we vigil; so a Nation's prayer,
That of His grace and pity God may spare,
And give us back our King!

Not for ourselves we mourn the moment's loss,
All thoughts are turned to where he bears the cross,
Who should have worn the crown.

Silent it stands, the shrine within whose walls
He was to give his kingly glory;
And silence reigns, which only faith may stay.

July 2, 1902.

July 16, 1902.



THE RESTORATION.

THE LAND DOCTORS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK SPLENDIDLY. NOW, YOUR MAJESTY, A WHIFF OF MY BRINY WILL PUT YOU ALL RIGHT."

DR. NEPTUNE. "THE LAND DOCTORS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK SPLENDIDLY. NOW, YOUR MAJESTY, A WHIFF OF MY BRINY WILL PUT YOU ALL RIGHT."

[On the 15th of July the KING was so far recovered as to be able to be moved to his yacht in the Solent.]

the King was so far recovered as to be able to be moved to his yacht in the Soubert.]

TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD.

A CORONATION ODE, 1902.

My Liege and Sovereign Lord,
 First of your line whose legend marks the might
 Of Britain's Ocean-wide domain !
 Ere yet to-morrow's light
 Beholds you leave her high memorial fane,
 By that irrevocable rite
 Of solemn oath and lifted sword,
 Of holy oil and sacramental cup,
 Crowned and anointed King ;—
 Before the dazing splendour blinds our sight,
 And in our ears the gathered shout goes up
 Of homage won from half the world ;
 And back from bended skies,
 Flecked with the countless ripple of flags unfurled,
 The shattering echoes ring and ring ;—
 While still our suppliant breath may rise
 Like incense on the waiting air,—
 For you what vigil shall we hold to-night !
 With what compelling prayer
 Importune Him, the King of Kings,
 To grant you health and years' increase,
 Wisdom to keep your people's love,
 And, other earthly gifts above,
 The long-desired, the gift of Peace,
 Always to shield you with her shadowing wings !

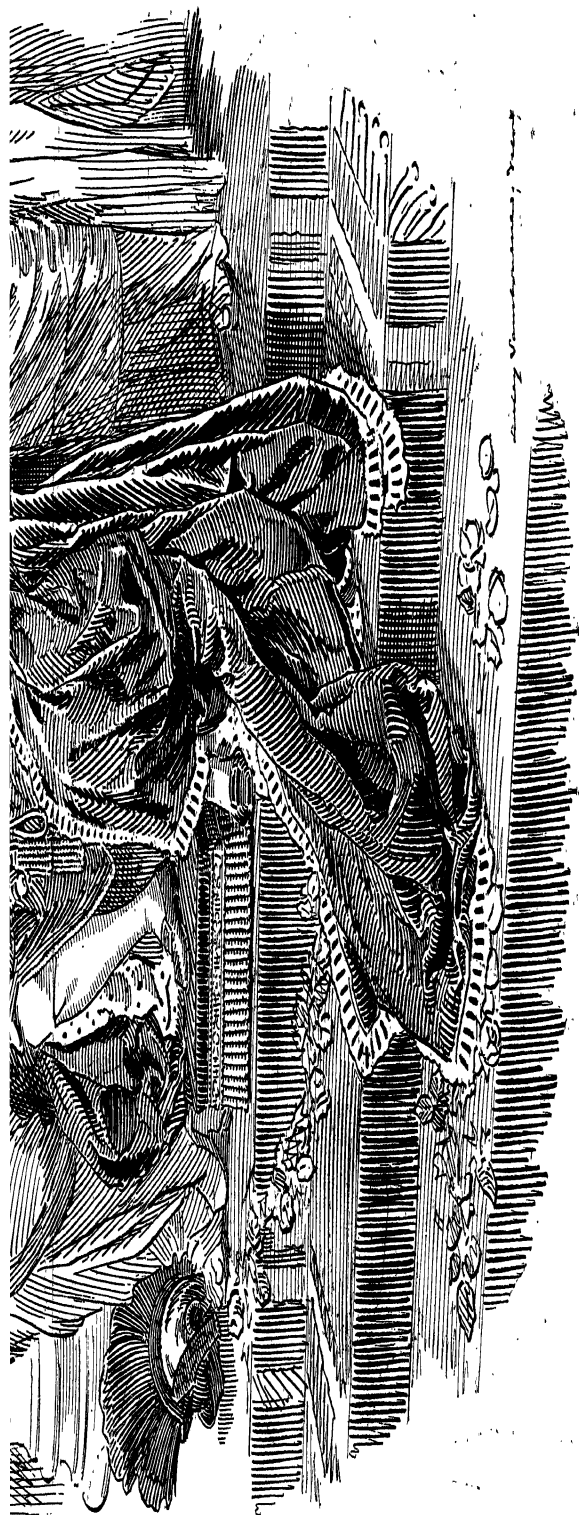
Little he dreamed, the last who bore your name,
 Our boy-King Edward, dying ere the prime
 Of that adventurous age
 That fixed his royal sister's fame—
 Little he dreamed how fair a heritage
 Should fall to England's crown in after time,
 Beyond the seas that ringed his island realm
 Scarce any owned him Lord ;
 Great kingdoms stood that yet should reel
 Beneath the clash of English steel,
 Instant to overwhelm ;
 Far lands were yet to win from out the waste
 By patient courage strong to tame
 Wild natures, earth's and man's, and make
 On rude inhospitable shores
 New English homes for the old England's sake.

And of their toil who lightly faced
 Danger and death for this their best reward
 To-day the garnered fruit is hers and yours.

So stands your Empire ; over such a race,
 Fearless and proud and free,
 Whose hands have laid your Kingdom's base
 Upon the outmost edges of the sea,—
 Loyal all times and now
 Fresh-proven in the fierce assay of war,
 You take the seal of lordship on your brow.

Small seems the labour, light the task
 Of empery over lands that crave no more
 The meed of conquering arms, but only ask
 For silent annals after storm and strain.
 And yet not easy is the weight to bear
 That claims your kingly care.
 To guard, unsullied still, that dear renown
 Our fathers handed down ;
 To help us hold, through peace, our warrior-rights
 Won in a thousand fights,
 And sacred by our blood and tears ;
 To see we use, against the coming years,
 Before its memory fade,
 The lessons of the past, and draw
 Knowledge from failure, and from loss a gain ;
 To humble arrogance, the curse of ease ;
 To make their consciences afraid
 Who bid your England fold her hands in sleep ;
 To be of truth the mirror, and a law
 Of honour unto men of all degrees ;
 To champion the Faith and keep
 The fear of God before your people's eyes ;—
 Such royal service we, who gladly bring
 Our own to greet you on your festal way—
 We ask in turn of England's King !
 And, so your heart be set on this,
 Then let whatever need arise,
 And come what perils may,
 Be well assured you cannot miss
 God's and your Country's love to be your stay !

O. S.



EMPIRE AND PEACE.

On the 9th of August, 1902, the King was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The scene was one of great solemnity and magnificence, and the occasion, made still more significant by the recent termination of the long war in South Africa, inspired new hopes for the Empire and for Peace.

August 13, 1902.



"THE KING OVER THE WATER."

October 22, 1902.

[On October the 25th, 1902, the KING and QUEEN made a Royal progress through the streets of the Capital, driving from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, and subsequently over London Bridge and back by the South side of the Thames. Their MAJESTIES were everywhere received with the utmost loyalty and enthusiasm.]

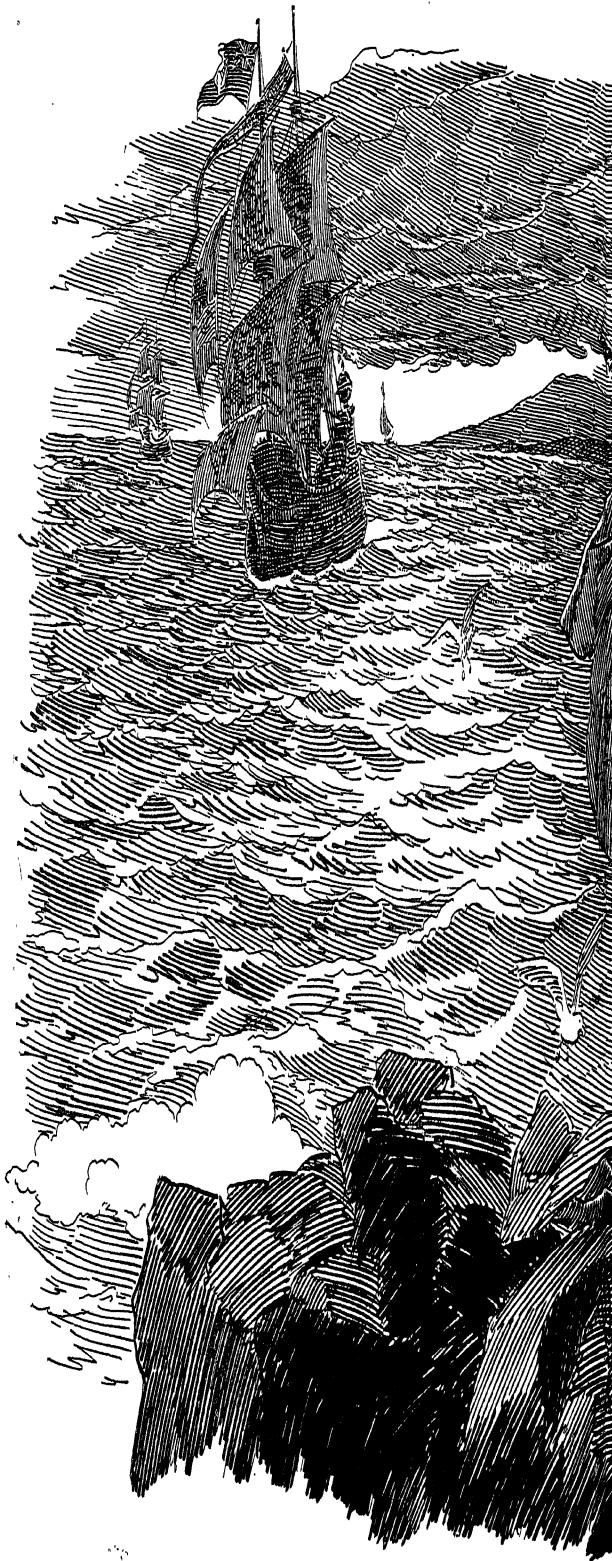


Linley Sanderson: 1903.

April 20, 1903.

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.

[In the early part of 1903 the King visited in succession Portugal, Italy, and France.



Henry Sambourne Jones



July 22, 1903.

SUN

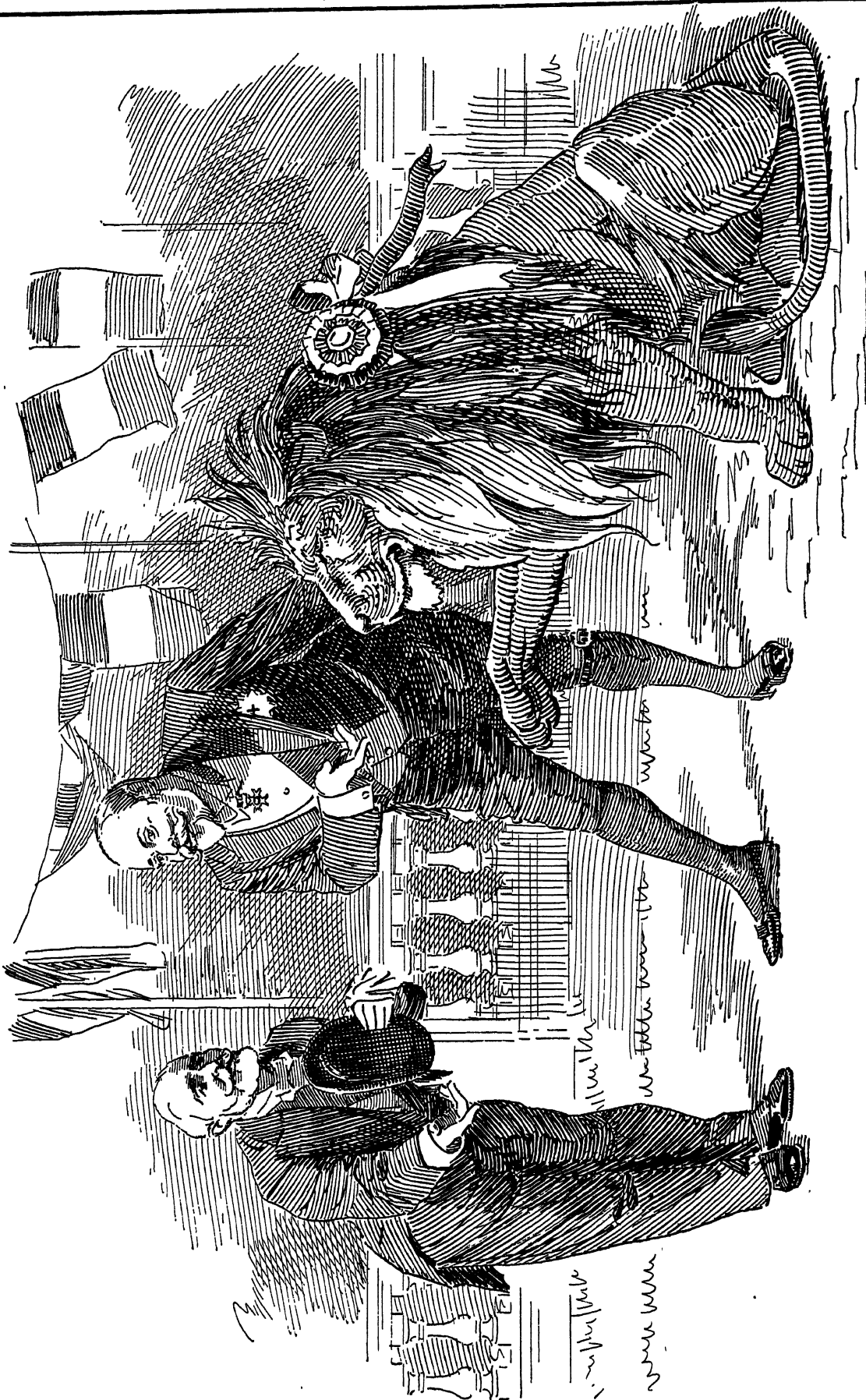
E.

"AN ARROW"

1870 SATIS,

[In July, 1903, the Kato and Queen paid a State visit

and, and were welcomed with the greatest cordiality.]



July 8, 1903.

FRIENDS!

[In July a return visit, paid to His Majesty by President Louper, helped to cement the *Entente Cordiale* upon which the King's heart was set.]

Sidney Simeon.



ERIN'S WELCOME.

April 27, 1904.

"HE LOVES THE GREEN ISLE, AND HIS LOVE IS RECORDED
IN HEARTS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED TOO MUCH TO FORGET."

Moore's Irish Melodies—"The Prince's Day."

[In April, 1904, the KING paid a second, and less formal, visit to Ireland.]



A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

June 22, 1904.

KAISER WILHELM. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, UNCLE, AT KIEL. AND NOW, AS THERE ARE NEITHER CABINET MINISTERS NOR REPORTERS PRESENT, I THINK I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION THAT—THE SEA IS CALM, AND IT IS SPLENDID WEATHER FOR THE YACHT RACES."

[In June 1904, the KING went to Kiel, where he was entertained by the GERMAN EMPEROR on board the *Hohenzollern*.]



Bernard Partridge.

June 7, 1905.

A WELCOME INVASION.

SHADE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. "ODDS MY LIFE! A KING OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND! AND RIGHT COUSINLY ENTREATED WITHAL!"

[In June, 1905, the young King ALFONSO visited England.]



FRIENDLY RELATIONS.

June 10, 1908.

THE TSAR. "DELIGHTFUL SEEING YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THIS TIME. I SUPPOSE YOUR LABOUR PARTY WOULDN'T MIND OUR TALKING OVER A FEW FAMILY MATTERS."

[In June, 1908, the King journeyed to Reval, to meet the Tsar of Russia.]



EUROPE'S TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAKER OF PEACE.

[King EDWARD died May 6, 1910.]

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

SIRE, while the heart of grief is not yet dumb
For him we loved, how well can scarce be said;
While still the music of the muffled drum
Rolls in the solemn requiem of the dead;
For you, on whom the instant duties lie
Which were ordained of old for Kings to bear
And may not pause for death—we lift our cry,
“God keep you in His care!”

It had to be that your first steps should fall
Within the dreadful shadow thrown across
The path you take at Destiny's high call,
Lonely alway, and lonelier by your loss;
Yet if our prayers, where Hope and Memory meet,
If loyal service laid before your throne,
Can lend you comfort and confirm your feet,
Then are you not alone.

Nay, there is set beside you, near and dear,
Your Queen and ours, the gentle, brave and wise.
Fit Consort by the claim we most revere—
Her English love of home and homely ties;
And there is that Queen-Mother, who is fain
Through bitter tears to bless your work begun;
To whom, though King and Emperor, you remain
Just her beloved son.

Nor comes it strange to you, this realm of yours;
Your eyes have seen it, crowned with large increase,
Have ranged the circuit of its seas and shores,
Canopied by the covering wings of Peace;
Such is the gift he guarded close for you,
Your royal Father, such his fair bequest,
Who saw the promise of his task come true,
And so lay down to rest.

Yet may we pay for Peace too dear a price
If, lapped in confidence and careless ease,
We let the summoning need of sacrifice
Find us with sinews soft and feeble knees;
Sire, it is yours to lift the nation's life
Out of its languor ere it be too late,
And make her win from Peace that nobler strife
Which keeps a country great.

The ancient splendour falls upon your brow!
Take up your heritage with both your hands!
Call us to shake ourselves, betimes and now,
Free of the snare of slumber's silken bands!
See, we are true men still, a patriot breed;
Still to our storied name and fame we cling;
Give but the sign, we follow where you lead,
For God and for the King!

O. S.



HAIL, KING!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, May 11.—Less than a fortnight ago House broke up with jubilation to enjoy a real holiday, a real four weeks' holiday in May-time.

Members hurried off by land and sea, the SPEAKER to distant Constantinople, PRIME MINISTER (in keeping of FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY) to Gibraltar. The rest, Ministers and private Members, scattered far and wide over Continent and Home islands, trying not to think of the date that would recall them to Westminster for the grim fight with the Lords.

To-day, a fortnight before the appointed term, Members assemble. With strange silence they re-people the old familiar scene. Everything is changed, even the motley of work-a-day garb. The KING is dead, and the faithful Commons have come to pay a tribute to his memory and swear allegiance to his Son.

The universality of KING EDWARD'S sympathies was especially shown in connection with House of Commons. In the stirring days and nights of the early Eighties his gracious presence, his smiling countenance, were familiar in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. During times of storm and stress, on one occasion extending over a period of twenty-six hours, he was as constant in attendance in his allotted seat as was the SPEAKER in his Chair immediately facing him.

On an afternoon in April thirty-five years ago he played passive part in historic scene. Accompanied by a number of Peers whose faces were well known at Epsom and Newmarket, he came down to hear his friend HARRY CHAPLIN move a Resolution affecting the breed of horses. It was a great occasion, to the height of which the then Member for Sleaford was prepared to rise. He had forgotten JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, whom a few days earlier he had ruffled by stately rebuke. But JOEY B. remembered, and saw his opportunity.

As soon as CHAPLIN, called by the SPEAKER, rose to declaim a cherished oration Mr. BIGGAR "spied strangers." In those good old days a single Member, however obscure, was master of the situation. The SPEAKER, tied and bound by time-honoured ordinances, was obliged to order strangers to withdraw. Accordingly the HEIR APPARENT to the British Throne, the GERMAN AMBASSADOR, who sat at his right elbow in the Diplomatic Gallery, and a group of Peers representing the bluest blood in England, withdrew at the bidding of a Member of the lower middle classes.

H.R.H. accepted the situation with the impregnable good humour that sweetened his long and busy life.

Another accident, personally more startling, befell His late MAJESTY whilst yet a Peer of Parliament. In course of debate YOUNG WEMYSS rose from his favourite coign of vantage on the Second Cross Bench in House of Lords. Commanding full view of congregation on both sides, glowing with his own eloquence, swinging his sword arm

about as if he were again at Bannockburn, WEMYSS, in course of driving home an argument, brought his clenched fist down upon crown of hat of Prince of WALES seated immediately below and in front of him.

On another, less familiar occasion, chance was run of similar disaster. Lord TEYNHAM, who had lately succeeded to peerage, presented himself to make maiden speech. By accident or design he strayed upon bench whence YOUNG WEMYSS is accustomed to discourse. In the corner seat was the Prince of WALES. Few, if any, knew the Peer whose plaintive voice rose from the Cross Bench. Glancing in that direction their Lordships beheld a white-haired gentleman with pallid face flushed by excitement of oratory—a tall, swaying figure with peculiar habit of occasionally turning its back upon audience and addressing imaginary friend in recess of Strangers' Gallery. Among other convulsive movements the orator frequently, with sweeping gesture, brought his hand in perilous contiguity to the hat of utterly unconscious Royalty. At the end of quarter-of-an-hour of painful apprehension, disaster was averted by Motion made "that Lord TEYNHAM be no longer heard."

In common with other Princes of the blood royal, his late MAJESTY never joined in debate. With one exception, he refrained from taking part in divisions. This was found in connection with that once hardy annual, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. When it came on for Second Reading in the Lords H.R.H. frequently presented a petition in its favour, and invariably voted for it. He lived to give his royal assent to its addition to the Statute Book.

One other of the Peers' privileges claimed by his late MAJESTY was that of introducing new Members. Twenty years ago, the Earl of FIFE being elevated to a Dukedom, his royal Father-in-law took part in the quaint procession which accompanied his re-introduction. In this same year the Duke of CLARENCE, taking his seat in the Lords, was introduced by his Father and the Duke of EDINBURGH.

Three weeks ago the corner seat on the Front Cross Bench, where through the long reign of Queen VICTORIA the late KING was accustomed to sit, was occupied by his Son. Next time the new KING appears in the House of Lords he will take the vacant chair under the royal canopy.

For several days the Commons have been crowding round the tables set on the floor of the House, repeating the oath of allegiance taken as recently as January. There is a new name inserted in the formula. Members, momentarily undivided by political faction, know with sorrowing hearts that King EDWARD, beloved by the Commons, "will come back to Lochaber no more."

Eloquent tributes have to-day been paid in the House to his late Majesty; an address voted to King GEORGE, assuring him of loyalty; and a message of sympathy sent to the QUEEN-MOTHER.

CHARIVARIA.

"I HOPE," says the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD, "to be able to throw up my hat when the Church of Wales is disestablished." We have not seen the Doctor's hat, but it is quite possible that the offer may, from an æsthetic point of view, be worth closing with at once.

"I have something like a mortal fear of a paper constitution," declares Mr. KEIR HARDIE. Naturally, we should all prefer to have iron constitutions.

"An article," announces a contemporary, "by the editor of *Old and New Japan*, pointing out that Japan was a civilised country when Britons were painting themselves with wood (*sic*), appears on page 4." "Wood" is clearly a misprint for burnt cork.

One of the "Tableaux of British Dress" at the White City represents, we are told, "The Lawn of the Garden Club after Dinner." Visitors are recommended to see this rather than the original, which will be found, we fear, to be but a feeble and disappointing parody of the copy.

Another attraction is "Japan in the Four Seasons." A companion picture, "England in the Four Seasons," can also, owing to the marvellous versatility of our weather, be seen on most days.

One of the Formosan head-hunters at the Exhibition, we read, menaced a photographer who wanted to include him in a picture, and, had he not been restrained, would have attacked the white man then and there with an improvised club. Those people, who have already been victimised by press snapshooters, consider that the officious persons who interfered incurred a grave responsibility by preventing an elementary act of justice.

Asked whether Halley's Comet affected the weather, Dr. LOCKYER answered, "Not a bit. Weather variations are due to changes in the sun, and the comet is a mere flea-bite in comparison with that." Still, those spots on the sun, which were puzzling the experts a little while ago, may have been caused by the mere flea-bites.

Meanwhile the tail of the comet is said by some observers to be getting smaller. Apparently the comet has now approached sufficiently near to the earth to see that long trains are no longer worn.

The horrors of duelling again! After a contest between a French journalist, M. GUNGL, and an Italian fencing master named CARLETTI, M. GUNGL, we are told, kissed Sig. CARLETTI.

Herr RUDOLF MARTIN, in his book, *Deutsche Machthaber*, gives a list of the favoured advisers of the KAISER. These include Herr VON GAMP. The KAISER, with that thoroughness which is so characteristic of him, evidently believes in preparing for a rainy day.

A lady has been fined ten shillings at Eastbourne for committing an assault at a wedding by throwing rice and flour at the bride's mother. The Bench

Exogamy should turn out to be unfit for our daughters.

A gentleman writes to *The Daily Mail* to state that it is not a fact that Mr. CARTER, "the hairdresser to the Bar," never employed a foreigner: there used to be an old Pole at his shop. We seem to have heard of this Barber's Pole before.

A new cookery book, giving "365 seasonable dinners," purports to make provision for an entire year; but an anxious eater writes to point out that he presumes that a special edition will be published in Leap Years.

NATURE NOTES.

A. L. M.—The way to find out if the bee is mad or not is to offer it a drink. If it refuses it is mad and had better be killed. If it takes it you had better insure your life at once.

B. K.—If as you say the bird has not only built but hatched out in your hair, my advice is to visit the barber at once.

F. L. G.—The flower you send is not a scarlet pimpernel, as you suppose, but an *Orezy* daisy.

P. J. W.—It was stated the other day, after Yorkshire's opening match, that by giving one's hens HIRST's toffee they would lay duck's eggs; but I have not tried it.

K. F. A.—No, it is useless to plant a London back garden with rubber trees. Washing-poles are far more profitable.

Mrs. WIGGS.—I have had the cigar analysed. It is a pure cauliflower di Cuba.

H. H. T.—I wish you would not send live jumping things without putting some kind of warning on the outer wrapper. My heart has always been weak, and to open a box and have a great frog leap out brings on palpitation.

"Another important by-product is malt-culms, the feeding properties of which have long since been known to the farmer, who uses them for milking cows, and ewes in the lambing season, which endorses the high opinion that experts have of such a malt food as a food for poultry, and it may be added that scientists state after experiment that the cow requires the same material to produce her eggs"—*Ormskirk Advertiser*.

However, it is rather a difficult subject and we must refer to it again later.

The World Missionary Conference publishes a "draft programme for Parallel Meetings in Glasgow." We always thought Parallels couldn't meet.



"VERY WELL THEN, STAY THERE!"

was no doubt anxious to prevent the introduction here of the quaint Irish custom of throwing rice mixed with shillelaghs at the bridegroom.

A German waiter, accused of obtaining money by false pretences, was said to have appeared at various dates as a man of many callings, including those of a doctor, a professor, a matrimonial agent, and a Baron. This bears out the old adage that Everything comes to him who waits.

It looks as if the libraries' boycott of flippant literature is at last having an effect on the publishers. Messrs. MACMILLAN, at any rate, are determined to take no risks, to judge by the title of a book they have just issued. We shall be surprised indeed if *Totemism and*

ADVERTISEMENT BY PERSONALITY.

COMPOSED BY THE PUBLISHER.

THE REGENERATION OF CORA MARIGOLD. By SAMUEL PIPPLESWICK.



MR. SAMUEL PIPPLESWICK.

Mr. Samuel Pippleswick is already a household word in two hemispheres, and his new work bids fair to extend his fame to the remaining third. In the realm of theological romance he has long reigned supreme, and his benevolent tyranny over the minds of the cultured million has been attended with countless spiritual boons. Never before has he asserted his dæmonic talent with such superlative force as in his new book, "The Regeneration of Cora Marigold." It is not only his longest but his strongest novel. Yet it may safely be placed in the hands of the most *blasé* man of the world, while no harm can possibly accrue from it to infants of less than two years old.

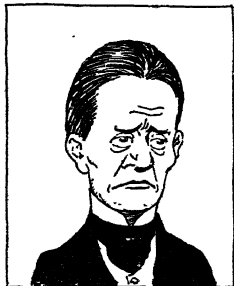
ON MY TEN TOES. By Uther Pelleas Baggs, author of "The Man with the Blue Chin," "A Sanctimonious Sinner," "In Quest of Crime," etc.



MR. Uther PELLEAS BAGGS.

Uther Pelleas Baggs has long been a name to conjure with, but the magic of his genius has never been exerted with a more potent spell than in his latest creation, "On My Ten Toes," which has the freshness and fragrance of new-mown hay. In it Mr. Baggs transports his reader on his magic cloak from Battersea to Benares, from Clacton-on-Sea to Calcutta. In a word it is the work of a thorough artist who combines the demands of poetic justice with the relentless claims of realism, and for the reader who desires to steal a few hours' oblivion from mundane preoccupations no better soporific can be recommended than this bewitchingly sedative romance.

"SELF-HELP FOR SMILES." By JONAH DOLDRUM, author of "The Silly Ass," "How to be Funny though Married," etc.



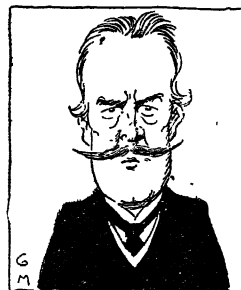
MR. JONAH DOLDRUM.

It has long been a commonplace among literary men that there are more laughs to the square inch in Jonah Doldrum's stories than in those of any other author living or dead. His stories are the favourite reading of the Ex-Sultan ABDUL HAMID, Lady Cook (*née* TENNESSEE CLAFLIN) and Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., thus showing the wide humanity of his outlook. His new book "Self-Help for Smiles," is one prolonged guffaw. But the work is not all comedy "The sense of tears in human things" occasionally emerges with poignant insistence, and amid the most breezy or facetious surroundings we are suddenly confronted with the horrors of elemental passion. In a word Mr. Doldrum has once more scored a resounding and prehensile success.

THE CONQUEST OF COWES. By ALFONSO DIGGLE.

As has been justly said, what Mr. HALL CAINE is to the

Isle of Man so is Mr. Alfonso Diggle to the Isle of Wight. His new story, "The Conquest of Cowes," is an account of the invasion of the island in question by a horde of Amazons from Dahomey, and tells how it was repelled by a corps of Girl Scouts. But the book is not all carnage. Amid the crash of arms and the rattle of Winchester repeaters is heard the tender pipe of sentiment, on which Mr. Diggle performs with a limpid bravura which is all his own.



MR. ALFONSO DIGGLE.

LITTLE MISS MEPHISTO. By HILARY BARDOLPH, author of "The Perfect Cure," "No Earthly Use," "The Wicked Week-Enders," etc.



MR. HILARY BARDOLPH.

Hilary Bardolph is already a veteran, having no fewer than forty-five novels to his credit. But he preserves the ingenuous charm of the eternal child, and his new story, "Little Miss Mephisto," is the sort of book which braces the fibre of a nation to nobler aims and doughtier deeds. The character of the heroine is a wonderful study of inhuman cruelty. Indeed the perusal of these thrilling pages accelerates respiration and keeps off somnolence. Finally the book is written in good grammatical English, with very few split infinitives, thus showing the author to be both well educated and fastidious.

JESSICA'S JAMBOREE. By JOSKIN VAMP, author of "Tiffany's Wedding," "Angels on Toast," etc.



MR. JOSKIN VAMP.

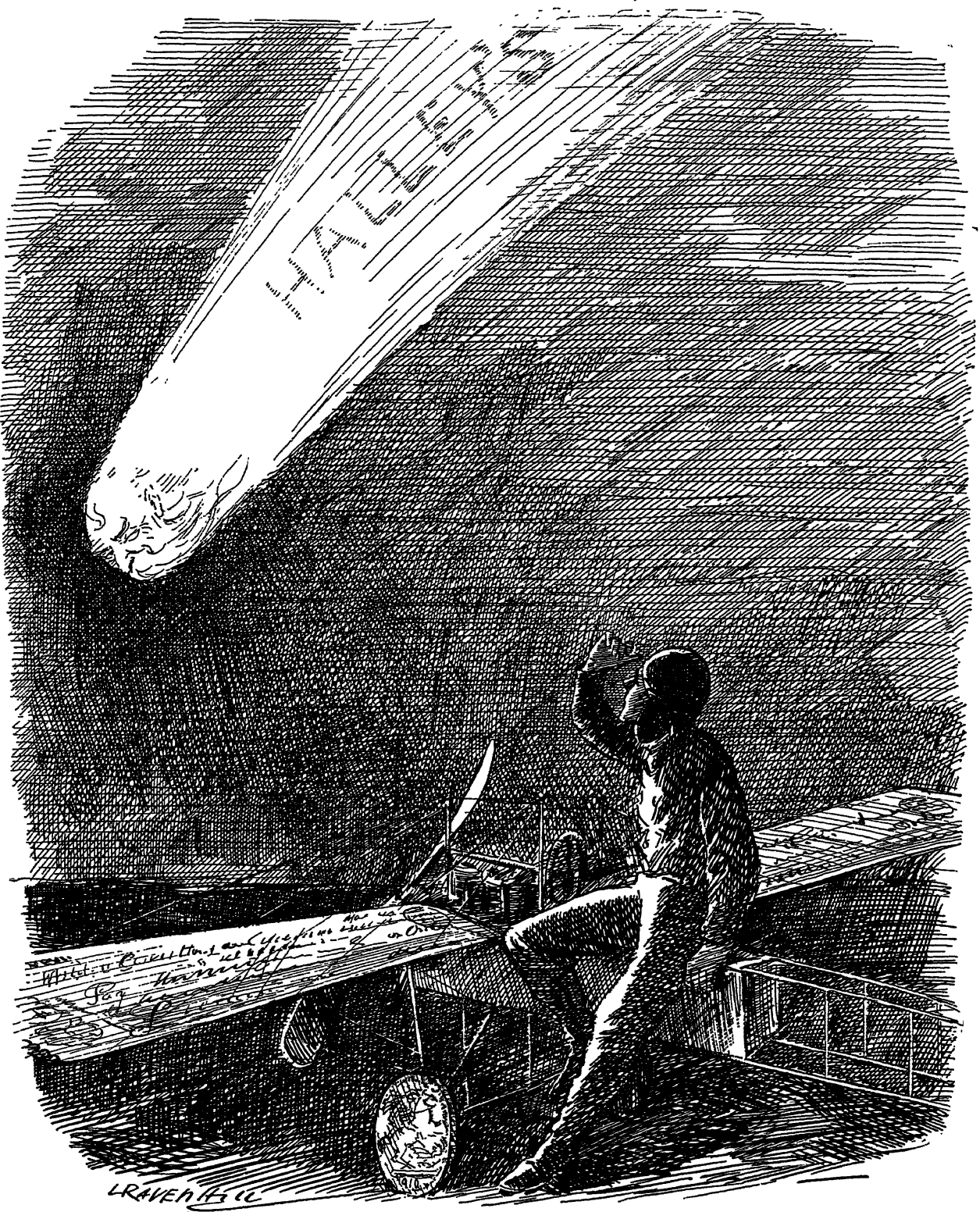
Among the younger generation of penmen few have leaped to fame with a more confident stride than Joskin Vamp. He is the writer of five novels, each more vivid and vital than its predecessor. In the fifth, "Jessica's Jamboree," there is a subliminal religiosity in the conception of the hero which is little short of sublime. In a word Mr. Joskin Vamp has once more proved himself to be a benefactor of the deepest dye.

DIANA THE SHE-DEVIL. By JULIAN DE VERE COONEY.



MR. JULIAN DE VERE COONEY.

Mr. Cooney's new novel—like all its predecessors, a novel with a purpose—is designed to expose the appalling wickedness of the fox-hunting set. "Diana the She-Devil" is the charming name of his new venture, which describes the conversion of the Master of the Pytchley Buckhounds from a career of unimaginable depravity to a life of self-sacrifice in the slums of Monte Carlo. It has been well said of him by his publisher's reader, "No writer since Juvenal is so superbly moral as Julian de Vere Cooney."



THE GREAT AMATEUR.

AVIATOR. "MARVELLOUS FLIER! AND DOES IT FOR LOVE!"



ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE. 1910.



MISS ELSA PODDLE.

HERODIAS OF HANGER HILL: A GOLFING ROMANCE. By ELSA PODDLE.

Miss Elsa Poddle has long been regarded as one of the most inspired delineators of ultra-smart society. Her new romance easily eclipses the steepest exploits of her rivals and will probably win for her the sobriquet of "Casanova Rediviva."

A HOLY HORROR. By MESSALINA TIBBITTS, author of "A Saint in Cerise."

Miss Tibbitts had no reason to complain of the reception of her first book, "A Saint in Cerise." Her second venture, however, is a far more serious undertaking, and, being imbued with that subtle current of magnetism which is the sign-manual of genius, will electrify Bayswater and titillate Pimlico.



MISS MESSALINA TIBBITTS.

CHEOPS AND TOMATO SAUCE. By MARMION BRUMFIT.

Mr. Marmion Brumfit has written a superb historical romance of the days of Cheops, under the fascinating title of "Cheops and Tomato Sauce," and, as historical facts have been adhered to as much as possible, a wonderfully realistic notion is given of the Court life of a great Pyramid-builder, with all its splendour, ferocity and callous disregard for human life. Indeed Mr. Brumfit thinks that it is the finest thing he has done since "The Love Affairs of Cato of Utica."



MR. MARMION BRUMFIT.

EVE IN QUEST OF COPY.

A Warning to those with Literary and Artistic Lady Friends.

By A VICTIM.

LITTLE I thought as I frivelled with Vera,
And in her light atmosphere struggled to float,
That I should be potted in *Eve and her Era*,
And purchased (with pattern) for less than a groat!
My ball-room inanity
Labelled: *Man's Vanity*:—
Is he a Sane Enough Creature to Vote?

LITTLE I knew when I nodded benignly
To Ruth (with the floor coming promptly to grips)
That she, as she sympathised, dimpling divinely,
Had mentally snapped me for *Snippity Snips*!
Sketching me afterwards,
Legs waving afterwards:—
Rinkery Revels; or, Percival Slips!

LITTLE I dreamed when, a prey to my passion,
And seizing my chance while her chaperon dozed,
I pressed Helen's hand in no niggardly fashion,
Looked deep in her orbs and the incident closed,
That one so ethereal,
Hot on material,
Would move men to mirth with *How Percy Proposed!*

"In her evidence plaintiff said defendant swore 'by the liver of his father and mother'—a sacred oath."—*Evening Argus*.
It certainly should only be used on very special occasions.

"We send to you 3 lbs. of the finest tea in the world for P.O.O. for 5s.—that's all."—*Advt. in "The Scottish Chronicle"*.
They might send you a banana as well.

The Wedding Breakfast.

COUPLE, getting married, WANT FISH AND CHIPS."

Advt. in "Daily Dispatch."

A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

"You are hereby summoned," said the notice, "to attend and serve as a Juror in this Court, at the hour of eleven in the Forenoon upon the trial of any Action or Actions to be then and there tried by Jury; and in default of attendance you will be liable to a penalty of Five Pounds, under sect. 102 of the County Courts Act, 1888." So of course I went.

* * * * *
10.45. Though I have never been on a Jury before, I feel that it is as well to be punctual. Is this the County Court, policeman? Thank you. First come, first serve, is the jurymen's motto. If I am sworn in for the opening action I may yet be down at the Oval for lunch.

10.55. Upstairs there seem to be a lot of jurymen about, most of them without collars; I wish I knew the etiquette. And where do I go now? Perhaps if I show somebody my summons . . . In there? Thank you very much . . . Oh, is this the dock? Thank you. Oh, yes, over there. Thanks.

11. In the jury box. Evidently I am very late. We are in the middle of the action, and I haven't taken an oath of any kind. I ask the jurymen next to me for a rough synopsis or *résumé* of the case as far as it has gone, so that I can give a right and trusty verdict. He explains that our action hasn't begun yet, and that this one is being tried without jury. Most sensible—that's how all actions should be tried.

Having nothing else to do I listen to counsel. As far as I can make it out, "We" (by which, I take it, the little man in the wig means himself and his friends) have been unable to obtain reasonable access to the bathroom of our lodgings for the purposes of bathing, the landlady having pocketed the key of the same. No wonder we are annoyed. On the other hand, as the fat man in fancy dress rightly points out, "We" (meaning him and the landlady) have only locked the door between the hours of 11 A.M. and 8 P.M., the fact being that his learned friend was in the habit of washing his clothes in the bathroom. (*Disgraceful.*) We are only too delighted to allow him to bathe in the morning and at night, but it must be fair bathing.

His Honour thinks this reasonable.

The Little Man says he will undertake not to wash his clothes in the bathroom; but suppose he wanted a warm bath in the afternoon?

His Honour thinks that any reasonable man or woman might want a warm bath in the afternoon—say between three and four.

The Fat Man says that if his learned friend *really* wants a warm bath in the afternoon, say between three and four, he is prepared to allow access to the room for that hour.

His Honour thinks this noble.

The Little Man urges that he might possibly want his bath at five. (*True.*)

After much argument His Honour suggests 4.30 as a reasonable compromise. Agreed that the Little Man shall be allowed to bathe from 8 P.M. to 11 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

Now for *our* action.

11.45. We stand up in twos to take the oath. Having read all about germs I decide to kiss my thumb, instead of the book which I and the man next to me are holding together. In my nervousness, however, I kiss the other man's thumb. I hope he won't mind.

Before our case begins the usher announces that all the other actions have been settled out of court and that the rest of the jurors summoned are therefore dismissed. This is *very* annoying. If I had only come late enough I needn't have come at all. And they're just beginning at the Oval.

12.0. Matthew Pringle kept a small fishmonger's shop in Commercial Road. One day he was horrified, gentlemen, to see a motor car come into the shop. A week later, having recovered from the shock to his system, he estimated the damage as follows:

Damage to shop . . .	£20	0	0
Do. to fish . . .	2	0	0
Do. to bicycle (which was leaning against shop) . . .	5	0	0
Loss of business . . .	3	0	0

Total £30 0 0

I make a note of the figures and yawn, and wonder what on earth the defence can be.

12.45. Counsel for Defence is cross-examining. Roughly his line seems to be that the damage to shop was fourpence, damage to fish tuppence, damage to bicycle an improvement, and loss of business *nil*.

"Now take the fish," he says. "What sort of fish had you in the shop? Had you salmon?"

Mr. Pringle admits that he had no salmon.

"No salmon, gentlemen," Counsel says to us scornfully.

It occurs to me that salmon was out of season at the time of the accident, but as it doesn't seem to occur to anybody else I say nothing.

Counsel continues. Under relentless cross-examination witness confesses that he had also no sturgeon, red mullet, trout, octopuses, whales, sardines, or dog-fish in his shop at the time of the accident.

"Well, what *had* you got?" asks Counsel, absolutely at a loss.

"There was kippers and——"

"Kippers!" sneers the Defence.

Having had a couple of kippers for breakfast that very morning, I resent the sneer and decide to give a verdict for the plaintiff.

2.30. We have adjourned for lunch and resumed, and are still at it. I expected to be locked up and given lunch at the expense of the county, but had to go out and pay for it in the usual way. The Defence is now concentrating on the bicycle, which is in court. Counsel is prepared to admit that it is a bicycle, but produces an engineering expert (without a collar) to tell the whole truth about its past.

"You see that—*bicycle*?" Counsel says contemptuously, as if it had had no right ever to have been a bicycle. Certainly it doesn't look much like one now.

"I do."

"And for how much would you be prepared to mend it?"

"Arf-a-crown." (*Sensation.*) "And I'd give 'im a new one as good as that was for five shillings." (*More sensation.*)

3.30. The man next to me is very conscientious. He has been putting down all the figures in the case. As I feel that I have been rather inattentive, I ask him to let me refresh my memory by studying them. After all, I *have* kissed his thumb, so we are not altogether strangers.

He has added them all up so as to save me bother.

Fish in shop . . .	£50
Breadth of road at scene of accident . . .	27ft.
Gear of bicycle . . .	84
Average cost of kipper . . .	1d.
Number of motor . . .	LC 97896
Train I want to catch . . .	4.6 p.m.

Total damage . LC 98262.6 ftdpm.

"Thanks very much," I said, "but I doubt if you catch your train."

4.15. We retire. We are all very indignant. One stout bald man explains that he was going to have been married or christened or something this afternoon, and now he has missed it. He must try again to-morrow. We are all agreed that it is perfectly wicked that a whole day should be wasted in this manner. We are all busy men. I am (I say) a particularly busy man. "Plaintiff, of course?" says the bald man casually. Of course. "Damages? He claims thirty—say twenty-five?" Our confidence in the bicycle being a little shaken, we all say twenty-five with alacrity.

4.30. Justice is done. But it is too late now to go to the Oval. A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY. SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Photographer. "NOW STEADY, AND ALL LOOK PLEASANT" (185).



Lady in the Corner. "I KNOW IT MUST BE VERY DISTURBING TO HAVE ALL THESE PEOPLE DROPPING IN WHILE YOU'RE DOING MY PICTURE. BUT, NOW THEY ARE HERE, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL PAINT THEM" (484).



The Bathers. "OH, I DO WISH HE'D GO AWAY AND LET US GET AT OUR CLOTHES!" (325).



MISS —, THE WELL-KNOWN CLASSICAL DANCER, SAYS: "YOUR TOOTH-STUFF IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT" (603).



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY. BLIND MAN'S BUFF, (OR HOW BABY D'SCOVERED THE SIGNATURE) (746).



FROM THE GEM ROOM—THE LITTLE WIFE-BEATER (543).



GOLF IN THE TROPICS: A HOT FINISH (167).



THIRST (213).



SITTING OUT A DANCE AT A FANCY DRESS BALL (379).



A BOON TO ARTISTS. SUGGESTED SKELETON SCHEME FOR PORTRAITS OF NEW PEERS.

"T. P." AMONG THE POETS.

THE gentleman who dispenses "Literary Help" in *T. P.'s Weekly* was recently asked by "B. (York)" to criticise an original musical setting of Canto cxxx. of "In Memoriam." By a stroke of superb luck the poet's name was omitted from the score, with the following captivating result:—

"I do not know whether the verses are original, but I have been wondering what the song is all about. The song says 'I cannot guess,' and I am inclined to agree. I do not catch the meaning of 'Though mix'd with God and nature thou,' and there is apparently a syllable missing in the line 'I have thee and I rejoice' at the foot of page 4."

It is when our Literary Helpers thus fail us—and delight us—that we realise that we have not lived in vain. The missing syllable, by-the-by, is "still." Perhaps the critic will turn to his *Tennyson*, and, applying a wet towel to his head, try to get a glimmering of the crystal meaning of four of the most beautiful stanzas ever written.

Meanwhile we shall look confidently in our *T. P.* for the following:—

H. (Lincoln).—Your blank verse is undoubtedly blank. Let me tell you once for all that to invert the true order of words is not poetry, though too many tyros think it is. You begin:—

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our
woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse . . ."

Now, there are two glaring faults here. One is to begin with a preposition, which no good writer would do, and the other to be so long in coming to the point. The point is that the heavenly muse is invoked to sing of all these things; but if you count the words before we arrive at that invitation you will see that there are thirty-eight. How much better to have begun, "Sing, heavenly muse," and so forth.

M. H. (Brighton).—Your lines are not altogether bad. I like the description of the marigold as going to bed with the sun; it is pretty and poetical. And the epithet "bold" for oxlips is good, and "pale" for primroses—undoubtedly they are pale.

"Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"
is far-fetched; but there is a certain courage in it. But what to make of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

I cannot think. What does "take" mean? Surely it is a misprint, but I cannot imagine for what. How can

you take a wind with beauty? You can take a walk, you can take a cup of tea, you can take cold; but how can you take a wind with beauty? This is, of course, if not a misprint, sheer affectation, and I advise you to discontinue it.

Lastly you write:

"Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks
And death's pale flag is not advanced there,"

This will never do. "Ensign" is far too technical: "banner" would be better. Then "crimson" is a crude and violent word. The last line doesn't scan. Besides, you don't "advance" a flag; you hoist it.

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

[Witness. "He is under the L.C.C."]

Judge Bacon. "What is that?"

Witness. "The London County Council."

Fragment from a case in the *Whitechapel County Court*.]

So different from the elder Bacon
Whose cryptograms were horrid hard
(And thus his verses got mistaken
For those of BILL—a minor bard),
The namesake of that nimble beak
Repudiates the verbal freak,
He will not have the language shaken,
The wells of English marred.

To him abbreviated titles
Are crude as crimson to a bull,
He stipulates for long recitals
Because they are so beautiful;
The *nom de guerre* or name for short
Annoys him like a legal tort;
Contractions corrugate his vitals
And nicknames warp his wool.

Suppose a felon, forced by famine
To pilfer crumpets for his tea,
Were brought before him to examine,
How pained his gentle heart would be
To hear that solecistic use,
Whereby, in circles sadly loose,
A shop for eating bread and jam in
Is called an A.B.C.

Where other men would come a cropper
By asking how to reach the Zoo,
He'd buttonhole the nearest copper
And bid him state a case (or two)
On travelling by the Underground
To Regent's Park (the Northward
bound),
And bridle (as is only proper)
At words like Bakerloo.

Then, England, while you have such
judges
The *toupet* and the robe to don,
Whoever fakes, whoever fudges,
The law shall not be put upon;
'Tis men like these in every sphere
Who still uphold by acts sincere
The British flag that never budes,
The glorious Union John.

EVON.

A VISIT TO MR. PUNCH'S FARM.

WE feel bound to say that of all our adventures in the wider journalism—and we have gone pretty far afield at times—none has been crowned with so conspicuous a success as the sporting enterprise of *Mr. Punch's Farm*. Nothing has pleased us so much as the triumph of our now famous fifteen acres. It is no small achievement to have revolutionised British agriculture—as we claim to have done—in the course of a couple of years; and you can have no idea how jolly it is to feel that we are landed proprietors. There is always a pleasant stir and bustle in the office when rent-day comes round.

But the farm has proved its value—quite incidentally, you will understand—in yet another way. And this is the beauty of it. It furnishes us with a continuous supply of first-class copy. Of course we feel some compunction in exploiting the farm in this manner. But what would you have? We cannot bring ourselves to disappoint the burning curiosity of our readers. Nothing goes quite so well as a little column of accounts. Our readers love to know the cost of the garden rake, and to deduct it from the price that was obtained for the Brussels sprouts. They discuss all the bearings of the fact that sixpence each is allowed for empty superphosphate bags, if returned in good condition. It is our claim—and we are justly proud of it—that our fifteen acres provide food not only for the body but for the mind.

Last Tuesday our representative dropped in quite unexpectedly. He has lodgings in the village, as we found this cheaper and more satisfactory than always paying for railway tickets. He remarked, to his surprise, that it was washing day, and noted the fact, of obvious interest to all small holders, that the amount of soap used for the wash should depend not so much on the heat of the water as on the number of the clothes. In spite of the bustle incidental upon this weekly festival there were already several visitors on the premises. Our cattle expert was measuring the new calf with a tape, and a high official of the Beekeepers' Association might be seen delicately skirmishing round the hive with what looked like a toasting-fork. The Simple-Life reporter was knocking off a poem under the apple tree, and a market-gardener, specially imported from Holland, was grubbing about with a note-book in the potato-patch. Our tenant's wife complained of being short-handed, as one of the photographers had turned up without an appointment, and the children were being taken in a group round the pump. While I was waiting, writes our representative, a parcel arrived from



A PROBLEM IN SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

"I SAY, LAURA, WHEN YOU MEET A FRIEND AS 'AS 'AD MORE THAN IS GOOD FER 'IM, OUGHT YER TO BOW?"

the station which proved to be a new handle for the turnip-cutter. You will remember that I pointed out in my last report that a flaw had been discovered in the old one, and anticipated that some steps would have to be taken shortly.

Our tenant was at last discovered watering the honeysuckle at the gate. "Hullo!" he remarked. "Here we are again."

"Yes," said I. "Anything new?"

"Sparrow's nest in the water-spout," he replied without looking up; "put it down."

Taking a note of this new instance of the alarming increase of the sparrow pest in rural England, I proceeded to put a few leading questions to our tenant, according to my custom.

"Do you really think that we have succeeded in proving to the world at large that old pasture is not necessary for cows, or is it all spoof?"

Our tenant grinned.

"It must be a satisfaction to you that the accounts continue to show a balance on the right side."

Our tenant winked.

We were interrupted at this point by the arrival of the poultry expert with

his egg-testing apparatus. Our tenant flung down his watering-can and picked up his coat, and I had only time for a final question.

"What do you intend to do at the termination of your lease?"

"I'm looking out," he replied firmly and calmly, "for a bit o' land on a desert island."

Answer to Correspondent.

"DISTRICT PASSENGER."—You complain that "neither of the platforms at Earl's Court station—that most popular of junctions—contains a single timetable of the Wimbledon service." We think you are hard to please. The Directors have very generously studied the convenience of passengers: they have provided them with two tobaccoshops, and a quarter of a dozen establishments for the sale of nougat, and you have no right to expect more than this from any railway company.

"Seven Signets were hatched in the Lawn, Dawlish, yesterday morning."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

To be less technical, seven seals were born.

DANS LE MOUVEMENT.

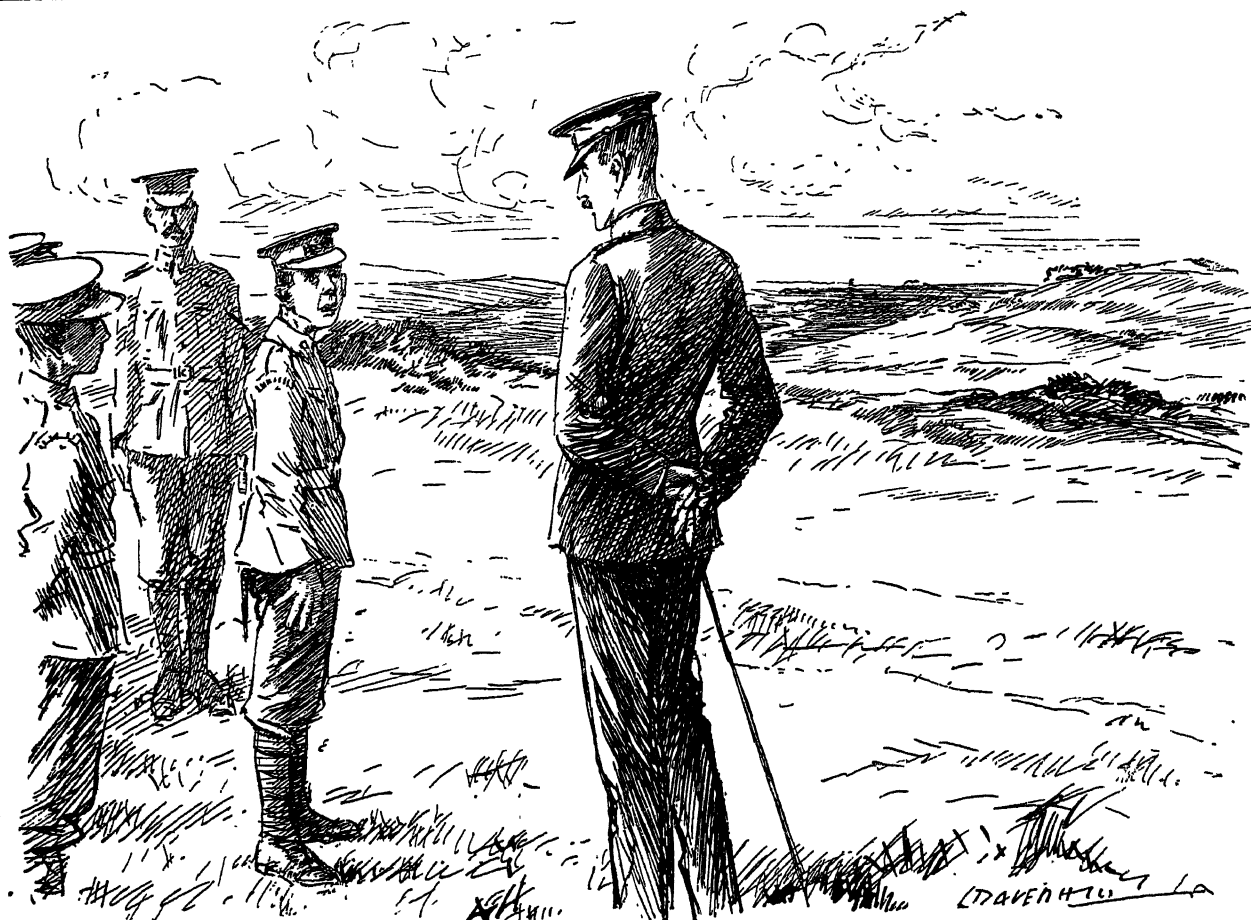
[An entire French garden, soil as well as plants, has been moved from Reading to Birmingham.]

Why Pay Rent? The International Removal Association can save you this recurring annoyance. Write for full particulars to our House-Shifter Department. Confidently recommended for Irish peasantry. Secrecy. Rapidity. Telegrams—"QUARTER DAY, London."

Are you a Duke? Do you suffer from Unearned Increment? We can move your town residences into the country cleanly and cheaply. Communications received in strict confidence.

Our Rus in Urbe Department (no connection with the Fresh Air Fund) brings air from all the principal health resorts to your door at a nominal charge. "A Revolution in Town Life"—*vide Press.*

Frontiers extended. Rivers deflected. Inland Oceans laid out at reasonable rates (we lately carried some of the North Sea into the Interior of Germany for secret naval manoeuvres). Coast erosions arranged on commission. Volcanic eruptions a speciality.



"INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT.

Company Officer. "IN WHICH DIRECTION CAN YOU SEE FURTHEST?"

Promising Recruit. "THE WAY I LOOKS!"

DIMINUENDO IN FOUR BARS.

I.—AT THE AGE OF TEN.

The Written Word.

"Master William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Brown to a dance on January 1st."

The Underlying Thought.

Buns; lemonade; trifle; more lemonade; possibly even ices; at any rate more lemonade. With decent luck, something in the food line to take away with me at the end. Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

II.—AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

The Written Word.

"William Porterhouse, Esquire, has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Robinson to a dance on February 2nd."

The Underlying Thought.

First-class rag; top-hole supper, with champagne in buckets; all the prettiest girls in the county; band sure to play "Kiss Me and Get It Over"

waltz. I shall be all over it, and may even cadge a day's ferreting off old Robinson to end up with. Hooray! Hooray!!

III.—AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Jones to a dance on March 3rd."

The Underlying Thought.

SHE will be there. Hooray!

IV.—AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Smith to a dance on April 4th."

The Underlying Thought.

S'pose I must. D—.

"Scotchman wishes to meet German for improvement in respective languages." — *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Both languages need it.

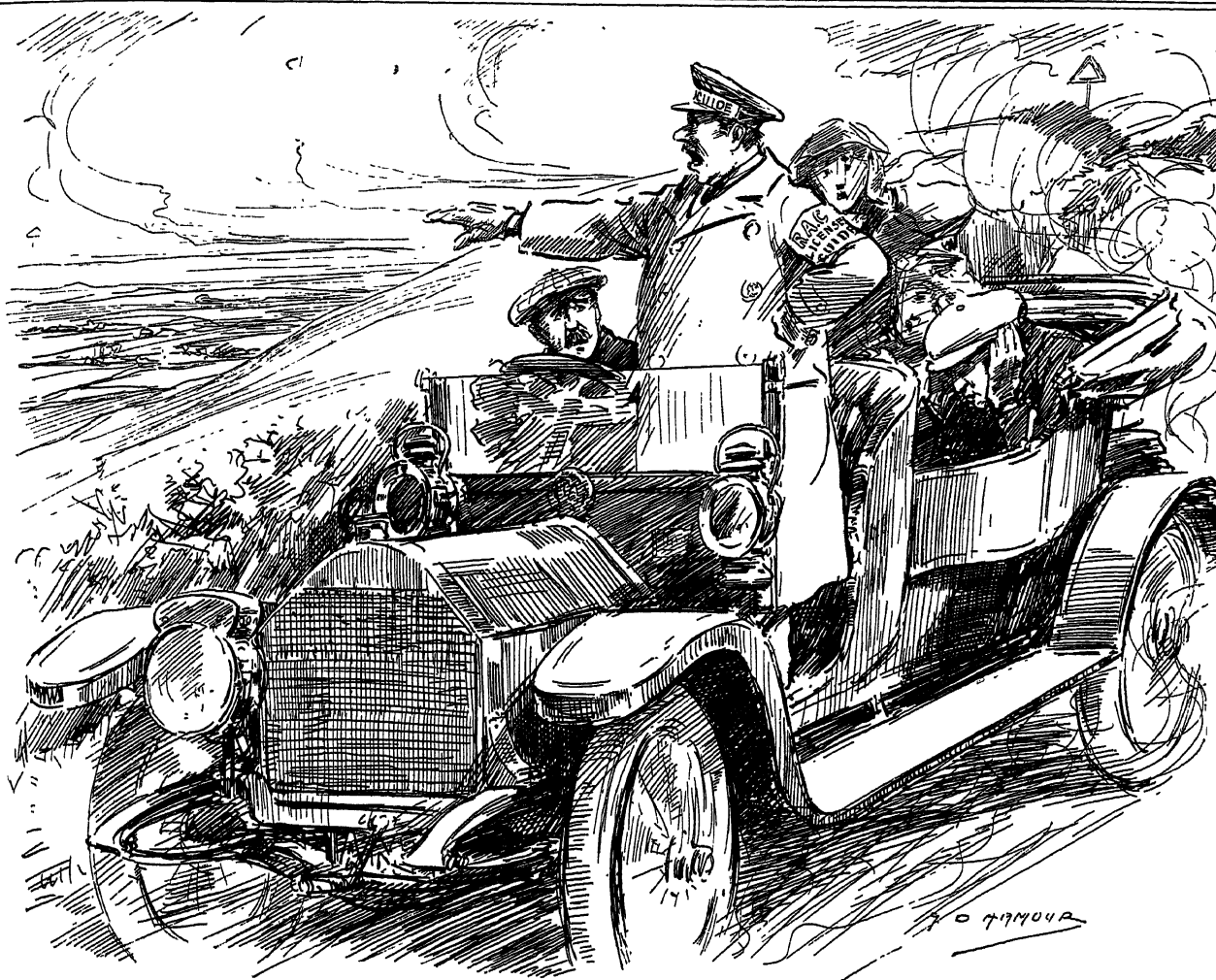
SPRING SALMON.

It's oh, but I'm dreaming
Of grey water streaming,
Great rivers that go gleaming
Where brown the heather blows,
Ere May's southern graces
Rub out the last white traces
From high and mountain places
Of stubborn, storm-packed snows!
The chill wind that searches
The low-lying birches,
The old red grouse that perches
And swaggers in the sun,
I'm fain for its blowing,
I'm restless for his crowing,
And it's I that would be going
Where the Spring salmon run!
And oh, were they bulking
Bright silver, or sulking—
In the snow-broth a-skulking,
I would care not at all,
I'd hear the falls ringing,
I'd see the pine-tops swinging
In a wind that's filled with singing
When the green plover call!

TOPICAL SONG:—Ta - rubber - boom -
de - ay.



THE SHIP OF STATE: A NEW EMPRISE.



AN ADDED TERROR.

A prominent Motoring journal announces that the touring department of the R. A. C. is arranging a scheme to supply motorists in touring centres such as Cornwall, etc., with guides well acquainted with the local objects of interest.

TOURISTS IN THE DISTRICTS MENTIONED—ESPECIALLY DRIVERS—HAVE MR. PUNCH'S SYMPATHY.

THE JOKE WITHOUT A POINT.

THERE was once a Joke. And the point of it was that it had no point; so that everybody could see it as well as his neighbour.

It was hatched by a Cynic with an established reputation for saying funny things. But the Cynic was furious with the world because it refused to take him seriously, regarding him as a Humorist and not as a Philosopher. So he determined to have his revenge, and hatched the Joke.

He let it loose upon the Town at a frigidly calculated moment, and it was received uproariously. It went the round of the Clubs, and no dinner-party was complete without it. After a time not to have heard it was to argue oneself on the wrong side of the Fringe. People were now more convinced than ever that the Cynic was a prince of Humorists; but the Cynic only laughed in his sleeve, now the left and now the right; which

was bad for the fit of his clothes. At the summit of its success it was told to a young Colonial at one of the greatest gatherings of the Season. It was told to him within the hearing of a galaxy of distinguished men and women. They had all heard it before, and they now crowded round to see how the new arrival would take it. In anticipation of an accident, a young doctor was in attendance; many were prepared to see the Colonial leave the room on an ambulance.

But a strange thing happened. Not only did he fail to see the Joke, *but he said so.*

They told it him again and again, and still he didn't see it. He even asked them to explain it to him. Gently and with due consideration for his Colonial disabilities they explained that it was one of those Jokes that could not be explained; you either saw it or you didn't. "But what is there to see?" he asked.

They could not answer that, and they gazed at one another in embarrassment. Then one of them, whether stricken in his conscience or out of pure courtesy, confessed that he never had seen anything in it; and several others reluctantly testified to the same effect. To clear the matter up it was resolved to send a deputation to the Cynic. A select few of the bolder spirits waited upon him in the small hours of the morning and stated their case. The Cynic regarded them with a malevolent smile, and slowly answered:—

"The point of it was that it had no point. I made it like that on purpose. The Joke was mine. Good night."

The Cynic achieved part at least of his desire, for he ceased to be accepted as a Humorist. But when he found that he was no longer received in the best houses his philosophic stock-in-trade dwindled to nothing. So he became merely a Cynic; which is a dog's life.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.

I PICKED up the receiver and put it to my ear.

"Number, please."

"Double it, add seven——"

"Number, please."

"What are the Mayfairs like this morning?"

"I don't know what you're saying."

"Never mind. I think I'll have a Gerald. They're always safe."

"Gerald—what number?"

"Well, if I take a thousand, will you——"

"What?"

"I said a thousand—the number one followed by no fewer than three 0s."

"One 0 double 0, you mean."

"Very well," I said resignedly.

There was a pause. Then,

"We have no such number."

"Well," I said, "can you get it me?"

"I tell you there's no such number."

"What's the nearest you've got?"

"What?"

"What about one double 0 one?"

"Gerald one double 0 one."

There was another pause. Then,

"Hullo," said somebody.

"Hullo."

"Who is that?"

"What's your number?" said I.

"What number do you want?"

"Yours. What is it?"

"One double 0 one."

"That's right. Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

There was a choking noise in the distance and then I listened for a quarter of a minute while he was rude. When he had finished,

"I say," I said, "you do know some awful ones. Where were you at school?"

After stating on oath his failure to see what it had to do with me, he said he had been at Eton.

"Ah," I said, "I thought I knew your face. I was at Blundell's too."

"Eton, you fool," he roared.

"Where?"

"Eton," he yelled.

"Ah. It's a rotten word to roar, isn't it? One can't get hold of the E somehow."

"I'd give something to get hold of your throat."

"You haven't even told me where you are yet," I said reproachfully.

Again he lapsed into irrelevancy, and it was only after dealing viciously with my whereabouts, present and future, that he answered that he was at South Audley Street.

"South Audley Street," I said; "what makes you think that?"

The noise he made in putting back the receiver was almost indecent.

* * * * *
After half-an-hour with the Post-Office and Telephone directories I found him.

have received information which leads us——"

"Troubled!" indignantly broke in the Major,—"troubled! I've been insulted—insulted not half-an-hour ago by a blithering fool——"

"Blithering, yes, Sir. Can you describe him at all besides his being blithering?"

"How can I describe him, man, when I've never seen the fool?"

"Do you think you'd know his voice if you heard it again, Sir?"

He thought on oath that he would.

"You can't tell me at all what he was wearing, Sir, what sort of hat——"

"How the devil can I tell you what hat——"

"Squash hat, yes, Sir."

A hollow groan was the only rejoinder.

"Well, Sir, if he should trouble you again, Sir, if you just ring up four double four five four Central and ask for me——"

"All right," he said wearily.

* * * * *
Ten minutes later I was on to him again.

The expletive that he used as he put the receiver to his ear was a bald and rugged one.

"Yes," he said savagely.

"I say," I said in my natural voice, "it was Eton where you were, wasn't it?"

He gave a roar like a wild beast in answer and began jabbing the hook thing up and down like a maniac.

"Exchange," he yelled, "Exchange, four double four five four Central—quick. Exchange——"

* * * * *
I dropped into the Club in the afternoon and went to the telephone.

"I say, Exchange," I said, "can you tell me if there's such a number as four double four five four Central?"

"Just a minute, please."

I waited. Then,

"Yes, it's the advertising department of Motor Goggles, Limited. Shall I get them for you?"

"No, thanks," I said hurriedly; "I expect they've been bothered enough to-day."

It is with joy I received news the other day of a new handkerchief which has appeared on the horizon, the handkerchief dainty, fine, and such as fastidious womankind has to pay through the nose for.—*Black and White*.

This seems all right.



THE HERBACEOUS BOARDER.
A VISION OF SUMMER ON THE MARINE PARADE.

South Audley Street is not so very long. Then I took up the receiver and asked for Gerald one double 0 one.

"Damn the 'phone," said a voice I recognised. "Yes."

I answered in an assumed voice and threw all the officiousness I could into my tones.

"Excuse me, Sir, but are you Major Horsehair?"

"I am."

"I'm the inspector on duty at Bow Street."

"Where?"

"Bow Street, Sir. I've rung up to know if you've been troubled by anyone on the telephone this morning. We

A HARDY ANNUAL.

"You look very tired," I said.

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh. "But I shall get some rest now. It is all over for a while."

"What is over?" I asked.

"My work," he said. "It does not begin again with any seriousness till next February; but it goes on then till April with terrific vigour." He pressed his hand to his brow.

"May I know what it is?" I inquired.

"Of course," he said. "I name pictures for the Exhibitions. The catalogues are full of my work. Here, for example, is one of my most effective titles: 'Cold flows the Winter River.' Not bad, is it?"

I murmured something.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," he replied. "You're thinking that it is so simple that the artist could have done it himself without my assistance. But there you're mistaken. They can't. They can just paint a picture—some of them—and that's all. You've no idea . . . Well, well."

"Really," I said.

"Yes," he continued; "it's so. Now turn on. Here's another of mine, 'It was the Time of Roses.' That sounds easy, no doubt; but, mark you, you have not only to know it—to have read Hood—but—and this is the secret of my success—to remember it at the right moment." He almost glittered with pride. "Turn on," he said. 'East and West.' That's a subtle thing. Why 'East and West'? you say. And then you see it's an English girl—the West—holding a Japanese fan—the East. But I'm not often as tricky as that. A line of poetry is always best; or a good descriptive phrase, such as 'Rivals,' 'Awaiting Spring's Return,' 'The Forest Perilous,' 'When Nature Sleeps,' 'The Coming Storm,' 'Sunshine and Shadow,' 'Waiting,' 'The Farmer's Daughter,' 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.'"

He paused and looked at me.

"They all sound fairly automatic," he went on; "but that's a blind. They want doing. You know the saying, 'Hard writing makes easy reading'; well, it's the same with naming titles. You think it's nothing; but that's only because it means real work."

Again he held his head, this time with both hands.

"That last title," I said, "'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' Surely I've heard that before."

"Very likely," he said. "But so far as I was concerned it was new. That is to say, it came to me spontaneously. The artist set the picture before me



Country Vicar (visiting a family where a child has scarlet fever). "I SUPPOSE YOU KEEP HIM WELL ISOLATED?"

"LOR BLESS YOU, SIR, YES. HE KEEPS BEHIND THAT CLOTHES-HORSE, AND DON'T COME AMONG US BUT FOR MEALS."

and waited expectantly. I looked at it, and made my mind a blank—that is my usual procedure—and this title came into it: 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' I don't know how to explain the gift—uncanny, no doubt. Kind friends have called it genius. But there it is."

"I hope the financial results are proportionate," I said.

"Ah," he replied, "not always. But how could they be? It's not only the expense of getting to the studios—taxi,

and so forth—but the mental wear and tear. Still, I manage to live. Good-bye."

"Mr. J. McAuley, who at the termination of the lecture entered the room, in proposing a vote of thanks to the fair lecturer said that he had never listened to a more practical or able lecture."—*Kerry Evening Post*.

This was probably true, if Mr. McAULEY always delays his entrance till the psychological moment at the end of the lecture.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHAINS."

I HAD always kept a warm corner of sympathy in my selfish heart for the dull routine of those who drag out their lives on office stools in the City. I had imagined that

"The noisy laugh
And ill-bred chaff
Of clerks on omnibuses"

was only a brave bluff designed to veil the thwarted ambition of adventurous souls. But I was wrong and my sympathy wasted; for I gather from ELIZABETH BAKER's play that these poor slaves actually hug their "chains." You cannot persuade them to throw up a safe thing for the risk of enterprise in the open. Anyhow, the dashing intrepidity of *Fred Tennant*, who is resolved to break loose and try Australia, seems to have staggered his fellow-clerks. "Have you heard about Tennant's new departure?" says someone. "What, is he going to be married?" they all cry, conceiving of nothing else that could be expected to cause a convulsion in his ordered existence. When the thrilling truth comes out, they are divided in opinion; some holding him to be a madman, others a hero; but all agreeing that he is something *hors ligne*. Only one of his fellows, *Charlie Wilson*, is so bitten by his example that he is determined to follow it; but he is married, and this is another and more deadly "chain." All his wife's family, with a single exception, support her tears and regard him as an unfeeling brute. So the thing must be done secretly. He will make a show of starting for the office, and join *Tennant's* ship at Plymouth. Then comes a stroke of *force majeure*; his wife announces that he is about to be a father. The blow goes home, and he sallies forth to his toil, in silk hat and frock coat, a doomed man, destined to wear his "chains" for ever and ever.

I am not sure that I much care for this intervention of fate; but I cordially admire the author's courage in employing it for the further confusion of her original text. There are chains which are the handiwork of society, and there are those which are nature's, but it seems a mistake to confound the two kinds in one and the same homily. For the argument seems to be that

the deliverance of his soul is stiffish work for a clerk without complications; for a married clerk it is appreciably harder; for a clerk who is not only married but lies under the threat of fatherhood it is hopeless. There may be a moral in all this, but it looks bad for the census.

However, moral or no moral, Miss BAKER has handled her *milieu* with an extraordinary sense of reality, to which the whole cast most loyally responded. It was not to be anticipated that a middle-class suburban atmosphere, properly unrelieved by farce, should afford much scope for humour; and the audience greedily seized on what spasmodic fun there

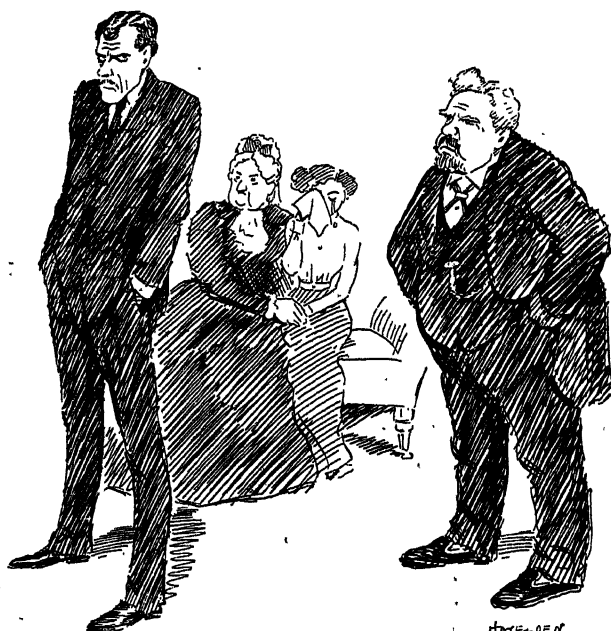
faintly recalled to me, *Chains* was designed to show the need of medicine for a social evil. But, once again, no good prescription was vouchsafed. There was little to show that the Colonial experiment, even if it was to be crowned with success, would entail less chain-work in the process. And there is much to be said for the contention that a bird in the hand is worth two in the Australian Bush. What was needed was not so much a plea for emigration as a demand for more colour and broader intellectual ideals in the hum-drum, third-rate existence which this play so admirably reproduces.

As ROBERT BROWNING says in *Shop*:

"I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the
file!"

If Miss BAKER had it on her chest to present us with the social problem of clerkhood, she might have claimed our better gratitude by suggesting a remedy that should begin at home—and stay there.

O. S.



THE PRISONER AND THREE OF HIS CHAINS.

<i>Charlie Wilson</i> ...	Mr. DENNIS EADIE.
<i>Alfred Massey (father-in-law)</i> ...	Mr. EDMUND GWENN.
<i>Mrs. Massey (mother-in-law)</i> ...	Miss FLORENCE HAYDON.
<i>Lily Wilson (wife)</i> ...	Miss HILDA TREVELYAN.

was. I could wish that this had not included the apparent attempt to raise a laugh over the singing of "Abide with Me," a hymn which must at any time, and especially now, have its sacred associations. One other particular flaw I have to find in an excellent play. It was *Lily Wilson's* method of informing her husband that a child was to be born to them. It took one back to *John Halifax, Gentleman* and the false shame of mid-Victorian times. Surely we are clean-minded enough by now to treat such matters, even in fiction and on the stage, with the frankness which nature demands and the decencies of actual life approve.

I suppose that, like that other Repertory play of the imprisoned clerk, which Mr. DENNIS EADIE's acting

Snubbed.

"Halley's comet was visible in the eastern heavens for the first time this morning. The Government Astro-omer stated, however, that no official cognisance had been taken of its arrival."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

If the comet has any spirit it will go back again.

Extract from letter of a native clerk in India: "Humbly request leave of absence in that I have been sadly bereaved of a friend's wife."

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The many friends of Cedric Toughy will be glad to learn that he is improving very favourably from a severe illness and will soon be able to return to school."—*The Daily Colonist (Victoria, B.C.)*

School is a desert without TOUGHY.

"In Salisbury, Rhodesia, last year there was only one day without sunshine."—*Daily Paper*. That must have been the day we had it here.

Intuition.

"'Old and New Japan'... is written by Mr. George Lynch, whose knowledge of Japan comes from within."—*Daily Express*.

The Slump in Art.

"Splendid pianola, prime cost 50 gs. Take pictures, prime cost 50 gs. or 20s. cash."—*Exchange and Mart*.



Mother (instructing little daughter to peel potatoes). "BE CAREFUL TO GET THE EYES OUT, BIDDY. I ONCE KNOW'D OF A SWORD-SWALLOWER AS WAS CHOKED WIV THE EYE OF A TATER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE ought to be a statutory limit to the competence of heroes. *Raimbaut of Vacqueiras* was the most inspired and sweetest-voiced troubadour of his contemporary Provence; that much is permissible. He was also the most handsome youth of his time; that, too, may be forgiven him. He was a knight infallible and invincible in the joust; here is matter for complaint. He was further a model of chaste demeanour, not to be led astray by amorous châtelaines, proof against the open offers of *Bellisenda*, most attractive of them all; the thing is becoming intolerable. Add to all this the last remaining virtue of modesty, intense almost to the point of oppressiveness, and you have a grave public scandal, a crying need for a redistribution of merits. For the rest, I found *The Severed Mantle* (METHUEN) a charming book. Its plot, based on the paragon's search for the perfect love, is too vague to summarise, and not sufficiently memorable to reproduce *in extenso*. The author in his preface as good as confesses that: he thinks little better of it than I. What we both like so much is its theme. "I have tried," says WILLIAM LINDSEY, "to picture Provence in the time of the troubadours, to show the land of the nightingale and rose

when Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy and Song her counsellors." He has succeeded, say I. Indeed, he carried me body and soul into France and Italy of the twelfth century, and left me thinking of Avignon and Ventimiglia as homes of music, the tourney and romance, instead of tiresome stations where officials wake me up to demand my ticket or my keys.

Many books have been written recalling pilgrimages in the footsteps of CHARLES DICKENS and some of his immortal creations. In *Rambles with an American* (MILLS AND BOON) CHRISTIAN TEARLE has achieved the distinction of producing one of the worst. Had he been content to tread the old familiar ways, more or less modestly describing his impressions, it would have been exacting to expect anything new; but the book might have been devoid of irritation. Mr. TEARLE invents the machinery of a pert, self-satisfied London solicitor and a client from Chicago, "whose countenance, though remotely suggestive of the Red Indian type, was refined and gracious; his more than fifty winters have dried him up rather than aged him, and his tall form was spare and willowy." This person, who apparently cannot be described in a single tense, is in the habit of producing from his waistcoat pocket a sheaf of notes containing extracts from FORSTER's *Life of Dickens* and other accessible works. With this in

hand the couple visit Hatton Garden, the Marshalsea, and other quarters of London associated with DICKENS. When they come to appropriate spots the client pulls out the sheaf of notes and reads an extract, and the solicitor makes humorous and penetrating remarks. "Richard and Francis Lovelace were both colonels," said the American. "Only two colonels!" I exclaimed with much sympathy. "Dear, dear." Good patriot though he was, a gleam of amusement sparkled in his eye. "Well, it doesn't in mine. Nor does one beam in looking through other chapters dealing in the same airy fashion with SHAKESPEARE at Stratford-on-Avon, GOLDSMITH in Green Arbour Court, and SCOTT at Abbotsford."

Mr. CHARLES PEARS, known to the world as a delightful artist, is also a sailorman of high skill, resource, and courage. He owns a yacht "of registered tonnage 2'65, and of yacht measurement 4 tons—which means that she was 26 feet long over all, 19 feet upon the water line, and 6'6 feet wide." In this cock-boat he started last year from the peaceful haven of Hammer-smith and sailed past Gravesend and out into the wild waters of the open sea, beyond Ramsgate, and so on to Calais, thence, with various rests by the way, to the Seine, and eventually from Fécamp back again to Hammer-smith. This adventurous voyage he has now described in a handsome book, *From the Thames to the Seine* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and has adorned it with a great wealth of most beautiful illustrations.

Mr. PEARS' account of his doings and of the admirable behaviour of his little yacht is a direct and graphic piece of work, breezy and briny as such an account should be. To be sure, he is occasionally, shall I say, a little impressionist in his dealings with French genders, but, on the other hand, his eye for colour is unfailing, and his renderings of the beauty he saw on sea and land are amongst the most brilliant and fascinating things ever done in this kind. Indeed, Mr. PEARS is an artist *enragé*—I use the word in a sense as highly complimentary as it can be made to bear. When he was suffering tortures from a toothache at Abbeville and was hunting elusive dentists through the streets of that city, he could stop in his vain and maddening chase in order that he might contemplate and admire and sketch the beauty of the Somme Canal, "a weird view of sombre still water reflecting gloomy trees, a mysterious bank upon either hand, and a few gas-lights . . . Looking into the water below it seemed as deep as the sky is high."

I congratulate Mr. PEARS on his yacht, his pluck, and his book.

If, as I'm led to understand,
The coming summer should be fine,
Myriads, *Baedeker* in hand,
Will wander forth to do the Rhine.

With *Baedeker*, it's true, they'll make
Certain of all the sights there are,
But I would have them also take
The Sword Maker, by ROBERT BARR.

BARR gives them the romantic side,
Dressed in a very taking way,
With thrills and love affairs to tide
Over the *ennui* of the day.

Indeed, the book (from MILLS AND BOON)
So pleased my jaded appetite
That, starting late one afternoon,
It held me far into the night.

You would not think that, after beginning his story



Uncle (taking niece for her first taxi ride). "WELL, GLADYS—HAD ENOUGH OF IT, EH?"
Gladys (much interested in fare dice). "Oh, no, UNCLE. LET'S GO ON. I WANT TO SEE IF
THE SHILLINGS CAN GO INTO DOUBLE FIGURES."

with the discovery of an unknown baby girl, abandoned in a pew in "the little chapel in Maiden Lane," there existed an author capable of such restraint as to carry it through to the end with never another word about the foundling's identity. But there does. And his name, one you will recognize with pleasure, is E. TEMPLE THURSTON. At every fresh chapter of *The Greatest Wish in the World* (CHATMAN AND HALL) I said to myself, "Now, surely, Peggy is going to turn out to be a long-lost

somebody!" But she never did; and this is one of the many good points of a simple and tender little story. It is so simple that it can all be told in very few words. Peggy, thus left to the care of a delightful old Irish priest, Father O'Leary, is brought up by him and his housekeeper, Mrs. Parfitt, till she is old enough to fall in love with Stephen Gale, the sailor lodger in the house opposite. Then Stephen goes away in his ship and gets wrecked on a desert island with no posting facilities; and Peggy, mistaking grief for a vocation, is just about to enter a convent, when—. But naturally you guess what happens then.

Not that this is by any means the way in which Mr. THURSTON tells the tale; no synopsis of mine could do justice to a style of which the quaint irrelevancies and playful charm must be enjoyed for their own sake. I am not perfectly sure, though, that towards the end Mr. THURSTON has not permitted that same playful charm to run away with him for some little distance, to the extent, indeed, of giving possible offence to those for whom matters of religion are not amenable to such treatment, be it never so delicate. I hope not; for I should like everyone to find the book as pleasant as I have found it.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bradford Chamber of Commerce is exhibiting at the Brussels Exhibition a series of tableaux illustrating our worsted industry. We fear, however, that foreigners are too well informed nowadays to believe that only one of our industries has been worsted. (NOTE.—This *jeu d'esprit* dates from the time of Job's comforters.)

An American gentleman who visited Paris at Whitsuntide failed absolutely to unravel the omnibus system, and is said to be still standing outside a shop which exhibits a notice, "*Stoppage*," wondering why the blamed things won't draw up.

MR. JOHN CLAY, of Chicago, is about to undertake the mastership of the North Northumberland Hunt, and the hounds are said to be terrified lest someone shall give them the *sobriquet* of "The Potted Dogs."

A skating rink was opened at Chichester last week. It is the first place of amusement the town has had since the abolition of the old theatre more than half a century ago, and well-informed persons are requested not to tell the simple-minded inhabitants that rinking is now out of date.

"Outward appearances mean nothing," says Judge EMDEN; "nowadays they are more misleading than ever." Dishonest people with criminal faces are of the opinion that this great truth cannot be too widely circulated.

The coquettish straw roofs on the buildings in the Japanese Village at Shepherd's Bush have been greatly admired by lady visitors. There are dreadful rumours that a few smart people have bought options on them for next season's headgear.

Professor ADOLPHUS WAGNER considers that the immense hats now in vogue for women are a sign of decadence. We do not agree with the Professor. On the contrary, we remark with satisfaction the modern growth of that courage which is prepared to face any ridicule in a noble cause.

"Miss Emily Brown," we read in one of our well-informed newspapers, "has married Norman Provost, at Stamford, Conn., after a courtship

which began before the American Civil War." A sex which is capable of such dogged perseverance and resolution as this is bound to go far.

In the list of contents of a Magazine devoted to the interests of the home, we notice the following item:—"Our New Baby—What is it like?" We can guess the real answer quite easily, but we dare not say it aloud.

Two more men appeared the other day in the police-court for being concerned



"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE IDIOTS THAT TOUCH WET PAINT TO SEE IF IT'S DRY?"

"No, I'M NOT. I TOUCH IT TO SEE IF IT'S WET."

in a safe robbery. It really looks as if there is no such thing as an absolutely safe robbery.

We had no idea what a powerful (and old-established) institution is *Lloyd's Register* until we came across in a book, the other day, a reproduction of a painting by Mr. BRANGWYN which bore the following title:—"Queen Elizabeth going on board the *Golden Hind* (By kind permission of the Committee of *Lloyd's Register*)."

A sign of the times. Notice in a bookseller's shop:—

LIFE OF COBDEN

Reduced to 1s. 9d.

AN APPEAL.

THE following Round Robin has, we understand, been received at Bow Street:—

To the Magistrate, Bow Street.

DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned Old Offenders have a request to make, which we trust you will consider in the spirit in which it is proffered. For some years past we have been in the habit of riding from Bow Street to Holloway and other places in Black Maria, as every self-respecting lawbreaker must be prepared to do some day or other; and the police and gaol attendants will bear us out when we say that we have done our best to be cheerful on the ride and have behaved ourselves like gentlemen and ladies.

But, Sir, although we are prepared to go on doing our best, we think the time has come for a change. Look at the progress of science all around us. Look at the aeroplanes flying the Channel and the Marconi wireless system; look at the cinematoscope and colour photography. Most of all, look at the improvements in traction; which brings us to our point, and that is, as we humbly submit, that the moment has arrived for Bow Street to fall into line with other high-class establishments and substitute petrol for horses. In other words, what we want and what we believe we are entitled to have, is a motor Black Maria.

The advantages are easily enumerated and are all on your side—

(1) We should get there quicker.

(2) In busy times one engine would cost less than two horses.

(3) In slack times, when there was nothing doing, the engine would not be eating its head off.

We are ready to disregard the consideration that by performing the ride more rapidly we should have more time in prison. We do not want more time in prison, but we are proud of Bow Street and jealous of its good name, and we don't like to see it lagging behind like this.

Accept, Sir, our apologies if we have been too presumptuous or too long; and believe us to be, Yours faithfully,

[Here follow ten signatures.]

"MAMMOTH REMAINS AT FILEY."

Daily News.

As long as it does, we don't mind.

TO MY LADY ROSEMARY.

[NOTE.—Rosemary, from *ros marinus*, dew of the sea. The name is here used to signify the Unseizable, though the author admits that he has not had an opportunity of consulting the famous specialist, M. MAETERLINCK, as to the propriety of this symbol.]

My Rosemary, or sea-dew
(Observe the note above),
How very much I need you
When I indite of love!
You are to me a mental prop,
A sort of guiding star,
And, but for you, my brain would drop
Some distance under par.

Precisely as the tom-tit
(I take a simple type),
Without a theme to prompt it,
Neglects to tune his pipe,
So it would be with this poor breast;
Without you, I should hush
My twittering larynx, or, at best,
Throw off the saddest slush.

Yours are the feet I follow;
Your beauty, none but yours,
Can fill, in me, the hollow
That Nature so abhors;
And, if to other lips and eyes
I turn a rhyme or two
For courtesy or exercise,
I mean it all for you.

Some women I could mention
Might easily have erred,
Misreading my intention,
Taking me at my word;
But you, thank Heaven, are not of such,
Not of their foolish brand
Who miss the light Platonic touch,
And *never* understand.

I speak as if I knew you,
But that is not the case;
Merely my thoughts pursue you
Content with just the chase;
I may not realise my dream,
Not in this tearful Vale,
But anyhow I have a Theme
When other topics fail.

Unlike the sailor's *Nancy*
Palpable on the quay,
You flit through realms of fancy,
Dew of a fairy sea;
And I may safely sing and sing
Your charms that cannot pall,
Because you are The Perfect Thing,
And *don't exist at all!*

O. S.

Conscription.

We draw the attention of middle-aged spinsters to the cheering statement of a witness before the Divorce Commission that "he would make it compulsory for everybody to be married at a registry office."

THE TARIFF THAT WAS REFORMED.

THERE was once (there was indeed) a Commercial Traveller who believed some things (not, of course, all) that he was told. There was also a Firm which, because it was an American firm, was the Greatest Ready-made Clothes Firm in the world. The beautiful suits, which the Firm sold wholesale to the retail tradesmen, were eventually bought by lucky and grateful individuals at 20 dollars apiece. Sometimes there was a discount for cash, but that discount was always small even for a discount, and as often as not a little bit was added on to the price before the little bit was knocked off. In the end the individual paid his 20 dollars, whether he knew it or not, and his friends, relations, female admirers, and business acquaintances never failed to hazard a guess that that suit was a very, very beautiful suit and darned cheap at the price.

The Firm sent the Traveller forth to book orders, warning him that the retailers were a rapacious class and that the suits could not be made with profit at less than 15 dollars. That price was to be the minimum he should accept in booking orders. There need be no maximum. Thus instructed, the Traveller set forth and, after some negotiations of a minor sort, he came to a Big City, where he was offered an order for 500 suits at 14 dollars apiece. "Your offer," he said, "is an absurd one. It leaves no margin of profit for the firm." Nevertheless, after a long argument, consisting of false deductions from inaccurate facts, he was persuaded to wire to his Firm. The Firm wired back, not after the manner of men incurring a heavy loss, "Accept offer."

At the next Big City he was offered an order for 700 suits at 13 dollars apiece. "We may," he said, "sell suits at cost price, but we are not philanthropists." Yet, upon wiring for instructions, he was again told to accept, and no mention made of philanthropy. And so, as he passed from Big City to Bigger City, the price fell from 13 to 12, from 12 to 11, and from 11 to 10 dollars, and all the while his private letters from home continued to refer to the Members of the Firm as prosperous, well-dressed, overfed men, very happy and given to continuous smiling. Finally, when in the Biggest City of all he received instructions (unaccompanied by foul language or even mild complaint) to accept an order for 1,000 suits at 8 dollars apiece, he walked out into the street in a mizmaze and was run over by a car.

The hospital doctors said his case was hopeless and asked him if he had any last wish he would like to mention, supposing that he might have some domestic affair with which he would like them to deal. "Wire to the Firm," said the Traveller, "and ask them to tell a dying man, who won't give the show away, what is the lowest price they really would take for those there twenty-dollar suitings."

Signs of the Times.

DECLINING REVERENCE FOR POTENTATES.

"MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Fresh smart man, recently twelve years with Prince —; would entertain financial interest in any similar small concern where his abilities could be utilised to advantage."—*Advt. in "The Globe."*

It is only fair to Lord GRANARD to state that he knows nothing of the advertisement.

"A doctor, called as a witness, expressed the opinion that alcohol taken regularly in small quantities is much more dangerous than when taken in larger quantities at frequent intervals."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

However, as there is no conceivable opinion (idiotic or otherwise) which some doctor has not expressed, we shall continue to take our weekly glass of elderberry wine in preference to the more healthy half-hourly basin of gin.

"N. FULBURY (Southwark).—1. We prefer Brawn. 2. Arnold Warren, the Derbyshire Cricketer, is not Ben Warren, the Chelsea footballer."—*Athletic News.*

Additional Answers:—1. There's a good deal to be said for Pressed Beef. 2. Nor is he Arnold Ward, the Member for Watford.

"The rate of infantile mortality last year was 11 per thousand below that of the previous year, and was lower than in any year on record. Nothing could be more satisfactory."—*Westminster Gazette.*

With great respect, we beg to differ. We have worked it out, and believe that 12 would have been "more satisfactory."

"In the front of the vestibule is a window which can be raised on December 28, 1908, and April 14, 1910, while lowered."—*Glasgow Herald.*

As luck would have it, we were out of Glasgow on both those occasions.

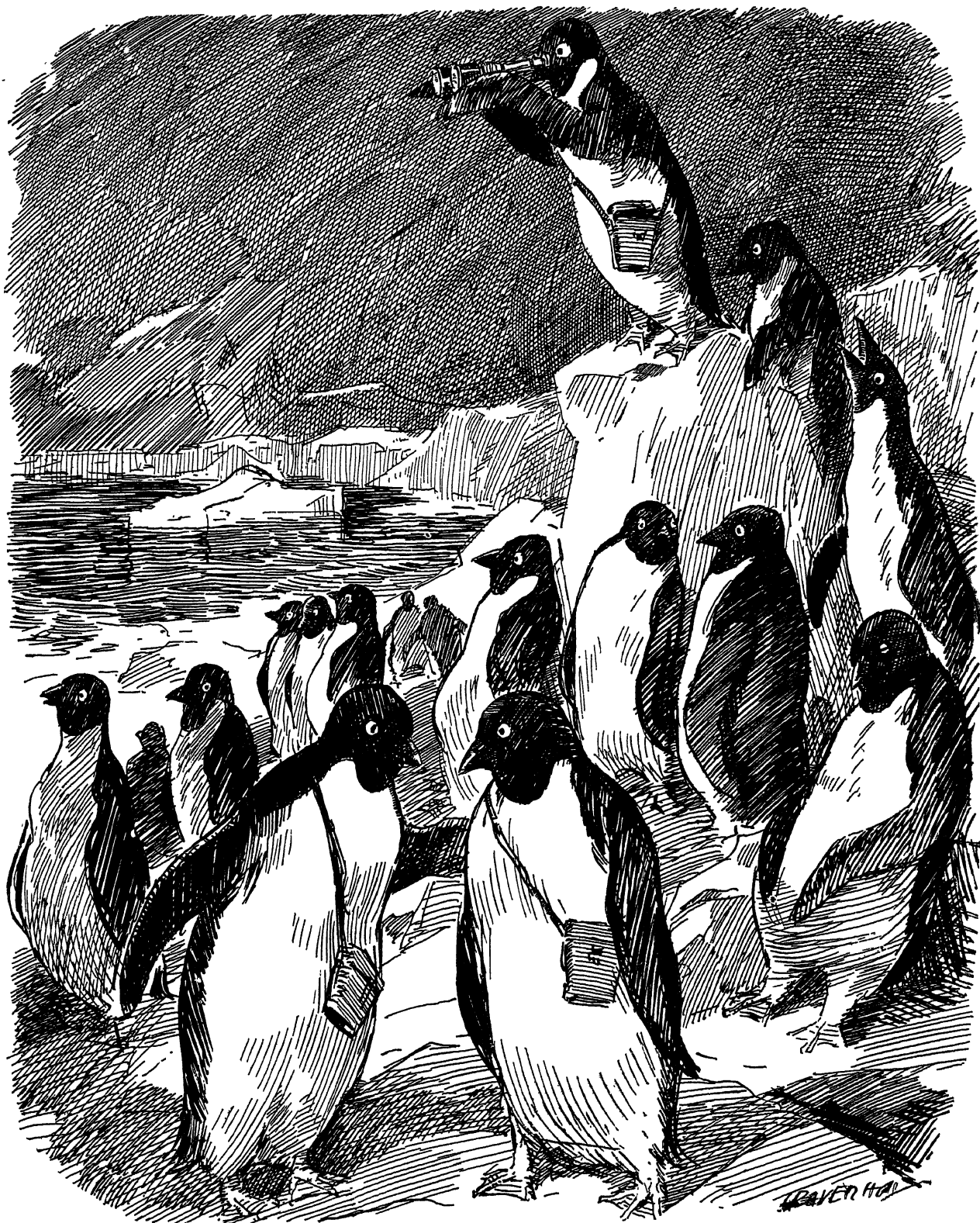
"The dancing season is upon us, and to quote the penny-a-liner the 'light fantastic toe is,' etc., etc."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour."

From the Marriage Column of the *Yorkshire Observer*:—

"Boyce—Boys."

Ah, well, Boyce will be Boys.



THE START FOR THE POLE.

THE ANTARCTICS. "GREAT SCOTT, THEY'RE OFF!"

[The *Terra Nova* is announced to sail from London on the South Polar Expedition on June 1.]



"SO YOU'VE LOST THE TOSS, CYRIL?"

"YES, BUT I WASN'T TRYING MY HARDEST."

"QUANTUM MUTATUS AB ILLO . . ."

[Halley's Comet has proved a bitter disappointment. All that could be seen of it in most parts of the world was an insignificant object, fainter than an ordinary star, surrounded by a slight filmy haze.]

CELESTIAL vagabond, you've come at last,
Preceded by long columns of advertisement
That told us, pointing to your lurid past,
That by your visit some unlooked-for hurt is meant.

We took your splendours willingly on trust,
And read religiously those chatty articles
In which expectant scientists discussed
The composition of your caudal particles.

And now we've seen you in the flesh; but, oh,
The bitter tale of Time's relentless ravages!
Candidly speaking, Sir, your present show
Should not alarm the most untaught of savages.

Where is that fiery "dagger in the sky"
That could so thrill the ancients and bamboozle 'em,
That once (unless the annal-mongers lie)
Spoke far from comfortably to Jerusalem?

Where is that blaze that hovered o'er the ship
Of Conquering BILL when, gazing at the heavens, he
Discerned a helpful omen for the trip
That landed him one fateful morn at Pevensey?

Must we believe that you are getting old
And past your work? Or have you been meandering,
Since last we saw you, in some amorous fold,
With countless bright-eyed planet-loves philandering?

Or, dallying in some Rum-and-Milky Way,
Or where the Three Stars make one chronic night of it,
Have you come staggering from the festal fray
Back to the Sun, but blinking at the sight of it?

Go, seek some skilled physician of the skies
And tell him what an awful state your head is in;
Show him your furry tongue, your bleary eyes,
And drain a brimming bumper of his medicine.

Then do another seventy-five years' slope;
And when your health is in its normal state—if I've
The fortune to be living still—I hope
To see you quite yourself in 1985.

"An incident which shows the continental temperament took place quite recently, when it is said that a large crowd which assembled in a public square at Turin to look for the new comet grew so impatient when it did not appear that they began to kiss."—*Townsville Evening Star*. Townsville (Queensland) is not, as you might think from its name, a river or a mountain, but a city. And what it doesn't know about the "Continental temperament" it can guess.

"At the Hippodrome Mlle. Olga Preobrajenskaia is supported by twenty other dancers."—*Illustrated London News*. Now at the Coliseum there are moments when M. THEODORE KOSLOFF supports Mlle. BALDINA all by himself. But then she hasn't such a big name.

"The high-collar (says the 'Globe' fashion writer) is quite gone, and every dress must end at the base of the throat."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Which, really, is just about where you would expect it to begin.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

"WE live in stirring times," said Charles as he folded up his paper. "ROOSEVELT has received a degree at Cambridge——"

"That's nothing. So have I," interrupted Algernon.

"Edwardes Square is in a state of siege, Northamptonshire has made a record score of three hundred, and *The Daily Mail* publishes a special article urging the young men of England to emigrate."

"Is it called 'The Flight from Free Trade'?" asked Algernon innocently.

"That was last week—how very old-fashioned you are, Algernon. By the way, do you realise that there must have been a meeting at Cambridge yesterday as noteworthy as that between LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY, and that the papers say nothing about it?"

"I remember when I met my creditors for the first time——"

"I refer to the historic meeting between Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Mr. A. C. BENSON. What volumes they must have had to impart to each other after all these years! What a comparing of copy-books! How very, very plain the obvious must have become after they had thrashed it out together!"

"It reminds me of my efforts to bring HENRY JAMES and BART KENNEDY together," said Algernon. "I wanted them to collaborate in a novel, but there was a little difficulty. HENRY suggested that they should write alternate sentences, but BARTHOLOMEW thought that he ought to be allowed thirty-eight to every one of HENRY'S. So it fell through."

"I always suspect BART of being *Bradshaw*, and JAMES of drawing up leases and things for solicitors; but I may be wrong."

"Of course," said Algernon magnanimously, "it's very easy to rag ROOSEVELT, but if one goes about making speeches all over the world one can't say anything very new each time."

"On the other hand, it is quite possible only to make one speech, and yet for that one to be very old."

"I suppose I've got to hear about it," said Algernon resignedly.

"You have. It was at my private school. We had what was called an Impromptu Debate; each boy in turn drew a subject out of a hat and addressed the school upon it."

"Upon the hat?"

"Upon the subject. I drew 'Gymnastics,' and stood up absolutely speechless; until the boy next to me, who thought he knew what 'Im-prompt-u' meant, well, he — er — whispered

to me, 'Gymnastics strengthens the muscles.' So I said very distinctly, 'Gymnathticththtrengthenthethemuthleth,' and sat down with the air of one who has disposed of the question."

"How interesting. Did they give you one good mark for neatness?"

"I'm not quite sure. I rather fancy the whole school had potted meat for tea . . . I did tell you, didn't I, that Northamptonshire had made three hundred? An episode for the Northampton Pageant of 2,000 A.D."

"Yes, but think of the Kensington Pageant of 2,000 A.D. 'Episode VIII.—The Battle of Edwardes Square. The Mayor of Kensington leads his troops to victory with the battle-cry 'A Phillimore!' Major Derry's retreat. Gallant sortie by Captain Toms.' They're sure to get it all wrong."

"I wish I lived in Edwardes Square," sighed Charles. "Or Marloes Road, or near the Mayor, or absolutely anywhere within a walk of Edwardes Square. Oh, how I'd stare and stare and stare!"

"It's very rude to stare," said Algernon. "But your little song reminds me of something. I don't know if you ever happen to talk about me to any of our friends——"

"Never. I think it would bore them."

"Well, if my name should happen to come up——"

"It's all right, we should laugh it off somehow."

"I wish you'd say that when you first knew me I had a house in Edwardes Square. Because I've been telling everybody that I used to live there. I find it gives one a sort of position."

"Is that quite as true as—as some of the things you say?"

"It isn't a question of truth, but a question of manners. You know that story of you and Lord ROSEBURY?"

"You mean that one about the pheasant, when he and I——"

"Yes. Well, whenever I tell that story I always tell it as of *me* and Lord ROSEBURY. It seems such impertinence to drag *your* name into a story told to somebody who has never seen you and has expressed no desire to hear about you. I can't insist on introducing my stray friends to everybody I meet."

"I may be your friend, though I shall have to re-consider the matter seriously after what you have just told me; but I am certainly not stray. And anyhow, what have these dredgings from the past got to do with Edwardes Square?"

"Why," said Algernon, "there is such an intimate note about the little stories of the Square which I tell, that they can only be assigned to some

resident who knows every stone and blade and leaf in the place. And, as I object to dragging an absolute stranger into a private conversation for no better reason than that he lives at Edwardes Square, I have to assign them to myself."

"Overcome as I am by your confession," said Charles, "I have still strength left to ask you, who is the resident at Edwardes Square whose stories you are stealing?"

"In this case," said Algernon, "nobody; I make them all up myself."

A. A. M.

THE PENINSULA.

[The second crossing of the Channel in a monoplane, this time by M. DE LESSERS, has revived the painful reflection that England is no longer an island.]

So you are spoofed again, Poseidon!

The barrier of bounding blue
That DRAKE and FROBISHER relied on,
That satisfied a NELSON'S view
(How much there was HORATIO never knew!)

This has been vaulted twice. The tripper,

Returning from Dieppe or Rome,
No more shall murmur (o'er his kipper)
About "the sanctity of home,
The shores of England padlocked by the foam!"

The Cockney, when he eyes the billows,
Shall cease to feel his ancient trust
In men with hides like arnadillos
(The triple bronze and oaken crust),
Who simply rule the deep because they must.

What boots it that our fleets are whopping
And *Dreadnought* types the ocean gird,
If aviators keep on popping
Across the Channel like a bird?
This is the second time the thing's occurred.

In vain we arm the island fences
With sea-dogs, in the place of spikes,
For when this sort of joke commences
We need another brand of tykes
To hold the Olympian trough, the airy dykes.

Where we shall get them from I know not;
Whether a breed of boyish scouts
With angel wings (instead of bow knot)
Shall ease Britannia of her doubts
And stir the pathless air with eldritch shouts,—

Or something else; but one thing's needed,
The ocean bulldog to assist,
When iron walls are superseded
And boundaries are mainly mist:
Sky-terriers of England, please enlist!

THE EQUALISER.

I was struck by his crafty little face and the interest which he showed in my friend's conversation. My friend was talking about the difficulty of getting level with life: with the people who charge too much, and with bad management generally; the subject having been started by a long wait outside the junction, which made our train half-an-hour late.

"How," my friend had said, "are we ever going to get back the value of this half-hour? My time is worth two guineas an hour; and I have now lost a guinea. How am I to be recouped? The railway company takes my money for a train which they say will do the journey between 11.15 and 12.6, and I make my plans accordingly. It does not get in till 12.36, and all my plans are thrown out. Is it fair that I am not recompensed? Of course not. They have robbed me. How am I to get equal with them?"

So he rattled on, and the little cunning eyes opposite us became more cunning and glittering.

After my friend had left, the little man spoke to me.

"Why didn't he take something?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Something from the carriage, to help to make up?" he said. "The window-strap for a strop, for instance? It's not worth a guinea, of course, but it's something, and it would annoy the company."

"But he wasn't as serious as that," I said.

"Oh, he's one of them that talks but doesn't act. I've no patience with them. I always get some, if not all, of my money back."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, suppose it's a restaurant, where I have to wait a long time and then get only poor food. I calculate to what extent I've been swindled and act accordingly. A spoon or two, or possibly a knife, will make it right. I am scrupulously honest about it." He drew himself up proudly.

"If it's a theatre," he went on, "and I consider my time has been wasted, I take the opera-glasses home with me. You know those in the sixpenny boxes; I've got opera-glasses at home from nearly every theatre in London."

"No!" I said.

"Really," he replied, "I'm not joking. I never joke. You tell your friend when you see him next. Perhaps it will make him more reasonable."

A LAST WORD ON HALLEY'S.—No further comet is needed.



Burglar (with sudden enthusiasm for astronomy).—"SCUSE ME, GUV'NER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET A VIEW OF THIS 'ERE COMET?"

THE FIRST FISHERMAN.

BESIDE a vast and primal sea
A solitary savage he,

Who gathered for his tribe's rude need
The daily dole of raw sea-weed.

He watched the great tides rise and fall,
And spoke the truth—or not at all!

Along the awful shore he ran
A simple pre-Pelagian;

A thing primeval, undefiled,
Straightforward as a little child,—

Until one morn he made a grab
And caught a mesozoic crab!

Then—told the tribe at close of day
A bigger one had got away!

From him have sprung (I own a bias
To ways the cult of rod and fly has)
All fishermen—and ANANIAS!

Colonial Preference.

Seen in a shop window at Montreal:

ON VEND ICI	Prices reduced
A	25 TO 30
DEMI PRIX	PER CENT.

AVE, CÆSAR!

FULL in the splendour of this morning hour,
With tramp of men and roll of muffled drums,
In what a pomp and pageantry of power,
Borne to his grave, our lord, King EDWARD, comes!

In flashing gold and high magnificence,
Lo, the proud cavalcade of comrade Kings,
Met here to do the dead KING reverence,
Its solemn tribute of affection brings.

Heralds and Pursuivants and Men-at-arms,
Sultan and Paladin and Potentate,
Scarred Captains who have baffled war's alarms
And Courtiers glittering in their robes of state,

All in their blazoned ranks, with eyes cast down,
Slow pacing in their sorrow pass along
Where that which bore the sceptre and the crown
Cleaves at their head the silence of the throng.

And in a space behind the passing bier,
Looking and longing for his lord in vain,
A little playmate whom the KING held dear,
Cæsar, the terrier, tugs his silver chain!

* * * * *

Hail, Cæsar, lonely little Cæsar, hail!
Little for you the gathered Kings avail.
Little you reck, as meekly past you go,
Of that solemnity of formal woe.
In the strange silence, lo, you prick your ear
For one loved voice, and that you shall not hear.
So when the monarchs with their bright array
Of gold and steel and stars have passed away,
When, to their wonted use restored again,
All things go duly in their ordered train,
You shall appeal at each excluding door,
Search through the rooms and every haunt explore;
From lawn to lawn, from path to path pursue
The well-loved form that still escapes your view.
At every tree some happy memories rise
To stir your tail and animate your eyes,
And at each turn, with gathering strength endued,
Hope, still frustrated, must be still renewed.
How should you rest from your appointed task
Till chance restore the happiness you ask,
Take from your heart the burden, ease your pain,
And grant you to your master's side again,
Proud and content if but you could beguile
His voice to flatter and his face to smile?

Cæsar, the kindly days may bring relief;
Swiftly they pass and dull the edge of grief.
You too, resigned at last, may school your mind
To miss the comrade whom you cannot find,
Never forgetting, but as one who feels
The world has secrets which no skill reveals.
Henceforth, whate'er the ruthless fates may give,
You shall be loved and cherished while you live.
Reft of your master, little dog forlorn,
To one dear mistress you shall now be sworn,*
And in her queenly service you shall dwell,
At rest with one who loved your master well.
And she, that gentle lady, shall control
The faithful kingdom of a true dog's soul,
And for the past's dear sake shall still defend
Cæsar, the dead KING's humble little friend.

R. C. L.

* It has been announced that Cæsar will henceforth be cared for by the QUEEN-MOTHER.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

I CAN hardly describe to you the queer shock of surprise it gave me to meet him—after all these years. Of course, in a vague way I had always expected it, as a thing that was pretty well certain to take place some time or other. I had even gone so far as to form an idle picture of what he would probably be like; a flattering picture, I see now, wherein a venerable and almost patriarchal benevolence was choicely blended with the good-humoured sagacity of the philosopher. As I say, the idea of our meeting was one for which I was not altogether unprepared. But to find myself at last actually in the same room with him—I think I could have encountered the Pope of Rome with less emotion!

The manner of it was thus. I was calling that afternoon upon Marjorie's Aunt. Not that the fact of Her being Marjorie's Aunt had anything to do with my visit. So far from it, indeed, that until about halfway through the call I was even unaware of Her very existence in that capacity. There were, however, a thousand reasons why I should call upon Her which (in view of what happened later) need not now detain us.

Anyway, at one point in the conversation She said, smiling,

"I don't think you've met my little niece, Marjorie?"

I admitted the misfortune.

"She's the funniest little person!" said my hostess, smiling again (I am obliged to mention this; in my place you would understand why), "and keeps us all in fits. She's staying here at present."

"Indeed!" I said, thinking about something else.

"Yes, I hope she'll come in before you go. She's so delightfully quaint about the people she sees in the street. She's only seven, you know."

"Of course," I said heartily.

"Only yesterday," continued Marjorie's Aunt, "she convulsed the household with a really wonderful piece of acting. You know how windy it was? Well, if you'd seen her imitation of an old gentleman running after his hat! I do hope she'll get back in time to do it for you!"

I said at once and fervently that nothing could give me greater pleasure. It was a lie, but I said it. Honestly speaking, the prospect bored me. Even then, before I had any suspicion that the subject of the promised performance was the Old Gentleman himself. (Perhaps, to avoid misapprehension, I ought rather to have called him *my* Old Gentleman.) However—

"I know it would appeal to you," said Marjorie's Aunt. "You have such a keen sense of humour."

And then, before we could discuss this really interesting topic for more than a few precious minutes—

"Why, here is Marjorie," exclaimed her Aunt, to my extreme disappointment, as the door opened.

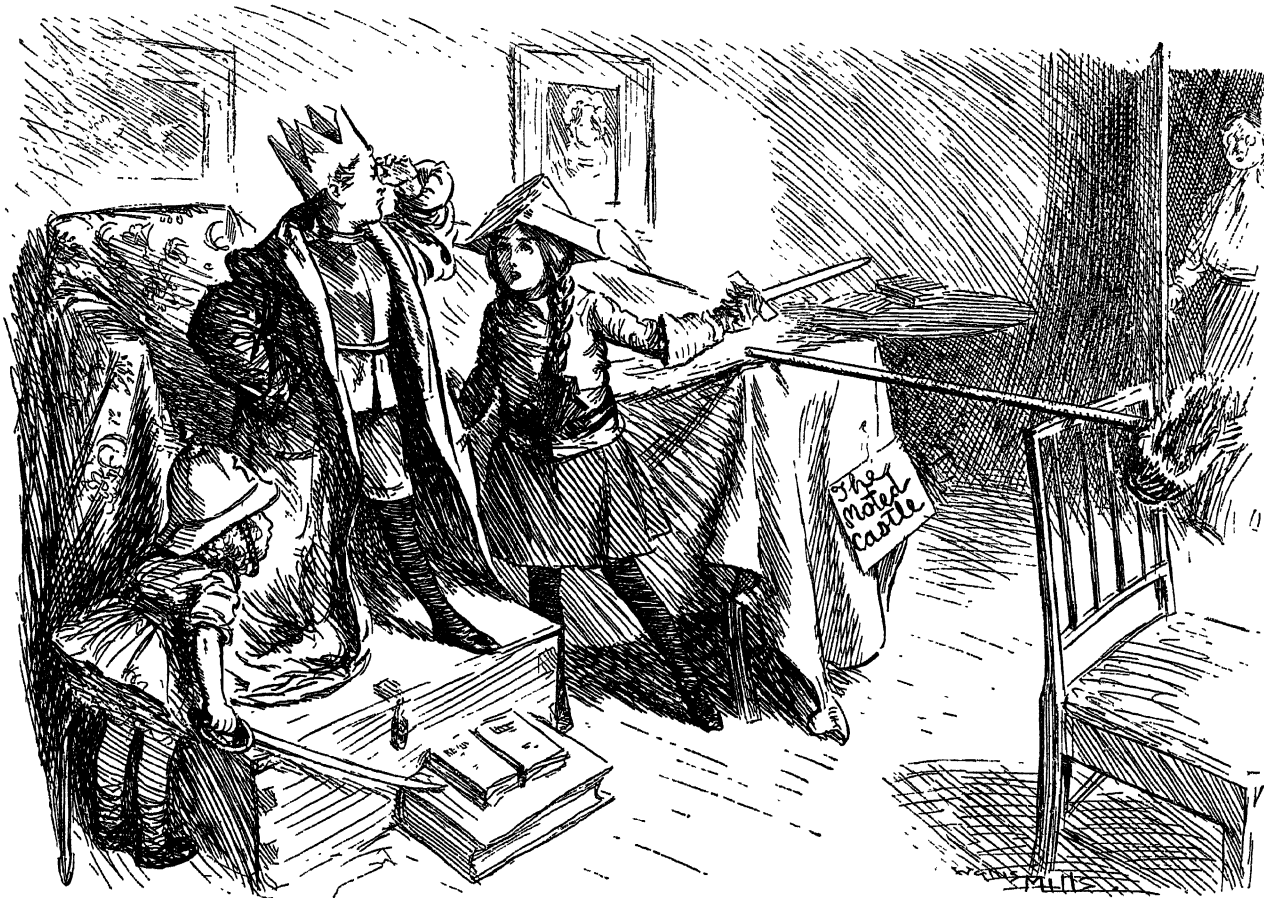
I am prepared to accept Marjorie's age at seven years, as stated. She gave me further the impression of consisting largely of white fluff, balanced upon a pair of black silk legs slightly too long for her. But I may be prejudiced.

"Well, darling," She said (not Marjorie, of course). "Had a nice walk? Come and say 'How-do-you-do?' to Mr. Smith."

Marjorie came forward at once. She may be an obedient child, but her smile is not a patch on her Aunt's.

She did not say, "How-do-you-do?" She said, speaking very distinctly, "I saw you in the street yesterday. You didn't see me. You did look funny running after your hat!"

So that is how I first met the Old Gentleman.



Bobby (feudal baron). "MINION, WHO COMES HITHER?"

Betty (enthusiastic vassal). "METHINKS, MY LORD, 'TIS THY SWORN FOR."

Peggy (younger ditto ditto). "MY LORD, ME KNOWS IT IS!"

WHAT CAMBRIDGE MAY EXPECT.

(An Anticipatory Review from "The Daily Donald," Nov. 5, 1910.)

CAMBRIDGE, like Oxford, is a many-faceted gem, and while other writers have dwelt on its spiritual and intellectual charms it has been reserved for Mr. Frank Screever in his *Chatter from Cambridge Commonrooms* to reveal to us a wholly unsuspected but none the less delightful aspect of his *Alma Mater*.

Good as he is in other respects, Mr. Screever is at his best in his accounts of the vagaries of those members of the University who afterwards became distinguished members of the Church. Truly exquisite are the account of the collection of door-knockers made by MILTON in his unregenerate days, and the humorous but little-known sonnet to his "gyp," which begins:—

"Jenkins, of frowzy parents frowsier son."

The episode of MILTON's rustication, again, is told with a minute particularity which is quite bewitchingly sloppy. Anyone can write of dons and

deans in their official and ceremonial aspects, but to present a true picture of them in mufti, or in the delicious dishevelment consequent on prolonged potations of audit ale or '34 port—that is a task which calls for the tasteful and alluring pen of Mr. Screever. For, after all, these are the things that matter—not class lists or prizes or the cloistral seclusion of the student, but strings of jolly stories revealing the common humanity that pulsates below the mortar-board and palpitates beneath the gown. So Mr. Screever, with a sure instinct, tells us about ERASMUS and the tobacconist's daughter; why GRAY was ducked in the Cam; how many men TODHUNTER invited to share a bottle of grocer's sherry when he became Senior Wrangler; why WHEWELL threw LIGHTFOOT out of the window; how GRAY climbed back into Peterhouse after attending a masked ball at Audley End; and what THOMPSON (the Master of Trinity) said after reading Mr. HALL CAINE's first novel. On all these points Mr. Screever is marvellously well informed, and, addressing himself primarily and frankly to an

audience who want not archæology but apocryphal anecdotes, he caters for their needs with an assiduity and irrelevance that are truly and wholly admirable. Books like these are the great lubricants of life. As a noble master of unction has beautifully put it, "they oleaginis the bearings of our horribly complex mental machinery." Only a gownsman and a man of superlative taste and good feeling could have given us that memorable vignette of the late Professor CAYLEY's first experience of a safety razor.

Extract from the Closer Settlement (Amendment) Act, 1909, of New South Wales.

"Where the value so determined is greater than the amount of the offer or valuation referred to in paragraph (a), but is less than the amount of the claim of the owner aforesaid, the Crown shall pay to the owner as cos's the amount to be fixed by multiplying the owner's taxed costs by a fraction of which the numerator is the amount by which the value determined by the court exceeds the offer or valuation aforesaid, and the denominator is the difference between the amount of the claim of the owner and the amount of the said offer or valuation." Now, whose idea was that?



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Artemis (gazing into the crystal). "I SEE ROLLING FOWNS—CROWDS—POLICE—HORSES. THEY ARE RACING. THE HORSES ROUND THE BEND—THE JOCKEYS LASH THEM. THEY NEAR THE POST—TWO LEAD NECK AND NECK—A DEAD HEAT—NO—ONE OF THEM DASHES AHEAD AND WINS!"

Client. "YES, YES, BUT WHICH? WHAT ARE THE WINNER'S COLOURS?"

Artemis. "ALAS, I CANNOT TELL YOU! I AM COLOUR-BLIND!"

MY AEROPLANE.

I WOULD not be a butterfly;
I envy not the bird
The wings that lift him to the sky;
I hope to have some by-and-by,
But that may be deferred.

Mere wings, for all the poets say,
Would be more toil than gain;
But, when the thing has "come to stay,"
When it's quite safe, I hope I may
Possess an aeroplane.

The stranger beating at my door
Whom I have cause to shun
Would not annoy me as before;
I should not shiver at the bore
Or tremble at the dun,

But lightly to my rooftop spring,
And on mine airy craft
Serenely from their presence wing,
Leaving them there to knock and ring
Till they were dead or daft.

And then, to sally far and wide,
To see, as from a cloud,

The haunts of Privacy or Pride,
Places one wants to see inside
Because it's not allowed;

The grounds about the ducal Hall,
The parvenu's abode,
The park, the palace—most of all
The nunnery behind the wall,
So baffling from the road,

In truth 'twould be a dear delight
These hidden realms to see;
But, oh, it is the secret night
When the advantages of flight
Mostly appeal to me.

There is a certain man I hate.
With divers plot and plan
I have schemed early and schemed late,
Seeking a just and adequate
Revenge upon that man.

Yet one by one they came to naught;
Some were too gentle; some
Involved the risk of being caught
(Which wouldn't do at all); I thought
My chance would never come.

But now—some night I hope to go
In one of these machines,
Armed with a good stout bomb; and oh,
Rapture! with any luck I'll blow
That man to smithereens.

DUM-DUM.

The Slump in Cricket Enthusiasm.

From *The Morning Post's* account of the first day of the match between Surrey and Oxford University: "The weather was fine, but there was only a moderate attendance." If this total included *The Morning Post's* reporter, we certainly think that the time is ripe for a revival of interest in our great national sport.

"A London telegram says that a dispute has arisen between the Upper House of Parliament and the one down below."—*Chinese Daily Paper.*

We do not know who the gentleman is that is here described as "the one down below," but we regard the phrase as invidious.



THE "FREEDOM" OF THE CITY.

MR. ROOSEVELT. "MORNIN', BRER TERRAPIN!"

CITY TURTLE. "MORNIN', COLONEL! GUESS YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO LIE LOW AN' SAY NUFFIN'?"

MR. ROOSEVELT. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?"



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 1.

IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE MAN ABOUT TOWN MAY POSSIBLY ADOPT THE PRACTICE, SO FASHIONABLE AMONG LADIES, OF CARRYING A DOG; BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE, THE RULE BEING—THE LARGER THE DOG THE SMARTER THE MAN.

THE "BACK TO THE LAND THEATRE."

WE are in the position of being able to announce the decision of a millionaire *impresario*, who for the present wishes to remain anonymous, to organise and finance a theatrical company on entirely new lines.

The Aldbourne Players are actuated by the noble desire of leading our urban population back to the sweet simplicity of rural life. The nameless millionaire is impressed with the necessity of supplementing this salutary process by educating the dwellers in remote villages up to the level of the most advanced and sophisticated metropolitan culture.

To this end he proposes to send out his Missionary Theatre to play the most emancipated dramas in villages of not more than five hundred inhabitants.

Interviewed by our representative at his noble mansion in Park Lane on Friday, Mr. X. thus briefly outlined his intentions.

"My repertory," he began, "includes the leading plays of *TOLSTOI*, *IBSEN*,

ECHEGARAY, *HAUPTMANN*, *SUDERMANN*, *D'ANNUNZIO* and *MAETERLINCK*, all of which I propose to present in the tongues in which they were originally written. As the company embraces Russians, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, the claims of linguistic efficiency will be fully met."

"Will not this involve considerable expense?"

"Undoubtedly. I estimate that my salary list alone will come to \$10,000 a week. Fortunately money is no object, and I am prepared to lose £300,000 in the first year of my enterprise."

"How do you propose to find suitable theatres in these small villages?"

"Very easily. I have already ordered a travelling theatre to be constructed capable of accommodating the largest audience likely to assemble in any of these centres. But even if the attendance is only a hundred or so I anticipate most valuable results as affecting the art of my company. To play habitually to large audiences is demoralising. As *GIBBON* says, solitude is the school of genius."

"Will any new plays form part of your repertory?"

"Certainly. I have commissioned Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT to write a play on the working man. Then I have been promised a Burlesque Tragedy by Mr. SHAW called *King Lear of Limerick*. I am also in treaty with Mr. ROOSEVELT for a Homiletic Extravaganza, and with Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE for a Comedy of the upper air."

"Will music enter into your scheme?"

"Oh, yes! I have retained the services of a German Conductor, an orchestra of 100 players, and a Russian *Corps-de-Ballet* headed by Mmes. Tchitchikoff, Goremykin, Ceritoski and MM. Bobolinski and Popoff. On this alone I expect to lose £15,000 in the first few months. But, after all, wealth has its duties as well as its privileges. To inoculate the down-trodden victims of our tyrannical squirearchy with a tincture of cosmopolitan culture is at least a noble aspiration, and my scheme has the approval, amongst others, of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. IMRE KIRALFY, PIERRE LOTI and Mr. JOHN PAGE HOPPS."

STORIES FOR SKIPPERS.

THE LEGEND OF GRAYLING TOWERS.

On the edge of a forest, beyond the fair fringes of which a city's smoke curled like dream-vapours, separated from a sheet of rush-bordered water by three terraces and a sun-dial, its lichened wings facing all points of the compass, stood Grayling Towers. If the heroic eyes that lined its walls could have had their sight restored to them, they would scarcely have recognised the corridors through which, generations ago, they had been wont to roam. Sir Mostyn Merri-dale, resp'endent on his cream palfrey

And here, in this woodland spot, Gertrude would weave her fancies and dream of her deceased ancestors, wondering whether the age of chivalry were truly as dead as they

"Oh," cried Gertrude, before this sudden apparition.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," said the stranger. He was a light-headed, broad-shouldered man, and his honest features twinkled with good-nature.

"Oh, no," replied Gertrude, blushing despite herself. "My name is Gertrude Merri-dale. I live with my father over at Grayling Towers yonder. We are giving a big ball to-night. Sir Hugh is coming. I hate him. I must go."

"Gertrude," breathed the young man, softly. The woods

Ah, how this handsome stranger filled her mind! Downstairs, in the great hall to which she must presently descend, she would laugh and sing and do her father's bidding; but her heart would be in the woods, beating wildly at memory of that one poignant moment. There, across the lake, rose vapoury visions of a forgotten past. There, across the lake, flitted faint forms, dim dancers in the twilight. There, across the lake

"Oh, how could you, how could you!" cried the flushing girl.

"Gad, tempting butterfly, but I could again!" laughed Sir Hugh, chasing her round the summer-house.

"Oh," cried Gertrude, now thoroughly suffused, "you cad!"

"Sir Hugh Mapleson, baronet, gentleman, and blackguard," thundered a voice behind them, "may I show you a remarkable white poppy that grows at the far end of the lake?"

Two shots rang out as one. A night-bird rose from the rushes, adding its weird music to echoing death. Then a stifled voice hissed, "Curse you!"

It was Sir Hugh's voice—the voice of the blustering braggadocio who, only a few hours previously, amid the

A time comes in the life of every man when

"Of course," said Wetherby, breathing upon the pan and polishing it, "the ways of 'igh life ain't all chocolate éclair."

The maid glanced fretfully from side to side. Would he never come back? He had pledged his word that only death itself would keep him from her, but his eyes had twinkled, and she knew that if he "got going" undisturbed among the left sweets she would have to do all the washing up herself. Why didn't Wetherby

He was pale, but, thank God, alive.

"I have killed Sir Hugh," he said simply. "I, a stranger, have done your father's friend to death. What have you to say?"

"Oh, brave heart," she whispered, creeping close. "Do you think it matters to me what you have done or who you are? I love you for yourself alone."

"Joyous hour!" he cried, clasping her. "Now may I reveal myself, now that I know how you love me. I am your cousin, G. M. F. M. P. C. Montmorency!"

"Gregory!" she breathed. A soft light shone in her eyes, as a maze of memories, flitting like fairies through the vapoury vistas of the past

"Be calm, dear heart," he answered. "Your father's glad. He never really liked Sir Hugh, and I'm the youngest son of his favourite sister, though I always imagined that he cherished an unnatural prejudice against me. And I remind him of his mother. How mistaken we can be in these good old men, Gertrude."

A golden minute passed. It seemed

Suddenly she raised her queenly head. "Do you smell gas?" she asked. "No. Yes, a little. A lot. Heavens, I choke! The door's locked! Open the window!"

She did so, and Sir Hugh's body rolled in.

"You, you!" cried Montmorency, stamping on him.

"Stamp away, stamp away," gloated Sir Hugh. "The door's locked. I've

"THE HAIRY I-KNOWS."

THESE MOST CURIOUS INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS HAVE A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN. THEY ARE REGARDED WITH MINGLED FEAR, CONTEMPT, AND HATRED BY THE YOUTH OF THE COUNTRY. THEY CONVEY THEIR MEANING BY QUEER CABALISTIC SYMBOLS. (See Book of Hours.)



LOVELY ENGLAND. SIDE-SHOWS MERCIFULLY OMITTED FROM THE JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

No. I.—THE PRIMEVAL VILLAGE.

There he lay, bleeding profusely by the once-white poppy, while his rival bent grimly over his writhing form.

"Do you know me at last, Sir Hugh?" "Great Heavens! Gregory Mostyn Ford Maddox Price Carruthers Montmorency!" exclaimed the other.

G. M. F. M. P. C. Montmorency smiled, for it was indeed he. Then he turned and walked rapidly towards Grayling Towers.

But a figure rose from the earth and followed him!

eaten the key. It's a drop of eighty feet from the window, and we'll all be asphyxiated."

Gertrude ran round and round, and then swooned. Montmorency fell exactly by her side. Sir Hugh crawled over to them. A sudden change swept across his face.

"Did I do this?" he cried, aghast at what he saw. "So young—so fair—so tender!"

He stared helplessly around. Then, seizing a knife, he planted it in his flattened chest.

FOG GOLF.

[Author. When are you going to publish my fog story?

Editor. Too late. The fog season's over.

Author. Well, why didn't you publish it during the season?

Editor. I was waiting for a fog, and there weren't any.

Author. Perhaps there aren't ever going to be any fogs again. So there's no sense in waiting any longer.

Editor. Oh, very well.]

For this sport there are three essentials—a fog, a golf-course, and two enthusiastic lunatics. My uncle is neither a golf-course nor a fog, but—well, every Saturday morning he is accustomed to meet his old friend Bolter in a round of golf *à outrance*. Both are twenty handicap men, but the affair is conducted with the solemnity of a championship. The stake, half-a-crown, never varies, and forfeit is exacted if either combatant is absent.

One Saturday he remarked at breakfast, "I want you to help me with my clubs to-day, my boy." (My uncle does not care for professional caddies. He dislikes their manner of smiling, in which he traces a supercilious air. Mr. Bolter's must be either a greater nature or a more callous one.)

We were breakfasting by gaslight, owing to the thick yellow fog that rolled outside the windows. I seldom argue with my uncle, because he does not like it, but I looked my amazement.

"Yes, yes, I know!" he said testily. "There is a little mist. Well, it may frighten Bolter into paying forfeit. He is five shillings up!"

* * * *

The fog seemed to have thickened when we reached the clubhouse. It crept into your eyes and stung. My uncle found his clubs, and we groped our way towards the first tee. As we approached it, a muffled voice came to our ears out of the clinging vapour.

"I shall wait five minutes more, my lad," it said triumphantly, as though in answer to a protest. "After that, I shall claim forfeit!"

Two nebulous figures, a large and a little one, became discernible. They



NO, THIS IS NOT THE VICTIM OF A RELENTLESS CUSTOM HOUSE, BUT AN ABSENT-MINDED WEEK-ENDER, WHOSE RETURN TICKET IS SOMEWHERE IN THE SUIT HE WENT DOWN IN.

resolved into Mr. Bolter and a small, red-haired, shivering caddy. At sight of each other the faces of my uncle and Mr. Bolter fell. It appeared that both had hoped for forfeit. I know that I had, and I fancy that the caddy had been clinging to a similar wistful aspiration.

Our principals bowed coldly to each other. Off the golf-course they are old and dear friends; upon it they assume the bearing of duellists. Mr. Bolter took the honour. He is the untrammelled type of driver that rises slowly upon both toes, and then leaves the ground altogether at the moment of problematical impact with the ball. His whole-hearted style tends to variety. Upon this occasion chance willed that he should hit the missile.

"It felt straight and clean," he remarked to his caddy with pleasant optimism. "We should have no difficulty in finding it."

The child answered unemotionally that Mr. Bolter had achieved a short high slice. He added that they might find the ball, and then again they mightn't. It struck me that there was probably Scotch blood in his puny body. Mr. Bolter appeared annoyed and disappointed.

My uncle relies for his drive (with perhaps misplaced confidence) upon a short, quick, powerful jerk. The tawny, remorseless fog engulfed his ball.

"A clinker, Harry!" he cried exultantly. "One of the very best, wasn't it?"

Silently I led my uncle away to the

left. Both of us, despite his incurably sanguine nature, knew that in all human probability he had pulled. He *always* pulls—except when he clean misses, or when there is more danger in slicing. Before we had gone six paces Mr. Bolter and his small victim were invisible.

My instinct had not failed me. Unerringly, like some trained and patient hound, I led my uncle along the left-hand hedge, and there in the ditch we found his ball. He did not appear over-grateful to my instinct.

That first hole is always a long one. To-day it seemed somehow to have been lengthened. Sooner or later you should come to a pond across which you have to play. Everything looked altered and unreal in the fog. I will say for my uncle that we did not have much trouble in finding his ball after each stroke.

"Short, straight, steady play is needed to-day, Harry!" he kept saying . . . But somehow we did not come to the pond.

The next thing that I remember is finding ourselves upon a green. I removed the pin, and my uncle holed out and picked up with some quiet triumph. Nothing in the least offensive, you understand. But—"Where's Bolter?" he asked, with just a trace of superiority.

"Where's the pond?" I rejoined, for a horrid doubt had come to me.

"We must have gone right round it," my principal answered hopefully. "Good Lord! . . . I do believe this is the *sixth* green!"

It was, and my uncle had handled his ball and lost the hole. We made a wide cast to the right, my uncle frankly grumpy, and I more than ever convinced that a compass and someone who understood the use of it were essential.

"We must be near the pond," he said at last. "Do I or do I not hear splashing and violent language? Yes, by the Lord, there's someone in the water!"

It was Mr. Bolter. It appeared that he had walked straight into the pond. Fortunately, from a humane point of view to which Mr. Bolter neglected to give expression, his caddy had been warned in time by his first scream. Mr. Bolter cheered up on hearing that we had lost the hole; his caddy seemed to think that even tears were vain.

"You are very wet, Bolter," my uncle said solicitously. "If you would rather abandon the match and pay forfeit—"

"I am one up!" Mr. Bolter answered very curtly, and led the way vaguely towards the second tee. We found it quite by chance after a protracted search.

Both of them drove, apparently in the same direction, but we could not find my uncle's ball. Mr. Bolter, a being in

whom golf brought out the basest instincts of humanity, made but a half-hearted effort to assist us in the search. He went back to his own ball and played it three times within a space of twenty yards. As we searched on, my uncle suddenly gave a short shriek of pain. A ball had sailed out of the fog and had struck him a stinging blow. A blurred shape came running towards us. It was Mr. Bolter.

"I am sorry for hitting you," he said triumphantly, "but I am afraid I must claim the hole! You were in front of me, and the rules are clear upon the point."

My uncle could only gobble with excusable rage. I, too, felt that the case was hard. Then his eye fell upon the missile that had struck him, and he gave a yell of triumph.

"By heaven, Bolter, you've played with my ball, more than once!" he howled. "It's my hole, after all."

Mr. Bolter's jaw fell. "I'm afraid you're right," he admitted dolefully. "That makes us all square, and—and I fancy my caddy has run home!"

"Mine is still here," responded my uncle, glancing at me with the complacency of a successful trainer of lions. "However, I will accept no advantage over you, Bolter—"

"Perhaps he can carry for us both?" suggested Mr. Bolter hopefully.

And it was then that I followed slavishly the example set by that intelligent, red-haired Scottish child.

Our Foreign Friends.

La Argentina heads its account of the re-played Cup tie (if you can remember as far back as that),

"EL NUEVO JUEGO DE BUSTLING"

—apparently because, in the report as cabled in English, it said that "Barnsley played a bustling game." The account ends up—

"Shepherd hizo un juego magnifico.
Burst, segundo, fué multado"

In case you have forgotten your Spanish we may say that this means:

"Shepherd played a magnificent game. Burst, second, was fined."

Burst, however, was not really fined for being second; the explanation seems to be that SHEPHERD scored the second goal with a fine burst.

It is now your turn to help us. In an advertisement in *The Boston Herald* we read:—

"A few whiffs of the poppy or a couple of jabs often turn the knob in such a manner that you think you see things in dope form."

Though we are always glad to translate Spanish for you, we confess to only a smattering of American.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

(Dr. POO-COK, rector of a Manchester college, blames bad cooking for the fact that many men take to drink.)

Do try, my dear "Intended,"

To grow exceeding smart

At all that's comprehended

In "culinary art;"

Peruse the book of BEETON,

Therein becoming versed,

Lest later on I find the things I've eaten

Provocative of thirst.

The pangs of indigestion,

Although they hit me hard,

Could never make me question

The depth of your regard;

'Tis no such terror haunts me,

From that I would not shrink,

But dipsomania, darling, really daunts me;

I do not want to drink.

A cooking course can clearly

And certainly be shown

Advisable, not merely

For my sake but your own;

For at some future time, love,

So logical folk are,

They're almost sure to reckon yours the crime, love,

If I stand at the bar.

THE WEAKLING.

"THIS, Sir," said the Attendant, "is a stationer's shop, but we do not sell stations. Envelopes, paper-fasteners, gum, notebooks, calendars, and, if you desire it, more gum; but no termini."

"Ah," said George, "then I am afraid we shall not negotiate to-day. To tell you the truth, I looked in to enquire the way to the Town Hall. Born as I was of rich but humble parents and educated among congenial surroundings, it early fell to my lot to make the acquaintance of your fellow-townsmen, William Taylor. I will not tire you with the details of his career; I will simply state that, fired as he ever was with a passion for Town Halls, he eventually took office in your Rate Collecting Department. Incidentally he always goes out to lunch at half-past one, and it is now twenty minutes past. Need I say more?"

"You need not, Sir," said the Attendant, "for you have already said quite enough to convince us that what you really need is a fountain pen."

George rose from the seat on to which he had been thrust, and requested silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, addressing himself to the staff in general, "I stand here for the liberty of the subject. I base my appeal to you upon those traditions of independence and self-government so dear to the hearts of Englishmen. I demand pro-



Cabby (to Motor-driver, who is slightly disorganising the traffic), "WHY DON'T YER BRING YER OWN YARD TO TURN IN?"

tection for the individual against the oppression of the fountain pen. Man, as I confessedly am, of few principles and unaccustomed to hard swearing, yet have I taken my oath that upon principle I would not be compelled by advertisement into the purchase or perusal of halfpenny papers, the buying of notorious tooth-pastes, the burdening of my person with never-to-be-sufficiently-overrated fountain pens. With shame I confess . . . I say, I confess with shame . . ."

"Fetch the gentleman a glass of water," said the Attendant.

George drank and continued: "I was weak. The hoardings were persistent and merciless. I bought the paper once. I bought it again, and then it took to coming of itself to my front door every morning. Finally I even read it. Did that concession to my weakness save me? Did I thus effect a compromise with the tyrant? No. That very paper, whispering insidious eulogies into my ear in my more genial and less vigilant moments, itself in-

duced me to take the second step on the downward stage. Briefly, I fell again, and the teeth which I cannot mention without showing are now daily corroded with the compound in question. So far, so bad. But my waistcoat pocket is yet innocent of fountain pens. May it not remain so? Of the once false step which brought me into this shop shall the penalty be inevitable? Ladies and gentlemen, you, who are justly proud of the few among those New Year resolutions taken by you on January the first which were not broken on January the second, you I implore to let me leave this shop a self-respecting citizen, a man of my word, proud in the possession of nothing worse than a lead pencil, fitted with a reversible lead, made in England and patented abroad."

Amid a buzz of applause, the Attendant buttoned his coat to reply. "It is with the greatest pleasure and not a little feeling of personal unworthiness that I rise to thank our distinguished customer for his eloquent address. It is with increased satisfaction—and I am

certain that I speak as well for my colleagues as myself—that I now proceed to show him a selection of those fountain pens which in happier circumstances he might already have bought and waited in vain for years to catch leaking. It would be an insult to his intelligence and an unnecessary reflection upon our own methods, were I to add that we make this display only for his entertainment and with no desire to force him into an unwilling purchase."

Thus, after a brief but shameful ceremony, George left that shop, forsworn and unprincipled, bulging, moreover, with ten-and-sixpence worth of vulcanite. Further, owing to the unnecessary length of the Attendant's speech, he arrived at the Town Hall to find William gone out to his lunch.

"Like Niobe, 'Captain' Falcon was all smiles."—*Athletic News*.

See the new popular version of *Niobe* with the happy ending. Happy FANNY FIELDS in the name part. Roars of Laughter. Box Office, 10 to 10.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Fortune* J. C. SNAITH has chosen an attractive title for a captivating tale, an adventure-story of mediæval Spain; and the allowance of fights, escapes, and general swashbuckling in his pages would be generous at three times the price (2s.). The hero, *Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas*, setting out in chapter one to conquer fate on a capital of ten crowns, an old horse and an older sword, is a figure assured beforehand of at least one easy victory—over the hearts of the reading public. His perils are legion, and all of the right breathless variety. Falling in by the way with two fellow-adventurers, a Cornish giant, *Sir Richard Pendragon*, and a mysterious *Count de Nullepart*, the young Spaniard journeys to the castle of *Countess Sylvia*, in whose service the three perform many strange exploits, amongst them the kidnapping of the King of Castile in a sack. Almost every chapter seems to begin with the comment, "We were now indeed in dire straits," nor do I think that the promise of these delightful openings is ever falsified. *Sir Richard Pendragon* himself is an entirely priceless person, and, as I am sure Mr. SNAITH's love for him equalled my own, I have hopes that our parting at the end of the book is but temporary. Meanwhile, for author and publisher (NELSON), *Fortune* should be as good as its name.

There is, it appears, quite a number of nice people in this country, and they are all Roman Catholics. Most of them are just ordinary nice people, but a few, a very few, have a call for the life religious which they are bound to obey; as for the rest of the population of Great Britain it is either hopelessly stupid or hopelessly frivolous and shallow.

Accept these premisses and I can guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy *A Winnowing* (HUTCHINSON), which is the title of ROBERT HUGH BENSON's latest novel; in any case you will admit the cleverness of the writer's descriptions, whether of scenes or psychological crises. Nor is there any lack of excitement, for in the first few pages one of the principal characters dies for a few moments as the result of a fall (it is this that leads him to fancy erroneously that he is fitted for monastic vows) and then comes to life again. I do not think that this has been done in a romance before. I feel compelled to state, however, that if you are as cantankerous as I am, and reject Father BENSON's primary assumptions, you may be annoyed now and then at the bitterness with which he paints the portraits of unbelievers. Take, for instance, *Mr. Fakenham*. "He carried in his left hand a small silver match-box with

'Jim' engraved upon it in a feminine writing. I have no idea who gave it him; perhaps he bought it. His right hand held a small round Turkish cigarette"—which leaves me vaguely wondering whether good Catholics smoke large square Virginia cigarettes, and if so, where on earth, or even beyond it, they procure them.

The Bolster Book (MILLS AND BOON), in offering itself for judgment, presents a difficulty. It is admittedly a "funny" book, containing forty-four prose articles, with here and there a rare—a too rare—verse. It is conceived in a vein of cheery sarcasm and naïve familiarity with great persons of the moment. It abounds in jokes, good, bad and indifferent. But who shall say which jokes are which? For instance,

"Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see some folks before they see us,"
made me laugh incontinently for a moment and smile amiably for a day. It may leave you comparatively cold. You may even say, "O heavens, the man is trying to be facetious." On the other hand, where I almost yawned, you may be dangerously convulsed. Captain HARRY GRAHAM, however, insists on being heard in his own defence: "This volume is primarily designed to minister to the needs of all who are strangers to the arms of Morpheus. Every chapter has been chosen on its merits as an aid to slumber." He demands, in short, to be tried by a jury of those "who toss feverishly upon wakeful couches, vainly wooing slumber throughout the interminable hours" of night. So I leave the case to a jury of insomniacs, strongly advising them, if they have an occasional doubt, to give Captain GRAHAM the benefit of it.

Let me confess that when I began to read *A Book of the Black Forest* (METHUEN) I did not expect to be either interested or entertained. I have never been to the Black Forest, I had also a feeling that I did not wish to go, and—as regards guide-books—I knew of only one living author who could at once saturate me with information and delight me with his humour. But now that the book is read I agree with the publishers that it is "an ideal companion," although when I set out upon my pilgrimage I shall want C. E. HUGHES in a pocket edition. Another country has been added to the lands of desire, and for this I offer my gratitude to the author. He is a collector of, and an epicure in, legends, and his remarks about them are invariably quaint and amusing. He knows well enough how to mix fact with fancy, and just as routes and roads are making you feel hot and weary you will find yourself wafted away to some cool and romantic spot. Two maps and numerous excellent illustrations add to the enjoyment of a bulky but delightful book.



BOOMING THE ATTRACTIONS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SUGGESTED UNIFORM FOR TICKET-COLLECTORS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

CHARIVARIA.

THE war party in Germany, we hear, is now declaring that one has not had to wait long to see the deplorable effect of the expression by the KAISER of certain peaceable sentiments to M. PICHON. Had His Majesty's fist been mailed it would have been impossible for an insect to sting his hand.

Mr. JOHN GLOVER, a Socialist, was fined two pounds last week for taking a sun-bath in the public road. This discovery that luxuries are only for the rich is scarcely calculated to cure Mr. GLOVER of his Socialism.

From Lisbon comes the news that, during a bull-fight at Santarem, a bull leaped over the barrier and tossed a number of the spectators. Frankly, we like to think that every bull has his day.

One cannot but admire the happy thought of the enterprising manufacturer of fireworks who, since the Halley failure, has been advertising:—"Please note that my Comets are still the best."

"More than 6,000 season ticket-holders live at South-end," states a contemporary. It would be interesting to know what there is about this town which exerts such a peculiar fascination over holders of season tickets.

Are we getting less touchy? We noticed the following heading in *The Sunday Times* last week:—

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY

FELLOW REFUSED A HEARING, but have heard of no libel action as a result. Not so long ago to say to a man, "You are a fellow, Sir," would have been treated as a deadly insult.

The Cheshire nightingale which attracted thousands of persons each night last summer to a wood near Audlem has, *The Express* informs us, made a welcome reappearance at Aston, near Nantwich, and already many people are flocking to listen to its song. The local Sabbatarian party is said to be considering what steps should be taken to stop the concert on Sundays.

A medical contemporary gives particulars of what it calls a "Beauty Cure." This seems a pity. Beauty is not so common that one should try to find a remedy for it.

The question whether there were dentists in pre-historic days would now seem to be solved. A heap of teeth and tusks of antediluvian beasts has been discovered by men at work on the tube station under the Place de l'Opéra in Paris.

The serious shortage of meat in this

The desire of the German lady is to emulate the Parisienne in elegance, *The Daily Mail* informs us in an article entitled "Their Aim in Dress." If that be really the aim of the German lady, then it must be her marksmanship that's at fault.

THE SUPREME TEST.

[The leguminotherapists are the latest diet specialists. Some of their beliefs are that green peas produce a tendency to flirt; that spinach develops constancy; and that beans are an ideal diet for poets.]

"THEY grew in beauty side by side,"

Twin sisters, *à la* twenty-four,

And often (but in vain) I

tried
To settle which impressed
me more.

They both deserved the fervent phrase;

There never were such charming creatures;

Joan's were the more entrancing ways,

And Jane's the more attractive features.

By such a painful problem faced,

My peace of mind was wholly wrecked,

Until their proud papa embraced

The tenets of the latest sect;

And Joan was proved a flirt (the green

Peas plainly showed the fact at dinner),

While Jane's adoption of the bean

Announced the poet's soul within her.

Now Jane adorns my humble cot,

And, at our climate's milder times,

In some secluded sylvan spot

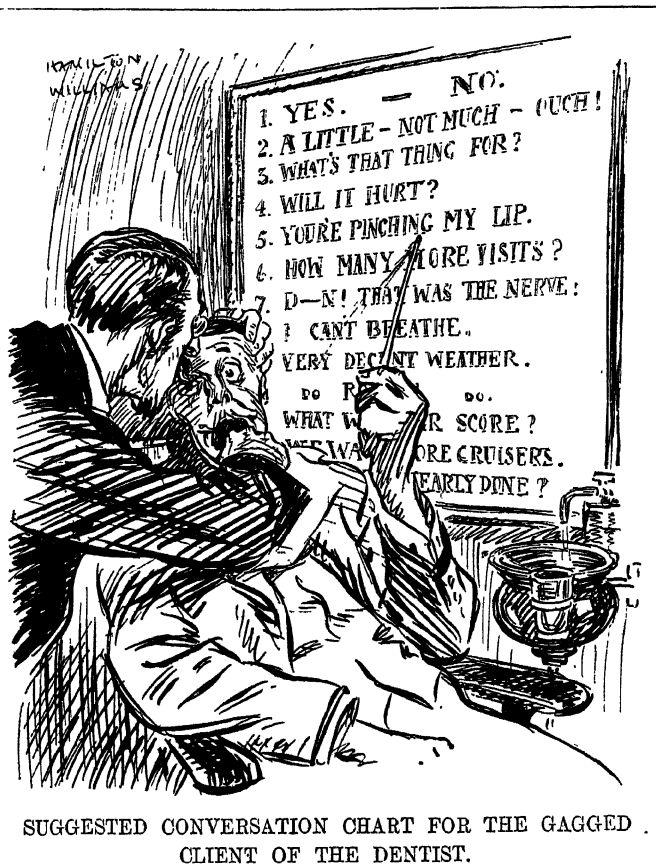
We sit and cap each other's rhymes;

No couple half so blythe as we
Exists from John o' Groats to

Greenwich,
For nought can shake our constancy
(Except, perhaps, a dearth of spinach).

Dr. FLINDERS PETRIE, discussing in *The Daily Mail* the corruption among Egyptian officials, says:—"What the peasant endures is endless . . . he must bribe the doctor or post-mortems will wear him out."

Of the many examinations to which we have been subjected, we have always found a post-mortem by far the most exhausting.



country is attributed, in certain German circles, to the gradual supersession of the horse by the motor.

"Sir Eldon Gorst," *The Globe* tells us in a personal note, "is compelled by short sight to wear glasses on almost all occasions." A notorious American thinks that Sir ELDON would do well always to wear them.

Life's little comedies! An obvious husband was waiting outside a Bond Street jeweller's pawing the ground with impatience. His wife emerged from the shop. "They want a thousand guineas for it!" she said. "Thank Heavens!" cried the husband. "Now come along!"

MR. ROOSEVELT AS ART-CRITIC.

WE are indebted to a contemporary for the statement that Mr. ROOSEVELT, on having his attention drawn to FRITH'S "Derby Day," at the Tate Gallery, exclaimed, "Ah! *Tempora mutantur!*"**

In connection with this alleged remark of the ex-President's, we are in the happy position of being able to furnish our readers with three appreciations of Mr. ROOSEVELT, two of a critical nature, favourable and unfavourable, and the third characterised by good-humoured impartiality.

I. APPRECIATION BY A STRONG PRO-ROOSEVELT.

[It is not pretended that the following criticism reproduces the actual style of that inexhaustible chronicler, Mr. SYDNEY BROOKS, but let us hope that it is animated by the same spirit of veneration.]

The man's driving-power is stupendous and unappeasable. It might have been thought that after his monumental and epoch-staggering speech at the Guildhall Mr. ROOSEVELT would have taken a day off, merely permitting his secretaries to read the newspapers to him, that he might gather the impressions which his speech had made upon the chancelleries of Europe, and the electric change it had produced in the basal principles of the Imperial Idea. Not he. Before lunching as the guest of the leaders of the Irish National Party—itsself a prospect which might well have impaired the vitality of a smaller man—he insisted upon passing in review the whole range of British Pictorial Art. And it was in front of FRITH'S picture of Derby Day that his masterful criticism culminated in the memorable phrase—*Tempora mutantur* (Times change).

Envious natures—and greatness ever provokes envy—have traced an element of the platitudinous in some of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S world-orations. Yet the highest truths are the simplest; and it is the mark of genius to find the right word for the thoughts that seethe in the universal breast waiting for someone to give them articulate utterance. Thus, though the spirit of change is widely recognised as a feature of every age, it was left for Mr. ROOSEVELT to crystallise this feeling in the imperishable phrase, *Tempora mutantur*.

It is true that the words are borrowed from an ancient Roman writer, but this is only another proof, if one were needed, of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S modesty and repugnance to self-assertion, and further illustrates his instinct for tempering the Republicanism of the New World with the finest traditions of the Old. The fact that the words he chose are in Latin (one of the noblest of the dead languages) shows that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S culture is above that of the ordinary lion-hunter; at the same time they are not so recondite as to suggest affectation, for he is above all things a true democrat.

It will be noted that he did not extend his quotation so as to include the words, *nos et mutamur in illis* (and we change with them—literally, in them). It is characteristic of the Colonel that he always knows when he has said enough. He has the gift of speech, but he has also the rarer gift of reticence.

It was remarked as not without significance that Mr. ROOSEVELT uttered his great dictum before the picture of Derby Day, on the very morning of the great race for the Blue Riband of the Turf. The coincidence shows that he was not at Epsom. And for those who remember with what courage he set himself during his various Presidencies to exterminate the habit of gambling which was once so

* We have it on the highest authority that Mr. ROOSEVELT denies having made any such observation. We cheerfully accept this *démenti*, and rejoice that our symposium will now stand on its own merits, without the trivial assistance of facts to support its main theme.

rite in Wall Street, it would be impossible to picture him as assisting at an event like the Derby. For there is no virtue preached by him in public which he does not practise strenuously in his private life.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is due in a few days to depart from our shores. We predict a great future for him. In any case, when we reflect upon those unassailable truths which he has told us, or has yet to tell, we may safely say that he leaves England a better country than he found it.

II. APPRECIATION BY A STRONG ANTI-ROOSEVELT.

[In the manner of Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, editor of *The New York American*, and former candidate for the Governorship of New York State. See his recent letter to *The Daily Mail*.]

It was not enough that this windy swashbuckler, this self-appointed butcher of defenceless lions, should interfere in British politics, of which he knows nothing; he must now rush in and make another exhibition of himself on the subject of British art, of which he knows less than nothing.

And what was he doing anyhow, this so-called Trust-buster, this anti-gambling crusader, in front of a picture of Derby Day?

"*Tempora mutantur*," he says. In order to ingratiate himself with the brutal imperialism of a decadent nation that governs in the sole interest of the oppressor, he adopts the language of an effete Empire, reared upon the same ideals of blood and iron. If his own American tongue was not good enough for him, he might at least have employed that of the great sister Republic, France, and remarked: "*Autres temps autres mœurs*."

The fact is that this self-appointed representative of American institutions is not a true American at all. He repudiates the very creed which has made Americans what they are. That creed claims that a just government is based upon the consent of the governed. Why should we have massacred one another by countless myriads in the war of North and South unless for the purpose of proving the excellence of this Christian and American doctrine?

"Times change," indeed, and quickly. Yesterday, prior to luncheon with an English Lord Mayor, he was urging the British Government to throttle at its birth the budding passion for freedom among the down-trodden races of Egypt. To-day he lunches with the leader of the Irish National party and hypocritically professes a whole-souled sympathy for their struggles to emancipate themselves from the crushing heel of the same tyrannical Government. Why this volte-face on the part of our Rough-and-tumble Rider? The answer is obvious. He wants the Irish vote for his next Presidential campaign. The Egyptian vote is relatively negligible.

To be candid, yet without overstepping the limits of American political courtesy, ROOSEVELT is a born advertiser of himself—another characteristic wholly uncongenial to the national temperament. The sooner he gets back to Oyster Bay with his stuffed rhinos and giraffes the better for everybody. At home we know his value and are not to be bluffed. True and self-respecting Americans should give this posturing imperialist a warm reception.

III. APPRECIATION BY *Mr. Punch*.

Good old TEDDY!

O. S.

To our Best Ball.

The royal and ancient laurels fall

Once more around you, JOHNNY BALL;

Pray, mingle with your seventh bunch

This little spray from *Mr. Punch*!

New Patriotic Song.

Britannia Rules the Waves and ROLLS the Air.



MULTUM EX PARVO.

FILIPINO (*reading Mr. Roosevelt on the proper management of Egypt*). "SPLENDID! THERE'S NOTHING HE DON'T KNOW ABOUT EMPIRE! AND TO THINK THAT HE PICKED IT ALL UP FROM ME!"

[*'I advise you only in accordance with the principles on which I have myself acted as American President in dealing with the Philippines.'*—Mr. Roosevelt at the Guildhall.]



Ethel (who, calling at the Vicarage with her Mother, has sighed for some time at a bowl of app'es—without result). "I SAY, MR. BROWNE, LET'S PRETEND I'M EVE AND YOU'RE SATAN."

MOON-FLOWERS.

THE moon-flowers, the moon-flowers, to sleepy splash of fountains

They open—grey and silver—when the stars come overhead,

And if you'd go to Fairyland and find the Peacock Mountains

You've got to pick the moon-flowers before you go to bed.

Oh, would you go to Nineveh of ancient pomps and palaces,

Or see the towers of Ascalon lift spire on aching spire,

Or sup with Montezumas—golden plate and jewelled chalices—

Or dip your pocket-handkerchief in purple vats of Tyre?

Would you sail, a swart Phœnician,

On a buccaneering mission

(Dig and drive and swing of oar-blades as the plunging triremes go!)

Till the sea-rim gives the highlands

Of the fern-fringed Happy Islands?

Ah, you've first to see the moon-flowers blow!

You've missed the Peacock Mountains through the pearl-pink sea-fog shimmering,

The turkis-blue and opal that they bind about their brows;

You've missed the magic moorings where the flying fish go glimmering

And painted dolphins, leaping in the tide, race round the bows;

For the bit of wedding-cake, you
Said was certain sure to take you,

Never got you any further on the road that you should go
To the sapphire peaks and gorges
Than St. Peter's or St. George's,
And you'd never heard of moon-flowers—No!

The moon-flowers, the moon-flowers, when first the twilight changes,

They open—grey and silver—as the stars come out a-row,
So if you'd go to Fairyland and see the Peacock ranges,
You've first to face the twilight and watch the moon-flowers blow!

Stage Personalities, by those who know.

Among the publishers' announcements we read the following:

How to know the Trees, by HENRY IRVING (CASSELL).

We understand that this appreciation of the BEERBOHM TREES by the late HENRY IRVING is to be followed by other similar treatises, including

<i>Practice at the Butts</i>	By WILLIAM ARCHER.
<i>Where Waller Rules</i>	GEORGE ALEXANDER.
<i>How I discovered Bouchier</i>	A. B. WALKLEY.
<i>In the days of Marie Lohr</i>	PHILIDA TERNER.
<i>Ne Suro ultra Crepidam</i>	A. W. PINERO.
<i>The Importance of being Alexander</i>	HERBERT BEERBOHM TREES.
<i>At the Court of King Wyndham and Mary</i>	SAM SOTHERN.

SUPERSTITION.

"SUPERSTITION," said the night watchman, spitting thoughtfully—

[EDITOR. *Is this story by W. W. Jacobs, or you?*

AUTHOR. *Me. I made a mistake. May I begin again?*]

They had been telling each other tales of Derby winners and lucky bets all night, and the quiet man in the corner had sat silent but engrossed, drinking it all in. At last the flow of stories ceased. With one accord they turned enquiringly to him, as if waiting for his contribution. He sighed, and then in a melancholy voice began to speak.

"I never have any luck myself," he said. "I drew a horse called *Kensington* in our club sweep this year. I had never heard of *Kensington* before, nor had anybody else in the club; in fact, I don't know how his name came up at all. The most positive information I ever got about him was that there had once been a horse of that name who had died. I even went so far as to take a bus down to Kensington to see if they knew anything about him there, but they didn't. Finally I put him up to auction, but when the bidding had gone slowly up to ninepence I withdrew him. Sentiment has always been my curse. . . .

"Funnily enough, my young brother drew *Lemberg*. The first prize was fifty pounds, and he sold half of him to Travers for ten pounds. When *Lemberg* won by a neck they had a great argument as to which half Travers had bought. My brother said it was the end or tail half, which had been beaten, and insisted that he had kept the front or winning half for himself. I forget how they settled it. . .

"Some of you were talking just now about dreams coming true. Thinking of that and of my poor horse, *Kensington*, reminds me of a very curious dream which a superstitious friend of mine had some years ago. His name was Willson, and he knew nothing about racing at all, except that there was a contest called the Derby which horses went in for. In fact he seemed to think that it was the only race in the year, or else that they ran it every week—I am not quite sure which. Well, he had this dream one night a week before the Derby, and next morning at the office he was extremely thoughtful and mysterious. At last he took one of the other men into his confidence.

"He said casually: 'Is there a horse called *Armadillo* running in the Derby?'

"'I don't think so,' said the other man. 'Anyhow, he isn't one of the favourites.'

"Willson was silent for a long time, and then he said in quite an ordinary voice: 'I think of putting my shirt on *Armadillo*.'

"The other man was extremely surprised, because Willson had never talked like this before. Willson's lunch was generally a small dry ginger ale and a nut cutlet, followed by half a non-throat cigarette. So the friend took him on one side and begged him to ease his mind by confessing all.

"Well, it appeared that Willson had had a very vivid dream about a horse called *Armadillo*. He had seen the horses cantering past, and he had picked out one of them and asked his companion (who was the Sultan of Zanzibar) what its name was. And the Sultan had said '*Armadillo*—put your shirt on him.' And then Willson had found to his horror that he had been in such a hurry to catch the train that he had only got his night-shirt on; which so appalled him that he woke up. Coming up to the office next morning he found out from an acquaintance what the expression 'putting on your shirt' meant; and he had already given instructions to his stockbroker to sell out everything, so that *Armadillo* might be properly supported.

"Of course, there is a good deal in dreams,' his friend admitted. 'I've no doubt you're right, if— What was this horse like?'

"Just an ordinary horse. One of those brown ones.'

"Oh! You didn't happen to notice the colours of the jockey?'

"Willson hadn't. He had a sort of impression that the jockey was the King of the Belgians, but he couldn't say what he wore. It was all rather hurried. Still he was absolutely certain that *Armadillo* was going to win the Derby.

"And I've got two thousand pounds, and that means twenty thousand when he wins.' He had a vague idea that all horses started at 10 to 1.

"Well, he made a lot of inquiries, but nobody had ever heard that *Armadillo* was starting or had even been entered for the Derby. For two or three days he pottered about riding-schools and stables, and talked to ostlers and people, in the hope of hearing something about this horse. He was not always successful in making them understand what he wanted, for in the course of the week he was offered on ridiculously cheap terms several horses which were called *Armadillo*, and several more which could be so called if necessary, and one genuine armadillo from South

America which would answer equally well to any name. . . .

"The day before the Derby he had another talk with his friend at the office.

"'I have been thinking it over,' he said, 'and I have come to the conclusion that it is just possible I did not catch the name with complete accuracy. The Sultan spoke rather rapidly. What horse has a name most like *Armadillo*?'

"They got a *Sportsman* and went through the list of starters. There were two hopeless outsiders called *Armiger* and *Zenatello*, and it really looked as if Willson would have to put his shirt on one of these. They had a long argument as to which one's name was most like that of the dream horse, and finally decided on *Zenatello*, which Willson thought was some kind of animal itself, but which Willson's friend felt was either a flower or a musical instrument. Anyhow, whatever it was, it carried two thousand pounds of Willson's on the next day. . . .

"Well, most of you will remember what happened on that Wednesday afternoon. I don't quite know how to explain it. Sometimes I think that dreams do go by contraries, and that the fact of *Zenatello* coming in absolutely last justified Willson's faith in the reality of his vision. Sometimes—"

The quiet man paused for a moment.

"Yes?" said everybody who was awake.

"Well, Willson had never been on a racecourse, and he seemed to have, as I said, a sort of idea that the Derby was the only race that was ever run. This race that he saw in his dream may not have been the Epsom Derby at all. For we discovered afterwards that there was a horse called *Armadillo* which in a field of two had won the Steeple Bumpstead Stakes on a foul at the Little Yeldingham Summer Meeting."

"Then Willson was right, after all?'

"Ye-es. Except, you know, that the Little Yeldingham races took place just a week before he had his dream. It was a good dream, but I'm afraid there was never any money in it."

A. A. M.

"One of the common temptations is that of remarking on the flight of time or the suitability of human affairs."—*Daily Mail*.

Not to say the mutability of words.

"Mr. Jager driving against Mr. Pollock from the first tee pulled his ball into the press tent, and ran under the flooring."—*Dundee Courier*.
Coward!



"He is a conjurer with tone effects, in short, he has subjugated the piano to his will he can make it roar and thunder, he can make it sing, cry, exult, he can make it charm, allure, he can make it . . . what can he not make it do?"

Of the world's greatest pianists, there is not one whose choice of an instrument arouses more interest, more curiosity, than Mark Hambourg's. What piano can he find that he can "subjugate to his will"?—that will respond to his varying moods—the wild and triumphant—the brilliant and dazzling—to that which is instinct with poetic feeling of exquisite delicacy? The world's greatest piano—

BRINSMEAD

50, Grosvenor Road, S.W.
January 20th, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—On the eve of my departure for a prolonged tour in Canada, I have great pleasure in telling you that after a thorough test of the Brinsmead Pianos I found that their touch is perfect, the singing quality almost human and the action unsurpassed. It is an instrument admirably suited both for virtuosi and amateurs, as by virtue of its great qualities it helps them to express everything with the greatest ease. In fact I was so delighted with these charming instruments that I will use them exclusively at my forthcoming tours in Great Britain. Congratulating you on your great achievements.

Yours faithfully,

Mark Hambourg

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1910
WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Ltd.,
18, 20 & 22, Wigmore Street, London, W.

TOO MUCH URIC ACID.

SOME SIGNS OF LATENT GOUT.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the actual cause of gout was accurately known. Widely divergent theories abounded as to its why and wherefore, and remedies were as numerous and as useless as the theories themselves.

The rapid progress of modern science has, however, enabled us to understand the true character of gout and to discover its cause. It is now conceded by all scientists that gout is due to the accumulation of an excess of uric acid. Whether it be acute gout, rheumatic gout, gouty rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gouty eczema, gravel, stone, suppressed gout, or any of the numerous and obscure forms of irregular gout, all have a common origin—too much uric acid. This substance is a normal constituent of the body, and is formed constantly in every system even in good health, but in the healthy subject it is eliminated by the kidneys and liver as quickly as it is made. When, however, the kidneys from any cause become impaired they cannot properly carry on their appointed functions, and so the uric acid instead of being eliminated is taken up by the circulation and carried to every part of the body. Here and there it is thrown out in the form of solid deposits which find their way between the joints or become secreted in the various muscles and tissues of the anatomy and set up the various characteristic symptoms which are so typical of gout, acute pain, inflammation, tenderness, and swelling in the joints, dull aches, pains and stiffness in the muscles, irritation and burning of the skin, and numbness and tingling in the nerves, especially of the arm and hand.

How to Get Rid of Uric Acid.

The only remedy that can hope for any possible success in relieving the suffering of this disorder is one that will attack and remove the cause. Bishop's Varalettes are the recognised remedy for all uric acid complaints. They are prescribed daily by physicians, and are taken regularly by gouty subjects, who recognise that by no other means can they hope to prevent an excess of uric acid from accumulating in their joints, muscles, or organs. Persons who inherit gout or who have a predisposition to the affection can effectually keep the enemy at bay by taking as routine an occasional dose of Bishop's Varalettes. This involves no inconvenience, no trouble. Bishop's Varalettes may be added to the drink usually taken with meals or at other times, and by adopting this wise and simple procedure very much unnecessary pain and suffering can be avoided.

Gout may be acquired even when there is no hereditary tendency. Long before the ordinary typical symptoms of gout show themselves nature gives many premonitory warnings. Amongst the more common of these symptoms are marked disorders of the digestive organs, with slight and capricious appetite, flatulence and pain after eating, acidity, heartburn, and uneasiness in the right side, in the region of the liver. If you notice such symptoms occurring without any apparent cause, you will not be far wrong in attributing them to gout. The one thing, then, for you to do is to start on a course of Bishop's Varalettes without a moment's delay. They completely dissolve the uric acid deposits out of every part of the body. With their removal the pain gradually diminishes and disappears, swollen joints are reduced to their normal size, stiff muscles and joints regain their suppleness, and gouty aches and pains vanish. Thus the use of Varalettes results in complete freedom from gouty suffering which can only be fully appreciated by those who have experienced it.

Diet for the Gouty.

A most interesting booklet describing uric acid complaints generally, and explaining their treatment, has been published by the manufacturers of Bishop's Varalettes. In it will be found information of the most valuable character as to the food and drink it is advisable for gouty subjects to consume. This section of the booklet alone makes it a necessity to all those who have any cause to anticipate attacks of gout. The booklet will be sent free on application to Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please ask for booklet S. Bishop's Varalettes may be had of all chemists at the following prices:—25 days' treatment, 5s.; bottles, 2s.; vials,

MEN WHO 'COUNT TO-DAY.

I.—MR. EUGEN SANDOW.

THE MAN WHO MAKES US HEALTHY BY NATURAL MEANS.

Mr. Sandow's real importance is as a man with ideas, and ideals, and a system for the realisation of those ideals. What he says is in effect: "I am strong—granted. But the strong man is made, not born. It is a matter of system. Follow my system, and you shall be strong too. And not only strong, but healthy—with lungs that will defy the tubercular bacillus, and a stomach that will digest any reasonable provender. Any man by physical culture may build himself a robust physique." That is the message. Not so much because he has preached it, as because he has compelled the world to listen to it. The rise of Mr. Sandow has to be accounted one of the great facts of our time.

He was a weakling, with a passionate desire to be strong. The ordinary gymnastics of the gymnasium did little for him. At sixteen he was still delicate. At that age, however, he began to study anatomy, and the knowledge thus acquired enabled him to construct his own scheme of training the body and giving to each separate muscle the greatest development of which it was capable.

EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

Even at the time when he was performing his most astonishing feats, he was always preaching the gospel of physical culture as the great means of increasing the physical efficiency of the race. For it is quite a mistake to suppose that the establishment of his famous Institute of Curative Physical Culture was an afterthought. The idea was always there, though circumstances naturally determined the actual form of its realisation. Time after time, at the height of his renown, Mr. Sandow abandoned his public manly displays of strength for the lecture platform. Time after time the people demonstrated that they were more anxious to see him perform than to hear him lecture. Financially, the lecture tours were failures. Large sums of money were lost on them. But Mr. Sandow stuck to his idea. He was no more discouraged by his failure than Disraeli was discouraged by the reception accorded to his maiden speech in the Commons; but he bided his time, and awaited his opportunity. And that opportunity came after the conclusion of his American journey. He was one of the best-known men in the English-speaking world. His name was, as it still is, as familiar to the man in the street as that of, say, Mr. Chamberlain. And he had saved money. Consequently he was in a position to begin his new career as an evangelist of physical culture.

THE TURNING POINT.

First he started the famous schools. There were three of them in London, and, I believe, five in the provinces. The original intention was to open such schools in all the large towns in the United Kingdom; but two objections to this course were discovered. In the first place, it was difficult to control so many establishments; in the second place, it was not possible through the schools to address a sufficiently large audience. The dream was not of physical culture for the few, but of physical culture for all. Consequently the policy was changed. The administration was centralised, and the present plan of physical culture by personal instruction at his London Institute and by correspondence was adopted. Those who want exact information about the treatment must write to Mr. Eugen Sandow for the prospectus. Here I have only space roughly to note certain points. Those who can call at his Institute naturally prefer to do so, but a great many people who need Mr. Sandow's skilful aid are, however, unable to visit his headquarters. Broadly speaking, if you take a course by correspondence, what happens is this: You fill up a form, stating your weight, your age, your

measurements, and your ailments (if any), and, if your case is considered one which would benefit, in return you receive a letter prescribing certain exercises. In a short time you report how the exercises have affected you, and receive a second batch of instructions. And so forth. The intention of the course is not to make you a weight-lifter or a prize-fighter. Indeed, the movements prescribed involve no strain and are performed by the most delicate ladies and elderly people. It is to make you fit and healthy within your limitations, so that you may make your earthly pilgrimage as buoyantly as the miller of the River Dee, enjoying your own life, and assisting your neighbours to enjoy theirs.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

It is a brilliant idea, and it answers brilliantly. This very afternoon I was at the Sandow Institute, and was shown the records of a number of cases pulled at random from the pigeon-holes in which they are docketed, though naturally without violating confidences by permitting the inspection of the names. I seemed to be listening to a swelling chorus of invalids singing anthems of praise for their restoration to vigorous health. Such a one had no more headaches, such another had no more of the old trouble with the liver, a third had got rid of his insomnia, and a fourth of his "tired feeling in the mornings," a fifth had been cured of some trying chest complaint. Heart-troubles, rheumatism, gout, neurasthenia and a host of other modern ailments had been equally successfully overcome. And all this without the prescription of a single dose of medicine—simply and solely by the judicious application of the Sandow system to the exigencies of the individual case.

MEDICAL APPRECIATION.

The facts are there for all the world to see. All the doctors who know anything about it readily express approval. Sandow's system, I am convinced, may rank with the discoveries of Lister and Simpson in respect of the benefits conferred by it upon mankind. If I have said more of the system than of its inventor, that is necessitated by the circumstances of the case. It does not need to be proved that the inventor must himself be a man of marked individuality. "Sandow," I was told by one of those who know him best, "is one of the most strikingly original men I have ever known. He owes nothing to books, but everything to his own independent observations and reflections. He doesn't act like other people, and he doesn't think like other people; but comes to the problems with a fresh mind, and works them out for himself. His head is as strong for purposes of organisation as his arm for lifting weights. The complicated yet simple organisation by means of which he can, in a moment, lay his finger on the complete record of every case which has passed through his hands is entirely of his own devising. The very way he has chosen to make it known shows the care, thought and skill he brings to bear on every detail in connection with his treatment and his Institute. For the sufferer in search of health he has prepared not a general book that might take a great deal of reading through before finding the information on the inquirer's own case, but a series of twenty-four books dealing with all the complaints in which his method has been proved to be the most successful, so that if one calls at his Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., or writes, mentioning one's own special health defect, one receives, without cost, a little treatise of just that conciseness that the busy man or woman desires, showing how Mr. Sandow applies the treatment in the particular illness or condition.

The Titles of the Books on Health, mentioned in the above columns, are:—

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia. | 9. Lung and Chest Complaints. | 17. Circulatory Disorders. |
| 2. Constipation and its Cure. | 10. Rheumatism and Gout. | 18. Skin Disorders. |
| 3. Liver Troubles. | 11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure. | 19. Physical Development for Men. |
| 4. Nervous Disorders in Men. | 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic. | 20. Everyday Health. |
| 5. Nervous Disorders in Women. | 13. Lack of Vigour. | 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments. |
| 6. Obesity in Men. | 14. Physical Deformities in Men. | 22. Figure Culture for Women. |
| 7. Obesity in Women. | 15. Physical Deformities in Women. | 23. Insomnia. |
| 8. Heart Affections. | 16. Functional Defects in Speech. | 24. Neurasthenia. |

To secure a copy of any particular book it is only necessary to write naming it, giving name and address, age and occupation, and mentioning "Punch," to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W. The Booklets are sent Gratis and Post Free.

NO SMALL BEER.

DEAR SIR AND COMPANY, LTD.,—Let us respect each other's anonymity. I am concerned to make public less who you are than what I am not. Forgive me, but I do most emphatically deny that I am or ever have been "a small lager." Small, possibly; light or dark, probably; small light (or dark) lager, most certainly not.

Let us get the identities clear to start with. You are the proprietor of most of the brightest and best feeding houses in the City and County of Bondon (we will not let the real names leak out) and I am your customer. The matters complained of took place in one of your restaurants a year ago last Saturday. I have allowed that interval to elapse before declaring myself, so that all coffee-stains and other important clues might be removed by competent laundry-women in the meanwhile. You must, therefore, give up all hope of tracing the affair to its origin, and I am left with a free hand to deal with the narrative as I see fit, without fear of detection or correction.

Right in the middle of the Grill Room of this restaurant there is a very pleasant table, meant to seat four appetites. This table is deservedly a favourite, because from it you can see everything that is going on and yet not hear too much of the, pardon me, music. I know, and the Superintendents know, that, if a solitary feeder once gets seated there, nothing will induce others to join him. Nevertheless, on the Saturday night in question, I made up my mind to occupy that table alone. The waiter didn't like it; the Superintendents didn't like it. Lots of jovial quartettes didn't like it. I, however, did like it, and there accordingly I stayed.

We will not revive the memories of that very happy meal, but we will note that what I was treating myself for was not thirst but hunger. When, therefore, the drink question arose, I inclined to water, but to drink that in a public restaurant is to court universal suspicion and hatred. So I thought of the cheapest fluid consistent with dignity and popularity, and ordered beer. Moreover, because I love my country less than my liver, I chose the German brand and ordered a small Pilsener.

As the meal neared completion, in came the most important man ever made, a Plenipotentiary Autocrat (I gather) of your Company's Board. He came, not for noise, people, food or merriment, but business. He came to see that the old place was going along



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 2.

THE EAR-GUARD HAT, WARRANTED IMPERVIOUS TO ALL MOTOR NOISES, TO BE WORN WITH A SUIKED TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS. AN ABSOLUTE DEFENCE AGAINST TAXI-CABS AND SUCH STREET DANGERS.

all right and to stir up the Staff. Gathering the latter round him in degrees of humility varying from the Spare-me-O-King to the Very-Good-Sir, this great man in the victuals and drink world started to criticise things and their arrangement. I was the first, because the nearest, thing on which his eagle eye alighted, and in one lightning glance I was gauged at my worth as a nourishable article. Every man is entitled to his opinion, and every other man is entitled to hear it if he can.

"Good heavens," he said, "what on earth have you been doing with our most valuable table? We ought to have a two-pound lot here, drinking No. 28." (When my ship comes in, I shall say to the waiter in a loud and penetrating voice, "A barrel of No. 28, please," or, "A barrel of No. 28, of

course, idiot, and here's a sovereign for yourself." At this present my ship is still on the very high seas, so I waited lowly to hear what particular sort of a wastrel I was going to be.) "Don't you know," he continued, "that this is the most paying table in the whole room? Fancy wasting it, on a Saturday night too, on a Steak and Chips. Couldn't you see when it came in at the door that it was only a . . . ?" But I ask you, Sir. Do I even look like a small lager?

Your humble PATRON.

M. or N.?

"There will be a good lot of damming to be done before these alluvial tin properties in Northern Nigeria reach an industrial dividend-paying stage."—*The Financier*.

It will be done, never fear.

A LOCAL LAUREATE.

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DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon what may, but I trust will not, appear an intrusion upon your domestic affairs, but the rapidly approaching wedding of the daughter of our High Sheriff (yourself) with Sir Mallaby Boxley, Bart., is an event of such universal interest to Dilston and the surrounding districts that I cannot forbear myself from sending you the enclosed tribute to the auspicious event in verse. Pardon me if I have made a mistake as to the number of the bridesmaids.

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On the Fifteenth of July of this present year
It is most earnestly hoped that the sky will be clear,
And that the Sun in bright effulgence will cast down his ray
On the pair who will walk to the hymeneal altar on this day.

May Heaven shower blessings on fair Rosamond
Whose honoured surname is known to be Bond.
With her husband beside her, that ancient Baronet, Sir
Mallaby,
May she have all the joys which, alas, have been denied
to me.

A proud man and glad is Sir Mallaby Boxley, Bart.,
At any rate he ought to be at having won her heart.
And our noble High Sheriff and his matronly wife,
Though parted from their daughter, will look after her life.

We will all of us shout just as loud as we can
When the bride and the bridegroom issue forth in the van,
And the six (?) lovely bridesmaids, like a herd of young deer,
March out covered with blushes and bring up the rear.

At the Church of St. Matthew's the ceremony will take place;
It is the Parish Church of this celebrated place.
Every pew will be filled with beauty, rank and grace
To do all the honour that can possibly be done
To the two whom the Vicar will marry and make one.

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"Take off fat" we should have expected.

TOBACCO AND ALL ABOUT IT.

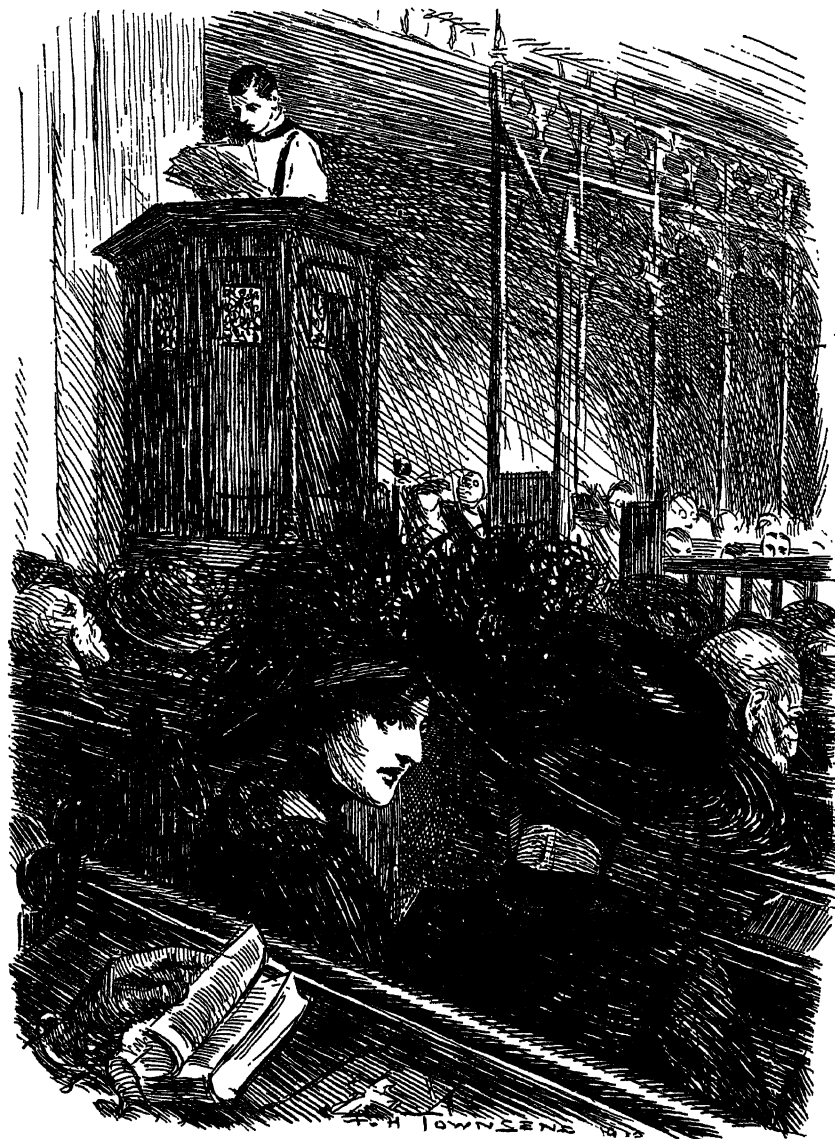
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Having no acquaintance amongst the poets or their well-fed descendants, I can yet say this much without fear of contradiction. Tobacco is like the poet in that it is born and not made. (*Nascitur, non fit.*) Otherwise their methods differ, and the distinction is all in favour of tobacco. Not a word of complaint; not a sign of impatience; not a movement of disgust or insubordination. The plant stands quietly there, handing out tobacco with unfailing precision and courtesy, modestly unconscious of the joy it is conferring on humanity.

The chief object for which tobacco was discovered was to keep the mouth occupied between meals.

Once past the age limit, you may smoke a pipe, a cigarette or a cigar. You may even, if you are an unscrupulous person, smoke a calabash. Your pipe may be of cherry-wood, briar, clay or the unspellable ware of foreign origin, but you cannot hope to get on in life if it has not a piece of silver on it somewhere. Given that passport to gentility, you may without fear of a scandal smoke it in the broadest of daylight. I do not absolutely prohibit your smoking in the dark, but I suggest to you that you will not enjoy it or, at any rate, know that you are enjoying it. To get rid of dark, buy a match and rub it lightly on the trousers.

Cigarettes may be bought by number or by weight, may be purchased in packets or tins. They cannot be hired. When you borrow a cigarette from a friend, he will not take offence if you do not return the bit at the end for which you have no use. As for the proper disposal of the ash, that is one of the most keenly debated subjects in the world. Some say it should be thrown on the carpet, arguing tentatively that it is good for the carpet, and asserting with more conviction that at any rate it shows by its absence or presence next morning whether or not the room has been swept since last night. Some say it should certainly not be thrown on the carpet, adducing no arguments, but generally prevailing nevertheless. You must decide for yourself between the two points of view. The former is



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THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Reveller. "AT LAST! I 'AVE THE BLUE BIRD!"

[The search for the Blue Bird in M. MAETERLINCK'S play of that name is alleged to symbolise the pursuit of happiness.]

RUS IN URBE.

WHEN roses first begin to bud
And twigs grow green and sappy,
A raging fever fills my blood
And I become unhappy.
"Back to the land!" is then my sigh,
"A curse on chains!" I always cry
About this season of the year
When dew-dipped roses first appear.

But when my spirit thus is spurred
To fly from smoke and houses,
Then is the voice of wisdom heard—
It is my prudent spouse's:

"Our private income figures out
At five pound ten, or thereabout,
So if you leave your office, John,
What shall we have to live upon?"

Inexorable prosy truth!

My chains must e'en continue
Till the last drop of dried-up youth
Has left each creaking sinew.

I frown and fretfully complain
Until the voice is heard again:
"If you desire the land, why not
Begin upon the garden plot?"

The mower from its shed is drawn
And to and fro I travel;

Most carefully I plant the lawn
With weedlets from the gravel.
I hose each individual root
In hopes that it may learn to shoot,
And on each drooping plant I try
The finest guano cash can buy.

I dig until the blood o'erflows
My apoplectic cranium,
And here I plant a Rambler rose
And there a pink geranium.
Aching and sore at length I stand
To view the labour of my hand,
And as I take my well-earned rest
Hope springs eternal in my breast.

But, though with richest fare I feed
My precious plants and pet them,
I cannot make them take the lead
That cheerful Hope has set them.
They still refuse to spring; they choke
Amid the petrol-laden smoke,
Till, beaten by the smutty mob,
The very chickweed chucks his job.

So, after weary weeks of toil
And planting many a seedling,
I gaze upon a patch of soil
That cannot boast a weedling.
And yet, no doubt, when next year's
spring
Once more the earth-desire shall
bring,
Still hopeful, up and down I'll go
Trundling the mower to and fro.

"Then Dr. Buck played a Basso Obstinato by Arensky—which is all in 5.1 time, except the Basso Obstinato, which is in 6.4 time."
—*The Harrovian*.

Evidently one of those Double Bassos.

"He was suffering from the after effects of a cough at Doncaster, and when defeated by a short head at Newmarket recently he seemed a trifle backward in comparison with the winner."
—*Daily Mail*.

It is a great mistake to let the judge get that impression.

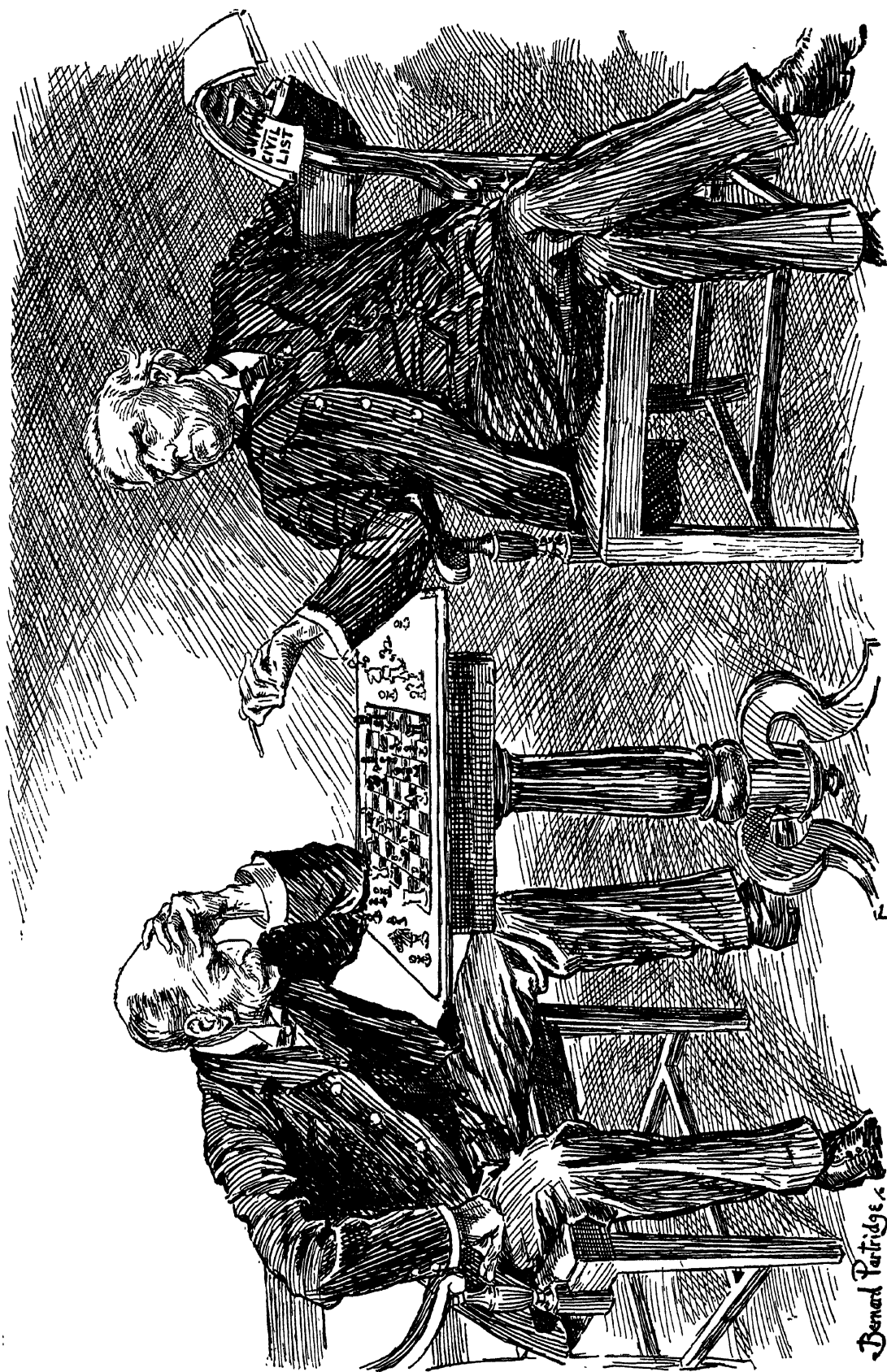
"To cure damp walls make a varnish of one part of shellac to two parts of naphtha, and cover the damp part thoroughly with it. This varnish has a disagreeable smell, but it soon wears off."
—*Leeds Times*.

So that it comes rather expensive in the end.

"LADY R. X.—By sending us the colour you desire your white hair tinted we shall forward a small sample bottle to be tried on a piece of your hair inside the head to make sure of the result and avoid any surprise."
—*The Queen*.

But it is bound to be a bit of a surprise for the lady's friends some time.

Mr. Punch, in wishing *bon voyage* to Captain Scott's ship, *Terra Nova*, which will soon leave its last English port, expresses the hope that her crew may land safely on Terra Scotta.



THE VETO GAME.

MR. ASQUITH (*to* LORD LANSDOWNE). "WHILE YOU'RE THINKING OUT YOUR NEXT MOVE, I'LL JUST SEE TO A FEW LITTLE DOMESTIC DETAILS."



IN THE SCULPTURE ROOM OF THE R.A.

She (after tiring day with the pictures). "DO THEY CHANGE THESE STATUES EVERY YEAR?"

THE ART OF FAINT PRAISE.

(Dedicated with deep sympathy to the Musical Critic of "The Times.")

MR. ARGYLL MULLET'S CONCERT.

A NOTEWORTHY feature of Mr. Mullet's concert on Thursday last at the Broadway Hall was its linguistic versatility. To sing songs by such diverse composers as Monteverde, Lully, Napravnik, Smetana, Sinding, Vincent d'Indy, Gomez, Wagner and Stephen Adams is in itself no small achievement. To sing them in the languages to which they were originally composed is something of a miracle, and, as a matter of fact, it proved rather too much for Mr. Mullet's powers. His somewhat glutinous tenor voice has been diligently trained, and there are moments when he produces a comparatively agreeable tone. But his technical equipment is still inadequate to the demands of such *bravura* songs as Napravnik's "*Chanson de Phagocyte*" or Stephen Adams's "*Serenade to Mrs. Eddy*." Here the articulation was indistinct, whereas the one thing needful in such songs is that every syllable should be enunciated with perfect distinctness. Nor again was Mr. Mullet above reproach on the score of intonation;

indeed it was only occasionally that he deviated into tunefulness. This last remark also applies to Miss Vinolia Turtle, who assisted in the recital, singing songs by Field (of Lambeth), Cyril Scott-Gatty, and Windsor-Brown, Senr. The programme also included recitations by Miss Vanessa Blurt, who has a powerful voice and vigorous gestures, but would be well advised to modify her methods. The bulls of Bashan were doubtless valuable on the pasture lands of Og, but they are out of place in a London concert hall. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Harry Jagers with good intentions, but a far too liberal abuse of the loud pedal. There was a large but unimpassioned audience, of whom at least two-thirds were girls of between thirteen and seventeen years of age.

MRS. BINDONY TOSHER'S CONCERT.

The programme of Mrs. Bindony Tosher's concert at the Lovell Hall on Saturday was entirely made up of her own compositions. A test from which the greatest masters do not always emerge unscathed is a somewhat severe ordeal, but it must in fairness be admitted that the majority of the audience enjoyed—or, at any rate, successfully simulated enjoyment of—this unmitigated succession of pseudo-

oriental ditties. Three new cycles, entitled "*The Cobra's Courtship*," "*By Balmly Bangalore*," and "*In Spot Cashmere*," were introduced, with the composer at the piano, and Miss Silence Towers, Miss Pinkie Pilotelli, Miss Lenore Spink and Messrs. Kedger Rea, Horatio Tank, and Bungalow Dawkins as vocalists. The artistic quality of these songs, if measured by the number of artists engaged in their performance, must be considerable; and as a musical alternative for confectionery of the sweetest and most cloying kind they undoubtedly have their merits. Mrs. Bindony Tosher, who was arrayed in a white jibbah with esoteric Lama frillings, Afghan sandals and a Senussi turban, accompanied her songs with obvious zest.

JONAH QUIGLEY ORCHESTRA.

The programme of the Jonah Quigley Amateur Orchestral Society's concert at the Elephant and Castle Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday last had at least the merit of containing very few pieces which are frequently heard. Whether it is in the interests of art that they should ever be heard at all is another question. The most important work was Erasmus Rumpelmayer's fifteenth symphony (in F major), which, in spite of its inordinate length,



EXHIBITS MERCIFULLY OMITTED FROM THE "JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION."

A DAMURAI, OR ANCIENT BRITISH WARRIOR, ATTENDED BY HIS NATIVE "WEAPON-BEARER."

(At the moment chosen for the group he has been throwing up earth-works, in a bunker, for thirty-five minutes or so.)

seldom, if ever, surpasses a level of blameless banality. A place was also found for Kosloff's piccolo concerto, the solo part in which was played by Mr. Chickering Pepys. Mr. Pepys is an agile performer, but the tone which he elicits from his instrument is occasionally disconcerting. The vocal part of the programme consisted of a group of Patagonian Folk Songs, arranged by M. Polydore Lalouette, and sung by Mme. Hilmi Pingouin. The songs are in themselves exceedingly insipid, but might have sounded better if Mme. Pingouin had delivered them more imaginatively and with a greater command of tone colour. These qualities, however, were unhappily quite lacking in her rendering, which combined with the indifferent ventilation of the hall to produce a state of somnolence in the auditors quite distressing to witness, M. Lalouette accompanied with an excessive self-restraint, for he controls his tone even in *fortissimo* passages. We venture to suggest that it would become more weighty and dignified if he developed the muscles in his upper arm, which are obviously deficient in fibre.

THE NEW AERATED BREAD.—Hot Cross-Channel ROLLS.

LIGHT ON THE EMINENT.

At a time when no detail of the lives of successful persons is considered superfluous, especially in connection with the grandest of English sports, it is well to set down all that can be collected concerning some of the more remarkable of the winners of Derby sweepstakes all over the world.

The great Calcutta Turf Club sweep fell, as every one must now know, to an officer of the Indian army now on leave in this country. It is also common history, since most of the papers have devoted space to the matter, that he sold half of his chance to a London syndicate for £7,500, and that *Lemberg* thus brought him only £33,000. We are in a position to state that with this sum the lucky speculator has bought a radium safe.

The Motherland Club sweep at Melbourne was won by Mr. Michael Swinton, a prominent Australian sheep-farmer well known for his love of sport. Little did he think that the five-pound note that he flung down so carelessly some few weeks ago would be bringing him in ten thousand of the very best—or to be exact 9995. Mr. Swinton is fifty-three years of age and has four

sons and two daughters. The sons are still under age. The eldest is intended for the Australian Bar and ultimately politics. The second is going into his father's business. The others will probably come to England to be educated. The daughters, Cicely and Gertrude, play and sing with great spirit. Mrs. Swinton (who gets a new bonnet out of this windfall) is a favourite in society at Ullalongville, where their home is.

Captain Fossetter, who drew *Lemberg* in the Grey Watch sweep, is an active soldier of thirty-two, keen and ambitious. From Sandhurst he went to Aldershot and thence to South Africa, where he was shot right through the head (at Paardeberg), without, however, any permanent damage. On the anniversary of the injury the wound is said to open again, so that one can see right through the gallant officer's brain; and both in 1907 and again in 1909 a committee of medical men visited him and reported on the phenomenon to *The Lancet*. Captain Fossetter is unmarried.

On drawing *Lemberg* in the Jermyn Club, Mr. "Ronny" Withers was naturally the centre of an excited crowd, and he received many offers of sums varying from £5 to £100 for his chance. He had, however, the good sense to stick to his ticket, and is now the richer by £699. Mr. Withers is one of the most versatile young men in London. He plays the balalaika with much taste and feeling, is an expert golfer, can handle the bat, dines out with skill and discretion, and reviews fiction for *The Literary Post*.

Lord Arthur Way, who drew *Lemberg* in the sweep at the Newmarket, is said to have devoted a cool fifty of it to the evening's entertainment, beginning with the Empire and passing on to a restaurant in the Strand, outside of which he was to be observed, in the small hours, delivering an admirable Romano's lecture to his friends and a number of unattached spectators.

Quite different was the course of action followed by Miss Hilda St. Just, who won the sweep at the Ladies' Grille Club. On hearing the glad news of *Lemberg's* victory she is said to have at once taken a taxi and driven to the studio of M. Sigismund Goelzi, her favourite artist, and commissioned him there and then to paint a picture in green, purple and white, symbolical of the cause of women's suffrage, to which her young and charming life is for the moment devoted.

Sam Briggs, who won the first prize in the sweepstakes at the Union Arms, Lad Lane, Hoxton, called all his mates to join him in a feast and spent the whole five shillings on winkles and beer. Mr. Briggs is a fine, well-made



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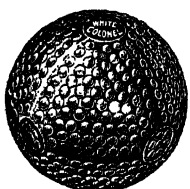
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Second Workman: "Wot are you going to do with 'em?"

First Workman: "Fix 'em on the missis!"

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We offer £10 for the best suggestion for a Sketch, from the ladies' point of view, replying to the above. The Domes of Silence, 5, Hopetoun House, Lloyds Avenue, London, E.C.

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man of forty-two, and though he has been gambling in a small way all his life this is the first success that has come to him. He was educated at the Board School in Ivy Place, but he did not take a degree. He then entered a grocer's as errand boy, but becoming dissatisfied with the quality of the sugar he left, and, after a roving life of four or five years, he married and became doorkeeper at the New Road Empire, where he has remained ever since. His hair is dark to medium.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A PAST.

[The Coal Exchange in Thames Street closed its gates on Derby Day, "in memory of Lord Howe's famous naval victory on the 1st of June."]

If unromantic types there are,
Or men of niggard mind,
Who take no stock in Trafalgar,
To NELSON's prowess blind,
Who gird at DRAKE, the gallant tar,
And flout *The Golden Hind* ;—

If HAWKINS, RALEIGH and the rest,
If RODNEY, HOWE and HOOD
Have failed to stir some island breast
As deeply as they should,
Here is a proof, a final test
Of glory's end and good.

What chance have they, whose fame is short—

The breed of lesser states—
Whose sires have sacked no foreign port
And stormed no harbour gates,
What hope of holidays for sport
On well-remembered dates?

For us, the salt surrounding seas
And half their shores as well,
Where Britain's flag has braved the breeze

And Britons fighting fell,
Are chartered with historic pleas
For knocking off a spell.

With what despair the Teuton eyes
A race that knows to keep
The memory of a sea-won prize
By entering for a "sweep"!
That still asserts in Derby guise
Its lordship of the deep!

Too idle was the poet's taunt
That deemed us men at play;
Have we not battle flags to flaunt?
Our clerks can always say,
When reprimanded for a jaunt,
That Sluys was fought to-day.

Myself (of patriots not the least),
When any scroll records
A bout of English tars (deceased)
With pirate Danish hordes,
I don't intend to miss the feast,
I mean to go to Lord's. EVOE.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY AT EPSOM.

Maria. "NAH THEN, HON'ABLE ROLLS, LOOK WHERE YER FLYIN'!"

PROGRESSIVE WHIDGE.

LUCKILY for me there were two men in the hat-and-coat room whose hair parted down the middle. They spent so long over the mirror that I had time to learn the rule on the back of the card, expressed in simple yet nervous English: "When partners or no partners the Lady with the highest score moves up and the Gentleman with the highest score moves down—but should two Ladies or two Gentlemen score an equal number of tricks in a no partners' deal they shall cut—the lowest to win and move." By the time that the bald man, who nipped in just in front of me, had satisfied himself once more that two parallel wisps of hair, being produced ever so far at right angles to their common paths, will never meet, I was word-perfect. So I moved up to the

hair-brushes and then moved down to the drawing-room, which seemed just large enough to hold seven card tables or twenty-eight people, but not both.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Pomphrey. "Delighted you could come."

"Thank you very much," I answered. "But should two gentlemen score an equal number of tricks in a no partners' deal they shall cut—the lowest to win and move." Would you mind telling me how the lowest can make sure of winning? There's some catch about that rule."

"Oh, we've dropped that rule. It seemed rather complicated. Wasn't it scored out on your card?"

"No; and I've learned it by heart and don't believe I can ever forget it."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Pomphrey. "We're going to progress just in the ordinary way. This is your first partner;

Mrs. Tarbut, and she will tell you all about it."

Mrs. Tarbut said it was very cold outside, but quite warm in here, and that she was glad I knew the rules for Progressive Whidge, because she didn't, but that she had been to *The Blue Bird*, and thought it quite as nice in some ways as *Peter Pan*, but not perhaps quite so nice in others. At the same time both were nicer than *Elektra*, the story of which was hardly quite nice. Recalled to business, Mrs. Tarbut said she believed that we were to progress just in the ordinary way, winners to move on, and either change partners or keep the same partner all the evening. Mrs. Pomphrey had said which way it was to be, but Mrs. Tarbut never had had any head for figures. But we could see what the other people did.

"Let's find our table and sit down, and that will make room for other seven or eight people. Here it is. Will you sit with your back against the fire-guard or your elbow in that pot of hyacinths? Yes, you will be more comfortable there. Now I wish you would explain the inside of this card to me: 'Total number of tricks taken to be scored.' Is that meant as a hint against cheating?"

"No," said Mrs. Tarbut. "It means that you score all the tricks you take, and not just the ones above six—or is it eight?—the way you used to do at whist."

"But this isn't whist. It's Progressive Whidge."

"But some of it's whist with variations."

"So it is," said I, consulting my card. "I say, you know, this first thing is rather serious. It says, 'Auld Lang Syne: Ordinary Whist'—and I haven't brought my music. And if we sing 'Auld Lang Syne' now, it will break up the party."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tarbut. "This card doesn't seem very well arranged. 'Auld Lang Syne' should come at the end instead of 'Wealth.'"

"Wealth! I haven't come to that yet—I mean, it hasn't come to me."

"Wealth," said Mrs. Tarbut very impressively, reading from her card, "Wealth, Partners, count all tricks, no trumps, each trick taken by hearts counts 2, other tricks count 1 as usual, each trick taken by clubs counts 4, each trick taken by diamonds counts 6, each trick

taken by spades counts 8. Copyright; entered at Stationers' Hall."

"Perhaps that very last bit you read isn't in the game."

"Well," said Mrs. Tarbut cautiously, "there is a line drawn just above it, but that may be for adding up the score."

"I wish we were adding it up now."

"That's not very polite, when we are partners."

"I know, but the fear of losing you spoils everything. You see I was never taught Progressive Whidge at school, owing to the craze for athletics, and after we lose the first hand we change partners, and after I lose the second hand you move on, and I shall never see you again."

"Except at supper," said Mrs. Tarbut consolingly. "You've to take me down."

"Even if I lose? Good. But I may

win all tricks. You lose her at one table if you lose, and you lose her at the next table if you win. If we could play together right through the evening, I feel we should really do something rather good. Now if I were arranging for Progressive Whidge—"

"If you were arranging," said Mrs. Pomphrey, thrusting two people by force into the other two chairs, "you'd want to get begun as soon as possible."

At supper Mrs. Tarbut was rather preoccupied. She had scored 54, and the highest lady's score was 61. And the man on the other side of her wanted to discuss whether, when you are playing "Defeat" and hold the Queen of Spades and three others, you should play it in the second round or hold it up on the chance of throwing it away. It seems to require a special kind of mind to play

Progressive Whidge, for nobody quite normal would hold a thing up just to throw it away. After supper we had to play again until a bell rang, and then we were all allowed to stand up and try to move about the room, till the prizes were distributed. Mrs. Tarbut was an easy first, which meant that Mr. Tarbut had a large flower-pot full of daffodils to carry home. I got into a corner, where there was a good view of the clock, but Mrs. Pomphrey found me out there and presented me with a brass donkey. I thought it was a piece of rather crude



IF THE RUBBER BOOM CONTINUES—THE LOST GOLF BALL.

not be here then. Do you see the third thing on the card—between 'Defeat' and 'Robbery'?"

"What is it?"

"ESCAPE. It can't be true, though. Nobody ever gets away so early as ten."

"No. It's just another way of playing. If you score the odd trick you get nothing and your partners get 7, and if you score more than the odd trick each side scores all tricks."

"That's quite simple. Suppose we score 8, then each side puts down 13 and nobody moves. That will be jolly, if we get to a really comfortable table, with nice people."

"I don't think that's quite what it means," said Mrs. Tarbut, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. But we mustn't take the rules too literally. For instance, look at 'Defeat.' 'Whoever holds Queen of Spades when game is finished loses all tricks (no partners).' That's nonsense, for if you lose all tricks you lose your partner, just the same as if you

symbolism, but when Mrs. Pomphrey explained that it was really a paper-weight I felt quite happy.

TO TERESA—AN ENTREATY.

TERESA, some lovers in anguish
Would raid pharmaceutical shops,
Or depart for the Tropics to languish,
Or seek consolation in hops;
Your Rupert is saner and stronger,
He won't make a mess of his brains;
Though you flout him and love him no longer,
It isn't of *that* he complains.

Though tears at your faithlessness
trickle,
I still can forgive and forget,
Since the maiden who *couldn't* be fickle
Has never by mortal been met;
I yearn not for Percy to perish,
I'm used to these amorous knocks,
But—*can't* you induce him to cherish
Some sort of refinement in socks?



FORCE OF HABIT.

"Little Girl. "MUMMY! (No answer). MUMMY! ARE THOSE SWALLOWS?" Mummy (deep in her book). "YES, DEAR. DON'T TOUCH THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his new book, *The History of Mr. Polly* (NELSON), H. G. WELLS seems to have set out to do two things not easily compatible: to present honestly a certain pitiful phase of life, and to be funny at all costs. I would not question his success in either effort; but the result of both is this, that, when we have followed the career of his hero from draper's to publican's assistant, through its varied stages of shopkeeping, arson, and trumphood, and gratefully appreciated the author's fidelity to human nature, in the end we are left with a suspicion that the whole thing is a fantastic and even farcical caprice. The pathos of a romantic nature struggling vainly against the banality of its environment was too obvious and trite for Mr. WELLS; so he invented, in *Mr. Polly*, a character who, for all his yearning after the colour of life and the sound of high phrases, remains so much a figure *pour rire* that the tragedy of the contrast between what is and what might have been is almost hopelessly lost in the absurdity of things. So vague and futile is his ardour for expansion that it takes him fifteen years of monotony with the dulllest of women in the dulllest of shops to discover that you can "change the world" by the simple process of burning down your establishment, deserting your wife, and taking to the open road with a light conscience. Mr. WELLS' attitude towards

his hero is no doubt sympathetic, but the chance of communicating this sympathy is sacrificed at times to a wilful and persistent humour. Still, it was worth while, for he has given us some extraordinarily good scenes of low comedy; but some of his fun is rather forced (I could seldom get a laugh out of *Mr. Polly's* verbal malapropisms), and too often he relies, in the old-fashioned manner, upon a wealth of epithets. Somewhere he tells us, incredibly, that *Mr. Polly* had little taste for cheap fiction, because "there was no epithet" in it. Of course *Mr. Polly* had not heard of his author's own contribution to Messrs. NELSON's admirable two-shillingsworths; but, even so, his views are against common experience.

Mrs. C. A. DAWSON SCOTT, the author of *Madcap Jane* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has reversed the usual practice, and treated a farcical theme in the manner of high comedy. *Jane* was the new wife of *Sir Julyan George*, an elderly widower; and Mrs. SCOTT wishes me to believe that her heroine, having quarrelled with *Sir Julyan*, runs out of the house and incontinently takes service as third housemaid in the establishment of a pious neighbour, whom she had offended at an afternoon call that very day, and who happens moreover to be the first mother-in-law of her husband. Also that she remains in this situation, unsuspected by the autocratic *Mrs. Angel*, for the space of three days. Well, frankly, I can't manage it. But the skill with which the atmosphere and intrigues of the

servants' hall at Egremont are described, is wonderful; so clever, indeed, that, instead of the farcical puppets which so wild an argument leads you to expect, you presently find yourself among a collection of very real human beings, in whose actions you must take an almost breathless interest. At least, that is how I felt about them. Of course, *Madcap Jane* being married already, there could be no *Young Marlow* in this modern version of *She Stoops to Conquer* (one of the footmen did look upon her with an approving eye; but it came to nothing), and the adventure ends, inevitably, with her restoration to the arms of her adoring husband. I can only hope that other people will be as sorry when this happens as I was myself.

When I was very young they made me read *Les Mémoires d'un Âne* (I think it came after *Les Malheurs de Sophie*) and I am also pretty well up in the history of Balaam's Ass, but it is evident from *The King of Four Corners* (HUTCHINSON), which would seem from the fly-leaf to be G. B. BURGIN's thirty-seventh novel (so he ought to know), that, for all-round literary and rhetorical talent, donkeys are a mere back-number compared with mules. Anyone opening this volume, at whatever corner, is sure to light upon some preternaturally wise repartee uttered ("implied" is the word the author generally uses) by *Miss Wilks*, who was not, as you might suppose at first blush, a young lady, but the hybrid fourfooted companion of the *Old Man* who camped out alone on the banks of the Ottawa River.

One of *Miss Wilks*'s most remarkable feats was to wade out into this stream for the purpose of catching fish with her mouth, and so augmenting the *Old Man*'s larder. Her own diet, by the way, seems to have consisted mainly of whisky and tobacco. For the rest the book is chiefly remarkable for the sane and breezy humour that we expect from stories of the Dominion, and for a rather ultra-conventional kind of romantic sentiment that contrasts queerly with the emancipated behaviour and almost Shavian intelligence of the principal heroine.

If I am to meet a villain (in fiction) I like him to be so unlimitedly wicked that I can hate him to my heart's content. The man who wastes precious time in wavering between crime and repentance is not depraved enough for me. Gladly I award full marks for villainy to *Colonel Ribera* in *A Prisoner in Spain* (GREENING). As he proceeded steadily from crime to crime he became the dominating figure in the book, and, like a true artist, he kept his most original and outrageous crime until the end. I congratulate WILLIAM CAINE upon the creation of such a very perfect monster. *Hilario* was also as vicious as his

weak knees would allow him to be, but, though his intentions were the worst in the world, the *Colonel* could still have given him a stroke a crime. Two little love-stories help to clear the criminal atmosphere; yet, amiable and well drawn as these lovers are, I was so exhausted with hatred of the arch-villain that I had no emotion left in reserve for them. Should your taste in villains be the same as mine, I commend this novel to you.

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON describes his hero as "*Richard Ryder*, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, sometime Gentleman of the Road;" the publishers advertise him as "a tobyman with a reckless, cheerful spirit and a generous heart;" my own opinion of him is that he is a passably good fellow with a most ingenious tongue and an amazing gift of getting into and out of impossible scrapes; his rivals and victims declare him to be "a swashbuckler," "a tavern knight," "a gamecock," "a bully captain," "a rat that would gnaw his betters," "a windbag," "a Beelzebub," "a belly-crawling, oath-mincing Southron," and "a Bobadil."

Speaking as a critic, I affirm that his adventures on *The King's Highway* (MILLS AND BOON) are far fetched, almost absurd, at any rate utterly unlike life, even life at its brightest, and best under the Merry Monarch. I cannot believe that Beauty was so consistently lenient to, and Justice ever so easily outwitted by, Robbery with Violence. I take exception to the monotonous triumphs of his one lonely sword over every well-armed majority, and blame the



THE LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A KNIGHT OVERHAULING HIS STOCK OF DOUBTFUL COINS PRIOR TO A DISTRIBUTION OF LARGESSE.

regularity with which the legally wrong is shown in each event to have been on the side of the morally right. But, speaking as a man—real life and morality be hanged! I am going to have another look at these twelve rollicking and exciting stories.

A yarn about a gardener—

If any one a week ago
Had told me that should make a stir,
I would have said politely, "No,
A man must use, to catch the town,
Bait of a more seductive kind;"
But now I've met with VINCENT BROWN,
And altogether changed my mind.

His book, *The Glory and the Abyss*
(CHAPMAN AND HALL), is really fine;
Yet in effect it's simply this,

A yarn of—see my opening line.
It's told with strength, refinement, charm,
And, if the public doesn't buy
(Six bob won't do them any harm),
The public is an ass, say I.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Duke of CORNWALL, it is stated, is to be made Prince of WALES at an earlier date than was originally intended. According to a usually ill-informed Continental journal the reason for the alteration is the fact that certain ardent admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have been urging that gentleman to seize the vacant post.

Free Traders are now pointing out that in Protectionist Germany even the KAISER is unable to make both ends meet, and it has become necessary to grant him a further annual subsidy.

It is again asserted that two German *Dreadnoughts* which have not proved a success have been offered to Turkey. Turkey, however, is said to have replied that Switzerland's need was even greater than her own.

The *Daily Chronicle* has been complaining of the fact that the statue of Dr. JOHNSON in Fleet Street has not yet been unveiled. If it is anything like the average London statue our contemporary had better leave well alone.

According to *The Daily Mirror* a well-known doctor's latest recipe for beauty is pork. Another handicap in favour of the Christian!

A new play by the author of *The Merry Widow*, entitled *The Doll Girl*, is to come ultimately to London. There should be no difficulty in finding an actress to fill the title rôle.

Prince GEORGE of Servia has left Belgrade for the benefit of his health—and that of his father.

"The Nanking Exhibition was successfully opened this morning. . . . The Exhibition is as yet incomplete." In spite of Mr. KIPLING, East is West sometimes.

Messrs. PATHÉ, who have conceived the idea of showing the news of the week on films at the cinematograph theatres, have informed an interviewer that it is not their intention to chronicle murders, but to confine themselves more especially to the passing pageant of life. We think that the decision is

a wise one. Many murders would undoubtedly be spoilt if notice had to be given beforehand, and, in any event, the presence of the cinematograph man would tend to make the murderer horribly self-conscious.

A homing pigeon, a resident of Little Drayton, has returned there after being away for two years. The bird is

scarcity of wood is predicted, and many foolish persons, it is said, will shortly be losing their heads in this new form of speculation.

There seem to be rival claimants to the distinction of having invented the pneumatic tyre, and the proposal to erect a memorial to Mr. DUNLOP has evoked a proposal to erect one to Mr. R. W. THOMSON. Would it not be possible, we wonder, to compromise by making a rubber bust, with an inner lining: the features of one hero to be on the outside, and those of the other on the inside, accessible by means of a puncture?

Reuter's Nicaraguan representative cabled last week:—

"General Rivas, commanding the Madrizist forces, holding Bluefields Bluff, having threatened to stop forcibly any vessel entering the harbour, the commander of the U.S. gunboat Dubuque replied: 'On the first shot being fired at the American flag an American vessel will level the Bluff.'"

It sounds a little like Poker.

It is becoming quite a common occurrence for theatrical novelties to be first produced in the provinces. The *Liverpool Echo*, the other day, contained an account of "SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE AS 'TRILBY.'"

Versatile Sir HERBERT!

We are not surprised that we did not have to wait long before "the silent woman" who was found wandering on Cleethorpes golf links was identified. There can't be so very many of them about.

"Stop!!!"

"Why pay more? All plants are A1 quality, and all have been transplanted, not, like some firms, drawn from the seed beds."—*Advt. in "The Daily Mail."*

We always suspect a firm that has been drawn from a seed bed.

"It's an ill wind," &c.

"A WIDOW'S THANKS.—My husband took out an accident policy with your company, and in less than a month he was accidentally drowned. I consider it a good investment."—*Testimonial in "The Finance Union."*

Still, it seems a bit of a gamble. One can never be certain of these accidents.

"Mr. C. S. Rolls in Wax."

Heading in *"The Western Mail."*

We don't know who "Mr. C. S." is, but he must have found it very uncomfortable.



Grandmamma. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. GO STRAIGHT HOME."
Modern Youth. "SO LONG. BE GOOD!"

strangely reticent as to the reason of its long absence, and locally it is believed that it is keeping up two establishments.

The Kent magistrates having held that winkles are wild animals, private and cultivated grounds in Kent and Essex are being over-run by winkle-pickers, and the owners are now in the same category as their winkles.

The latest boom is in timber. A

THE MOOD OF CONCILIATION.

[The *Daily Chronicle's* Parliamentary Correspondent, while admitting that "it is the duty of the Government of the day in a grave constitutional struggle to exhaust all possible measures of conciliation before unsheathing the sword," says that "Liberal Members are asking what their leaders can have to give away, and if there is nothing to concede what possible good can come from a conference except to conjure up illusive hopes."]

In really grave and pungent crises,
Such as are apt to crease the patriot's brow
(And I suppose the dullest eye sees
That something of the sort is on just now),
Whoever truly loves his land,
Whose thoughts, like ours, are solely for the nation,
Is almost bound to take a hand
In pouring oil upon the situation.

A Government that knows its duty,
That has the finer conscience which can feel
A solemn, sacrificial beauty
In self-effacement for the common weal—
A Government, I say, like that,
Eager that Peace should stand secure and stable,
Will rightly call a parley at
A Round (or, anyhow, an Oval) Table.

So let us now proclaim a truce full
Of rosy promise for the public good,
One that (by Heaven's aid) should turn out useful,
But, be it very clearly understood,
Be it regarded as a cinch
That, though our appetite for Peace is hearty,
If anybody yields an inch
It won't be *our* side, not the Liberal Party.

We may assume the glove of velvet,
But, should the foeman show a naughty pride,
We shall not hesitate to shelve it
And loose at large the mailed fist inside;
'Tis well to wear a gentle cheer
And let our talk be sweet as sugar-candy,
But we must have our fighting-gear
Hung in the neighbouring cloak-room, nice and handy.
O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

I ONCE knew a man who was engaged in writing a novel. There's nothing very surprising in that, of course. Lots of men constantly write novels, and lots of other men go on knowing them. The remarkable thing about this particular novel was that the scene of it was chiefly laid in the Malay Peninsula. Garfield—let us call my novelist Garfield—had never been nearer than Yarmouth to the Malay Peninsula, but he was very obstinate about it. He said he wanted to describe the clash of civilisation and barbarism, and the consequent changes and developments in various characters; and the Malay Peninsula, about which he knew nothing, was the only place for him. Besides, he said, he liked the sound of the name, and saw his way to some tremendous situations which would make his publisher and the public sit up. "If," he continued, "I can only get some of the real local colour—the place must be simply chockful of it—I shall have letters from all the present and retired Malaysians in the Empire telling me how marvellously true my descriptions of life in the Peninsula are, and asking me how many years I spent there, and if I'm any relation of the Garfield who suppressed a native rising there in 1882." Anyhow, he refused to abandon the Malay Peninsula. Novelists are often like that.

Now at Brillstone-on-Sea, where both Garfield and I happened to be spending some of the so-called summer weeks, there was resident at this time a man called Borden. A queer-looking party he was. His battered panama was always cocked jauntily on his bald head; his clothes were shabby. He had only two fingers on his right hand; his walk was a curious mixture of a shuffle and a swagger, and there were permanent traces of a somewhat blood-shot youth in his face and eyes. I got to know him, while Garfield was cooped up in his lodgings with his nose to the grindstone of his novel, and one day I chanced to mention to him that I had a friend who was busy on a book destined to be immortal.

"One of those writing johnnies, hey?" said Borden. "What's he writing about?"

I said it was the Malay Peninsula.

"Funny place to write about. I spent ten years there, and——"

"You spent ten years there?"

"Yes, more's the pity, ten blessed eternal years, and I never thought there was anything to write about. All I wanted was to get away from the mouldy place."

"Why, you're the very man," said I.

I then explained to him that Garfield required local colour, and when he understood what local colour was he undertook to supply it in buckets. "He'll find that what I can't tell him about it ain't worth writing about," was what he said. So I undertook to bring Garfield and Borden together.

When I told Garfield about this he was very enthusiastic. He had been mugging up a great many books about the Peninsula, but he said they didn't give him just those little intimate touches that he wanted, and he thought he could get them from Borden. So Borden was asked to dine with us at Garfield's lodgings—you know the kind of dinner: fried sole with paste-sauce, beefsteak, and something called lemon pudding. Garfield was very tactful with his guest. He didn't want him to think he had been asked merely from motives of self-interest. During the fish they talked about London theatres, and Borden got off a long story about an actor he knew twenty years ago. It wasn't until the middle of the beefsteak that they started on the Malay Peninsula.

"I hear," said Garfield, "you've been good enough to promise to tell me something about the natives. I'm writing a book, you know, about them."

"Well," said Borden contemplatively, "to tell you the truth I never had more truck with the natives than I could help—a rascally lot. I remember old Dick Tozer—you've heard of him, of course, Dick Tozer of the Police, rum old cock with one eye—I remember him getting hold of one of the chiefs—quite a civilised chap, the chief: wore a top hat and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers, and took in brandy as if it was swipes. Well, you couldn't beat Dick for a yarn. He told me some of the best I ever heard. There was one about his uncle and a broker's man. The uncle rigged the broker's man up in a footman's livery and made him wait at a dinner. That was in Chelsea. Not a bad place, Chelsea. Poor old Dick! Cards settled him. He couldn't keep off 'em."

"I suppose," said Garfield anxiously, "he couldn't play cards much in Malacca?"

"That," said Borden, "is just where you're wrong. Not play cards? Why, we started at ten o'clock one night and we didn't get up till nine o'clock on the next morning but one. There was Dick and myself, and old Cornford of the



A CERTAIN LOSER.

Cod (eaves-dropping at the Hague). "I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD TAKE ANY INTEREST IN THE RESULT OF THIS CONFERENCE. IT'S DEATH TO ME ANYHOW."



THE EMBARRASMENTS OF WAR.

Outpost Sentry and Enemy's Scout (simultaneously) "HALT! HANDS UP!"

Sentry. "ERE! I SAID IT FIRST!"

Bodyguard, and Tom Harfield of the Education Department. That was how I lost my fingers"—he held up his claw—"fell over a doormat coming out in the morning and cut my hand on the scraper. Blood-poisoning set in. Yes, it does look as if I'd had 'em chopped off with a kris, but it was only a rotten scraper."

Garfield was beginning to be a little desperate. "As to the seasons, now," he said; "I suppose they're very different from ours, aren't they?"

"I don't know," said Borden. "All seasons are good for a drink anywhere. That's what smashed up Tom—that and the Government. They never know when they've got a good man. Tom woke up one morning—no, I'm wrong; he never woke in the morning; kept it till the afternoon. Well, he woke up and found they'd put a mere boy from Oxford over his head. You can't expect decent fairness from a Government: they're all the same. Tom never recovered from it. Got D.T. and went off in a day. It's just the same here in England. Why, I've been at the Colonial Office about once a week for five years now, and a precious poor job I've made of it. They owe me over a thousand back pension, and if I cared to throw in my fingers I could make it up to fifteen hundred; but I've as much chance of getting it as I have of winning the Derby."

And that was practically all the local colour that we got out of Borden. He talked till close upon midnight, and I'm sure he thoroughly enjoyed himself. "Don't mention it," he said to Garfield. "I'm only too glad to give a chap

a lift. Of course I've been there and you haven't, and that makes all the difference." Garfield had to finish his book as best he could, and Borden speaks of *Kris and Cartridge* to this day as "the book I helped that johnnie to write. He didn't know a thing about the Malay Peninsula, and I put in all those bits for him"—which is partly true.

A CRICKET CRI DU CŒUR.

I AM aweary of the frequent blob,
Sick of the fours that follow as I bowl
A length o'er which I cannot keep control,
And make the batsman's task an easy job.
His are the hefty smites that please the mob,
While I, whose "egg" remains for ever whole,
Would find a "single" soothing to a soul
That shrinks in terror from the merest lob.

Oh, waft me where (if such a place exist)
Each ball is pitched securely off the stumps,
Where catches are invariably missed,
And I can safely make my favourite clumps;
There, when my century at last is won,
Put me on bowling in a rabbit run.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, who has been doing some very sporting work in Opera, announces, on large posters, a "New Mis-en-Scène." This is the right English feeling. We would always sooner see a Miss (even with one s short) than a *Mademoiselle-en-Scène*.

THE LATEST FROM CLUBLAND.

A FEW unimpeachable facts concerning the Spartan severity of the new Royal Automobile Club (on the site of the old War Office) in Pall Mall seem to be called for in every properly regulated paper. Very well, then.

Since it has been decided to make it a palace rather than a club, a palatial bearing will be *de rigueur* in its members. No one will be admitted a member who (1) does not pay super-tax, (2) has not been educated at Eton, (3) does not possess ten fur coats.

After prolonged negotiations, His Grace the Duke of — has consented to act as Secretary, at a salary considerably in advance of his rent-roll.

The Hall Porter is a reduced Earl, and many of the waiters are old public school boys proud of their new and exalted position. Sound claret *à discrétion* will be served to all the servants at their dinner, and champagne on Sundays.

Mr. Prüger, late of the Savoy, has come straight from the Millionaires' Restaurant in New York to control the commissariat for a consideration that might tempt even a comic singer.

The kitchens will be under the direction of a *chef* lured away from an Imperial Palace by a bribe which we hesitate to name. All his utensils are either of pure gold or platinum. The kitchen-maids, it is understood, will in every case be daughters of bishops, deans or archdeacons.

The dining-room services will be entirely of gold, and the meals will be served to a constant accompaniment of ravishing music supplied by the Spotted Dalmatian Band of one hundred and fifty performers, conducted by Prince Igor Bobolinsky, the hereditary Voivode of Lompalanka, whose exclusive services have been retained at a stipend of £T\$†††.

The Club cellars are stocked with an incredible quantity of Imperial Tokay, Johannisberger and very, very old Clos. No wine will cost less than £1 1s. a bottle, but pearls for dissolving in the club's golden goblets will be furnished at special rates.

Negotiations are on foot with the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P.,

with a view to converting the ornamental water in St. James's Park into a turtle tank for the exclusive benefit of the Club. Green fat for lubricating purposes will, it is hoped, be provided at exceptionally favourable terms.

The Club notepaper will be made exclusively of the bark of trees from Windsor Forest, and special issues of all the daily papers, with gilt edges and rubricated headlines, will be printed for the members.

In the card-room the lowest points at which it will be possible to play

apartment hung on C springs and draped with diaphanous silken hangings imported from Samarcand.

A new and delightful feature of the establishment will be a special dormitory on the ground floor for aged members, richly furnished with lounges, hammocks, and other incentives to stertorous repose.

A Lethal Chamber de Luxe will also be provided so that if members have fatally injured any person on their way to the club they can provide them with euthanasia on the premises.



Mabel. "I WONDER HOW OFTEN THEY HAVE TO BE INFLATED."

Bridge will be a sovereign. No cigars will be provided costing less than two-and-sixpence each, and any member seen in or outside the Club smoking a Borneo cigar will at once be expelled in circumstances of the utmost contumely.

The billiard balls, for the many tables, have all been turned from the tusks of the regal elephant accredited for many years to the court of the Maharajah of Roadogjee, and purchased by the Club at enormous expense.

On the roof will be a superb aviary for flying members, and a troupe of Russian dancers will be permanently installed in the Saltatorium, a spacious

TO-DAY IN THE PAST.

[With compliments to the enterprise of "The Daily Mail."]

FIVE thousand nine hundred and ten years ago NIMROD was entertained at dinner at Nineveh by the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of Babylonia.

Three thousand and nineteen years ago the intrepid airman, ICARUS, essayed to fly the Ægean in a Dædalus bi-plane, but fell into the sea and was drowned. His father, however, safely performed the feat, and thus won the prize of 10,000 drachmæ offered by the 'Ο καὶ ἡμέραν Ἀγγῆρος.

It is exactly two thousand four hundred and ninety years since NEBUCHADNEZZAR entered on his historic experiment in vegetarianism.

DIOGENES, precisely two thousand two hundred and forty-five years ago, told ALEXANDER THE GREAT to get out of his sunshine.

Two thousand one hundred and thirty years ago HANNIBAL ate his first Spanish onion on the back of an elephant.

Eleven hundred and ninety years ago the Venerable BEDE suffered from his first attack of influenza.

Four hundred and three years ago LEONARDO DA VINCI put the finishing touches to a wax bust of Flora, which he had carefully modelled upon a rolled-up waistcoat which he borrowed for the purpose from his life-long friend, Riccardo Chiocciola Luca.

Three hundred and seventy-two years ago His Majesty King HENRY THE EIGHTH attended the Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws sitting at Westminster, to furnish expert evidence.

Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago the Spanish painter VELASQUEZ

added the last of thirty-five hieroglyphic signatures to his painting of Venus and Cupid now hanging at the National Gallery.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY wrote his immortal lyric, *Nancy Lee*.

Thirty-seven years ago Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON composed his thirteenth Funeral March after visiting the grave of JOHN MILTON.

Equipped with a small hand-bag, Mr. HALL CAINE came to visit DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI thirty years ago, and stayed till the poet-painter's death.

Thirteen years ago, being then only six years of age, Miss MARIE CORELLI began to play on the mandolin.

Ten years ago Mr. KEBBLE HOWARD assumed with superb restraint the title of *Chicot the Jester*.

Nine years ago Mr. BERNARD SHAW registered his last blush.

Exactly two thousand nine hundred and fifteen years ago, THERSITES published an offensive article on the death of King AGAMEMNON.

T. PUBLIUS CLODIUS, precisely two thousand and sixty-eight years ago, being employed in negotiations with a view to reconciling CICERO and MARK ANTONY, was observed to enter the villa of CÆSAR by the front door, shortly afterwards emerging from the back door of that of POMPEY.

OUR FLYING COLUMN.

A FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

[Passages by aeroplane under the conduct of Mr. GRAHAM-WHITE have been offered for sale by auction.]

WEEK-ENDS WITH ROLLS, a Thousand Feet above the Sea. As patronised by the aristocracy. Paris and Back while you wait.

TRY OUR "ALIEN IMMIGRATORS," complete with disguises. No official fuss or inspection routine. Interpreter carried. Plying direct from Poland.

"THE SMUGGLER." Capacious airship, property of a gentleman leaving the country shortly. Lectures given in the air on Free Trade.

"THE BOMB LINE." "Ingenious, entertaining."—*Vide* Anarchist Press. Reductions made for parachute descents en route.

"SHOOTING THE MOON." Our airships start on this trip from the suburbs of London every quarter-day, stop to pick up at Carey Street, and are licensed to carry furniture and other heavy articles. Invisible at night. *Mem.*—Fares payable strictly in advance. Address, in strict confidence, "Hookit," London.

"THE BLÉRIOT STONY-BROKER." Australia by Air. We do a great deal of business in this excellent line with



Booky (from whom Old Gent has just received five sovereigns at four to one). "NOW THEN, SANTA CLAUS, WHAT ARE YOU BITING 'EM FOR? DO YOU THINK I'D GIVE YOU WRONG 'UNS?"

Old Gent. "NOA, LADDY, IT'S NO THAT; I'M JUST MAKKING SURE THAT I HAV'NA GOT THAT ONE BACK WHICH I PASSED OFF ON THEE!"

company directors, turf commission agents, outside stockbrokers and others requiring privacy and freedom from annoyance. Bidders must submit full aliases, finger-prints, and two last convict stations.

Buy our Publication, "Hundred Best Ways out of England."

DEGREES FOR BRIDES.

A CURRICULUM of household management for married women was advocated by Mrs. ST. LOE STRACHEY in a discussion upon a "University Standard in Home Science" at the Women's Congress at the White City on June 8. We are left in the dark as to the syllabus,

and as to whether the fair aspirant for matrimonial honours will try it on the dog or a dummy husband. Should degrees be conferred on successful candidates, we hasten to enter a caveat against some familiar initials obtaining the following acceptance:—

- B.A. = Blatantly Argumentative
- M.A. = Moderately Affectionate
- B.C. = Barely Connubial
- Sc.D. = Scarifier of Domesticities
- Litt.D. = Litter Distributor
- LL.B. = Loves Lots of Bridge
- Mus.D. = Musically Defective

And we hope that the young ladies who achieve a Poll Degree will understand that this does not mean a pass for Loquacity.

A CORRESPONDENCE WHICH WENT WRONG.

I. LITERARY NOTE.

"INSPIRED by the success of those recently published books, *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Son* and *Letters of a Modern Golfer*, a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in August a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. SAMUEL WITHERS, entitled *Letters to a Porcupine-Hunter's Nephew*, in which will be found set out in genial form the whole art of Porcupine hunting; interwoven, for the sake of the ladies, with a charming and entrancing love story. One of the most delightful characters in the book is Stanley Mertens, the recipient of the letters. . ."

II. THE LETTERS.

MY DEAR STANLEY,—It is a long time since you had a letter from me, but I have been so busy writing to another of my friends, a certain Lionel Blathers, whose second cousin plays water polo for Wiltshire—(*Letters to a Water Polo Player's Second Cousin*, 6/-)—that I have scarcely had time to think of you at all. Now at last I have a few months to spare, and I cannot doubt that you will be glad to hear from such an old friend of your uncle's as I am. But what, I ask myself, shall I write to you about?

Your uncle, as you cannot fail to be aware, was one of the greatest sportsmen of his age. Equally agile in the pursuit of the jerboa, the dromedary and the mountain goat, his most superlative skill was shown in his dealings with the porcupine. It occurs to me that a few hints to you upon his methods, such as may lead you eventually to emulate his skill and equal his reputation, may be of service; for I assume that your ambitions, too, have always lain in this direction.

I shall write to you, then, from day to day, putting down such scraps of advice as occur to me, and discussing any points which you may care to make in reply. I do not, however, insist that you should answer my letters; I should go on writing just the same however impenetrable your silence—a duty which I owe not only to you but to my publishers. But, of course, I should welcome any criticism, if you see fit to make it.

One word more. In case you should find the reiteration of sporting technicality wearisome I have decided to introduce into these letters from time to time the story of my very latest love affair; hoping that in this way your zeal for big-game and your passion for romance may equally be stirred.

Your affectionate friend,
SAMUEL WITHERS.

DEAR STANLEY,—You will be surprised at hearing from me so soon—that is until you get used to it; but you understand that if I am to make a book of these letters by the beginning of August, I must write to you every day.

I have been thinking over what you said in your last—what I mean, you would have said if there had been time for a reply—and I have come to the conclusion that where you are wrong in your method of catching porcupines is in your carelessness. If they are to be tickled successfully they must be tickled in the right place—at the back of the neck where the quills are short; and you must exercise discretion in your selection of a victim. SHAKESPEARE speaks of the "fretful porcupine," and some of them are *very* fretful. These should be stroked with care or you will find that much of them will "come away in the hand," as the expression is. All the same, having once made a start you should continue. Your dear uncle always used to say that it is better to bear those quills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

Speaking of this reminds me that I was introduced to a most charming girl last night. Henrietta—it is a pretty name, I think. Am I in love? I can hardly say as yet.

Yours ever, SAMUEL WITHERS.

MY DEAR BOY,—I am afraid I cannot take your telegram seriously. You *must* want to hear all about porcupine hunting. There is simply nobody else left to whom I can write about it. Blathers made himself impossible over the last book, when he claimed half the profits on the ground that he had had to give the postman an extra large gratuity at Christmas. Of course, if you really don't care a — if, I mean, you are really not interested in the porcupine, I am only too ready to talk about some other branch of sport. Have you any feeling for hippopotami or silkworms? Your dear uncle had a way with these that I have never seen equalled. He used to take them between the finger and thumb (I am referring now to the silkworms) and transfer them to his collecting box with an imperturbable calm.

If you don't take any interest in *any* animals, for Heaven's sake and that of my publishers at least keep silence about it. I can go on writing with practically no encouragement at all, but I cannot put up with a flow of insulting opposition. Let me therefore beg you as a favour to remain passive in the matter. In return for this I will, if you like, insert your photograph in my book as a frontispiece. I had,

of course, intended to put my own—but no matter.

To continue. I saw Henrietta in the Park to-day. How lovely she looked! She blushed when she saw me—I wonder if her little heart was beating!

I shall make a few points about the Wart Hog in my next.

Yours, SAMUEL.

DEAR MERTENS,—I was disgusted by the brutality and profanity of your repeated messages to me yesterday. For some time I considered whether I should not punish you by ceasing to write to you, though I felt that this would perhaps be rather a severe line to take. After consultation with certain friends in the publishing business in whom I have implicit confidence, I have decided to go on with this correspondence; but in future I shall write from the point of view of a modern athlete, assuming you to be as interested in the game of Halma as I am. *The Letters of a Modern Halma Player*, in this case, may be looked for in September, and I am sure you will be proud even to take only a sleeping part in the great work.

To-morrow, then, I shall give you a short account of the history of the game, and at the same time recommence the story of my little love affair with the captivating Henrietta.

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL WITHERS.

SIR,—Kindly return me my letters at once.
S. WITHERS.

III. LITERARY NOTE.

"... a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in October a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. Samuel Withers, entitled *Letters to an All-round Sportsman's Brother-in-Law*. . . One of the most delightful characters in the book is Ernest Beauchamp, the recipient of the letters. . ."

A. A. M.

According to a contemporary, the British Ornithologists' Union's Expedition to Papua was joined at Singapore by "ten pickled Ghurkas." No doubt a misprint for gherkins.

From a Parish Magazine:

"The Rev. — will start for his annual holiday on June 13th. He therefore asks that the Missionary Boxes should be returned to him not later than June 10th."

We hope he will have a good holiday.

"Her Second Time on Earth."

"Will Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. H. T—, late of St. James's Cemetery, Please Note Present Address: 3, BINDON COTTAGE, etc.?"—*Devon and Somerset Gazette*.

THE ANNIHILATOR OF ANECDOTES.

MIDWINTER, the man with whom I share chambers, is a very good fellow, manly, straightforward and extremely sane. But he has the defects of his qualities. He is unimaginative, severely logical and altogether steeped in dry light. One of his peculiarities is the rooted conviction that all anecdotes are apocryphal. Personally I have a weakness for anecdotes and cling to my belief in their veracity. But most of them have been pulverised by his analysis. For example, the other night we were talking about the inconsiderateness of railway travellers, and in a moment of expansion I started out on a story about SOTHERN père, the creator of *Dundreary*.

"SOTHERN arrived at a London Terminus one night just as the train was starting, and was bundled into a compartment with one other occupant. This gentleman, it appeared, had specially engaged the compartment for himself, and was extremely indignant at his privacy being disturbed. SOTHERN expressed his regret most courteously, explaining how important it was for him to catch the train, and how he never had the slightest intention of trespassing on the privacy of a stranger, and so on; but the other man refused to be mollified. On the contrary, he continued to make the most injurious and offensive remarks about SOTHERN's behaviour. This SOTHERN stood for a while without saying anything, but at last he jumped up, lifted his dressing-bag down from the rack, opened it, took out a razor and began stropping it with feverish energy. The stranger dried up in a moment, and hurriedly quitted the compartment at the first stop, leaving SOTHERN in undisturbed possession. Of course the other man took him for a maniac. Rather smart of SOTHERN, wasn't it?"

"No," said Midwinter; "extremely idiotic, I think."

"Why?"

"Well, to begin with, if the other man had engaged the compartment, the railway people would never have put SOTHERN into it. However, that's a mere trifle. But about that razor. If the other man really thought SOTHERN was mad, he would have grappled with him, if he was a fool. And if he wasn't he would have humoured him until the train stopped and then quietly informed the railway authorities. In that case SOTHERN would have been collared and locked up, instead of being left in undisturbed possession of the compartment. No, it won't work, your story. Besides, SOTHERN probably used a safety razor."



Platelayer (to passenger who has jumped from the London-Plymouth Non-stop Express). "JUMPED AHT? DID YER.—WOF FOR?"

Passenger. "CROWD OF GOLFERS IN THE CARRIAGE—COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER TWO HOURS OF THEIR SHOP."

"My dear Midwinter," I exclaimed, "SOTHERN died in 1882, long before safety razors were invented."

"SOTHERN," replied Midwinter, who has a diabolical memory for dates, "acted in the United States from 1852 to 1860, and I am pretty sure that the first patent for safety razors was taken out there in 1858."

Not having a hardware encyclopædia handy I went to bed.

"It might interest some of your readers to know that last week, after moving a holly some 15 ft. high from one part of my garden to another, a linnet was still sitting on her nest."

The Field.

The custom among linnets of rising silently for a few minutes whenever anybody moved a holly is now falling into disuse.

"K. L. Hutchings and Seymour in splendid foam."—*Evening News.*

It was a very hot day, if you remember.

"But it is probable that the Press exaggerates the real public feeling, and the Socialist 'Vorwärts' is nearest to the truth when it suggests that the bulk of the population, like Galileo, cares for none of these things."

Daily News.

It wasn't that he was indifferent, but that he was so busy with his telescope.

"A fountain pen is only a little thing, yet it is said to spoil more carpets and tablecloths than all the nails in our boots."

The writer sounds as though he would be an unwelcome visitor in some houses. Still, it would be something if he kept himself off the top of the grand piano.

"It is estimated that there are 64,166,600 microbes in a cubic inch of grape," says the *Bristol Evening Times* carelessly, *à propos* of nothing in particular. We insist on a re-count.



Motherly Hostess. "OUR MODEST ESTABLISHMENT HAS ONLY ONE BATH-ROOM, SO WE ALL HAVE TO ARRANGE WHEN TO TAKE OUR TURN. WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BATH?"

Nervous Youth (who means well). "OH, YOUR TIME IS MINE, MRS. BROWN."

HANDS AND ARMS.

["Territorials need not apply."—*Recent Commercial Announcement.*]

I JOINED the Territorials; I saw the need was great;
And here the chance was ready to my hand
To learn to play the citizen, to hold a rifle straight,
And win the right to serve my native land.

My leisure was but little, but I did what in me lay,
While Dick and Tom and Harry wandered free;
My holidays were labour, labour, labour all the way,
While they were idly loafing by the sea.

They didn't see their duty, or they thought it well to shirk
The trouble and the discipline behind;
They knew—if they did nothing—there was none to make
them work,
When I—who did do something—might be fined.

They hugged their independence, as the Briton only can;
Their freedom, which was far too dear to touch;
Forgetting that a citizen may be a better man
For learning to behave himself as such.

But I, the Territorial, said, those can laugh that win;
For if the time should come—as come it might—
When Britons have to battle for their country or their skin,
They'll neither have the power—nor the right.

I've left the Territorials. A little while ago,
The notice of a billet caught my eye;
I entered for the job, but the employer answered, "No;
For Territorials need not apply."

He owned that we had merits. But for purposes of trade
He liked a man of more pacific stamp,
Who didn't ask for Saturdays and evenings for parade,
And didn't want an extra week in camp.

He'd take us on—and willing—if his rivals did the same;
But competition kept him on the run;
And Harry, Tom and Dick must have priority of claim
Till all were Territorials, or none.

* * * * *
I'm not a Territorial. I tried to do my best.
But, though I'm just as loyal as before,
Till Tom and Dick and Harry do their duty with the rest,
I'll be a Territorial no more.

For he that can't defend himself and won't defend his land
Will never lack employers to select him;
But gets the very billet from the patriotic hand
That loses it by learning to protect him. DUM-DUM.

Keeping Up the Two-Power Standard.

"A number of Navy Botes have been put down for to-day."

Devon and Exeter Gazette.



“PISTOLS FOR TWO AND COFFEE FOR ONE.”

MR. ASQUITH. “SUPPOSE WE BEGIN BY SHARING THE COFFEE; THE PISTOLS CAN WAIT.”



ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.



UNDERGROUND INFLUENCES AT WORK.



PRESSURE FROM ABOVE.



PRESSURE FROM BELOW.

"TAY-PAY" AT DOWNING STREET.

"An interesting feature of the assembly (the Cabinet meeting) was the indirect part taken in it by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the favoured negotiator of the Irish Party. Mr. O'Connor was constantly in and out of Downing Street. At two o'clock he called at the Chief Whip's office, which is next door to Mr. Lloyd George's. At half-past two he called again, and left the premises by Mr. Lloyd George's door—for the two houses are connected. Just before the Council ended he drove up once more, entered into conversation with the Lord Chancellor and Lord Carrington as they were leaving, and then passed into the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—Daily Paper.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 8.—There is a fine restraint about House of Commons that endears it to looker-on. Met to-day under memorable circumstances. Since we parted for what was planned as brief Spring holiday, great things have happened. KING EDWARD is dead and a fifth KING GEORGE has come to the Throne. Only a week or two before adjournment the alert presence of the then PRINCE OF WALES surveyed scene from Gallery over Clock. Next time he appears on parliamentary stage he will take his place on the Throne.

Meanwhile men's minds full of concern as to next move in game for high stakes opened last year between the two Houses. When will the Veto Resolutions be taken? What will the Lords do with them? What will follow thereupon?

These are questions Members meeting in the Lobby or the reading-rooms eagerly put to each other. The public intently listens at the door. Reassembling of Parliament looked forward to with certainty that a sign would be forthcoming. The PREMIER expected to make statement indicating course of public business. Between its lines we should surely read how matters stand.

Thus the environment of the scene. On the stage itself scarcely any movement; certainly no turmoil; pretty full attendance, but no cheering or counter-cheering. The PREMIER enters unnoticed. PRINCE ARTHUR does not think occasion sufficiently important to claim his attendance. In his absence HARRY CHAPLIN gracefully drops into seat of LEADER OF OPPOSITION and regards show through single eye-glass. A pair would, you know, be making too much of it.

SPEAKER having read judgments upon election petitions, we take our coats off and get to business. First, we read a third time the Charnwood Forest Railway Bill. Next we pass through final stage the Farnham Gas Electricity Bill and eke the South Hants Water Bill. For a moment there seemed prospect of equable stream of legislation being ruffled by a breeze. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, rising from unfamiliar back seat, proposed to offer a few observations. Whether they related to the affairs of Charnwood, Farnham or South Hants no man knoweth. House did not desire to hear ALPHEUS on any subject, and unmistakably indicated lack of desire. CLEOPHAS showed disposition to insist. Storm rose to angry height; after brief struggle ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS bent his head before it.

Thereupon House read a third time the Standard Life Assurance Company Bill.

Above crowd at Bar waiting to be sworn in, head and shoulders of OWEN PHILIPPS, Chairman of Royal Mail Steamship Company, towered. Since House last met he has bought another fleet. 'Tis his custom of an afternoon. On the average pays a million-and-a-half sterling for goods received.

"My dear PHILIPPS," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, looking up to him as if he were a mainmast that might presently be swarmed, "there's only one thing left for you. You must buy the British fleet."

"Odd you should mention it," said Sir OWEN. "To tell you the truth, I had been thinking of it. If the deal comes off I'll ask you to take command."

"Done with you," said CHARLIE, hitching up a pair of trousers preternaturally wide over the foot.

Business done.—Parliament reassembled after Spring Recess.

Thursday.—Both Houses met again to-day. Gravely proceeded to do business as if nothing had happened outside or was in process of happening. A poor make-believe not long kept up. The Lords, approaching Orders of the Day at 4.30, adjourned at 4.35. Shutters up in the Commons at 25 minutes to 6.

Meanwhile JAM MACDONALD had buttonholed SEELY on subject of subsidised bananas. Alleged that, in spite of subsidy of £20,000 a year paid to steam-fleet owners, Jamaica bananas drifted to the broad bosom of the United States, leaving England forlorn.

SEELY pleaded things weren't quite so bad as that. Ministerial crisis averted only by promise that before contract is renewed House shall have opportunity for fully discussing it.

All this done with delightful gravity, as if no one knew anything of the talk that fills the crowded Lobby, that throbs through the Tea-room and hurtles over the Terrace. All about a Conference in course of arrangement, designed to avert battle-royal between Lords and Commons on Veto Question.

"Very nice indeed," said MEMBER FOR SARK, peeling one of the bananas SEELY sent round by way of additional rejoinder to MACDONALD's attack upon Colonial Office, "but I'm old enough to remember the Round Table Conference that took place 24 years ago, with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD presiding. It was designed to bring DON JOSÉ back to the GLADSTONE fold. What I don't remember is his return."

Business done.—Navy Votes passed Report Stage.

THE BRITISH SUFFRAGETTE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

[Suitable to be used as a Marching-Song for spectators who accompany the great Votes-for-Women Demonstration on Saturday next.]

SOME talk about GRACE DARLING and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, JEANNE D'ARC and other women whose deeds can never pale, But of all the world's brave heroines there's none has made as yet Such a row, row, row, row, row, row, as the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—But of all the—etc.

Those heroines of old times to us look rather small; They never used a dog-whip to slash their foes withal; But our brave girls can use 'em with a thumping epithet

In a row, row, row, row, row, row of a British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus.—But our brave girls—etc.

Whenever they're commanded to raid the House at night,

They march out with their banners of purple, green and white,

And smack policemen's faces—for that's the etiquette

In a row, row, row, row, row of the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—And smack policemen's—etc.

And when the raid is over and some to gaol are sent,

They say that they are martyrs and never will repent,

And should their scorn of prison food with feeding tubes be met

There's an awful row, row, row, row from the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—And should their scorn—etc.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink "more sense to those

Who don't behave like women though clad in women's clothes;"

We may admire their principles, but what we do regret

Is the jolly row, row, row, row of the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—We may admire—etc.

Save us from Our Friends.

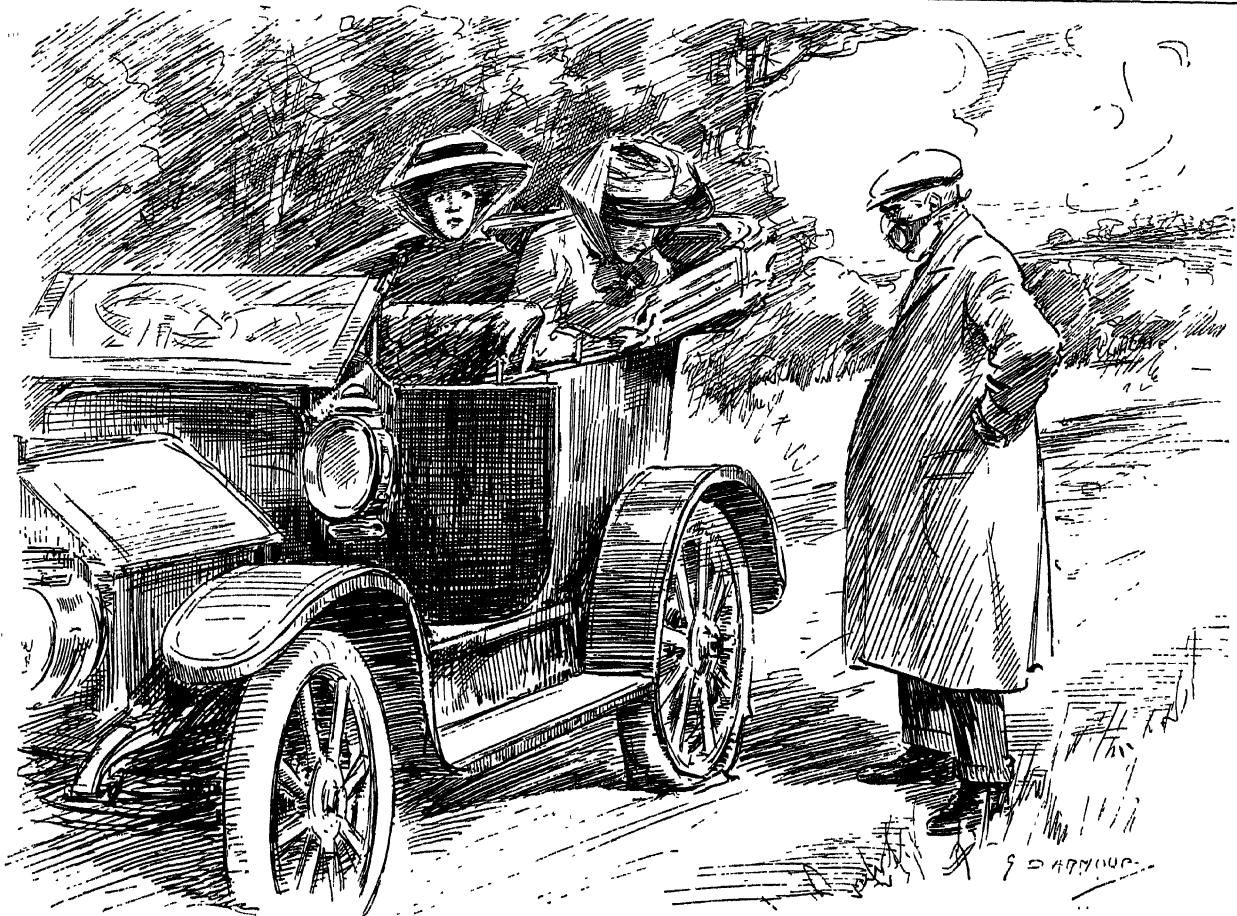
"It is reported that the Mullah is fleeing with only 400 followers, and pursued by 11,000 friendlies."—*Belfast News Letter*.

The subsequent report of the MULLAH's death is now explained. He must have been killed by kindness.

The Tyranny of Fashion.

"Not long ago a party of statesmen—it seems fashionable to call them that—were down in Porto Rico."—*South Wales Echo*.

Perhaps our contemporaries would kindly give us a hint as to the fashionable way of pronouncing this word "statesmen."



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 3.

A NEW INVENTION LIKELY TO BE MUCH WORN—"THE GOGGLYGAG." LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY GOGGLES, BUT CAN BE WORN OVER THE MOUTH WHEN REQUIRED, ENABLING MOTORISTS TO EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS (AS IN THE ABOVE CASE OF A BURST TYRE) WITHOUT GIVING OFFENCE TO THE MOST SENSITIVE PASSENGER.

ATHLETES ALL.

[The news that three thousand spectators followed a tie in the recent Amateur Golf Championship is supposed to have given rise to the fear that Golf may become a game of mere vicarious enthusiasm.]

Nay, not as when the wild mob, making feast,
Tramples the turf and, tipped by sporting dailies,
The townsman bets upon the noble beast,
Untaught which end his head and which his tail is;
Or when some football concourse crowds to see
(All skill-less in the art, but earnest backers)
The triumph of their own pet galaxy
Of hardly-purchased hackers—

Not thus we follow round in regal state
The heroes of the craft, whose high approaches
Flop on the sunburnt green inanimate,
Limp as the breakfast eggs that Susan poaches;
Whose drives are longer than the dreams of youth,
Whose putts go down unerringly as rabbits—
Have we not also striven after truth
And straightness in our habits?

Have we not wandered in the sandy dunes
Morn after morn, each moment growing pinker,
With armouries of cleeks and shining spoons
And now and then got in a perfect clinker?
And sometimes, as we hacked the futile sods
And strove to make some beetling bunker porous,

Been haunted in the rear by Hoylake gods,
And bade them pass before us?

And, when we watch them play, with due applause
We greet them, and with adulating glances,
Not for themselves alone, but most because
They teem with useful tips for style and stances;
Theirs is the help we want, when you and I,
With many a (dash between inverted commas),
Halve in about a hundred, wet or dry,
Each Saturday, my Thomas!

Others may like to view an alien sport,
May lounge at ease, their gladiators hiring;
But we who constitute the champions' court
Have worked as they, with twice as much perspiring;
Not one, I trow, of that devoted band
But sometime toiled at bay with temples sheeny,
Toiled till the niblick clave unto his hand
On strenuous arena.

The Spartan Foster Mother.

"THE YOUNG LIBERAL is on its legs: our bantling is cast on the rocks. We, the midwife and nurse of this great venture, will do our part towards its development to a sturdy and vigorous manhood."
The Young Liberal.

If they keep on casting it on the rocks a sturdy manhood is assured.

AT THE PLAY.

"GLASS HOUSES."

If Smith Tertius were asked to translate "*Connais-toi*," and gave the answer "Glass houses," he would almost certainly receive correction on the ground that his rendering was too free. Mr. KENNETH BARNES, who is grown up, has a perfect right to take liberties with his French original, but I do think he ought to be required to attach the right meaning to an English copy-book phrase. Most of us have been taught to believe that the proverb about people who live in glass houses can only mean that those who are themselves vulnerable (in a moral sense, for instance) should be careful how they attack the faults of others. Yet this is not the main idea in Mr. BARNES's play. *General Sir Paul Carteret*, apart from a little habit of brusqueness, has no vices to make him vulnerable. He cherishes strict views, in the abstract, about conjugal infidelity (whether of thought or deed) and the proper treatment of erring wives. In a case that is brought before his notice he recommends that the woman should be treated as an outcast, and that the "officer and gentleman" who compromised her should make the only possible amends by marriage. When the "officer and gentleman" turns out to be his own son, he modifies his views. The woman is still to be an outcast, but the co-respondent is not to sully himself by marriage with so contemptible a person. Later still he finds his own wife unfaithful (in thought only), and his views are still further modified in favour of reconciliation, after the reflection that he might have been a gentler husband. All this merely illustrates the obvious truth that we are apt to readjust our abstract opinions as the personal element enters more and more deeply into the concrete case. The original play may have been well suited with the title *Connais-toi*, but the adaptation has very little to do with a conservatory.

The play is one of those familiar comedies which become really tragic when one pictures the state of things

that is bound to ensue after everything has been temporarily cleared up against the fall of the curtain. Not that I cared a brass button what became of any one of the characters. I took at first a fleeting interest in *Captain O'Brien* (played by Mr. NORMAN TREVOR with a most determined immobility), but after he had been wrongly suspected of being a villain and then wrongly suspected of being a hero, I took no further interest in his career.

I confess, too, that I prefer to have my comic relief supplied by subsidiary characters, and not by protagonists in

relieve matters. I can only recall one happy phrase, where Mr. BOURCHIER remarks, "If I've said anything that I'm sorry for, I'm glad." But he had given us this very phrase only the other day in *Parasites*. I don't know if he deliberately retained it as a pious souvenir of the past. Certainly there were moments which were reminiscent of his farcical manner in that unfortunate failure. For the rest his acting was very sound. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH's performance as *Lady Carteret* showed nice feeling: but, as with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, I could wish that

she would confine herself to light comedy, where regular employment might be found for the smile which it costs her so much to repress. Mr. BEALBY was rather amusing in his anxiety to get the right advice from the head of the family as to the proper line of conduct for an outraged husband. But Miss MURIEL BRAUMONT found little to suit her (except her gowns) in the part of this gentleman's erratic wife. She looked much too healthy and honest.

Proceedings were opened by a rather unusual type of curtain-raiser. *The Trap*, by the ARTHURS ECKERSLEY and CURTIS, is melodrama that comes very near to drama proper. But it seems just to miss the desired touch of irony. A burglar, closely tracked, persuades the girl he lives with to go out into the street and accost the detective (known to be weak about women) and bring him into their garret, where he is to be gagged and bound and so clear the way for escape.

The ruse fails; the girl is killed by a motor; and the detective ultimately overpowers and captures his man. The trapper ought somehow to have been shown as caught in his own trap; but I gathered that the detective would have marked him down anyhow, and so this point of irony was lost. But as a mere study in the Grand Guignol manner the little sketch was not ineffective. Miss MAY HOLLAND was a very passable low-comedy gossip, and Miss DAISY MARKHAM as the girl *Nell*, her heart torn between loyalty to her man and the horror of sharing in his crime, played her tragic part with a nice discretion.

O. S.



A FRESH SITUATION.

Puzzle: To find the injured husband.

<i>General Sir Paul Carteret</i>	Mr. BOURCHIER.
<i>Captain O'Brien</i>	Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.
<i>Lady Carteret</i>	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

whose tragic emotions I am expected to find a poignant interest. Everybody in this play seemed to be a protagonist. The whole cast (always barring the butler, a negligible figure) consisted either of illegitimate lovers or injured husbands. Even for a military station (on the stage) this seems in excess of the average. Then, again, I was disturbed by the medley of English and French sentiments. Your Frenchman takes his *cocu* lightly; your Englishman is serious over a breach of the marriage-covenant; and the audience was invited to be dispassionate and assume both attitudes in turn.

The dialogue did not do much to



CRÆSUS JUNIOR.

"A FIVER FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, NURSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DORSET is not, I believe, one of the first-class cricket counties. But, to judge from some of the novels of Mr. THOMAS HARDY and "M. E. FRANCIS," in the sterner game of life, in which the implements are not bats and balls, but love and jealousy and sudden death, its rustics must be well in the running for championship honours. *The Wild Heart* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL's new book, touches the same note of tragedy as *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It begins with a manslaughter and ends with a murder, all because a many years ago certain long-tailed birds were introduced into Europe from the neighbourhood of the river Phasis, since when they have had their revenge by bringing many a promising youth to the gallows. They did not quite do that for *David Chant*, of the wild heart, but one shining night he was so unlucky as to kill a keeper who would otherwise have brained one of his fellow-poachers, and got twenty years' penal servitude as his share of the bag. Within a few months he was an escaped convict with a price upon his head, and three years later returned to his native village, disguised in a beard and a false name, and married the girl-farmer who had helped him to escape. Then, unluckily for them both, just when he was beginning to yearn once more for the delights of poaching, the widow of the man that he had killed guessed his secret, and in a fit of jealous rage, because he had refused her offer of her heart and hand, first betrayed him

to the police, and then, to save trouble, with her own fair hand pulled the trigger that stilled the beating of his wild heart. The story, though its plot may sound melodramatic, is told in the quiet pastoral manner which Mrs. BLUNDELL has made her own.

Before we start bone-picking, let it be clearly understood that *The Heart of Marylebone* (HUTCHINSON) is no amateur story of North-Western love, but an expert study, subtly developed and most ably written, of husbands and wives and even third parties in health and in sickness. *Leila Gaythorne* (even if she was a Celt, she need not have shouted so much about the Celtic merit) and *Henry Palmerston*, whose manners are so exquisite as almost to have eliminated his manhood, marry in haste and fall in love at leisure. *Mrs. D'Arcy Vaux* and *Captain Vandaleur* love each other all the time, but are married, as ill luck will have it, otherwise. Sickness brings *Leila* on the one hand, and the *Captain* on the other, to a nursing home in Marylebone, and from that point of vantage their respective situations are reviewed by themselves, their nurses, their doctor, and their anonymous author, "HANDASYDE." All hold bright and diverse views on love and the other emotions as they should be, and express the same in a manner most attractive and convincing. Now for the bones. I suggest that a little more movement is needed to justify a novel of three hundred and forty closely printed pages. I deny respectfully that the Scot, with all his virtues, is quite the paragon of quick imagination and perfect understanding that he is here said to be. I assert positively that, when "Sheridan" furniture

is mentioned, something else is meant. There are, besides, a thousand moot points in the book; but that, perhaps, is its charm. It makes you think and pine for discussion. Yet, however argumentative you may be, you will not dispute the warm tribute paid to the personal devotion as well as technical skill of the medical profession, a tribute richly deserved and long overdue.

Anna and *Astrid Avelan*, the heroines of Mr. PAUL WAINEMAN's new novel, *The Wife of Nicholas Fleming* (METHUEN), resembled each other so closely that even their own mother could scarcely tell them apart. It was therefore not to be wondered at that *Count Nicholas Fleming*, a Finnish nobleman with more money than intelligence, after falling in love with *Anna*, should commit the pardonable error of marrying *Astrid*. One morning, however, the two sisters happened to go down to the sea-shore for a swim. *Astrid* confided her wedding-ring to her sister, while she practised some high diving, and in a momentary absence of mind *Anna* slipped it on to her own finger. Scarcely had she done so when a terrific storm overwhelmed the boat from which they were bathing, swept *Astrid* out to sea, never to return, and left *Anna* to be rescued in a semi-conscious condition by a passing peasant. When *Anna* was carried up to the Count's castle, with *Astrid's* ring upon her finger, he assumed that she was his original spouse. *Anna* was too weak to explain matters. When, however, a son was born, and the Count was killed by a fractious horse, she realised that it was wrong of her to deprive the rightful heir of his property. It was really very fortunate

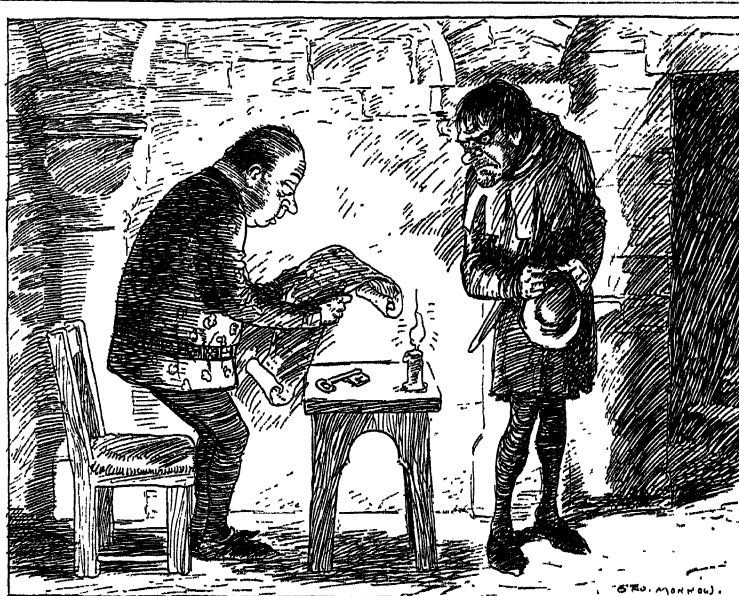
that he should chance to be none other than her old flame, *Captain Renford*, a hero of the Russo-Japanese War. She was thus able to marry him with a clear conscience, and to spend the evening of her days in his society in Kent. Mr. WAINEMAN writes with skill and sympathy of the Finland which he knows and loves, but he taxes the reader's credulity somewhat severely if he expects him to believe that even the wildest of "backwoods" peers would be only able to distinguish his wife from another lady by the clothes she wore. The fate of *Nicholas Fleming's* first wife will undoubtedly strengthen and confirm that old-fashioned British prejudice (which still survives at so many of our fashionable watering-places) for regarding a wedding-ring as an inadequate bathing-costume.

We are told—on a red wrapper—that *Tower of Ivory* (JOHN MURRAY) is "a large tapestry of modern life, dealing with things as they are, human nature as it is, with eternal characteristics, not passing phrases," and this announcement is, I venture to think, as redundant as the "r" in the last word of it. But although I have to record my vote against Mrs. ATHERTON's book my admiration for the

cleverness of the author is undiminished. Indeed the great singer, *Margarethe Styr*, and several of the minor characters are drawn with such brilliant skill that I am reluctant to say that from my masculine point of view the hero, *John Ordham*, is thoroughly contemptible and uninteresting. *Ordham's* fascinating manners failed to fascinate me, and as—until nearly the end of the book—he seemed unable to show any durable feeling except hatred of his elder brother and his young wife I longed very sincerely to kick him. He was fortunate, perhaps, in spending nearly all his time with feminine admirers, but I wish that we had been given more opportunity to see what men thought of him. While recognising the remarkable ability with which parts of *Towers of Ivory* are written, I cannot recommend the book to the squeamish. In the description of Munich society Mrs. ATHERTON might, on one occasion, have been more reticent without being less effective.

On Fads (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is divided into three parts—ethical, literary, social—and may be recommended to

anyone who likes such subjects as "Moral Education in the Home," "Modern Humour in Modern Literature" (with little slaps at Mr. CHESTERTON), and "The Increase of Luxury." As the author, Lady GROVE, states that "critics" often read nothing but prefaces, I wish to say that I have not confined myself to the preface here (for there is none), nor have extracted the title of these essays from the list of contents, but from the body of the book, of which I have read every word. Lady GROVE is most satisfactory when she does not try to be entertaining. While sympathising



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE HIRED ASSASSIN CALLS TO COLLECT HIS MONTHLY BILL.

with many of her opinions, I protest both against her anecdotes and her manner of relating them. The reproduction of such an ancient tale as that of the biggest liar taking the kettle may be partly excused on the ground that the story is old enough to be almost new, but when Lady GROVE spoils a tale of a girl's first Royal ball by adding "I was more fortunate in my partner, for he happened to be a friend of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," I feel a creeping sadness.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.

TRUSTEES TAKE OVER WORK OF ORGANISATION."

Evening Standard.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.

GIFT BY DR. MILL."

The Times.

It has been very kind of Dr. MILL, but he overdid it last year, and we are glad that there is to be a change of management. If the new trustees can arrange for the rainfall to come in the middle of the week or during the other people's holidays we shall be grateful.

"Collier c Rector b Floissac b Elliott c Rector b Floissac O."

Better luck next time.

Manchester Guardian.

CHARIVARIA.

A DEAR old lady having read of the intended fight between JEFFRIES and JOHNSON is said to have cabled to America begging them rather to lay the matter in dispute before the Hague Tribunal.

Lord ROSEBERY's allegation that we are less thrifty than we used to be has been brought to the notice of the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank, who has expressed the opinion that nowadays the Englishman puts money by for the fine day, not for the rainy day. But this, in our climate, surely means more thrift, not less?

"It is the man who wears the cloth cap who is the ruler in the country," says the Archbishop of York. This news as to the headgear affected by Mr. REDMOND is most interesting.

"As a patron of the theatre in London," says Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is an asset." There! We always thought that there must be some good in him.

A representative of *The Daily Chronicle* has interviewed Dr. RUTHERFORD on the subject of Sir CHARLES HARDINGE's appointment as Viceroy of India. "I think," said the dear doctor, "this appointment is a fatal blunder. . . . If I were asked whom I would suggest I should say unhesitatingly, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. . . . I feel that we over here hardly realise the position in India." This last sentence may explain but does not excuse the previous one.

An article in *The Daily Mail* on "The Waste of Great Men" opened with the following words:—"Three of the most distinguished men living and working to-day are without opportunity for the public exercise of their talents." Judge of the surprise of Mr. GRAYSON, Mr. LUTTON, and Mr. HORATIO MYER, of the late Parliament, upon reading on, to find that the article referred to Lord KITCHENER, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and Herr DERNBURG!

For the following Charivarium we are indebted to the Johannesburg cor-

respondent of *The Daily Chronicle*:—"The appointments made by General BOTHA as permanent heads of departments are fair and efficient, and of a non-racial character. Transvaal officials have secured most of the places."

Exception has been taken in Berlin to the KAISER's testimonial to the effect that he reads the Bible often and with pleasure. It is felt that it would have shown a more Pan-Ger-

manism may bring back to London the habit of dreaming beautiful dreams. The reaction against the "Wake up, England!" movement has apparently come sooner than we had expected.

The Carlton Hotel system for the abolition of cab-whistles was inaugurated last week by Madame PATTI, and there is some dissatisfaction in musical circles that the famous *diva* should not rather have used her influence for improving the musical quality of the whistles. Supposing, for instance, that the Hotel had retained Mr. CAPPER for the job?

We hear, by the by, that locally the nuisance, which is mainly due to persons who have been supping, is known as the Pig and Whistle Nuisance.

Meanwhile, although a beginning has been made in the abolition of the cab whistles, and quieter motor omnibuses are promised, there is no immediate danger of London becoming too dull owing to the silence of the streets.

A canary which, by its fall from its perch in a house at Long Acre, saved the lives of several persons by warning them of the presence of poisonous gases, received the honour, last week, of a post-mortem examination at Charing Cross Hospital. The proposal, said to emanate from Our Dumb Friends' League, that the bird should also be accorded a public funeral, would appear to have been dropped.

Mr. KETTLE, M.P., has been objecting in the House to Sir EDWARD GREY's having taken Mr. ROOSEVELT's advice in regard to Egypt. "As for Mr. ROOSEVELT," declared Mr. KETTLE, "he does not seem to be a person of very great importance." This is not the first time there have been differences between a little Kettle and a big Pot.

The ROOSEVELT example is evidently infectious. "Your Aliens Act is a farce," said another foreign critic, this time at the Guildhall Police Court. And he knew what he was talking about. "I have already been deported twice," he added.



Guardsmen. "HULLO, JIM, 'WOT'S YER GAME?"

Friend. "I'M GOING FOR A SOLDIER!"

Guardsmen. "YOU DON'T SAY SO. WHAT REGIMENT, JIM?"

Friend. "I DUNNO; 'E'S BIN A-WALKING AHT WIV MY LIZ."

manic attitude if he had said something to encourage contemporary Teuton literature.

"The discovery of the North Pole," says Commander PEARY, "means that the last of the great primary problems of the North Polar work is solved, and it is now a matter of filling in the details." That, however, was just what Dr. COOK found the most difficult part of the business.

Professor J. H. B. MASTERMAN hopes that the Workers' Educational Asso-

A DREAM OF PLAIN WOMEN.

[Mrs. CARL MEYER, responding to the toast of "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries, is alleged to have stated that all women in their hearts consider that they ought to be classed under that category.]

How many women, far from fair,
I have observed and wondered why
They challenged with a conquering air
The homage of the passer-by;
Or else assumed a modest mien,
Shunning with shy averted glances
The outrage of a gaze too keen,
Too full of vernal fancies.

Untouched I've sauntered through the spell
And kept my eye serene and cold,
Having no flattering tale to tell,
No hint of ardour overbold;
And still the marvel grew and grew
Why women, built with hopeless faces,
Won't rest content to worry through
With just the moral graces.

But now I know. By instinct taught
The homeliest woman likes to think
(The wish is mother to the thought)
That she is beauteous as a pink;
From this obsession all in vain
Her bosom-friends conspire to free her,
She *will* not see herself as plain
As other people see her.

Ah! Harriet, you remember how
I overlooked your lack of charms,
Ignored your narrow spotted brow,
Your tilted nose, your tawny arms;
Moved by the fate that marred your life
(And Love is Pity's near relation),
I meant to let you be my wife
By way of mitigation.

But if, of course, by Nature's light
You felt that beauty from you shone
Almost too perilously bright
For naked orbs to gaze upon,
I see exactly why you sniffed,
Treating the golden chance like pewter,
Gave to your nose an extra lift,
And lost a priceless suitor.

O. S.

Procedure.

Barrister's clerks regulate the whole professional actions of their masters, and further type their letters, prepare their afternoon tea, caddy for them on circuit golf links, and as often as not become the most intimate of their confidants.

"William," said I, "this is a matter of extreme delicacy and importance. The great text-books of the law are silent on the point and give me no advice, so I turn to you. I am about to engage a cook. There is an applicant for the post. She has written to me and I have written back. I should have liked to engage her without further to-do, but I am told that a preliminary interview is essential. Under pressure I have made an appointment for four o'clock this afternoon. It is now a quarter to, and I am still in complete ignorance on all matters domestic, menial, economical, purveyorial and culinary. What shall I say to her?"

"Ask her, Sir," said William, simply,—"ask her if she can cook."

THE AVERAGE-ADJUSTER.

SOMEHOW his appearance seemed quite familiar to me, but for the life of me I couldn't say where I had met him before. There was a curious look in his face—something which struck me as being both indefinite and universal. It didn't make any one special impression, but seemed to be trying to make all sorts of impressions at the same time. His clothes were of no particular age or cut. Nondescript clothes, I should call them. He wore a bowler hat, a black tie and a pair of brown lace-up boots. During the whole of our conversation, which, by the way, took place in the Strand, he was smoking a briarwood pipe, or, rather, his pipe was always going out, and he was continually lighting it again. He must have spent at least fifty wooden matches in ten minutes.

It all began with the blowing off of my hat. He was good enough to capture it and restore it to me.

"Pray don't mention it," he said when I thanked him. "If it hadn't been yours it would have had to be mine."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, you see," he answered, "our people are compiling statistics about hats for a private investigator, and if there hadn't been one more hat blown off in the Strand at this very moment, all his tables would have been wrong. I was ordered to watch, and if somebody else's hat hadn't been taken mine would have had to go. It had to be an actual hat: we never fake our results."

"You've done me a good turn to-day—nothing makes a man more ridiculous than running after his own hat—so I don't mind telling you who we are and how we work. Our people are Average-Adjusters, the greatest organisation in the world. There's nothing in America to match it. They don't know everything over there, not by long chalks. How do we work? Well, I'll give you an example. I daresay you've noticed paragraphs giving an account of the things left by passengers in railway carriages—so many umbrellas, so many handkerchiefs, so many babies' feeding-bottles, so many cuckoo-clocks, etc. Then there's a statement of the total number of passengers carried by all the companies, and from that they calculate the forgetfulness per thousand. Most of it's our doing. We work for the companies, of course. Last year, for instance, they wanted something striking, so we had two hundred of our best men told off to litter the rolling stock of the United Kingdom with dogs, pictures, mowing machines, kangaroos, musical boxes, boots, bangles and purses stuffed full of sovereigns. We were at it for a week. There was an article about the whole thing in *The Moonbeam*. You wrote it, did you? Well, I couldn't have done it better myself."

"I daresay you've wondered why the consumption of beer and spirits has been going down. No; it isn't the Budget: it's our organisation. Two of our Directors have turned teetotalers, and the consequence is all the employes have had orders to give up alcohol and drink water or dry ginger-ale. You can't cut off a couple of hundred thousand steady drinkers without making a difference. I forget the exact decrease in gallons per head of the population *per annum*, but it's something pretty substantial. Personally I don't like the change. My imagination doesn't seem to work so well on ginger ale; but I daresay it's a good thing, take it all round."

"Then there are the traffic accidents. We do a lot in that; it's one of our best lines. Not the deaths, you know—we don't touch them, except now and then on very



FOUR HANDS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

THE "PROTECTING POWERS" PROCEED TO "REGULARISE THE SITUATION" IN REGARD TO CRETE.



The Villain of the Piece. "AND SO, EUSTACE GOODHEART, I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE, FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM ANY POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN AID. ESCAPE IF YOU CAN—CURSE YOU!"
[And he does escape—twice night'y too!]

special terms—but the ordinary accidents, where people are knocked down or slightly run over. If it wasn't for us, there wouldn't be any average worth mentioning. The motor-cars have made people so careful. We've got twenty picked men and women out in London to-day on that kind of job. Do you see that old lady there in the middle of the street? She's one of our champions. Ah! she's running back now. It's not a bit of good their all shouting and blowing their horns. She's bound to be into that motor-bus just as it stops. There! She's done it as neat as ninepence. I must go and help to pick her up and identify her. She's my aunt, you know." And with that the Adjuster plunged into the crowd and I lost him.

"These . . . omnibuses will revolutionise town traffic, and they will certainly tend to soothe, instead of irritate, the jaded nerves of the poor dwellers in cities by their gliding smoothness and lack of sound. I hope that we shall hear more of them ere long on the streets of London."—*Standard*.

Thank you, we have heard enough.

"We are supplying thousands of Families throughout the kingdom with various kinds of excellent Fruit all the year round for 2s. Write to us and we will do the same for you."—*Adv. in "Liverpool Echo."*

It sounds cheap enough.

"Apperley batted first, and compiled 101 for six months."
Gloucestershire Echo.
Yorkshire must look to its laurels.

POTTED POETS.

I stood at midnight on the bridge which bore me
Forwards, forwards o'er the starlit-sea:
The winds were high on Helle's wave and stormy,
And Mary called the cows across the Dee.

The Curfew tolled between the dawn and day-time;
The deep sea moaned; the vessel puffed her sail;
I could not hear the children in their playtime
(Oh, prithee, lover, why so wan and pale?)

The happy tree was planted in December;
A thing of beauty ever is a joy:
The house where I was born I can't remember,
For on the burning deck there stands the boy.

And from the golden bar the blessed maiden
Leaned out: she dwelt half hidden from the eye
Upon the Grampian Hills in distant Aidenn;
Drink! for you know not whence she came, nor why.

But Linden saw another sight next morning;
His comrades left him there a little while,
His starved lips gaping wide with horrid warning;
Oh, Mary, come! I'm sitting on the stile!

"Laccetta sang love songs in a good tenor voice, and the widow succumbed."—*The Star*.

It wasn't always as fatal as that, however. Survivors were frequent.

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

(An Interview in the grudging manner of Mr. Bram Stoker.)

SIR GULLIVER STODGE, who on Sunday entered his sixtieth year, was sitting in the picturesque pagoda in his garden at Edgingham, the residential suburb of Brumchester, wherein he often works when the weather is fine. Contrariwise, when the weather is inclement, he prefers to exercise his mighty brain in the seclusion of his own sanctum. The day being somewhat chilly, Sir Gulliver wore a heavy "caped Munster" coat. But his cloth cap had been laid aside and revealed the noble proportions of his superb cerebellum in all their opulent immensity. Sir Gulliver Stodge is a huge man—even huger than I am. Six feet three inches he stands in his stocking vamps, to use a picturesque Hibernianism pardonable in one who has made a special study of vampires, and he is strongly built, though not fat. His general appearance impresses, carries conviction with it; but his head is Olympian. It is a massive cupola, high and broad and long, with all the great phrenological faculties seemingly well developed. Naturally with a man of such deep study he is rather bald; what hair remains is fine and close-growing. His features are somewhat massive, as becomes the greatness of both body and mind. He wears a beard now streaked with white and grey, conveying the impression of a colossal humanised magpie, endowed with preternatural sagacity. This magpie simile, by the way, never occurred to BEGGIE, who once also did his worst with Sir Gulliver. It is there that I get the bulge on the saponaceous HAROLD.

Sir Gulliver's grandfather, who had twenty-four children, was domiciled for several years in Co. Tipperary, famous for its big men, but Lemuel Stodge outbucked them all. He was six feet eight in height, weighed thirty stone and wore a number nine hat. The epithet "stodgy," Sir Gulliver assures me, was first coined to designate the massive and monumental corpus of his eminent ancestor. Ultimately the Stodges migrated to Bootle,

and finally settled at Chowbent, where Sir Gulliver first honoured the light.

Since then his life has been one long carnival of transcendental intellectuality. Indeed, it is hard to understand how a man who has launched the new Brumchester University on its dizzy career of prosperity could ever have found time for such a constant succession of strenuous mental efforts. He is interviewed on an average three times a day. Casts of his head are

gorgeous peacock, waking strange echoes with his strident voice. Two tall, beautiful young daughters, straight as lances, sprint gracefully across the lawn to their handsome mother who is picking a bunch of flowers. The air is full of music; thrush, blackbird, nightingale, peacock, owl and chaffinch sing emulously, and their pellucid piping seems to give resonance and flavour to the far-off roll of wheels on the roadway beyond the belt of beech and flowering alder. Some-

how eye and ear alike yield themselves in this cosmic background to the thoughts of the great student of the mysteries of life and nature.

I must premise the record of our conversation by stating that though in places I try to give Sir Gulliver's actual words, it must be understood that I aim at the general effect of the conversation produced upon myself. "I notice," I said, "that in your book, *Subliminal Switherings*, you state that the conjugation in very great masses of conglutinative gladiobes conduces to aplastic as well as contrapuntal modifications of the *medulla oblongata*. Are we to take it that the centrifugal consciousness exerts a reciprocal action on the metatarsal bascules?"

He assented with a grave nod of his Olympian occiput.

"Then," I queried, "if memory and individuality remain, and if in virtue of your claim of sentience for the grouping of groups, the collocation of atoms can be indefinitely postulated, are we not already on the way to produce at will an astral body?"

"Pardon me," interjected the bulbous-browed philosopher, gently agitating his massive dome of anything but silence, "I didn't use the expression 'grouping the group.' Such a process is only fit for astral acrobats. What I do assert is that we are each of us only a part of a larger personality than is here displayed—of a bigger Me!"

"A bigger You," I exclaimed in a fit of abject incredulity. "Why, Sir Gulliver, that is simply inconceivable!" and in a brief monologue, lasting for some three-quarters of an hour, I placed before him the conclusions of the ancient Egyptians, the primitive Peruvians, and the aboriginal Australians



Mother (to Policeman). "SHURE, DENNIS ISN'T A BAD BOY AT ALL AT ALL, BUT HE'S THROUBLED NOW AN' THIN WID A RUSH OF MIND TO THE BRAIN."

taken almost hourly, and there are times when the click of the camera, snapshotting his Olympian features and his wonderful magpie beard, is heard continuously from morn till dewy eve.

Now, as he sits in his garden-house looking out over the emerald lawn, all glistening with late rain, with fine trees and luxuriant shrubs budding everywhere and flowers in rich profusion, it is hard to realise that this serene, big-browed man is talking of things of which the very thought is still in a state of inchoate semi-adumbration in the untrodden limbo of the future. Over the wet grass walks daintily a

on the subject of concrete cosmopolitanism, abject asceticism, and kindred topics.

* * * * *

In the twilight, in the rain-sweetened garden, and later on in the silence of the study, wherein we talked when the others had gone to bed, the train of thought continued. And still the peacocks raised their Melba-like sopranos in celestial strains. At last one piercing top note reminded me of other duties, and I tore myself reluctantly away from my huge but gentle-hearted host. At any rate, I said to myself as I committed the results of this monstrous day to paper (not made in Newfoundland), I have out-Harolded BEBBIE, I have out-blathered BLATHWAYT.

LETTERS FROM TRADESMEN.

I.

DEAR SIR,—A time of year has now arrived when it is desirable to exchange thick underclothing for something more light. We therefore venture to take this opportunity of drawing your attention to the enclosed samples of our famous "Airloom" material, the popular substitute for wool, which combines all the advantages of a woollen fabric with the durability of chain-armour, at half the price. Trusting to receive the favour of your kind patronage,

We are, Yours humbly,
— & Co.

II.

DEAR MADAM,—We take the liberty of drawing your attention to the accompanying tin, which contains a sample of "Brèdsmeer," the new and wonderful substitute for butter. For a long time some of the most distinguished chemists in the country have been at work endeavouring to solve the problem how to make a butter which, while preserving all the more popular characteristics of butter, shall yet not be butter, and thus neither make the severe inroads upon the purse which butter makes, nor subject the consumer to the numerous ailments incident to bovine life. Trusting you will see your way to ordering a sample firkin,

We are, Yours cordially,
— & Co.

III.

DEAR MADAM,—As you are no doubt only too well aware the price of meat is not only exceedingly high at this moment, but is likely to rise still higher. This being so we have decided to come forward as public benefactors, and have placed upon the market our great substitute for beef which we call "Square Meal." The ingredients of "Square



SLAVES OF FASHION.

Ethel. "LEND ME YOUR HANKY, MABEL."

Mabel. "HAVEN'T YOU ONE IN YOUR BAG?"

Ethel. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MY DEAR GIRL, DO YOU THINK I SHOULD PUT ANYTHING IN THIS BAG? IT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN CARRY EMPTY!"

Meal" are naturally a secret, but we may say that the best analytical chemists that money can buy have found in a pound block of it enough nutriment to sustain twenty Territorials on a long and fatiguing march and twice that number of Boy Scouts. The price of a pound block is only eightpence, which we venture to think compares favourably with the price of even indifferent brisket at the present moment. Trusting you will retain the accom-

panying block and give it a fair chance,
We are, Yours faithfully,
— & Co.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—Feeling confident that you, as well as ourselves, and indeed all sensible persons, must deplore the systematic inflation of the price of wine, we make no apology for bringing to your notice a champagne of our own devising which we are confident will

yield the most satisfactory results at a figure less than a third that which is asked for the well-known brands. Our substitute for champagne, which we have called "Veuve Grosseille," is a perfectly pure product of fermented fruit, and so skilfully is it compounded that blindfolded experts have been utterly at a loss to detect which was the imitation and which the (so-called) real. We do not claim that a gourmet would not be deceived; but for all practical purposes "Veuve Grosseille" does the trick. We can offer it at 24/- a dozen, and beg your acceptance of the accompanying quarter-bottle.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours to command,

— ET CIE.

V.

DEAR MADAM,—You may not perhaps have seen a recent number of *The British Medical Journal*, in which attention is called to a new and subtle danger of domestic life, the irritation to the lungs caused by inhaling minute particles of pungent dust that arise from the canister whenever a spoonful of tea is taken out. So fine as to be almost imperceptible, this dust is none the less a violent irritant, and many a cook and parlour-maid, and even lady of the house, have suffered in consequence, all unconscious of the insidious cause.

Taking this serious matter into consideration, as also the high price of tea, we have placed upon the market a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the famous and fragrant, but dutiable and dusty, Chinese herb, which will be known, we trust, in every family in the United Kingdom as "Cad-Ton" (Caddy Tonic), a product of natural growth which, however, while smelling like tea and looking like and tasting like tea, contains no tannin, does not unduly excite the nerves, makes no poisonous dust, and, being non-dutiable, can be sold for sixpence a pound and still yield a just margin of profit to all grocers.

Trusting that the enclosed ounce sample will give you joy,

We remain, Yours hopefully,

— & Co.

From a letter in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A clergyman once complained to me that nine-tenths of his parishioners went away from Saturday to Monday, one-fifth of the remaining tenth took advantage of the Sunday trips, one-fifth remained at home, and the remainder made up the congregation. I am glad to say there are some exceptions. Fortune guided my steps past the Carmelite Church last Sunday. . . ."

That, we gather, is the complaint.

PAT-BALL.

"You'll play tennis?" said my hostess absently. "That's right. Let me introduce you to Miss—er—um."

"Oh, we've met before," smiled Miss—I've forgotten the name again now.

"Thank you," I said gratefully. I thought it was extremely nice of her to remember me. Probably I had spilt lemonade over her at a dance, and in some way the incident had fixed itself in her mind. We do these little things, you know, and think nothing of them at the moment; but all the time—

"Smooth," said a voice.

I looked up and found that a pair of opponents had mysteriously appeared, and that my partner was leading the way on to the court.

"I'll take the right-hand side, if you don't mind," she announced. "Oh, and what about apologising?" she went on. "Shall we do it after every stroke, or at the end of each game, or when we say good-bye, or never? I get so tired of saying 'sorry.'"

"Oh, but we shan't want to apologise; I'm sure we're going to get on beautifully together."

"I suppose you've played a lot this summer?"

"No, not at all yet, but I'm feeling rather strong, and I've got a new racquet. One way and another, I expect to play a very powerful game."

Our male opponent served. He had what I should call a nasty swift service. The first ball rose very suddenly and took my partner on the side of the head. ("Sorry," she apologised. "It's all right," I said magnanimously.) I returned the next into the net; the third clean bowled my partner; and off the last I was caught in the slips. (*One, love.*)

"Will you serve?" said Miss—I wish I could remember her surname. Her Christian name was Hope or Charity or something like that; I know, when I heard it, I thought it was just as well. If I might call her Miss Hope for this once? Thank you.

"Will you serve?" said Miss Hope.

In the right-hand court I use the American service, which means that I never know till the last moment which side of the racquet is going to hit the ball. On this occasion it was a dead heat—that is to say, I got it in between with the wood; and the ball sailed away over beds and beds of the most beautiful flowers.

"Oh, is that the American service?" said Miss Hope, much interested.

"South American," I explained. "Down in Peru they never use anything else."

In the left-hand court I employ the ordinary Hampstead Smash into the bottom of the net. After four Hampstead Smashes and four Peruvian Teasers (*Love, two*) I felt that another explanation was called for.

"I've got a new racquet I've never used before," I said. "My old one is being pressed; it went to the shop yesterday to have the creases taken out. Don't you find that with a new racquet you—er—exactly?"

In the third game we not only got the ball over but kept it between the white lines on several occasions—though not so often as our opponents (*three, love*); and in the fourth game Miss Hope served gentle lobs, while I, at her request, stood close up to the net and defended myself with my racquet. I warded off the first two shots amidst applause (*thirty, love*), and dodged the next three (*thirty, forty*), but the last one was too quick for me and won the cocoa-nut with some ease. (*Game. Love, four.*)

"It's all right, thanks," I said to my partner; "it really doesn't hurt a bit. Now then, let's buck up and play a simply dashing game."

Miss Hope excelled herself in that fifth game, but I was still unable to find a length. To be more accurate, I was unable to find a shortness—my long game was admirably strong and lofty.

"Are you musical?" said my partner at the end of it. (*Five, love.*) She had been very talkative all through.

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "you don't want a song at this very moment. Surely you can wait till the end of the set?"

"Oh, I was only just wondering."

"I quite see your point. You feel that Nature always compensates us in some way, and that as—"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Hope in great confusion. "I didn't mean that at all."

She must have meant it. You don't talk to people about singing in the middle of a game of tennis; certainly not to comparative strangers who have only spilt lemonade over your frock once before. No, no. It was an insult, and it nerved me to a great effort. I discarded—for it was my serve—the Hampstead Smash; I discarded the Peruvian Teaser. Instead, I served two Piccadilly Benders from the right-hand court and two Westminster Welts from the left-hand. The Piccadilly Bender is my own invention. It can only be served from the one court, and it must have a wind against it. You deliver it with your back to the net, which makes the striker think that you have either forgotten all about the game, or else are apologising to the spectators for your previous

exhibition. Then with a violent contortion you slue your body round and serve, whereupon your opponent perceives that you *are* playing, and that it is just one more ordinary fault into the wrong court. So she calls "Fault!" in a contemptuous tone and drops her racquet . . . and then adds hurriedly, "Oh, no, sorry, it wasn't a fault, after all." That being where the wind comes in.

The Westminster Welt is in theory the same as the Hampstead Smash, but goes over the net. One must be in very good form (or have been recently insulted) to bring this off.

Well, we won that game, a breeze having just sprung up; and, carried away by enthusiasm and mutual admiration, we collected another. (*Five, two.*) Then it was Miss Hope's serve again.

"Good-bye," I said; "I suppose you want me in the fore-front again?"

"Please."

"I don't mind *her* shots—the bottle of scent is absolutely safe; but I'm afraid he'll win another packet of woodbines."

Miss Hope started off with a double, which was rather a pity, and then gave our masculine adversary what is technically called "one to kill." I saw instinctively that I was the one, and I held my racquet ready with both hands. Our opponent, who had been wanting his tea for the last two games, was in no mood of dalliance; he fairly let himself go over this shot. In a moment I was down on my knees behind the net . . . and the next moment I saw through the meshes a very strange thing. The other man, with his racquet on the ground, was holding his eye with both hands!

"Don't you think," said Miss Hope (*two, five—abandoned*) "that your overhead volleying is just a little severe?"

A. A. M.

The Fatal Spot.

"The week also supplied the inevitable charging rhinoceros, this particular one charging the camp during lunch and creating the most indescribable confusion and noise until his career was cut short by a bullet near the dining tent."—*The Standard*. The writer puts it very delicately; though we always thought that a better place was just behind the shoulder.

From a letter in *The Scotsman*:

"I was informed recently by a worthy member of the kirk-session of West Linton that he knew for a fact that Kemp was born in the neighbourhood of Biggar, and that his mother had been present on that auspicious occasion, being a relative of the family."

About the second part of the worthy member's assertion there is certainly the ring of truth.



Basil. "MOTHER, NURSE HAS SENT ME IN TO SAY I'M SORRY I'VE BROKEN THE WATER-BOTTLE IN THE NIGHT NURSERY—(with ferocity)—MEANING TO."

For the Truthful Organ-Grinder.

A correspondent who has recently been making a study of the inscriptions displayed on street-pianos sends us the following suggestion as suitable for the use of the honest organ-grinder:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I am a young fellow of only twenty-four years of age. I am not a British working-man, neither am I a clerk who has sought in vain for employment, nor a bus-driver who has been driven off the road by the motors. In short, I am an organ-grinder.

I am not driven to this occupation as a last resource; I have chosen it as the means most attractive to me of earning a living. I do not possess a starving wife or nine little children; indeed, I am a bachelor. I am in

excellent health, suffering from neither cataract in the eyes, nor cancer, nor injuries caused by a boiler explosion on *H.M.S. Handel*.

I do not expect you to spare a copper if you don't want to, but my mate will pass round the hat in case you do. Anyway, don't worry about me; I make more at this job than any bus-driver and many a clerk, and though my face may be sad my heart is light.

Your obedient Servant, etc.

Remarks which have averted Panics.

"Not a Frenchman in possession of his wits dreams that Alsace will ever be restored to Turkey."—*The Bystander*.

There are probably very few things a Frenchman doesn't dream about, but this is one of them.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN UNFORTUNATE SPORTSMAN INCURS THE DISPLEASURE OF A WITCH.

THE POACHER'S PARADISE.

["In the Blue-Book on the preservation of wild animals in Africa just issued, a despatch from the Acting-Governor of Uganda mentions: 'Four bull elephants shot in error' and 'two cow elephants shot in error.' How the 'errors' arose is not explained, but 'in no case was it considered that a fine was necessary.'"]—*Daily Mail*.]

PARRITCH for breakfast an' parritch for dinner,
Parritch for supper an' parritch for tea!
Whiles there are days when the wame o' a sinne!
Sets him protestin', "Nae parritch for me!"
Whiles he's a habit o' thinkin' a rabbit
A pleasin' divairision frae sic a dull fare,
Whiles a bit pheasant he doots would be pleasant,
Whiles a bit pairtrick or mebbe a hare.

I'll no be denyin' that aince in a blue mune
A thocht sic as this may have entered ma head,
I'll no be denyin' the licht of the new mune
Has lured me awa' mair than aince frae ma bed.
I'll no be denyin', when white tails were flyin',
Wi' ferrets ahint them, I've made some mistak's,
An' it may hae sae happit my stick has been drappit—
Of course accidentally—down on their backs.

Noo, errors like these may be weel comprehended—
I' the dark ye can scarcely tell rabbit frae stoat,
An' ye arena surprised gin, afore the fun's ended,
Ye find a bit game in the tail o' your coat.
When the night's dark an' chilly the pairtricks seem silly,
An' fly in your face just as fast as ye please,

The pheasants grow feckless an' rocket sae reckless
They drap at the feet of ye plump through the trees.

But when a man says he has shot accidentally
Muckle great beasties as big as a house,
Ye wunner if onything's wrang wi' him mentally—
Whether he thoct 'twas a rat or a mouse.
Did he doot 'twas the figures o' cannibal niggers
Waitin' to kill him an' chop him in chunks?
Or had he been drinkin', and micht he be thinkin'
'Twas snakes when the beasties were waggin' their
trunks?

An' gin it is strange that a body should dare to
Invent an excuse ye can only ca' tosh,
It's mair o' a wunner that ony should care to
Pretend to believe that they thoct it wad wash.
Gin the keeper had found me wi' pairtricks a' round me
An' I had explained 'twas in error they fell,
Do ye think that ma fiction would carry conviction?
'Twould no to the Bench, though it micht to mysel.

"There is an old lady living in Bathurst Street, Grahamstown, who enjoys the distinguished record of having lived under the reign of the last six British Sovereigns. Born in George II.'s reign, she has witnessed the changes of Government as represented by George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, Edward VII., George V."

Eastern Province Herald.

Even now she is only a hundred and fifty.



THE MALTESE WALL-FLOWER.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (*aside to* LORD KITCHENER). "GOT MY HANDS PRETTY FULL. YOU'RE STANDING OUT, I SEE."

LORD KITCHENER. "YES, SIR. I MIGHT HAVE HAD YOUR LATE PARTNER, MISS MEDITERRANEA, BUT—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT *SHE'S* LIKE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—High comedy founded on projected Conference on Veto Resolutions carried a stage further. Only two characters in the piece. There is the British Public, represented by House of Commons, burning with desire to know all about it; and there is the PREMIER, who cannot conceive why anyone should be interested in a matter so infinitesimal in importance that it would never occur to him to mention it.

House crowded in anticipation of "a Statement." Papers full of the subject; where two or three are gathered together, in Clubs, at street corners, in the Lobby, the Conference is sole topic of conversation. Buzz of excitement runs along crowded benches when PRINCE ARTHUR strolls in, flushed with the June sun and victory on the golf links at Sandwich. The PREMIER, earlier in his place, sat sorting notes, doubtless presently to be elaborated in the momentous "Statement."

Scores of questions printed on paper. With exception of one group their slow progress impatiently watched. Exception relates to arrangements made for Members to view procession at Funeral of late KING. LOULU, brought to task in his capacity as First Commissioner of Works, takes cover behind EARL MARSHAL. Naturally manœuvre inadequate. A good deal of LOULU seen above head and shoulders of his Grace of NORFOLK, whom he describes as being "in sole control of arrangements."

Very well; House not pedantic about details. If it were the EARL MARSHAL who arranged position of Parliamentary stand where little could be seen, if it were he who forbade ex-M.P.'s, albeit Privy Councillors, to enter Westminster Hall during the Lying in State, then let the EARL MARSHAL's head be brought in on a charger. Clamour of supplementary questions having this object in view was rising to dangerous height, when SPEAKER interposed. Consequently EARL MARSHAL still lives.

At last, in response to enquiry from PRINCE ARTHUR as to course of business, PREMIER on his legs. A hush falls over impatient House: now all shall be told, rumour laid to rest, conjecture silenced. Referring to notes,

PREMIER commences to appropriate particular work to successive days of week. Mentions Consolidated Fund Bill; alludes to Census Bill, Small Holdings (No. 3) Bill, the Civil List, a Regency Bill, "and on Friday we will take a Local Government Board Bill."

Then, positively, he sits down! Not a word about the Conference. House gasped with astonishment. In another second SPEAKER would have called on

about terms of question. For moment PREMIER sat unresponsive; evidently turning them over in his mind and wondering what specific matter they might allude to.

Ah! the Conference, of course. It must be that. Suppose he must say something in reply.

This he did in two sentences. In the first chaffed the omniscient newspapers for "their illuminating revelations;" in the second confirmed this particular one.

Poor realisation this of extravagant expectation of dramatic disclosure. But it served.

Business done.—Miscellaneous. In opposing issue of writ for East Dorset MARKHAM gave welcome new turn to hackneyed figure of speech. Represented Lady WIMBORNE, in anticipation of Mr. GUEST standing for the constituency, saying to herself, "My son has fought and lost three elections. Now at last he has come down to fight under my own doorstep." Quite time the old fig-tree was uprooted.

Tuesday.—A pretty episode varied prosaic course of business. Questions disposed of, the DEPUTY-SPEAKER (presiding in place of Dr. LOWTHER, who has business at Cambridge to-day) called on "Mr. BURT." From the bar, where he had stood unobserved, the Member for Morpeth responded.

"A message from QUEEN ALEXANDRA."

House long known respected and esteemed colleague whose proud record is written in the pages of *Dod*: "Commenced working in the coal mines at ten years of age." Has watched with pleasure his advance to Ministerial office, his promotion to the Privy Council. Never imagined it would behold him as a Queen's Messenger, the authorised medium of communication between the QUEEN-MOTHER and the faithful Com-

mons. Yet here he was in his Sunday suit, reciting with broad Northumbrian burr her MAJESTY's words: "I thank you with all my heart for the address of condolence you have presented to me."

Having read the document, the representative of Royalty made due obeisance, advanced to Table, and laid it thereon. Here it seemed was end of scene watched with keen interest by crowded House. BURT might have wheeled to left or right, or turned about to regain his place by the Bar. Whenever he takes a matter in hand



"LOULU TAKES COVER BEHIND EARL MARSHAL."

(The Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Harcourt.)

Orders of the Day. Happily DALZIEL is on his watch-tower on back bench below Gangway, to see that Liberal Party is being run straight, and that, speaking generally (as BROWNING did in quite another connection), "all's well with the world."

"Does the PRIME MINISTER," he asked, leaping to his feet, "contemplate making any statement in regard to certain reports as to negotiations proceeding between the two Front Benches?"

Delightful non-committal vagueness



The Professors. "My dee-ar Burt! that's simply perfect! You've an absolute gift for it. We couldn't have done it better ourselves!!"

is accustomed to do it thoroughly. During thirty-six years' membership has had many opportunities of observing the uniformed Envoys of the Sovereign discharging duties akin to that committed to him. Has often seen BOBBY SPENCER, when Vice-Chamberlain, supported by native dignity and highly starched collar, advance and retire with his "Message from the QUEEN." In later years has had the advantage of studying the MASTER OF ELIBANK on the same errand, performed with equal grace and skill.

As successive Black Rods have learned, it is no easy task (not being a crab) to make a bee-line backwards from Table to Bar, conscious of the critical scrutiny of four hundred pair of eyes. But Thomas, "son of Peter Burt, miner," did not spend boyhood's years among devious turnings of Northumberland coal-pit for nothing. Having delivered his message he, to consternation of House, began to walk backward. As with sure foot he made his way, consternation changed to admiration. When he reached the Bar and made final obeisance to Chair, a hearty cheer burst forth from both sides.

Incident rather spoiled opportunity of PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. As it chanced they also were charged with Royal messages. LLOYD GEORGE came first with one from the KING, concerning the new Civil List. The PREMIER, bearing a second dealing with Appointment for Regency, attempted to exalt his mission by mentioning that *his* message was "signed by the KING's own hand." BURT took the shine out of all, and the House does not care for more than one sensation at a sitting.

ASQUITH is above mean jealousies. He knows now where, in case of vacancy in the Household appointments, he can find a suitable Treasurer or Vice-Chamberlain. We may yet see THOMAS BURT uniformed, belted, epaulettes, carrying the white staff of office, the bearer of yet unwritten "Message from the KING."

Business done.—Several Bills advanced a stage. In respect of one of them order made that without consent of Urban District Council Portrush shall not play golf on Sundays.

Thursday.—Towards close of busy week Members still asking themselves, Who is DOBE? and what his well-

known case? Introduced to notice by WINTERTON. Question arose upon appointment to desirable position in India Office. Members behind Front Opposition Bench have heard that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, a "sort of" Lord HALSBURY, has marked the prize down for a *protégé*. Hence the quickened and sustained interest in the affair.

Several questions put and answered, up gat WINTERTON with searching enquiry, addressed to UNDER-SECRETARY, "Will the honourable gentleman bear in mind the well-known case of Mr. DOBE?"

House stared in blank amazement. "Who's DOBE?" men asked each other, and there was no reply.

The MEMBER FOR SARK fancies WINTERTON was thinking of DOWB and the famous message transmitted by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the hapless army in the Crimea, "Take care of DOWB." Disclosure of this domestic injunction convulsed the nation with sardonic merriment, DOWB being a young kinsman of the WAR MINISTER. Half a century ago, when WINTERTON was at Eton, it was still the talk of town and country. Out of rich store of historical erudition he brings up the old catchword and applies it to modern instance, with effect partially marred by mispronunciation.

Business done.—A good deal, and House up at 7.40 withal.

The right word at the right moment.

Habeas Corpus was a dull-looking chap, not over-shaven. Once he walked into a shop, stole some boots, walked out again, but was unfortunately overtaken by the shopman, to whom he remarked, "It is a fair cop." At the Police Station he was duly cautioned and asked if he desired to make any statement. "It was a fair cop," he said, and was eventually committed for trial at Quarter Sessions. It was when the Clerk of the Peace had said, "Habeas Corpus, you are charged for that you on the first day of this month feloniously did steal, take and carry away one pair of boots of the value of seven shillings and sixpence, the property of Archibald Stone. How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?" it was then that Habeas Corpus summed up the whole situation in one priceless remark. "It was," said he, "a fair cop."

Corrected Notice for the Tube.

Present Version. A lift descends to connect with each westbound train.

Suggested New Version. A lift can descend to connect with every other westbound train.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Enthusias' (who has come very early to avoid the crowd). "PRETTY DULL SHOW."
She (from the country). "HORRIDLY! NOTHING TO SEE BUT PICTURES."

THE KIND RED LIONESS.

I WILL admit that my head ached and I looked tired; but I was not so depressed as all that. None the less she thought I was, and being a good soul she did what she could to help me, and since I knew her to be a good soul doing all she could to help me I had to acquiesce.

"Let me bring you something to cheer you up!" she said. "Of course it's lonely staying in a country inn all by yourself. I know it must be. But I've got something that will make you laugh. I'll fetch it in."

I feared the worst as Mrs. Tally hastened away; and I knew the worst when she returned bearing the Visitors' Book.

"There," she said, "I often have a good laugh over that of an evening. Such funny bits there are in it. Some of the gentlemen we get here are such wags. Look at this"—and she placed her fat finger on a drawing of a young man in a straw hat, leaning against the bar while he blew kisses to an enormous figure behind it.

"That's me," she said, pointing to the enormous figure. "I remember that young gentleman so well. He came with two others, on bicycles, and they stayed from Saturday to Monday. So bright they were, and so full of jokes. See what he wrote underneath."

I read: "Dook Snook, Lord Bob, and the Hon. Billy came and saw and were conquered—to-tally!"

"Do you see the joke in that last word?" she inquired. "Rather smart, wasn't it? But they're full of fun, all of them. Here's another amusing one. I remember that gentleman very well. He was always so witty."

I looked and read: "I was sent to the Red Lion by my doctor for change and rest. The waitress got the change, and the hostess the rest."

"Isn't that good?" the Red Lioness inquired.

I said it was. How could I dash this enthusiast's spirit by telling her its age?

"This is a bit of poetry," said my hostess, proceeding to read it:—

"Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like Mrs. Tally,

She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Signed X (BILL BAILEY, his mark).

"He was a jolly young fellow. I wonder what's become of him; he hasn't been here for months. Here's some more poetry:—

"There's nothing like a Lion that's Red
For pleasant food and comfy bed.
I mean to come and stay again,
But now must run and catch my train.

ALGERNON MULL,
296, Broad Walk, Ealing."

"Don't you think it's wonderful to be able to make up poetry"—she called it poetry—"like that?" Mrs. Tally continued. "I do. I've tried, but I never could do anything worth repeating, and as for writing in a Visitors' Book! . . . Don't you agree with me?" she asked.

"Most cordially," I said. "It's a real gift, there's no doubt about it. A gift."

"Yes," she said, "a gift. That's what it is. Here's another funny one," she added.

I read: "The Ten Thirsty Tiddlers visited the old Red Lion for the fifteenth time. Everything A 1 as usual."

"But of course," said Mrs. Tally, "although these are amusing and make the book such good reading, it's the serious compliments we like the best. All comic wouldn't do at all. Some people, indeed, actually dislike it. There were two lady artists here not long ago who asked me to remove the book from the room, as it was so vulgar. Fancy that—'remove the book!' No, it's the serious things that do the most good in the trade, of course. Like this, for instance"—and Mrs. Tally pointed to the following, one after the other:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Flower, of Dunedin, N.Z., spent a week here very pleasantly in July. The cooking was excellent and everything was most comfortable. They hope to return on their next visit to the dear old country."

"Comfortable rooms, good attendance, perfect cooking and the best of landladies. In short, a home from home. H. A. MARTIN, St. Swithin's, Sydenham, S.E."

"My daughter, Mrs. Crawley, and myself have spent a very agreeable week-end here and hope to come again. J. MURRAY PHIPPS."

Member of the Committee of the Royal Musical Society.

"We have received every kindness from Mrs. Tally and her very efficient staff."

MR. AND MRS. J. ARBUTHNOT GILL, Wood Dene, Pinner."

"Well," said Mrs. Tally, "I must go now; but I'll leave the book with you. And there's an earlier volume if you like to see it. It'll cheer you wonderfully, and you'll just die of laughing."

The honest kindly soul! There are moments when one is more ashamed of what is called culture than any one can ever be of ignorance.

POMP.

WHEN Arthur John Robinson, Esquire, was made a borough J.P., and appointed to sit and dispense judgment in a court of summary jurisdiction, he determined to do the thing properly. So, before his first appearance on the bench, he attended all the accessible assize courts and studied with great attention the methods of the Judges of the High Court. Particularly was he impressed with their manner of sentencing convicted murderers, but not so impressed as to doubt that he could do it as well himself, when occasion arose.

The first matter with which he was called upon to deal was a charge of theft, a first offence and not a very ambitious one at that. Bearing himself with great dignity and decorum, he discussed the sentence with the Magistrates' Clerk, and suggested a longish term of penal servitude. But the Clerk, who

knew not only his business but also his limitations, tactfully pointed out that the most that could be done for the prisoner by that court was three months' hard.

The next case was a summons against a father for not sending his child to school, for which offence Robinson, J.P., without consulting anybody, ordered him to be imprisoned in the second division for six months. But the Clerk arose again, and declared in a useful whisper that, though the father deserved every day of his sentence, the law did not permit of his being imprisoned at all. So the sinner was recalled and his sentence commuted by a lenient Bench to a mere fine. "I do not know," said Robinson, J.P., to himself, "which I find more tiresome, the interference of magistrates' clerks or the incompetence of the law. Next time I will have my go."

The next item was a "drunk and disorderly," and the Bench prepared itself to deal with this in its most judicial manner. This time, however, the Clerk was consulted first as to the maximum sentence; which done, the utmost silence was commanded throughout the court and sentence thus delivered:—"Prisoner at the bar, you have committed one of the most serious and most dastardly offences a man may commit. You have been guilty of one of the worst crimes possible against your country, your borough, your family and yourself. Justice must exert, unrelenting, its every effort to suppress you and your abandoned kind, that so the State may be rid of its most dangerous enemy. I sentence you to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

IMMUNITY BADGES.

Owing to somebody's bright idea, a long-suffering section of the community—those generous souls who are inveigled into bazaars—may now breathe again, and continue to do so on and after July 1, when the "Please don't ask" badge is to be introduced at the "Country Fair" in the Botanic Gardens in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. A large bright red disc labelled "Immunity Badge," at a cost of a mere ten shillings, will warn off all stall-holders, bran-pie merchants, and raffle-mongers from the wearer, who will then be enabled to take a dispassionate view of the proceedings, and even have to beg for a cup of tea at the market price from the presiding duchess at the counter.

This brilliant invention might with

advantage be carried a stage further. A laborious and crowded afternoon would be saved if "Absentee Tickets" were issued, say for a guinea, by the purchase of which those who figure on Charity Patrons' lists would be enabled to stay away altogether from any particular Fancy Fair.

By a further extension, stall-keepers might be excused from exhibiting any wares whatever, and, if this privilege were universally and quite reasonably taken up, the whole show could be omitted. This would effect a marked economy in time, temper, postage and printing, while the funds of the approved institution would be proportionately enriched. It would be a matter for skilled actuaries and determined philanthropists to settle between them. In fact the logical deduction seems to be, that bazaars may now be entirely eliminated from the social scheme.

THE GREEN GRASS.

My garden's my pride and my glory,
It gives me employment from dawn,
But the part that is turning me hoary
Is the bald-headed state of the lawn.

With grass I proceeded to sow it
And longed, unsuspectingly blithe,
For the time when I shortly should
mow it
And looked up the price of a scythe.

Though I rolled it, and watered it daily
With tears and the sweat of my brow,
Discomfiture shadowed me greyly,
The grass wouldn't grow *anyhow*.

My dogged endeavours were routed,
My patience was shattered to shreds,
The seed on the lawn never sprouted,
But came up in weeds on the beds.

Then I scattered the seed, growing wary,
Round my bedded-out seedlings at
night,
Convinced that, still being "contrary,"
It would grow on the lawn out of spite.

Not a chance! The bed fostered its
powers,
It grew with an impudent growth
And rooted so strong round the flowers
I had to pull neither or both.

So I think this well-proved information
Should be added to gardener's books
For the amateur's edification:
"Grass isn't as green as it looks!"

Stop Press News in an evening
paper:—

"Vine not 574."

This match must have been going on
for years and years and years.



Host (to Guest who is ruining court by playing in high heels). "I'M SO AFRAID YOU MAY TWIST YOUR ANKLE WITH THOSE HEELS. DO LET MY WIFE LEND YOU A PAIR OF TENNIS-SHOES."

Guest. "Oh, no, THANKS I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT; THE GROUND'S SO SOFT THAT MY HEELS SINK RIGHT IN, AND I GET A SPLENDID FOOthOLD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To the rich and popular *Simon de Gex* life was a comedy at which he looked on with a smile, for all that he was troubled with a little pain inside. One day he consulted a doctor about this pain—after which he realised that even comedies come to an end some time and that this one had only six months more to run. Thereupon he started out to play Providence for the short time that was left to him; very confidently setting himself the task of earning happiness by making others happy. Somehow it did not seem to be as easy as he had expected; he brought only unhappiness to those whom he thought to befriend. So when his time was come, and he realised bitterly that even as a Good Fairy he was a failure, he was glad to die. But Fate denied him even this—he recovered. Then, penniless and friendless, he began again; helping others humbly this time, not in his own way, but in theirs. It was by this means that *Simon the Jester* found happiness. You must read Mr. W. J. LOCKE's story (LANE)—a novel of wit and wisdom and tenderness and understanding. My task, you see, is easier than *Simon's*; I have only to recommend this book to earn my reward.

The Outliers are a forest race, skilled in woodcraft, nomad, and all the better for not being civilized. The Far Folk, though they prefer the bleak hills, are just such another race, equally brave but not quite so honest. The

House-livers (you and I are House-livers) are beneath contempt. Now the Outliers once held The King's Treasure, which the Far Folk wanted very badly. And because the latter wanted it so badly and had been guilty of no little treachery on its behalf in the past, the Outliers determined that they should not have it. So they buried it in a secret place and set as ward over it one of their young maidens, changing the same periodically. As each maiden came off duty, she was made to drink the Cup of Forgetfulness, for even in *Outland* (MURRAY) women are not expert secret-keepers. Over the winning and losing of the Treasure by divers means, not omitting the use of the romantic side of the fair ward's youth, Mr. GORDON STAIRS has contrived a dainty yet exhilarating romance, told in a simple eloquence which becomes an atmosphere so little complex. He would not have had any truck at all with the despicable House-livers, had he seen his way to telling his tale without them. As it is, he only admits one of either sex, and those not too civilized. I suspect him of being a bit of an Outlier himself, from the way in which he bursts into the middle of his delightfully impossible tale, as who should say, "Don't let us bother with houses and reasons and surnames and probabilities and all the other tiresome by-products of polite society." And, when I had got used to doing with quick movement, lots of fresh air and no explanations, I came to wish heartily that I, too, had been born an Outlier.

The book entitled *George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself*, which is published by Messrs. CONSTABLE, with an introduction by Mr. H. G. WELLS, has made me feel

rather proud of myself, because I am certain that I am the only critic who will resist the temptation to describe it as a human document. GEORGE MEEK is a real living man who has pursued many callings with indifferent success. He was a shoeblick, a baker's assistant, a club servant, a political registration agent—to select at random from the list. Finally he became a bath chair-man at Eastbourne. As by-play during many of these occupations he tried his hand at writing, and Mr. WELLS, to whom he applied for advice, seems to have urged him not to worry out schemes of Utopian Socialism, which he was rather inclined to do, but to tell the story of his own life. Mr. WELLS says he thinks he remembers writing something to this effect: "You must know no end of things, and have felt no end of things, I, as a writer, would give my left hand for. Try and set them down." Well, Mr. MEEK has done it, with a good deal of frankness, and the result is undeniably interesting. I have only to express the hope that Mr. WELLS will be satisfied with the written record, and not go bartering one of his hands for a chance of the actual experiences. At any rate I am glad he is not prepared to amputate the hand he writes with.

According to *Maria*, the whole duty of woman is to climb. If you start, as she did, from the dead level of Brixton, and going round by the safe and easy Bayswater Road mount steadily upwards, with your eyes glued on the shining peaks of Park Lane, you may get there or thereabouts in time, provided that you are not overburdened with a sense of humour and have a large enough reserve force of innate vulgarity. Those are the Alpha and Omega of the great gospel of Getting On. Also, you must not be unduly sensitive about the smiles and pin-pricks of your dearest friends and rival mountaineers. In all these respects *Maria* was admirably equipped for the enterprise. The story of her struggles with society and her ultimate triumph (as told by Mrs. JOHN LANE), and her Brixton-cum-Bayswatery views on marriage, wedding-presents, etiquette, charity, art, and all the common objects of the wayside on the well-worn track by which she travelled, makes up a clever and amusing satire. The book is like a composite photograph of all the Marias that ever were; a merciless *exposé* of all the wrinkles and blemishes of their suburban souls. Not one of them has escaped Mrs. LANE's eagle eye. And yet the result is not—what shall I say?—not quite up to *The Champagne Standard* which she set herself. It is a good, sound-bodied, wholesome wine, but, considering that it comes from the cellars of that famous hostelry, The Bodley Head, and bears the Mrs. JOHN LANE label, it seems to me to lack the sparkle and freshness that I should have expected. For Mrs. JOHN LANE has a very pretty wit of her own. But so many people have written about *Maria* before her that, on this occasion only, her remarks and her humour run the risk of appearing to be too obvious.

If you like to search for improbabilities in *The Girl with the Red Hair* (CASSELL) you will find a whole crop of them; but, although I do not believe in MAX PEMBERTON's undergraduates—and least of all in the one who tells the tale—I swallowed their adventures at one sitting. The trouble is that the author (late of Caius) has learnt a lot since his Cambridge days, and meanwhile has forgotten how ignorant a Varsity man can be. But if Mr. PEMBERTON likes to handicap himself by writing as an undergraduate it is no concern of mine; for his business is with intrigues, plots, perils by land and sea, and hair-breadth escapes, and his art is to make us believe the incredible. So when he gets his characters away from Cambridge and shuts them up in an old Swedish castle, I am with him (and them) wholeheartedly. At various times the hero is in danger of being drowned, starved to death, murdered in his bed (no marks for that), and shot, and my only regret is that he had not time to do a little flying. Still, something must be left for the next hero, and in all truth this one did enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for incident. But to enjoy *The Girl with the Red Hair* you must have a good digestion.



Sandy. "DOCTOR, MAN, THERE'S A WEE BIT ERROR I' THIS BILL O' YOURS. YE'VE CHAIRGED ME FOR ADVICE. AH NEVER TUK IT."

When you open your *Printers' Pie* you will find many more than four-and-twenty black-and-white birds (and birds of the gayest plumage, too) ready to sing to you for all they are worth, which is a great deal, though the charge for the whole concert is only a shilling. *Printers' Pie* is, indeed, a dish to set before a king. Mr. *Punch's* compliments to the Chief Baker, Mr. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE, and may he sit in his counting-house counting up great masses of shekels on behalf of the *Printers' Pension*, in whose good cause he has done this labour of love and loyalty.

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald* :—

"Sir,—It may be interesting to you to learn that there, at the Faroe Islands, which belong to Denmark, and every day among others are visited by numbers of British trawlers, has been for some weeks, and still are, two German men-of-war practising gun shooting, etc., at one of the best harbours in the Faroe Islands, Vestmanhavn called, where the crew has leave to go ashore, and where the officers at the same time are taking up measurements of the harbour and coast near by. *What this means is not known.*"

Still, the writer must have had some idea in his head when he began. (N.B. The italics are still ours.)

Graphic Description.

From a feuilleton by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON :—

"Always the walls were blank, save for a deep-set, nail-studded door, black as a big splash of ink, or a window no bigger than a square dark hole."

Four, as we did, a bottle of ink over a sheet of white paper and you will get the idea of the walls at once. For the other effect, take an ordinary board, and cut out a square hole with a fretsaw; this will give you a rough impression of the size of the window.

THE HERO-WORSHIPPER.

It was Saturday night in a train from Baker Street to Aylesbury, and the carriage was so full that since we had to incommode each other seriously we all felt we had the right to talk.

"You wouldn't guess what I've been doing," said the man who was pressed against me on the left. "I don't look like a first-class cricketer, do I? But in a manner of speaking I am. I've been fielding in the Middlesex and Yorkshire match. I've been

going to send him something on his birthday, just for fun.

"He was missed once by a substitute fielding for LITTLEJOHN. If it had been held Middlesex would have won, or, at any rate, not lost. But the fieldsman dropped it. I don't know who he was; but I heard from someone afterwards what HIRST said. 'Poor lad,' that's what he said, 'I wish he had caught me; he must feel bad.' That's the way to play cricket. That's a man, that is.

"Look here," he went on, extricating with infinite contortions a tin box

the match might have been drawn, and all HIRST's magnificent effort in vain!"

"So it was really you who won the match," I said pleasantly.

"Oh, no," he replied; "I shouldn't say that. Of course not. It was HIRST's match. But another man might have thrown those boundaries back crooked, and then where would they have been? So I had a hand in it.

"Well," he said, "I'll never forget it, never. It's my first real county match. Good night!"



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE JESTER.

throwing back the ball after some of HIRST's boundaries. He sent about ten in my direction, and I was always the first to hop up and get them. I wouldn't have missed it for pounds.

"See here," and he showed me a very dirty hand. "I'm wondering whether I'll wash it till Monday. I should like the boys to see it, and I shan't have a chance to show it to all of them till to-morrow night.

"He's a champion," he went on, "HIRST is. I waited to see him afterwards. He's grey, you know. Limped, too. And I don't wonder—137 in that sun, with everything against him. Just think of that—137! And he's thirty-eight years old. I looked it up. He was born on September 7, 1871. I'm

from his pocket; "that's his toffee. HIRST's toffee. A penny. They sell it all over the ground. I shall keep that tin as long as I keep anything. A souvenir, don't you know. Every time I look at it I shall remember that wonderful match and how I fielded and threw back his boundaries. They hurt too, some of them! He can hit. Why, he can't be more than five foot six, and thirty-eight, too! Marvellous.

"I threw them back quickly, I can tell you. Didn't waste any time. Every minute, every second, was important. Why, do you know there were only twenty seconds to spare when the winning hit was made? So you see, if I'd fumbled those returns

"The two sides of the square were taken up by the men's tents, the end facing the officers' quarters being the gun park, and down the centre the officers not at work were tethered to pegs, contentedly browsing at the heaps of hay."—*Grimsby Daily News*:

We always thought they hushed this sort of thing up.

"Bowell was smartly stumped before a run had been scored. Perrin joined Bowell, and runs came freely."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Probably they had a game of stump cricket in the dressing-room.

"Trought caught in a Heavy Thunderstorm" is the heading of a letter to *The Fishing Gazette*. We are afraid they must have got a bad wetting.

WHERE'S WHERE?

OR, GUIDES TO BEAUTY SPOTS.

It was just a fortnight ago, with barely two clear months in which to make up his mind, that my friend Raoul Trencham, of His Majesty's Civil Service, began to wonder where he was to spend his summer holidays. He is not easily satisfied. He wants a spot at once warm and bracing, in the neighbourhood of at least two golf courses, and preferably near the sea, for he likes his sand-bunkers to be the work of Nature; yet not too near, for ozone is unsympathetic to his digestion. He also hankers after inland woods and pastures, with a trout stream; and, at the same time, his heart is in the Welsh Highlands. The North appeals to his nerves; the South calls him with the call of the blood. He has a preference for privacy; yet he likes to see the Pageant of Life (as he puts it) passing before him.

You will guess the chaotic condition of his mind, when I say that he tells me he has been resorting to the study, on railway platforms, of pictorial advertisements of Beauty Spots, although he has a sensitive nature, quickly offended by crudity of form or colour.

The first to arrest his notice was a poster of Messrs. Cook, who offered to take him anywhere on a magic carpet. But he disliked the look of the people with whom he would be expected to share the carpet, some of them being dressed in the very loudest taste; and he also took exception to the moustaches of the genie.

He was at first rather drawn to a Swiss summer scene, but the only man in the picture wore a sort of semi-hunting kit, and Trencham makes it a rule never to ride to hounds in the Alps during August.

A trip on a Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd's Weekly might have had attractions for him, but he did not care for the colour of the tea which the hatchet-faced gentleman in the deck-chair was pouring out; and the slabs of bread-and-butter had a repellent aspect. The girl with the sad sea eyes wouldn't touch them.

The Kyles of Bute, again, were out of the question, for the steamer was nearly the same size as the islands, and seemed almost certain to get jammed in the narrows which abound in that neighbourhood.

The Norfolk Broads, on the other hand, were more roomy, but the moon in those parts is far too big and yellow. Yellow does not go with Mrs. Trencham's complexion.

From a distance his heart was moved by the portrait of a nice bright Irish girl, clearly anxious to give him a welcome. But when he drew closer he found that she was saying "Come back to Erin." Now, Trencham tells me he has never been to Erin, so he cannot go back there. If he went he would be deceiving the poor girl; and he would find that all the other visitors were old hands—since nobody is ever asked to go there for the first time.

He was very disappointed with the Golf Resorts. A Lincolnshire Spa offered him Salt Bromo-Iodine Waters, and this was a great temptation, for there is no brand of casual water that is more stimulating to the rubber-core; but he shrank from the girl in the bunker who was playing with her eye on her caddie instead of on the ball. This meant wild work, and if you are going to be knocked over on a golf-course it doesn't help you much to know that you have been hit in the "heart of TENNYSON'S country."

At Bridge of Allan you also get mineral waters; but there is a woman there with a bright blue skirt and scarlet coat (always a combination that is obnoxious to Trencham) who carries a driver with a head partly of wood, partly of iron. My friend has no club of that description and he does not care to be out of touch with local sentiment. He

also had his doubts about the quality of the climate; for the legs of the young man in attendance went with rather a trailing movement.

At Boscastle he did not like the way in which fishing-tackle was left lying about the links. Otherwise he might have been persuaded by a printed quotation from Sir HENRY IRVING in favour of this spot. Trencham often admired Sir HENRY in tragedy.

Among popular watering-places Southsea was not to be thought of, if it contained any more women in yellow like the one in the seascape. Trencham tells me that he much preferred another woman in yellow that sits on a terrace near Harrogate, though the wreath of pink roses which she wears in place of a picture hat would have been better in the same nuance as her gown. But Harrogate, he says, has a choice of eighty different mineral waters, and this, to a man of Trencham's indecisive character, would have proved insufferable.

At Swanage he found the children far too noisy and united. No fewer than five of them were holding hands as they raced along the shore in an ecstasy of glee. Trencham, though a family man, is easily oppressed by excessive happiness in the very young.

Tunbridge Wells seems to have a good hotel; but the Cambridge Blue who shares the garden seat with a lady friend is clearly better placed than the solitary Oxford Blue in the background; and Trencham is a loyal son of Isis.

At Ryde the fatal feature was a mermaid. Strangely supercilious for so indifferent a figure, it was not only her contour that distressed my friend. Ever since he first read *The Forsaken Mermaid* of MATTHEW ARNOLD, he has steadily set his face against the female of that species.

And this reminds me that, in addition to his artistic sensitiveness (the gaudy colours of the people who punt at Staines nearly made him riversick), Trencham has a nice literary feeling, not less quick to take offence. Thus, he was hurt when he came to look at the little bathing boy who is being retrieved from the surf at Sunny Clacton by a paddling lady. It was not the harmless title—"A Morning Dip"—that annoyed him; it was the inverted commas. Trencham is very severe upon superfluous inverted commas.

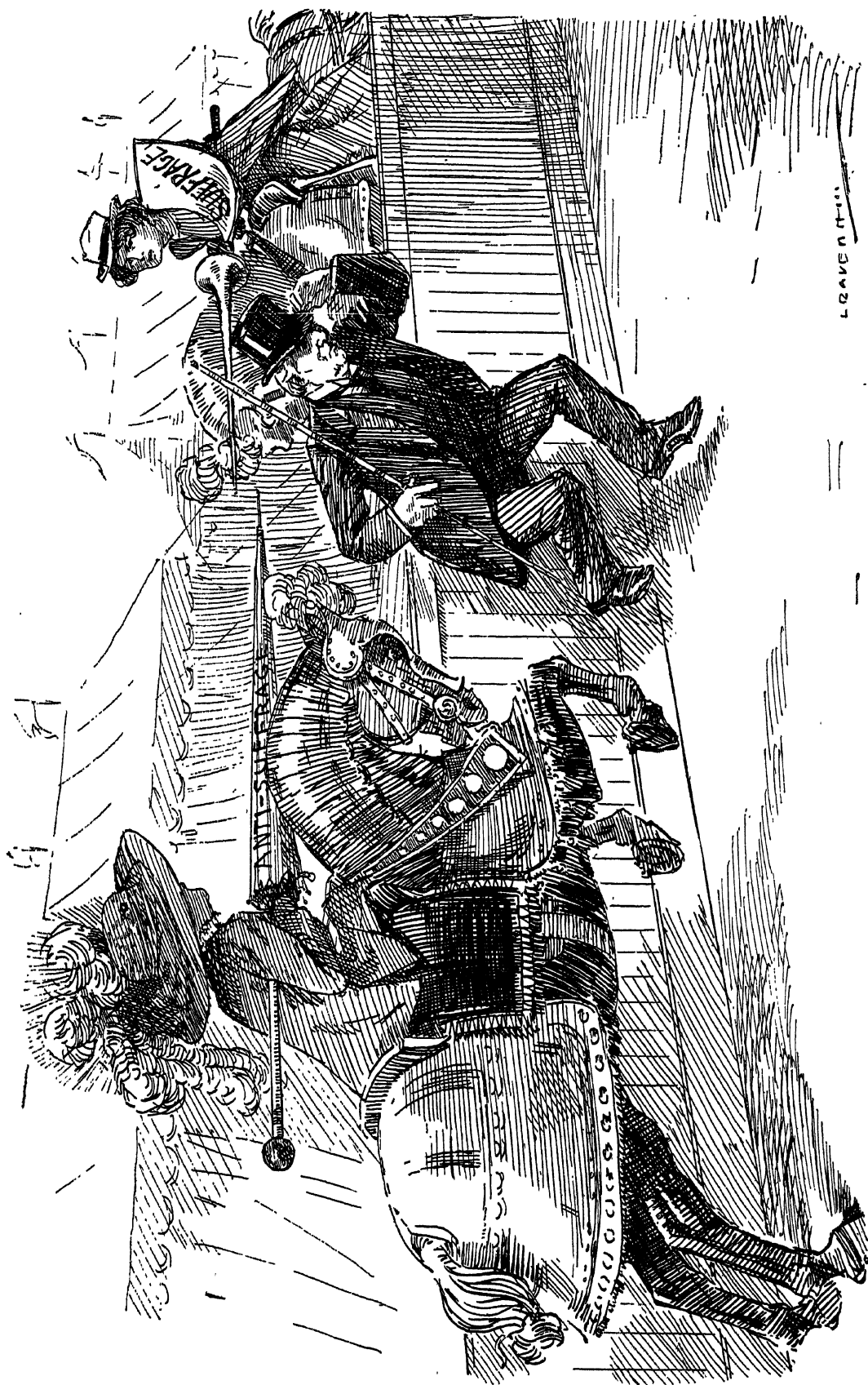
Nor was he better pleased with "Bright, breezy, bracing, beautiful Bexhill." He told me that he thought that this example of alliteration was wanting in subtlety. True art, he said, should conceal itself.

On the other hand, the picture of the three rabbits on the Underground (only one of them is really underground; the other two are sitting out in the open) appealed to both his sporting and literary tastes. He was particularly pleased with the legend, that ran thus: "Fresh woods and pastures new." He tells me it is the first time he has ever seen this passage quoted correctly.

My friend saw a great number of studies of trains going at full steam, but got little inspiration from them. After all, as he rightly said, they are the means rather than the end. There was one that showed the footboard of a Great Central engine with the stoker stoking; but—and I can well understand this attitude—Trencham always prefers to travel in an ordinary compartment.

At present his mind still remains open. Two advertisements have impressed him favourably. One is of a washing-establishment in the suburbs, where two very lovable laundresses pass across a nice green field. He would rather like to stay there. He says you might almost call a laundry a watering-place, and he doesn't mind whether they use bromo-iodine or not. The other is of the Japan-British Exhibition; and there is some talk of his taking a furnished house in Shepherd's Bush for the month of August.

O. S.



THE LADIES' PAGEANT.

MR. ASQUITH. "THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE consider that Mr. JOHN BURNS has been unfairly chaffed for accepting a salary of £5,000 a year after stating that no man is worth more than £500. In making that statement he expressed no opinion as to what a superman might be worth.

We were not sorry to see Mr. BYLES, M.P., protesting against the upward tendency of Ministerial salaries. It almost looks as if he had resigned himself to the prospect of an unofficial career.

"Tory" writes that the general opinion about the Conference seems to be that the rank and file of the Liberal Party will never submit to a compromise. We have corrected "Tory's" spelling; "rank and file" should not be spelt with a v.

With reference to the hint that, in the event of the Government making any concession, Mr. REDMOND will kick the Government out, we suspect that the boot to be used for this operation is merely a shop-window boot. *Vide* "Boot Trade Tricks," in the Press.

Mr. ASQUITH, it is realised, displayed considerable wisdom in arranging to see the Suffragists and the Anti-Suffragists on the same afternoon. That no attempt to kidnap the PREMIER was made by the former is said to have been due to the knowledge that there was a powerful force of the latter within call.

The members of the Société d'Economie Politique de Belgique, upon the occasion of their visit last week to this country, were shown the grave of COBDEN, their hosts being members of the National Liberal Club. This is the first time that the National Liberal Club has admitted that COBDEN is dead.

Mr. CHURCHILL has explained that the young man who was reported to have been fined £1 for using the word "Damn" really made a stronger remark. While the actual expression has not transpired, we understand that it was really something of a bargain for £1.

From Geneva comes the news that a Swiss *cure* has forbidden members of

his congregation to wear open work blouses during service in the church. We are not surprised at this. Open work on the day of rest is peculiarly unseemly.

"For the present it is the German Emperor who stands at the head of the family of monarchs," says *Asahi* of Tokio. "There is no question as to the peaceful intentions of the KAISER, but in him the new King of GREAT BRITAIN will find a strong competitor in his work for the maintenance of the peace of the world." Well, let



LIFE'S EMBARRASMENTS.

DISGUSTING POLITENESS OF SHORT-SIGHTED INDIVIDUAL WHO WILL RESTORE DROPPED 'BUS TICKET UNDER THE DUCHESS'S VERY EYES.

us hope there will be no fighting about it.

The swing of the pendulum? The other day everyone was talking about the rise in the price of meat, and now from CHRISTIE'S comes the news that WEBSTER'S "Roast Pig," which fetched £3,727 10s. in 1872, has been sold for £262 10s.

Madame de TIÉBES, the Paris "prophetess," has informed a representative of *The Daily Mail* that she has destroyed the influence of the pig as a luck-bringer, and that the elephant is now the real mascot. Superstitious ladies, it is said, are already having their boudoirs enlarged to take the new pet.

The Regent Street Polytechnic's steamer *Viking* met with what might have been a nasty accident last week when she ran aground in Geiranger Fjord, near Bergen. The two hundred passengers, who betrayed no panic, were having breakfast at the time, and it is thought that, if the impact had been a little harder, some of their coffee would have been spilt.

Some remarkable incidents were reported during the recent heat wave, the strangest being the case of a house in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, which suddenly fainted.

Of interest to botanists:—"Cricket," *The Sunday Chronicle* informs us, "is, like the camelia, constantly changing."

Interviewed on the subject of the new coinage which he has been commissioned to design, Mr. MACKENNAI stated, "I cannot at present give any indication of the form the coinage will take." A little bird tells us, however, that their shape will almost certainly be round. In any case they are sure to be much sought after by art-lovers, and others.

MORE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"The French Ministry of Public Instruction has conferred the Order of Les Palmes Académiques on 'Little Tich.' The Order was instituted by Napoleon in 1808, and is conferred on literary men, scientists and all who advance education."

The Daily Express.

Le bon p'tit Tich
Is free to stitch
Upon his chest a decoration;
'Twas ever so
That prophets owe
Their honours to another nation.

"Half a loaf is not only better than no bread, but it is often more easily obtained."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

We cannot agree. Possibly a music-hall comedian of inferior talent may have bread hurled at him, but the rest of us can always escape it.

Sidelights on Tyldesley.

"J. T. TYLDESLEY'S THOUSAND RUNS.
(Specially compiled for *The Sportsman*)."

JOHNNY, how thoughtful of you!

"J. Tyldesley left soon after being caught at the wicket for a patient innings of 69."

Evening News.

He should have left at once—even if he wasn't satisfied with the decision.



Physician. "AND WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A DOCTOR, JACK?"

Mother (while Jack is still hesitating). "No, no! THE DEAR BOY COULDN'T KILL A FLY!"

TO WILLIAM (A TRAMP).

[The Evening Standard considers that the ordinary tramp is not worthy of his surroundings. He is not an artist. He has a soul which is not at one with Nature.]

WILLIAM (and shall I also dub you Weary,
As do those artists who are weekly hired
To limn you mated with a Bill that's Beery,
Or with a Tim alliteratively Tired?) —

William, I say, the mug of your misconduct
Is filling up at an alarming rate;
Whipped at the post, or in the village pond ducked,
You'd still have one offence to expiate.

We knew already how you fostered habits
Which honest folk consistently forswear,
Disdaining not to help yourself to rabbits
And other wildfowl which belonged elsewhere.

We knew that all the livelong day you pitted
Your wits against the law; and had no doubt
That in the night you brazenly committed
The last and greatest sin of "sleeping out."

But, having passed the usual moral stricture,
We might have schooled our judgment to condone
If only you had kept within the picture
And harmonised your tints to Nature's own.

Your clothes, for instance; where's the touch artistic
In what you call by courtesy a "frock"?
Could anything be more antagonistic
To picturesqueness than your billycock?

Your customs, also, show you do not follow
The worship of the Beauty which is Truth;
No woodland herbs fill your recurrent hollow,
But salvaged mutton that has lost its youth.

And when the pangs of thirst assail your throttle
No crystal fountain serves for your carouse;
You soil the landscape with a blatant bottle
Filled at the last-encountered public-house.

In fact, friend William, it's beyond denial,
And amply proved by other pens than mine
(See the above quotation), that on trial
You stand condemned both rogue and Philistine—

As out of tune amid the country's graces
As those egregious advertising bills
Which noise abroad, in ill-considered places,
The benefits of Someone's Liver Pills.

"For sale, fried-fish restaurant fittings; also kilt, plaid, no tops, and sporran, new; patent pump and cycle lamp, 5 pairs boys' trousers, new; a Planchete; double Albert, stamped on every link, silver."
—Exchange and Mart.

He must have been clearing up his study.

THE PAY'S THE THING.

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I am sorry to hear you are on your beam-ends again. There's no doubt about it: publishers are a hard-hearted race and editors are no better. Between them they manage to clap an extinguisher on any spark of genius that may be doing its little best to twinkle and keep alive. The publishers return your novels, the editors send back your articles, and there's no appeal against their infamous and immoral decisions. Your only satisfaction, not a very nourishing one, is to read the novels and articles that are actually printed and published, and to realise that your own were a thousand million times more brilliant and deserving. To praise yourself by comparison and to go on starving appears to be all that is left to you.

You say you've tried everything from a golf-novel up to a historical essay on handkerchiefs. I've watched your career pretty closely, and I'm sure there's one field of literary endeavour in which you have not yet set your plough. I propose to recommend it to you. I know you won't like it at first. You'll put forward all kinds of pleas about good taste and decent reticence and honourable abstention from malicious tittle-tattle and that sort of thing. Pooh, my dear boy, pooh! Are you going to sacrifice the certainty of seeing yourself in print and receiving fat cheques to such silly, old-fashioned, exploded, early-Victorian scruples? You can't afford to do it, and when you've looked at the business in an enlightened way you'll see clearly that no sentimentalism must be allowed to stand between you and your income.

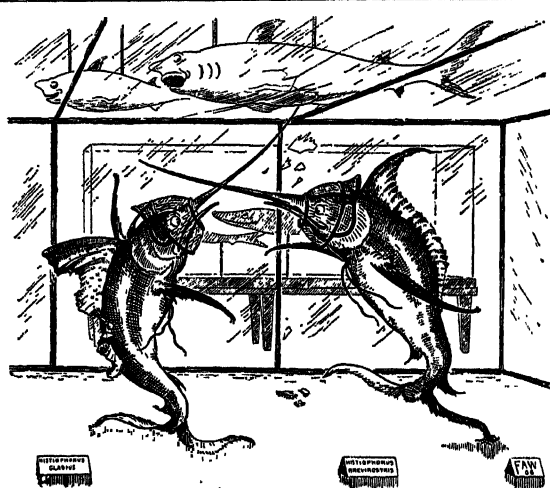
Here's my suggestion, based on the reasonable assumption that there is a section of the public, depraved, you may say, but still considerable in number, which desires to have its palates tickled by brisk gossip about the private lives of distinguished people, chiefly about such *liaisons* and immoralities as may have been attributed to them. I advise you to select your distinguished people from foreigners who are dead. Tales about living Englishmen and Englishwomen would, of course, be very spicy and interesting, but libel actions and big sticks have to be taken into account, and, for the present at any rate, I advise you to abstain from your fellow-subjects. Foreigners don't matter. The essence of their being is that they have no real homes, that they hold family ties in abhorrence, make a practice of breaking the seventh commandment (of which they have never heard), and are altogether fit subjects for the virtuous indignation of any true-hearted and domestic English writer who may be minded to expose their alleged frailties in a monthly review or in book form.

Your best plan will be to begin in what I may call a general way. You might start, for instance, with *The Love Affairs of the French Queens*, and proceed, after an interval of six months or so, to trounce *The Indiscretions of the Archduchesses*. This you might follow up with *The Peccadillos of the German Poets*, devoting the greater part of the volume to GOETHE. For your style I recommend a mixture

of tolerant contempt with occasional moral reproof. You will not exactly preach. To do that might alienate your readers. But you will show them, as it were incidentally, how un-English all these amatory adventures are, how poor and weak a thing is a French queen or a German poet, and what a high moral purpose you have had in showing them up under the cold light of the English language written by a master.

Finally, you may set to work on something more intimate but not less attractive. Write in brief the life-story of some celebrated foreign literary man. Show how, after having been buffeted by fortune, he at last found a refuge and a home in a family not his own and lived with them during the remainder of his life. Explain how, according to you, this association, far from having made him happy, actually dragged him down, seeing that he and the lady of the house in which he lived were, in all human probability, not merely friends, but lovers. The fact that the lady has recently died full of years and honours, that her children survive and may be pained by this attack upon her memory, that friends who

loved and respected her may resent it—none of these trivial considerations must be permitted to interfere with your design. Be cold and lofty, logical, convincing and denunciatory. Remember that where you cannot prove you can always hint, and be sure that you will be rewarded by the approval of your editor and the interest of your readers—not to speak of the extra capital that you will be able to add to your store. Your article will be picked out by the critics as being "both entertaining and instructive," and all fear of a future of penury will be removed from you. There you have my suggestion. Try it at once, and you will live (in luxury) to bless me for having made it.



A SUGGESTION FOR NEXT YEAR'S NAVAL TOURNAMENT.

Lives of the Lowly, by Themselves.

Under this general heading we understand that a series of Autobiographies of the Obscure is to be published, with prefaces by the Well-known, on the model of that recent publication, *George Meek, Bath Chair-man, By Himself*, to which Mr. H. G. WELLS contributed an Introduction. From the preliminary announcement we extract the following titles:—

A Rabelais of the Rank. By John Mild, Four-Wheel-Cabman, with an Introduction of 90 pp. by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

From Potman to Publican. By William Neat, with a preliminary Panegyric by HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.

Confessions of a Young Man about Town (Kentish). Prefaced by other Confessions from the Note Book of Mr. GEORGE MOORE.

Fifty Years in the Maze. Revelations of a Hampton Court Attendant. Foreword by Mr. HENRY JAMES.

The Plain Tale of a Rural Tragédienne. By Sarah Nogood, with Critical Survey by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

In the Service of the Smart Set. By a Tweenie, with Appreciation by Father VAUGHAN.

"The prisoner said he was driving a friend in the car on this occasion without the knowledge of his mater."—*Daily News*.
Naughty boy.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.
—Great thing this hot weather to have in charge of Bill a Minister of artistic temperament. Such is EDWARD STRACHEY. Natural gift displayed to-night in manner equally striking and pleasing. Order of the day, Vote on Account. Debate arises on conduct of Board of Agriculture. Hottest day of the year. Outside, sun registers 122 degrees. With Amaryllis in the shade it is 81 degrees. Attendance moderate. PRINCE ARTHUR in retirement, meditating on possibilities and probabilities of Conference.

Questions sleepily put fail to stir emotion. ADMIRAL BURGONE afloat again; cruises round unresponsive MCKENNA. Fires occasional shot by way of question. BOTTOMLEY makes ghastly disclosure of foundation of the daily *menu* of the Salvation Army Shelter at Blackfriars. BARNSTON calls aloud upon Government to "deal in determined manner" with the proclivities of our neighbours in Holland who sell their cheese as prime Cheshire. 'Tis CANNING'S verse, with variation:—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is to palm off as Cheshire a compound called
Kutch.

Mr. WING, fluttering over the North Sea, suggests that the Dogger Banks shall be re-stocked with fish.

"And torpedo-boats," honourable Member below Gangway suggests.

F. E. SMITH, producing bulky brief, discourses learnedly on home supplies of beef and veal, tripe and trotters. Draws gloomy picture of diminishing stock of frozen beef.

"Where," he asks, in voice whose genuine emotion touched the House, "is the chilled chine of yesteryear?"

This brings EDWARD STRACHEY to front as representative of Board of Agriculture. House in almost comatose state. Yearning for leafy lanes or cool sea breezes. Momentarily bucks up at sight of Minister.

"Mr. WHITLEY," STRACHEY said, addressing DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, presiding in absence of Mr. EMMOTT, who has gone a-hay-making in Ennismore Gardens, "with the permission of the Committee I will now trace the history of foot and mouth disease in this



THE PENALTIES OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Sir Edward Strachey prepares to give the entire history of foot and mouth disease, swine fever, etc.



STRANGE FISH FROM GRIMSBY.

The somewhat substantial Shade of Sir George Doughty (commenting on Mr. Wing). "Great Grimsby! It's horrible to see him representing the Dogger Bank in my place!"

country since 1839, in which year it was detected."

And he did. At a quarter-past eight debate stood adjourned, the few Members who survived being gently led forth and laid out to cool on the Terrace.

Business done.—Vote on Account discussed.

Tuesday.—Nice question, suddenly sprung on House, varied debate on Regency Bill and the Census. Is a man who, whilst riding a bicycle, is run over by a vehicle, with the result that his right ear is nearly torn off, his collar-bone broken, his legs badly bruised—is such an one within his right as a free-born citizen in remarking "Damn"?

It appears that, case being submitted to Ivybridge Sessions, magistrates ruled in the negative, adding a fine of one pound and costs to damages already sustained by the bruised bicyclist. It was MARKHAM who propounded question, addressing it to HOME SECRETARY. WINSTON, whose watchful eye sleepeth nor day nor night, had not overlooked the case; had indeed devoted to it prolonged consideration. Came to conclusion that the judgment should not be disturbed. Pressed for reasons, darkly hinted that there was more in the observations of the bicyclist than met the eye in the newspaper report.

Decision not universally acceptable.

Obviously the matter has wider range than is defined in question. There are golf links as well as king's highways. Temptation to expletive is, in certain circumstances, common to both. Cannot be one law for the battered bicyclist and another for the bunkered golfer.

Two leading cases may be cited. That of Mr. Chucks, the bo'sun with whom *Peter Simple* sailed. He, it will be remembered, conscious of infirmity in direction rebuked by the Ivybridge magistrates, gave a pleasing turn to expletive. "Bless your eyes and ears, you attractive son of a worthy widow," was with him an engaging form of remonstrance addressed to any of the crew who temporarily failed in discharge of duty.

A more modern instance is that of Lord MILNER, who, calculating possible result of the Lords throwing out Budget Bill, emphasised his patriotic contempt for the

consequences by use of the very word alleged to have wheezed through the broken collar-bone of the prostrate cyclist. There is no record of his Lordship being mulcted in fine and costs.

Question full of difficulties. Perhaps a Conference between the two Houses would be most convenient method of solving it. Viscount St. ALDWYN might represent the Peers.

Business done.—Regency Bill read second time. In Committee on Census Bill.

Thursday, June 23.—Attempts to draw PREMIER on subject of Conference, rife at beginning of week, now intermitted. ASQUITH much less easy to draw than is a middle-aged badger.

Old stagers recall GLADSTONE'S manner when, for State reasons, mum was the word. Posed by awkward questions he briskly approached Table and answered "my honourable friend below the Gangway" or "the right honourable gentleman opposite" with bewildering mass of detail. So anxious was he that the honest searcher after truth should be satisfied that he prolonged explanation beyond customary limits. His sentences were interminably lengthened by qualifications, definitions and hypotheses. Effect heightened by his courteous bearing, his almost passionate desire that nothing should be hidden.

When at end of five or six minutes he resumed his seat the mind of hapless enquirer was in such bewildered state that he was incapable of framing on spur of the moment a Supplementary Question. When, after gasping for breath, he had constructed a formula more or less suitable to the occasion, next Question on paper was called and his opportunity had sped.

ASQUITH says nothing in quite different fashion. When inquiring minds like those which animate the manly framework of DALZIEL or WEDGWOOD place on paper elaborate questions designed to pierce the secrets of the shuttered Conference room he in a sentence effectually waves them off. In addition to saving public time the stern brevity of reply is disheartening. There has been elaborate preparation of the trap, bold advertisement in all the morning papers, strained attention of crowded House as it is solemnly set and laid in full view of the innocent-looking



A BADGER THAT WEDGWOOD AND DALZIEL WILL NEVER DRAW IN THIS WORLD!

mouse on Treasury Bench. In due time mouse approaches, sniffs at the trap with chilling indifference, and passes on unhurt.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—The dolour in which House is steeped by peculiar political circumstances of the hour has been deepened by a privation slight in itself, but portentous in an assembly to whom



THE JOYS OF IRRESPONSIBILITY.

"The manly framework of Dalziel" doing his level best to capsize the Conference.

old traditions are dear. For more sessions than man remembers the Parliamentary scene has been lighted up by the glow of MARK LOCKWOOD'S carnation. Owing in considerable measure to MACAULAY, the white plume of HENRY OF NAVARRE is a prominent feature in reminiscence of fights and forays. The carnation in our Colonel's buttonhole, though its record is more modest, is ever equally prominent. Whatever Party be in power, whatever be the shortcomings and iniquities of hon. gentlemen on benches opposite, there is the carnation, blushing upon the just and the unjust.

With varied emotion Members remark that it has not been seen since sittings were resumed at close of Spring Recess. The first hurried rumour attributed omission to the Budget. It was said that, with super-tax staring him in the face, MARK LOCKWOOD could not be expected to go on cultivating carnations that bloom not only in the Spring but the year through. *Item*, there was cost of postage for their delivery in town every morning through Parliamentary session.

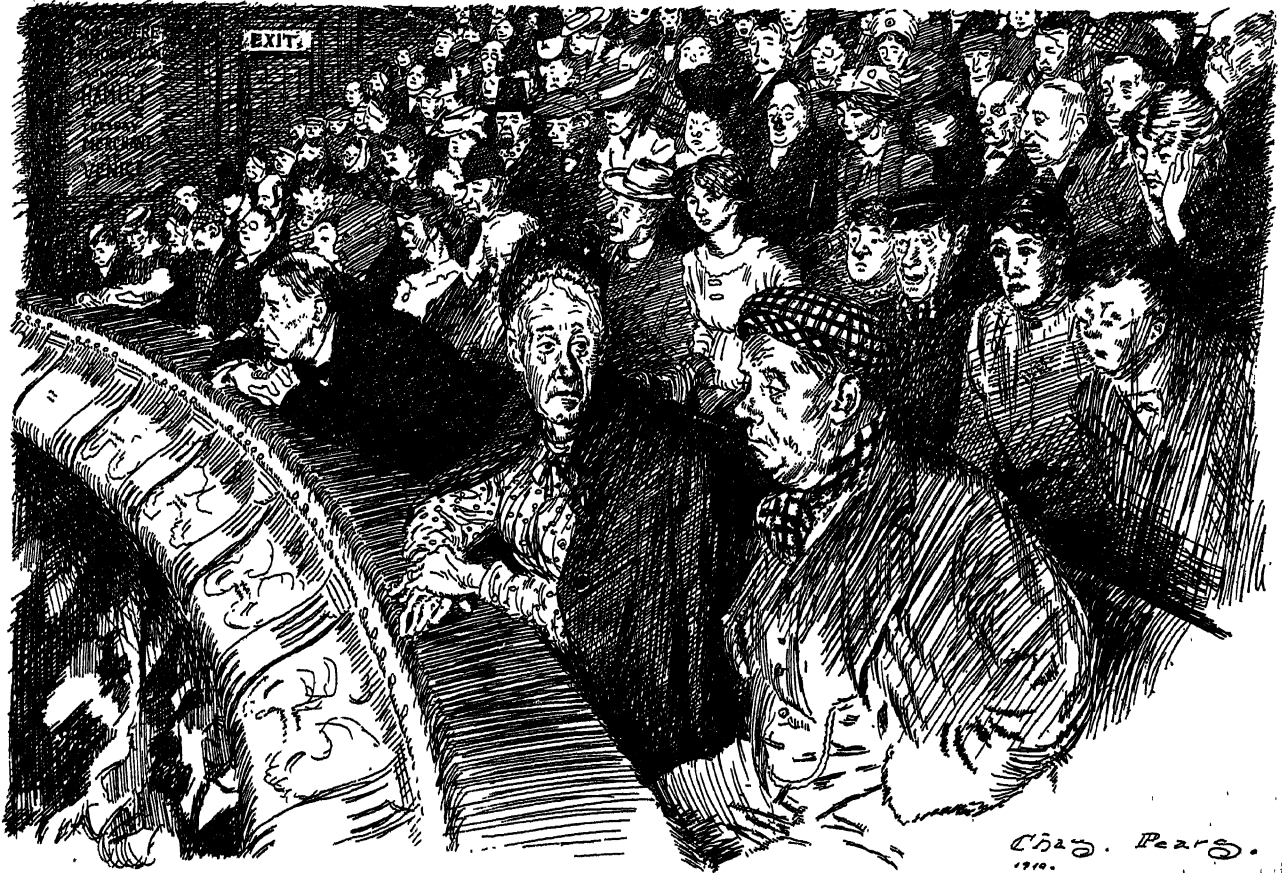
That a reasonable inference, adding heavily to crushing responsibilities of LLOYD GEORGE. Nevertheless it was on wrong tack. Simple explanation accounts for everything. We are still in state of mourning. In such case flowers are not permissible. So MARK goes about the Lobbies and sits in the House sans the illumination of his customary favour.

At first sight hardly knew him. Recognition comes with glance at the hat thrown back on head, deftly held at perilous angle that no pork-pie-capped messenger-boy dare attempt.

Business done.—Census Bill through Committee.

An Echo of the Army Pageant Rehearsals.

Sergeant. "Company, 'tention! You are ancient Britons. You will strip in tent nine, and put on anything you may be given—(reading orders)—'You will enter the scene tumultuously and gambol on the sward. Engage in ball play, axe play, stick play, club play. Now is heard in music the first clang of metal and the soft note of bronze. You will seize the women, hooking the adversary's Amazons by the hair and pulling them over to the winners' side.' Them's your orders, and don't forget you're on parade!"



Old Lady (turning to neighbour, during last Act of tragedy). "EH, MISTER, BUT THEM 'AMLETS' 'AD A DEAL O' TROUBLE IN THEIR FAMILY!"

VAE VICTRICIBUS.

(To a Militant.)

[According to the opinion of its own leaders and several of the daily papers the size and seriousness of the last Suffragette demonstration indicate a speedy victory for the cause.]

WHEN I perpend on that display
Of purple, white and green,
The banners and the trumpets' bray,
The shouting and the sheen,
I cannot help it, lady mine,
These optics are suffused with brine
In memory of the days divine,
The dawns that once have been.

Not that I hanker, Clara dear,
To hold your sex in chain;
Out on the churl that did not cheer
That iris-bearing train!
The warriors' dress, the drums
athrob,
The *tout ensemble* of the job—
They tear from me the heartfelt sob,
Because—well, I'll explain.

What if our Government should bow
At last before the gale?
Are we to lose the pavement row,
The padlocks and the rail?
The peeler with dishevelled coat,
The spectacles whereon we dote,
All for a tup'ny hap'ny vote,
A toy too apt to stale?

Can you suppose the Right to Plump
For men—mere men and blind—
Has half the glory of a clump
Fair in a copper's wind?
That polling days produce such fun
As landing WINSTON CHURCHILL
one,
Or making pallid Premiers run
Fleet as a mountain hind?

No, when you've won your Suffrage
game
And doffed the martyr's gown,
Soon as the vote is yours, how tame,
How trite will seem the town!
The butterfly, more blest in this,
Returns not to its chrysalis,—
But you, my Clara, how you'll
miss
That rainbow-tinted gown! EVOE.

THE PETS OF THE MIGHTY.

["I am the owner of a very long-backed Aberdeen terrier."—MR. COULSON KERNAHAN in *Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest*.]

THIS interesting revelation from the pen of the gifted author of *Wise Men and a Fool* has prompted us to make inquiries as to the animals possessed by other illustrious public characters. The results of our investigations we now hasten to lay before our readers.

The Editor of *The Spectator* (Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY) possesses a fine private menagerie, which contains, amongst other specimens, forty-three Persian cats, twenty white mice, ten veteran Surrey fowls, thirteen macaws, two marmosets, two semi-Bombay ducks, one stuffed albatross, four jerboas, and a Mexican mastiff, all of which are fed exclusively on Quaker cocoa.

The POET-LAUREATE has a trained canary which drinks nothing but sack.

MR. BERNARD SHAW has a lowbacked Dachshund which he calls "Barker."

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER is the proud possessor of a magnificent St. Bernard, which he calls "Shaw."

SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE's inseparable companion is a humorous Great Dane, which he has aptly christened "Hamlet."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has a winsome Welsh rabbit, which he has wittily named "Super-tax." His motor-car, we may add, is called "Super-taxi."

MR. BRAM STOKER has a tame buffalo with a cupola-shaped head, which answers to the name of "Oliver."

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR has a double-breasted Fountain Penguin which takes sardines from its master's hand and is called "Brian Boru."



RUSTIC YORKSHIRE TAKES THE FIELD.

The Captain. "THOU TAKS FIRST OVER, CROFT, AND THOU STUMPS, BLACKSMITH, AND T'OTHERS SPREAD YERSENS ABOUT I' LOIKELY SPOTS."

"GENTLY, POTTER, GENTLY, PRAY!"

[Mr. Thomas Hardy has approved the production of a series of Dorset ware illustrating his novels. The various designs, including a sketch portrait of *Tess*, were provided by Mr. Hardy himself who wrote several couplets. Beneath a line drawing of *Tess* are the words—

"No girl in Wessex rivalled Tess
In beauty, charm, and tenderness."

The Times]

OTHER novelists and public persons have not been long in following suit, and an enormous output of ornamental pottery may be expected. Among the new series in a forward stage of completion is a delightful set of Manx Mannikins from the famous Greeba red clay, depicting the better known characters in the charming stories of Mr. HALL CAINE. Each bears a couplet hot from the massive brain. Thus, under *John Storm* we read:—

"I win lost souls from deepest Hell;
Millions of readers love me well."

And under *Glory Quayle*:—

"Bewitching, candid, noble, free:
Not Shakespeare's self drew such as she."

From Stratford-on-Avon, which is already the home of statuettes and

every variety of china and earthenware memento, is to come a new batch, not, as it happens, devoted to the trite Bard of Bards, but to the gifted author of some of the most successful tracts of our time, Miss CORELLI. Beneath these figures she also has placed suitable lines: Under an exquisitely dainty miniature of *Mavis Clare*, you may read:—

"'The World's Desire' is she indeed:
Ah! great your fortune, you who read!"

And under *The Master Christian*:—

"The past, ah, yes! 'twas great, we know,
But don't run down the present so.
Avon inspires her darling still:
This Hero grew beside her rill."

The Shorter Pottery will take the form of a number of statuettes of illustrious authors with definitive summaries of their achievements and position in the literary firmament from the pen of the famous critic. These statuettes have been made from a fine clay discovered by Mr. SHORTER (or, as he is now known by his intimates, "Bucksome Clement") in one of his rambles in Buckinghamshire.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has sanctioned the miniature reproduction of his bust by

RODIN in a new kind of leadless glaze pottery to be known as Fabian Ware. These statuettes will each bear an inscription from the Master's hand consisting of the single word SHAW in facsimile autograph. "Thus," as Mr. SHAW wrote recently in ambiguous French to the promoters of the latest Rodin banquet (these meals have become so frequent as to resemble a *table d'hôte*), "thus will your great sculptor endure, linked to me, long after his own name would have perished."

A somewhat similar bust of Mr. HALDANE, made of the best black and Tanagra Terrier cotta, is also to be placed on the market. It bears the appropriate inscription:—

"I who once worshipped SCHOPENHAUER
Now own, Great Mars, thy sovereign power!"

An admirer of Mr. BELLOC has arranged with a pewterer for the manufacture of a large number of "Hilarious Tankards," each to hold a quart of the very best beer that Kent or its substitutes can produce, and each to bear round the rim a couplet or triplet from Mr. BELLOC's pen. Among those which have been already engraved on the pewter are these:—



THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

OLD BUDGET (to New). "AH, MY BOY, YOU'LL NEVER BE THE BUDGET I WAS. IN MY TIME WE HAD TO FIGHT FOR OUR SKINS. I WAS OUT IN NINETEEN-NINE."



Visitor (looking at field covered with mole-hills). "WHAT ARE ALL THOSE MOUNDS?"

Shropshire Native. "OOMPTY TOOMPS."

Visitor. "BUT WHAT ARE UMPY TOOMPS?"

Native. "TOOMPS WHAT T' OOMPTY MAKES."

Visitor. "BUT WHAT IS THE UMPY?"

Native. "WHAT MAKES THE TOOMPS, YOU FOOL!"

"He fears no enemy's assault
Who has the Faith and loves good malt."
"What chance for him who faints and stops?
Advance (like kangaroos) by hops!"
"No legislator e'er can fail
Who fortifies himself with ale—
Whether in tankard or in pail."

Meanwhile Mr. BELLOC's twin brother, G. K. C., has arranged for a supply of "Chesterton China," reminiscent of the day when he played *Dr. Johnson* at the Chelsea Pageant and expressed the wish to consume eighteen cups of tea. In accordance with this aspiration the "Chesterton China" will be sold only in sets of eighteen cups; at the bottom of each will be found a sentiment or distich of the great man, among which are the following:—

"Go where you will the world to see
The tourist starts and ends with T."

"It is as impregnably and incontestably true to say that black tea is green as to say that green tea is black."

"There is nothing in the world more remarkable than tea-time, and there is nothing in the world so utterly commonplace as tea-time."

Birmingham, already so rich in manufactures, is about to add another

to its artistic products in the new Lodge Lustre, which is being turned out in great quantities at Edgbaston. The favourite shape is a life-size replica of the great scientist's head, with the following inscription on the base:—

"Three interviewers in three seasons came
And guided me along the path to fame.
BLATHWAT of bunkum had the largest share,
But BEGGIE's trumpet had a louder blare;
Then Nature played her very grandest slam
And sent me STOKER, the portentous BRAM."

Yielding to the entreaties of innumerable applicants the leader of the Follies has made arrangements for the establishment of a Pélissier Pottery. (Mr. PÉLISSIER, it may be remembered, traces his descent from the famous potter, BERNARD PALISSY, the spelling of whose name varies greatly in different authorities.) Each piece of Pélissier pottery will bear the motto, "Laugh and grow fat," and an appropriate couplet or quatrain. Among them we may mention the following:—

"Some make their pile by 'striking fle,'
And some by fleecing jays;
The cueist scores by playing pots,
And I by potting plays."

"Figures as Illustrations."

From a letter in *The Morning Post*:

"A Suffrage argument: Ten thousand women and girls marching in the streets of London.

An anti-Suffrage argument: Eleven million nine hundred and ninety thousand women in their homes.

(The female population of the United Kingdom over fifteen years of age is estimated at eleven millions.)"

The writer must try again. She will never succeed like this.

The Gentlest Art.

The following application for a place has been forwarded to us:—

"Dr Madman have heard has you are in want of a Housemaid and has I am in want of a place has Housemaid would like to give you a trail."

"On the other hand, the Tilbury ferry is much less inconvenient than the Woolwich, and therefore we have selected the latter as being by far the more convenient."—*The Autocar*.

Until the explanation is actually set down before one, it is often puzzling to know why people do things.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

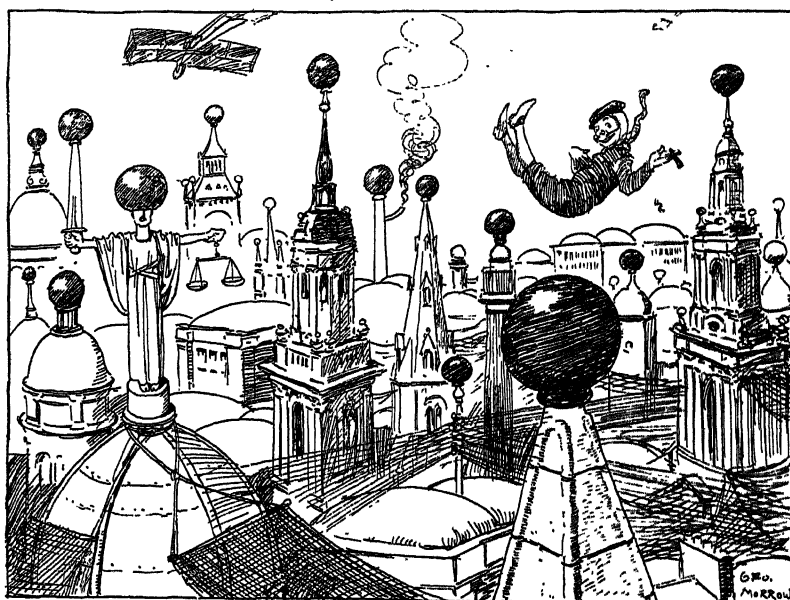
EXCEPTING, perhaps, the conduct of the three hundred before Thermopylæ, and that immortal remark of the gentleman who proposed to treat the Persians' arrow-flights as a parasol, I do not know a finer thing in romantic history than the language and behaviour of the French aristocrats whilst awaiting the guillotine. And, though I sometimes think that more smiling heroes and beautiful heroines have ridden in the tumbrils of fiction than ever actually perished even in the orgies of the Revolution, I am always ready to hear of more. For half its length at least *A Marriage under the Terror* (MELROSE) does justice to the raging excitement of its period, and it would be hard to give it higher praise than that. But when PATRICIA WENTWORTH takes her aristocratic heroine out of Paris after her first rescue from *l'Abbaye*, and sends her hero, the *Deputy Dangeau*, to the South, she permits the plot to drag a little, since it is immediately obvious to the wary and bloodthirsty reader that there must be yet another hair-breadth 'scape from the knife's edge before the finale of happiness, and he is obliged to possess his soul in patience till it arrives. The authoress, however, partly atones for this by the insertion of a burning château and a fresh love-affair, so that, as I had plenty to look at whilst I was loitering about, and as the final scene of peril and deliverance was carried through with all the honours, it would be churlish indeed to complain. *A Marriage under the Terror* has been awarded a prize, I gather, by a committee of expert lady novelists, and, if it only won by a neck or so, there must have been a very talented field.

If you've an idea at the back of your head
That life's a blank and that thrills are dead,
That this year of grace one-nine-one-0
Is a milk-and-watery, one-horse show,
That you've lost, if you ever had, the knack
Of getting a shudder all down your back,
And feeling your tresses stand up on end—
If this is your state of mind, my friend,
It's fairly clear that you've not yet struck
ROBERT AITKEN's *The Lantern of Luck*.
For, unless I'm wrong, which I know I'm not,
ROBERT 'll touch the morbid spot;
He will alter your point of view;
ROBERT A. is the man for you.
How will he do it? Well, here and now
I haven't the space to explain just how,

But he spins a yarn of this dull to-day
And packs it with people from U.S.A.,
Who, forced by motives of love or cash,
Cut a pretty exciting dash,
Full of twists and surprises, planned
With such a masterly, forthright hand
(Our ROBERT's, to wit) that you're bound to wake
From your dream (see *supra*) if only to make
Sure that the things described aren't true
And liable daily to happen to you.
That's, at least, how the book strikes me.
Buy of MURRAY, and read and see.

HUGH WALPOLE specialises in Cornwall, and although *Maradick at Forty* (SMITH, ELDER) does not entirely fulfil the expectations raised by his first book, *The Wooden Horse*, I can still ask all lovers of the Duchy to read it. Here he lays his scene in Treliss, a little seaside town with something in its air which made the stuffiest people "do things."

Mr. WALPOLE describes the atmosphere of Treliss with remarkable subtlety, but I am not altogether on his side when he begins to show the effects of it upon his characters. *Maradick* was a dull, virtuous, wife-trodden man until the intoxicating air got into his head. Then he boomed, and there were incidents in his boom which were unpleasant. More stress is laid upon his sensual side than is necessary, and his philanderings with Mrs. Lester were, I feel, an insult to the atmosphere of Treliss. But in case



THE HUMANITARIAN DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE AEROPLANING FUTURE. A POSSIBLE USE FOR SUPERFLUOUS RUBBER.

wives with dull husbands should be frightened I must add that Treliss was eventually the salvation of the *Maradicks*, although their cure is not one which can be unreservedly recommended. I hope that Mr. WALPOLE will continue to write of Cornwall; and if he will devote more attention to the natives and less to the visitors I shall have no fears for him.

John Bull on the Conference.

"When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be fair words will prevail."—*Rudyard Kipling*.

Mr. John Redmond on the Same.

"And thus the native hue of (Veto) Resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Shakespeare.

"It is stated that on the Farne Islands there is a donkey which drinks beer and chews tobacco."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.
He would be still more of an ass if he chewed beer and drank tobacco.



THEY had discussed the weather, the latest novel, golf, and the Army Pageant, until the resources of conversation seemed to be exhausted; and still they sat on.

"Well," said HERBERT, pulling himself together with an effort, "about this little—er—Veto business."

"Yes," agreed ARTHUR cautiously; "there's that."

"There seems to be a feeling that if we *could* settle our differences in an amicable way, the country would not be sorry. I don't know if you have any suggestions as to how this could be done?"

"The idea," said ARTHUR, "has been adumbrated that something in the way of compromise——"

At the word "compromise" there was a sudden silence.

"Compromise," said HERBERT at last, after much thought, "in the result might be compared to two girls exchanging lovers. Each would feel that she had made a tremendous sacrifice, and yet the other wouldn't be happy."

"There were once," said ARTHUR reflectively, "a man and a woman who couldn't agree where to live—one preferring London and the other Manchester. Compromise suggested that they should buy a house at Rugby, which neither liked; but being sensible people they decided to spend alternate years at the two places. In politics that is called the Party system." He paused for a moment, and then added, "It works very well."

"No," said HERBERT firmly; "not with the present House of Lords."

"Ah," groaned ARTHUR, "now we've begun."

"If this conference is to come to anything we must begin some time. And if we go on it can only be on the lines of compromise of some sort—which means giving up something. We may not like it, but there it is. There's no harm in trying. Now then, tell me what *you're* prepared to give up."

"That's just what I was going to ask you," sighed ARTHUR.

"Pray begin," said HERBERT courteously.

The other yawned and stretched himself and began.

"I am willing to admit that you have a grievance," he said. "For some years I must confess that I never noticed particularly the composition of the House of Lords nor remarked that there were seven Conservatives in it to every one Liberal. Or, if I remarked it, I did not think that it could possibly be a matter for complaint. But now that my attention has been called to it I do see that this state of things may not be so satisfactory to your party as it is to mine. Suppose, then, I say," he went on slowly, "that I am prepared to agree to an equally divided and impartial House of Lords—suppose I am prepared to make this very great sacrifice, what will you on your part give up?"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to admit the principle of an Upper House which has real control over the Lower House; an assembly which has the right—and, more than that, the duty, to refer any important measure to the people; such right to be exercised, as I have said, impartially as between the two parties."

HERBERT was silent for a long time.

"Well?" said ARTHUR impatiently. "We must each give up something."

"But the two things are so different. You ask me to concede the right of a Second Chamber to refer any measure to the people. After all, that is a question which admits of argument. Some may hold that it is wise, some not; many will say that anyhow it should not apply to Finance; the further question as to how, and how often, this right is to be exercised arises out of it. Imagine a gathering of the most distinguished men in the five continents drawing up a constitution for a Model State—you may be sure that this question would at least be discussed. But is it conceivable that it would occur to anybody for one single moment to make the obvious suggestion that the two chief parties in the State should be treated alike? Surely *that* would be taken for granted!"

"Yet," said ARTHUR, "if one has enjoyed certain powers legitimately for a long time it is hard to lose them, however reasonably they be taken away. And, though it is one thing to start two competitors equally, it is another thing to level them up every time one gets a little ahead."

"Well, yes, that is true. And it may be that without either of us giving up very much we can find a way out in the manner you suggest. Another little idea *had* occurred to me, though, and what you say about referring important measures to the people emboldens me to mention it. Our programme was to refer our Veto Bill to the people, and, if it was approved, to obtain powers to pass it through the Lords. Now, however, there is a strong feeling in the country against our seeking such powers at this time. On the other hand, your party has suddenly taken up with the idea of leaving important measures to the judgment of the people. Well, then, why shouldn't *you* give us guarantees that if our Veto Bill is approved by the country, the House of Lords will accept it?"

ARTHUR assumed an air of detachment. . . .

* * * * *

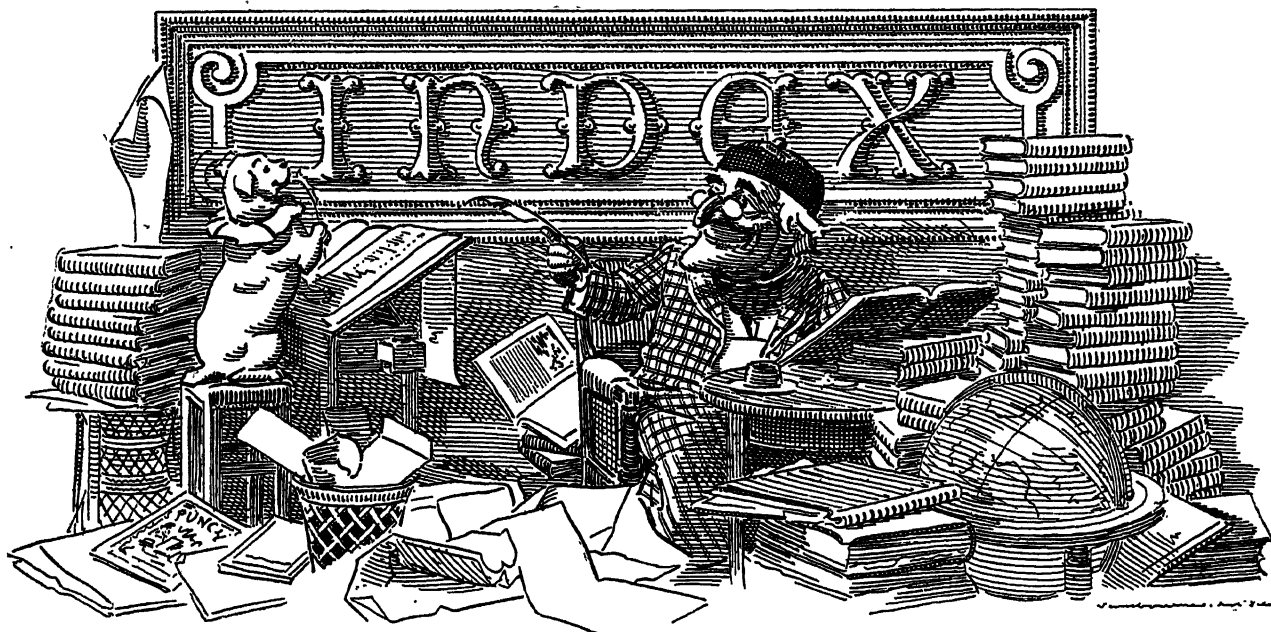
Outside in the street Peace and *Mr. Punch* were taking their afternoon walk together. As they passed a certain closed door Peace stopped and listened anxiously.

"I wonder!" she said. "I'm afraid there's just a little *something* wanting——"

"Why, of course there is, dear lady," cried *Mr. Punch*. "I have it here!" And with that he pushed in through the letter-box his

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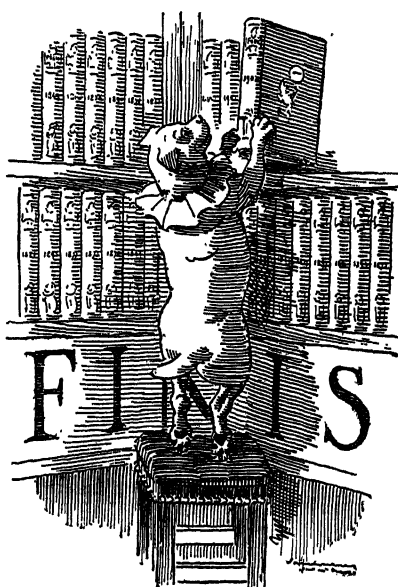
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